

Maureen and Mike

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**Oral History 263-01 & 02**

**Ramona Marchioli Interviews**

**Interviewee: Ramona Marchioli**

**Interviewer: Arlene Anderson**

**February 23, 1991**

Ramona Marchioli: I'm Ramona Marchioli, and I lived in Proctor when I was born. My mother had seven children, that is, seven boys, and three girls. The boys all had muscular dystrophy, except the oldest and the youngest. Five of them had it. Well, my mother couldn't take care of me when I was born, because of all those children, so she took me up to my older sister in Dayton and then she raised me until I was four.

Then my mother come and wanted to get me, and my sister's husband didn't want to let me go, after they had raised me from the time I was a year old until I was four, and he said "no, you didn't want her all that time, so I'm not going to give her back to you." But there was a man with my mother, and he shot Johnson in the foot and he knocked him down, and I heard him [my sister's husband] say, "run, baby, run," and of course I run but I was running the wrong way, and I run between the shots, and I got the back of my hair all full of buckshot. So I don't remember anything from then until I got to Kalispell.

When I came to I was in Kalispell. My mother had got me. She had run after me, and picked me up, and took me, see. So they took me to Kalispell. And she gives me to this lady in Kalispell. I have no reason why she didn't want to keep me when she had me, when she took me away from my sister. I don't know why she didn't keep me then, but she didn't. She took me to Kalispell. She took me to this lady who was known as Mrs. McGinnis.

She [Mrs. McGinnis] sent me to school. I had a very, very nice childhood then with her until I was seven. When I was seven, I came home from school one day, and she said "don't change your clothes, I'm going to take you to St. Paul, Minnesota." So I said "all right." So anyway, that night we left, and we went to St. Paul. Well, we lived in St. Paul for a year, and I didn't have very much schooling because she never sent me to school. I only went to the first grade here in Kalispell. Then she took me there to St. Paul, and I just run the streets, you know, I mean, she was never home, and well, she was, she wasn't a very nice lady. So I was running the running the streets there. So then finally, one day, she said "we're going to California." That was right after the big earthquake in California, in 1906. That was when we went. But we went there in '07, the year right after. I remember that town was all laid out, just flat, it was terrible looking town.

Arlene Anderson: So you remember San Francisco?

Marchioli: Ya, right after that big earthquake. It was terrible. So she got a room in a rooming house, we never did have a home you know, just a rooming house. So, it was the same old thing all over again, let run the streets, and oh, gosh, kid, I never had any clothes, she never got me any clothes. What I had was all wore out by that time. It was getting too small for me,

although I was very small, a little bit of a thing. They let me run the streets there, just the same. I wanted to go to school, because the other kids on the street where I was playing, they were all going to school, I wanted to go to school, too. So she wouldn't take me. But I went myself with the kids. I went to school there on Golden Gate Avenue. And, oh, gosh, we had, I don't know, I'd just run the streets all the time, she'd leave the house at three o'clock in the afternoon and she wouldn't come home until four o'clock in the morning. She wasn't a very nice lady, she was one of those gals down there on the waterfront.

Anderson: What did she do?

Marchioli: She was (mouthed the word "whore").

Anderson: A prostitute?

Marchioli: (Ramona made a face.)

Anderson: It is a better word, I agree.

Marchioli: (laughs)

Anderson: And so you had to stay outside until she got home?

Marchioli: Yes. And the door was locked all the time, and I had to sit out there all night. I remember sitting out there in the pouring down rain until four in the morning. I was soaked to the skin.

Anderson: Why didn't she give you a key or leave the door unlocked?

Marchioli: She didn't want to. She didn't want anyone to go in there. I don't know what she had in there that was valuable because all we had was our clothes. And I don't know what she did, but anyway, she let me run. I guess the people got tired of it. They were awful good to me, the neighbors. Sometimes they would take me in and feed me and clean me up, you know, and everything. But I had nothing to clean up in. I felt so bad. And then I went to school, and I know I had a dirty dress on and everything, but I went to school anyway. I was in the school about a month, and one day this little girl came over to where I was, and said to the teacher, "the principal wants to see her."

Anderson: Did that scare you?

Marchioli: It did scare me, because I thought, well, gee, what did I do now? Because I was a tomboy, you know, and I thought, what did I do now. So I went over there. This lady was in there. She was a police officer. And she was called Theresa Olds McCarthy. I'll never forget that, she was so sweet. She was a big tall gal. She stood looking at me for a little while and she said, "How would you like to go downtown with me and get a new coat?" Oh, boy, I was ready to go right now. And I didn't think about Mrs. McGinnis at all. I was just tickled to death to go.

So she took me down to the juvenile detention home, and she told them down there that she wanted a coat for me. Well they went and got three or four coats and brought them out, and I got a little red coat. I'll never forget that little red coat. Oh, I was so proud of that little red coat. Well, then, I had to get a dress and get some clothes. So she said to me, after we got outside, "I'm going to take you over to a lady's house, over by the ocean, and maybe I'll leave you there a little while." I didn't say anything. I was thinking to myself but I didn't say anything to her. So finally she took me out to this lady's place, and she reminded me of Mrs. McGinnis. And I started to cry, and I cried, and I cried. And she said, "You don't have to stay, honey, if you don't want to." So she took me then to this family, to Mrs. Wilson, and she had another girl from the same place, from the Associated Charges is what they called it in California, here it's the Welfare, but down there.

So anyway, she took me over there and she had a boy of her own, her own boy who was two years older than me, well, they brought me in there, she was the nicest person, I fell in love with her right there, you know what I mean, she was so nice, so they left me there. She made me some of the prettiest dresses. She was so good to me. She sent me to the Catholic school. They were Catholic. She sent me to the Catholic school.

Anderson: How old were you then?

Marchioli: I was eight, well, pretty near nine I guess. So anyway I went to school and they started me in the third grade, and I felt so bad cause I was in third grade with a bunch of its bitsy kids, you know, I had lived then, you know. I was in the third grade for a little while, not very long, and then this other sister, they're teachers just the same you know, they have to go through the state normal, too, you know, well anyway, she came down one day and she said, "I want you to pass this test. Come on, have a test with me," and I passed the test, and she put me in the fourth grade. That's why she did it, see. So I was in there about six months. Then she turned around and did the same thing and put me in the fifth grade, see.

Anderson: You caught up quick.

Marchioli: So they were trying to get me as far as I could go if I could make the grade, they'd put me there, so I did, I got as far up as the sixth grade. After that she said, "Well, we'll see." I was only about twelve or thirteen. And she said, "We'll let you go now, and see what you can do." So anyway I went through, and they were always so glad about everything. I was always pretty good in school. I liked it, that was why, you know.

Anderson: That's good.

Marchioli: So anyway she, she said, so then when I was, I was left over in the seventh grade, I didn't quite make it, you know at the end. So when I went into the eighth grade I was twelve years old, I stayed in there for two years. What they did, they put me up where I couldn't do it, so it got harder when I was up there, so I had to stay a little longer. So anyway, I graduated from eighth grade when I was fourteen.

Anderson: Well, that was all right.

Marchioli: So then the state said that they couldn't pay for me anymore, they couldn't send me to high school. At that time it wasn't compulsory to go to high school, see. But anyway I wanted to go. So if I went to high school it would be four years, I would have to go to work, so I thought what can I do, so then I went and got a job in the telephone company.

Anderson: When you were fourteen?

Marchioli: Yeah. They took me. I lied a little bit, but they took me in anyway.

Anderson: You told them you were older?

Marchioli: Yeah. Wait a minute, I skipped something there. I thought to myself, well, I'll have to do something about it. So anyway this, uh, this woman, Mrs. Wilson, where I stayed, she says you go to a, she says you go to a, she says, "What do you want to do, what would you like?" I said, "I don't want to go to high school. That's four years, I can't afford that." So I went to the commercial high.

Anderson: What was that?

Marchioli: That was in California—San Francisco.

Anderson: And what was it?

Marchioli: A business College, you know, shorthand, bookkeeping, typewriting. So I went there, and I started it up. I went there one year, and she paid one year for me. Then I went to work in the telephone company, that's when I went down there.

Anderson: So you had a little bit of skills before you went.

Marchioli: Yeah, see. So instead of going and getting a job in an office, I went down and got a job in the telephone company. I couldn't, I couldn't, I wasn't all finished with the education yet, so I couldn't really last in [an office]. I knew the shorthand alright, but I was very poor with the typewriting, you know. So anyway I did that and I stayed there until I graduated from commercial high.

And then I, then anyway I, she died, Mrs. Wilson died, and her sister took over, and her sister was younger than her, she wasn't very much older than I was, but she took over, and after she took over, oh my life was nothing, oh, it was terrible after that. She didn't like me, you see. I don't know why she didn't like me, I never hurt her or bothered her or got fresh with her or nothing, you know. I don't know why she didn't like me. But she didn't. And she just made everything miserable. She wouldn't let me go to a party, she wouldn't let me go to a dance. She wouldn't let me go anyplace. So I stayed with her till I was twenty-one. And in the meantime I'd met my husband.

Anderson: Oh, now how did you meet him?

Marchioli: He was a, there was a, across the street from where we lived there was a park, and these boys, they weren't rough boys, they were boys that worked. But they used to, they went to school together and everything, they were really chummy, you know, so they used to come by the park and stand by the lamplight there, and talk, you know, they were nice kids, no rough stuff or nothing. There was another girl who lived on the block where I lived and she said, her and I we could go anyplace and those boys would never bother us but let somebody else come up on that street and say anything to us and that was just too bad, cause it happened.

So anyway I'd been going down to the store that afternoon, and this boy had just joined them, and he come over, and he started to come over to me, started to come across the street, and I knew what he was, you know, he was a fresh kids you know, soon as they started another guy came right out after him, and when he got close to me, he just reached over and he says, "I don't think you want to talk to her at all." And he turned around and they were going to fight, you know, he was going to fight, and he said, "go ahead and fight," he says, "if you want to fight," so I kept on going, so anyway they didn't. But he never bothered after. I guess they got him home and talked to him. But they wouldn't let any other kids come up to and bother us at all. Unless we wanted to talk to them.

So anyway, that's how I met my husband. He was one of those boys. And, he used to come over and meet me sometimes, going across the street like that. But they never bothered because they knew he was a good kid. So he said, so anyway, I wasn't in love with him and he wasn't in love with me, but I married him anyway, because I wanted to get out of the house where I lived, I couldn't stand it. She was just terrible.

Anderson: What was his name?

Marchioli: Hillmer, August Hillmer. So I married him. And I still worked. So after, when I got pregnant (she wasn't born for a year and a half after I was married) I had to work. So my mother-in-law said she would take care of her, my mother-in-law was the grandest woman, oh, she was the nicest mother-in-law. She said, "You can leave her with me." And I said, "Well, I want to, because you have her now," and I said, "I wouldn't take her away from you." So anyway, she raised her, and I stayed working.

But then, I found out some bad things about my husband. He was quite a bit older than I was, and I didn't like it very much, he was chasing around you know, and fooling around. So one night I went to this South of Market boys dance, the South of Market Boys was a club that was organized after the big earthquake. It's the same as the Sons of the Golden West, that's what they call the lodge in California. I belong to the Native Daughters of the Golden West. They said I couldn't get in, but I did, and I didn't lie, either.

Anderson: Why did they say you couldn't.

Marchioli: I wasn't born there.

Anderson: In California?

Marchioli: Yeah, not born there, see? Well, anyway, we went to this South of Market Boys, and I went there with this family. They come and told my husband that I, if I could go with them, cause they knew I never went anywhere, so he says, "sure," he says, so I went and I got home about 12:30, they brought me home at 12:30. Then the next day was Sunday, and I was going to cook dinner, see, we were going to have some company. The company come in, and we were sitting, eating dinner, and he turned around and said, "What do you think of a gal that would go to dances and come home at 3:00 o'clock in the morning?"

Anderson: He said that to your company?

Marchioli: Yeah. I said, Augie, I didn't, I came home at 12:30. And he backhanded me here in the mouth, see like that, he split my mouth down here. I got up from the table, and I started out the kitchen door to go to the bathroom to wash my face, and his father came in the front door. He says, "What's the matter?" I didn't answer him. I couldn't have, I was full of blood. I went in there. He went out in the kitchen. I don't know what, I could hear him out there, but I couldn't hear what he was saying, but he surely was raising the dickens. Well, the company went home, naturally, you know.

So they went home, and the next day I went down to the telephone company where I was working, so I asked them if they knew of a good lawyer, a good attorney, and my mouth was all, my face was all bruised here. So they said, "Why don't you go to our attorney?" For the company, the telephone company. "Well, I will," I said. Then they told me where he was at, Sidney Robertson was his name. He said it was in the Examiner Building, on 3rd & Market.

So I went down, and I filed papers for divorce. I didn't give him no second chance. I made up my mind that if anybody ever, you know, because I was left alone all my life, I didn't have anybody, you know what I mean, and I wasn't going to stand for somebody beating up on me. He wasn't beating up, but he knocked me hard enough

Anyway I still had the bruises on my face, and the attorney looked at me kinda . . . , and then he said, "on what grounds?" And I said, "Extreme cruelty." I could have said infidelity, but I didn't want to on account of the little girl, see, and I thought, no, she has to live and it would kind of blacken her a little bit you know, I didn't want to do that, so then he [her husband] sued me on grounds of infidelity, Everyone knew that was haywire, because they knew what I was doing, I worked every day, and when I was off, I was always home.

Anyway, we went to court. There was three people in there that I knew while I was married, you see I was married to him over six years at that time. And I knew these boys. One of them was a cop, and two of them drove for patrols, moving place down there in California. I seen them sitting in the courtroom when I came in, and I thought what in the world are they doing in here, you know how you do. Of course I got up and told my story and then he called this Red Callahan, the big guy, he called him up to the stand, and he said, "I understand that you had intimate relations with this gal." He said, "No judge, you got it wrong." He says, "Her husband offered us, the three of us, \$500.00 if we would get on the stand and swear we had something to do with it." My husband just sank down, I could see him just going . . . , he was a big guy, you know, I could just see him scooting down, you know, just shriveling up.

Anderson: Well, that took care of it like that, didn't it?

Marchioli: So the judge turned around, and he did some writing on the paper there, and he says divorce granted, and custody of the child. Oh, then his mother had her by the hand, and she was there in the courtroom, and the little girl, she, well, she loved us both, you know, she loved her dad as well as me. I looked at her, and my mother-in-law said, "Are you going to take her away from me?" I says, "No, ma, I'm not going to take her away from you," I said, "You've raised her all these years," I said, "why would I take her," I said, "I'd have to get somebody else," I said, "And maybe somebody she wouldn't know and she wouldn't maybe be happy with them, and you just can't do that."

Anderson: How old was the little girl?

Marchioli: Six. So I said, "You just can't do that." So she [the mother-in-law] was so happy. She said, "Well, don't worry about it. I'll never do anything to make her disrespect you or anything," and she never did. But his sister, she did, oh, she told all kinds of things to my daughter, course I found that out after she had grown up and gotten married.

So anyway, then I, of course, I moved out, so I moved to an apartment across from the telephone office, so I went to work there, I still worked there, so I worked up there and he started bothering me, he wanted me to come back to him, see. I was working and he was working, and he missed my money as well as his. He was trying to get back at me so I moved to Stockton, California, and I went to work there. And darned if he didn't find out where I was at, through the company, see, so then I left there and went to Portland, Oregon, and I went to work in Portland. Well, I never heard no more from him see, and, uh, cause he couldn't find me there, cause he didn't know where to look. They wouldn't tell him. I had told them in the company when I left there when I left, "don't give him any information," and they didn't.

Anderson: So you worked for the phone company in Portland, also?

Marchioli: Uh, huh.

Anderson: What did you do, were you an operator?

Marchioli: Yeah. And then, I decided that I would go to . . . , I got tired of it, you know how you do in one place, so I went to Salt Lake City. And I went to work in that Long Distance exchange, oh, that's the most interesting place you ever visited, that's where they exchange all the different exchanges in the United States to the different states, at the east and all that, you know, it's really interesting, where you have to connect them up this way and that way and oh, I'll tell you, you really work there, but it's really interesting. So anyway, I went there for awhile, and I got tired of that.

So I decided that I was going to be a cook. I went down to Reno, Nevada, and I saw an advertisement on the bulletin board, and it says, a cook needed for a hay crew, so I thought, a hay crew, somebody's got to cook for it. I told them I never cooked for a bunch before, I told them I can try. Well I went and, boy, I made good. Oh, come to find out they were haying but it

was a cattle ranch, and I was cooking for ten cowboys, and there was none of them over 21 years old. Oh, boy, I tell you they were the bestest kids you ever seen.

One day they hired a new boy. And he followed me into the kitchen, and the foreman, Gus, was right behind him and he didn't know it, and Gus was coming easy right behind him and he come into the kitchen, and he said, "Hello sweetheart, how about a date?" He went to put his arm around me, and Gus put his arm around him and said, "we don't talk to our cook that way," he was a man in his thirty's, I guess, and he turned around and he got all red, and Gus said that was the best kid I ever had, he went out and picked out the eggs, and he went to the garden and picked all the vegetables for me that I needed, and everything, and he waited on me hand and foot, he was the nicest kid.

They had a rodeo in Nevada, in Austin, Nevada, and they went and they said, "our cook has to go too, she ain't going to stay home," cause I was supposed to stay home because out there, there's a law that any other cowboys or cattlemen or anything that comes along and they come to your ranch, you have to feed them, different ranches, everybody knew everybody else, you know, but that's the way it was, when you come on the range and when you come in, you fed them, no matter what, and if they had no place to go right then, you had to put them up and everything. That was a good law, because everyone was so friendly and nice you know.

Well, anyway, they said they were going to take me to this rodeo, so they did. I was talking to some people over there in the grandstands, you know, just talking, some I'd known from the ranches, some women that I knew, and I was standing there talking, and all of a sudden Gus came along, the foreman, and I was standing right by the edge of the grandstand, visiting, here's a wall, and there's the place where they play, and there's the grandstand, and I was standing, my back like this and all of a sudden I felt somebody strong come along me like this and they pulled me clear over that thing, and put me... and he tied me on the horse. I was so little he tied me on the horse like this all the way around the ring and he put me over there on top of where the chutes were to put the horses out and he said, you don't belong over there, you belong over there with us, and so the foreman carried me on the side of the horse all the way around the . . . I didn't know what to do because my skirts was a flying and everything else and I was having a lot of fun, you know. I got over there, and they went and got me sandwiches and one thing and another, and they said, "You cook all week for us, so we'll cook for you," and they did, and I had a good time that time.

Then when we come back, and come on the ranch again, and I stayed there for quite a long time, and the rancher got sick, the boss himself, Dickerson he was, and the brand was the Lazy H, it had an H laying upside down, the cradle underneath it see, that was a Lazy H. Then he got sick, you know, and he sold out. If I had been married and going to have a ranch or something I would have got 5,000 head of cattle. He divided up his cattle, they had three ranches, and he divided them all up, and give the cattle to them free of charges, and just gave them to them to start them up, cause he couldn't do it, he was very wealthy anyway, so he passed away, his wife moved to Reno. I went over to see her, and she remembered me, I didn't see her for a long time and she remembered me. But then, I don't know, I got tired of it all, and I came back to California, and I came back to Stockton, and I thought, well, I didn't want to go back to San Francisco on account of him. But anyway I went to San Francisco.

Anderson: Why?

Marchioli: And I went down to where he worked. He still drove truck for Zellerbach Paper Company. And I went down there to him, and I told him, "I'm going out to see the baby, have you moved?" "Yes," he said, "I tell you what you do, you wait till 5:30 and then meet me at the corner of 26th and Mission," that isn't very far from down where he works, "and you meet me down there at 5:30 and I'll go get her," cause she lived with his mother. He didn't live with his mother, he lived in an apartment. I said, "all right." I wasn't afraid of him because, after all that time, I wasn't afraid.

So I went out there that night, he got off the car, and I seen him get off, it was a bus, a street car, street cars then you know. So I seen him get off the street car, and I seen him get out, and he came over, and he said, "come on upstairs while I get my clothes changed," so I went up with him, and he went in and shaved and showered and got dressed. Then he said, "you stay here and I'll go get her, that will be better, cause Emily is there," that's his sister, and he knew there'd be trouble if I went over there, cause I'd heard all along what she'd been saying to everybody, you know.

So anyway, while I was there, this gal comes right in, and I'm sitting there in a chair, and she said, "Who are you? I said, "well, I might ask you the same thing, who are you? And she kind of grinned, and she saw my picture on the mantle, he had my picture on the mantle. And she saw it there and she said, "Oh, you're Virginia's mother." And I just looked at her. And she said, "I don't like you." "Well, it's mutual." So she just looked at me, and here he come, and he had Virginia, and when she came in, she'd passed her by, and she come running over there, and had her arms out like this, and I'll never forget what she said to me, she said "oh, mama, I'm a young lady now!"

Anderson: How old was she?

Marchioli: She was eleven years old. She was a young lady. So, I said, "oh, you look nice." Oh, she hugged me and she held on, and she said, "I'm so glad, mama, you came to see me." So my mother-in-law, she hadn't told her anything, so anyway that gal started in to fussing. And she wasn't with him, you know, so he just took her by the arm and put her outside the door, and shut the door. So anyway she cussed out, I could hear her cussing out going down the hall. So he said, "Come on, I'm going to take you out to dinner." So the three of us, we went down to Mission Street, and we had dinner. So he said, "Where are you going," he said, "are you going back over to Stockton?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Well, you can stay here if you want to." I said, "No thank you," so I went back. So then I thought, what am I going to do? I didn't want to go back to the telephone company, cause that's where he'd first come.

So I went out to the hospital and signed up for Nurse's Aide. Well first, I didn't get nurse's aide, I got maintenance. That's where you clean up everything. Oh, anyway, I didn't think I'd ever be called so I went over there. And I got the job. So one day I was up in the ward, I was cleaning up there, and this doctor came in. And he brought a young man in there, and he had a hole in his lung where he'd been operated on, and they had a tube in there, draining it, and he says, well, he asked him how he was first, and he said fine. So then he said go over and he gave me the paper

there where he'd written some prescriptions, and he was holding up the skin there in the back, and he said, "Go over and tell the nurse to give you these out of the medicine cabinet." In school we had to learn Latin, cause it was a Catholic school, you know, we learned a lot of Latin.

So I went over there to the nurse, and I told her, "Here's the prescriptions doctor wants," and she couldn't get it right away, so I went and got it, and first thing you know the doctor was right behind me. And he said, "I didn't know you could understand Latin." I said, "Well I do, most of it, I learned it in Chemistry class when we had it in school." And he says, "Oh," he says, "what are you doing here scrubbing floors? I said, "Well, it's the only job I can get." Then he told me to go see the head nurse. He said, "Go see her, and tell her how far you got in school and what you know." So I went in to her, and she said, "Well, I'll make you a nurse's aide."

Anderson: So you did get that job after all.

Marchioli: So I said, "Well, that's fine." So then I could be dressed like a nurse and everything. So I went in there, and I was making pretty good, and I stayed there quite a long time, until I met my husband, my second husband. I met him in a bar. It's a bar that has a restaurant. I wasn't in the bar, I was in the restaurant with somebody else, another gal I knew, and I was in there and I had seen him several times, and he kind of flirted with me a little bit, you know how they do. Then anyway one day we were in there he spoke to me, and I answered him back, so he sat down at the table with me, and he had some coffee with me, and this girl was with me when I met him, and he sat down there and had coffee with me, and after that when I would come in on my day off sometimes I'd go in there, well, that was how I saw him. So then, anyway, he made a date and took me out and it the funniest thing, for he was too tall for me, he was 6'4".

Anderson: And how tall are you. Are you five foot?

Marchioli: No, I'm only 4'8".

Anderson: Oh, goodness, that's quite a difference.

Marchioli: And so, he says, "is there any way, we will go out together." We had dinner, and I went out with him three or four times, and he took me over to meet his mother. She's another nice gal, and she called me 'the little widow.' Anyway, I liked her right away, so anyway I came home one day from work and I was tired, and he always got home ahead of me, and he'd always start something on the stove. So anyway I got there and I said, and he said, "How about getting married?"

Anderson: Just like that?

Marchioli: Just like that. So I said . . ., because I'd lived with him for about a week.

Anderson: A week.

Marchioli: It wasn't very long.

Anderson: No.

Marchioli: Well, then, anyway, he made up his mind. So then we went to Reno and got married. We'd told his brother about it, so then his brother came over and took us. He didn't want to take his car, cause you had to take the train then you know. So he didn't want to take his car, so his brother took us to the depot. So when we were coming back, they had it planned, in this tavern where we met, you know, they had it planned when they found out we was . . .they were going to divide us when we come back off the train on Sunday, we went on Friday, and we got married on Saturday, and Sunday we were coming back home and it would be about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we got home, see, and they had planned that they were going to have a bunch grab him, and another one would grab me, and take us away from each other, take us away all day from each other, and keep us away all day. So this guy, this other man, he knew my husband, and he told him about it, he warned him. So, when the train pulled into the station in Stockton, it pulled in way over there, and we got off on the last car. And they were down at the depot waiting for us, and we were way up there.

Anderson: And you got out?

Marchioli: And we got out. This man was waiting there with a car, and we got in the car, and he took us on down and there they were, we passed them by and there they were and we waived at them as we went by, and there was such cussing as you've never seen, and they threw their hats down on the floor and oh, it was fun. So then we went home, and then we went to his mother's, cause she told us to come there when we got home, and she had a nice dinner for us, and so we had a nice dinner and we enjoyed the rest of the day there. We went where I was living, I had a nice little house there, so anyway we stayed together a long time. And then, I heard some things about him, you know what I mean.

Anderson: What?

Marchioli: Well, I just got disgusted.

Anderson: What was his name?

Marchioli: Uh, Uh, my god, . . . Joe, Joe . . . Angelo, his name is Angelo Guiseppe. That's the Italian name, and he didn't want to be called Angelo so they called him Joe, cause Guiseppe is Joe. So, anyway, I got in with a bunch that we knew, and I started drinking. So . . . then nothing went right for a long time. So one day, I don't know what happened, but I got real drunk. It shows you how things can happen, you see how our blessed Lord works sometimes, I was coming home from town on the bus and I said to myself, I said, what am I doing drinking like this, you know, thinking about it, I never did that before, and all this. I knew I was getting disgusted with myself, you know. So anyway, then I got a bottle of gin, a fifth of gin, Gorder's Dry Gin, and I put it in a drawer. And I come home on Monday, I was gone Sunday, I didn't even come home Sunday night. Monday I come home, and I was kinda sick, you know, I had a hangover. And I went over to his mother's. She said, "uh, you having a drink?" And I said, "No, ma, I don't think so."

So then it came lunchtime, I stayed there with her sometimes, a lot of times, and I had lunch with her, and she said, "Well, you've got to eat something on your lunch, with your lunch, you've got to have a glass of wine with your lunch," (you know, Italian). "Ah, ma, I don't want it," I said, "I don't feel like eating lunch." And I said, "Ma, I'm going home early today." She said, "what for?" I said, "I'm going to make him a nice supper." Now I hadn't made him a nice supper for five years, kid. Well, I did. I went down to market and I bought some dinner, some lettuce and salad, and I came home and I fixed him a nice dinner, and he come in the door, and he looked in, and he said, "supper." and he went over to the calendar, we had a big calendar with the big layers in it, like this, you know, big squares. And he took a red pencil, and he just marked that day out, and he said, "This is a red letter day." And he didn't say anything, and he ate dinner, and he enjoyed it.

So when he went to work the next morning, he said, "Are you going to be sober tonight?" I said, "I haven't the foggiest idea." And he didn't say anything, so I did . . . but I fought that bottle. I'd go over there and I'd say, one drink won't hurt anyway, because I said, I won't drink any more. But I'd take the bottle out and it had the government seal on it, you know, and I'd take the bottle out and I, and I threw it back in the drawer, and covered it over again. So I went another day, so anyway, I stayed that way til Friday.

And Friday, in the morning when he left for work he said, "Today is my payday. If you're sober when I get home, I'll take you downtown and buy you the best drink you can buy, you can get." So I said, "Fine." So anyway I stayed sober, but it wasn't for that. I just stayed sober, I was all through then. Of course, one drink would have started me over again, but I didn't do it. So Friday night he come in and I had cooked him some pasta chutes. That's spaghetti made Italian style, that's what they call it, pasta chutes. Anyway, I cooked him some of that, and I had a nice salad, and I had everything ready, and he says, "Let's go out and get a drink first." So I said, "OK."

So we went up to Ghiribaldi's, that's where we, he knew those boys, he grew up with them. They had a bar, and a restaurant, and we went up there to see them. Johnny Ghiribaldi came over, and he said to my husband, "what will you have?" And he said, "An Old Fashioned." So he [Johnny] said to me, "what'll you have?" And I said, "Some orange juice." "What'll you want in it?" "I don't want anything in it, I just want orange juice." And he looked at me, and he looked at me, and do you know, he said, "oh you got to have something." And I said, "I don't want anything in it, I just want orange juice." Do you know, he dropped the ice on the floor, he knocked the telephone down, he just couldn't believe it. It'd been five years, you know. My husband, I could see, he had his face turned this way, away from me but I could see him kinda smiling, you know what I mean. And finally, anyway, I said, "Come on, Joe, let's go home and have something to eat, I'm hungry." So, we said all right, so I went out, when I got in the car, he said, "I thought you wanted a drink." I said, "I got it." "Oh, no," he said, "you wanted a drink." I said, "No I didn't." I said, "Joe you could take me anyplace in the world, and buy me the best drink you could buy, and I wouldn't give you a thank you for it." And I have never touched a drop since that day, and that was in '47, 1947, and I haven't touched a drop since. And I was good to him. And I stayed working.

And then he retired. And he was retired just a little while when he got his first stroke. Then I quit work because I had to take care of him, you know. The only thing that happened to him, he got

kinda illiterate you know what I mean, he knew what he was doing and everything, but he was slow, to move you see. And so I took care of him for quite a while, that was in '68. I took good care of him, tried to, and then he went downtown with a guy, he had a pickup truck, and he could drive, but he was kinda leary, you know, so I told this guy, he said, "Joe, I want you to take me over to the bank." So Joe says, "OK." So I says, "Lou, if anything happens," cause I wasn't sure, you know, he wasn't very good, so I said, "if anything happens, you call the ambulance, don't do anything about it or call the doctor, I'll give you the numbers." But he didn't do it. And of course Joe got a stroke, that was the second stroke. And he knew it was coming so he steered the car over to the curb, he had sense enough for that. But then when Louey started to take him out of the car, he couldn't hardly walk, so then Louey walked him three blocks, and when he was coming up the walkway I saw him coming and I said, "oh my god," so I said to Louey I said, "What happened?" He said, "I guess he got another stroke." I said to Louey, "Why did you bring him, why didn't you call the ambulance right away?" (Cause that's what the doctor told me to do. And then warn him, see.) "Oh," he said, "I didn't think about it."

So then the doctor come in, and he gave him a shot, and he said, "He'll be all right." So, he was. He could do a lot of things, he had his mind, you know. He could go to the store. He had a three-wheeled bike, I got him a three-wheeled bike, and I sent him to the store, the market was only three blocks up there, and he'd take the list, and go there, they knew him there, and would help him, and he was so proud of that, you know. So he came back. Well, anyway, that went on. And we were living in his sister's house. So his sister come over and she said, she wanted us to move. Oh, she was mean anyway, and she wanted us to move. So I got a hold of his cousin, and his cousin had an apartment house. So I asked him, I said, "Do you have anything over there that's empty?" "Yeah," he says, "we got, it's a great big room," he says, "There's only one room and then there's a kitchen." I said, "Can we move?" "Yeah, but there's no room for all that furniture." "Well, we'll store it." So we did, we stored it in his garage over there. And we moved over there.

After we moved his sister comes and says, "Well, you didn't have to move so soon." So, I said, "Well, better we did." So on the 16th of December, I had made my Christmas cards out, I wrote them all out, you know, and I had them on the table. It was 8 o'clock in the morning. It was a pretty day in December. He said, "I'll go over and mail these letters." And I said, "No, you won't. Wait till it gets a little bit warmer. Wait till the sun comes up good and then you can go over." And he says, "I can go now." And I was wiping the kitchen table off, like this, and pretty soon, I felt him on my back, you know what I mean, felt the pressure against me, and I turned around real slow, and I took one look at his face and I knew what happened. So I put my arms around him, I got them around him best I could, I got my arms around him like this, and I walked him backwards to the couch, and I laid him down on the couch and he was a big man too, and I laid him down on the couch, and I went over to the telephone to call the doctor, and he fell off the thing, and his glasses cut his face, and I let a scream out, and the doctor had just taken the receiver down, and he said, "What is it, Ramona, what is it?" He knew it was me, you know, and I said, "Joe's had another stroke." He said, "That's the third one, isn't it." And I said, "Yeah." He said, "I'll send the ambulance."

I don't know how they come clear across Stockton, but that ambulance was there in about five minutes, I never seen it come so fast, I don't know, maybe it was someplace where it was closer. So anyway, he [the doctor] -came, and they took him over to the hospital, and I went to visit him,

and they didn't have any room for him, just that minute, they had to make room for him, so they put him in the delivery room. Course he was out, he didn't know nothing. And anyway, they put him in there and he [the doctor] says, "Well, we'll take care of him here for a little bit." So I stayed there until they found room for him, and they got the room ready for him. But you know, those gals in there, they just kidded him terrible after that. He couldn't talk, he lost his voice then, he had no voice for the last one. And he was paralyzed, his whole right side, the whole thing all the way down and up to his throat and there, that's why he couldn't talk. So I said, "What are we going to do?" So he said, "We'll leave him in the hospital for a little while." They left him in the hospital and took care of him and then he said, he said, "Well, he's getting pretty good now," cause they got him up in the hospital and walked him around, you know, and everything, and the nurses had to hold onto him.

Pretty soon he got so he didn't have to walk like that, so he was getting pretty good, but he couldn't talk, and he'd mumble you know. So after he was in there for awhile, pretty soon the doctor said to me, "I'm going to put him in the convalescent hospital down there," (it was only next door), "it's the best place for him, because they'll take care of him there, he can walk around the place and can do what he wants down there." So I went down there, and I said, uh, and I went with him, so they took him down there in the ambulance, and I walked around, I didn't go in the ambulance with them, I walked around [to the convalescent home entrance]. He was in there for quite a while, but he couldn't talk, see, so he was in there for maybe a month, and he had to stay in bed.

When they first put him in there, the first day, the next day, when I came in, now he'd been up and walking around in the hospital with the nurses and everything. When I went back there the next day, they had him in bed, and they had him clear down, and covered up clear to here. And I walked in, and I said, "Haven't you been up?" And he knew what you were talking about, but he couldn't talk. And I says, "Whoa, this isn't right." Pretty soon, this nurse came in. I was talking to him, you know. She said, "You're going to stay in that bed whether you like it or not," she says, "and don't you dare ever get up unless I say so." And I turned around and looked at her, and I said, "And just who in the devil do you think you're talking to?" And she turned around, and she said, "Who are you?" I said, "I happen to be his wife." "Well," she said, "he isn't supposed to be up." "He's been up for three weeks in the hospital," I said. He wasn't supposed to be here at all, in bed. So I walked out and over to the main office, and I called the doctor from there. I said, "Dr. Green, did you give orders that Joe was supposed to stay in bed?" "In bed!" he said, "after he's been up for three weeks?" "No," he said, "I didn't give no orders for that," he said. "Let me tell them about it tomorrow morning. Just give me that long, and we'll see about that," he said.

Well, I couldn't go in, they wouldn't let you in there until 2 o'clock, till visiting hours. So, at 2 o'clock, when I come in, that's when they opened the doors, they have everything locked, you can't get in to see them like a hospital now, you know, you can go in and talk a little bit and go, you know, can't do it there. So they let me in and I remember the first thing when I got to the little desk there, where they had nurses, and where the head nurse was in the middle, it branched out, there was four wings to it, and there in the middle where the office was, I thought she looked different. "What happened," I said, "where's the other nurse?" "Oh," she said, "we have a new clientele in this hospital." And I said, "Since when?" She said, "Since yesterday afternoon. They fired everyone of them," and this man, he's a doctor, this man and his wife, they took it over,

they was waiting for a vacancy, so they took it over, and what a difference. Everything got cleaned up, and it didn't smell, oh, it used to smell something terrible in there. So this head nurse, she walked down with me to where he was, and there he was, he was sitting in a chair and they was shaving him. And he was so happy when he saw me, he had a big bold grin on his face, and he knew what I'd done, I guess they told him afterward. He was tickled to death. She said, "He seemed to know you was going to take care of something. But they fired them all, now we got all new ones in here, well, there's just a couple that's still here." Anyway, I had to laugh about it.

So then, my sister-in-law, she took me to the hospital every day since he first went to the hospital, she took me every day to the hospital, which was really nice. One of the sisters was really nice, married, the other one was that Louise, she was a regular old . . . Well, anyway, this day we went in at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and the nurse came over, the head nurse, and she took me by the arm and took me over and put her arm around me, and she said, "He's in a coma, we've tried to wake him up, but we can't."

Mary went ahead of me down there, and when we got down there, there she was shaking him and saying, "Joe, Joe, wake up, you've got visitors." So I went in there, and I said, "Mary". And she said "what's the matter?" And I said, "He's in a coma, can't you see?" So she said, "Yes."

So anyway he just laid there, so when we were going home, we didn't stay very long, what was the use. So the nurse said, "I don't think you better let her go home to her apartment, tonight. Take her out to the ranch with you, you're going to bring her in every day, and she can come in with you in the morning." So I went home with her. And ten o'clock in the morning the phone rang. And every time the phone rang I just worried, you know.

So right at ten o'clock in the morning, "It's the nurse," she said, "It's for you." I knew what it was, as soon as I heard her voice, the nurse said, "He just passed away about half an hour ago." So I told her to get in touch with the undertaker, I had it all fixed up. So anyway, he got buried. So I didn't want to stay there in that place, anymore, I didn't want to stay. So I had my niece, Dorothy Johnson, I had her up there, and I had to come up here after the death, and I had visited her a couple of times, and then I sent her some money that day, I called and told them be over to the bank, and I'll send you some money, that was the Ronan bank, and I want you to come down for the funeral. She'd just lost her husband too, so I told her all right, so she was there and I went in the bank and I asked them if they could do that, transfer a hundred dollars up there to her, so they said, yes, they would. So they got it transferred and everything, but she had just missed the bus up here, so she had to wait until the next day. So she called me back to tell me she got the money all right, but she had to wait till the next day, she just missed the bus. So she did. So she came down there with me, she went to the funeral. My daughter came up, that was the little girl from my first husband.

Anderson: How old was she then?

Marchioli: Then she was married, she was married and had five, four kids already. So she said, ah, she came up and they were there. She didn't like Dorothy, my daughter didn't like Dorothy. Well, they never like anything, pertaining to me. Well, they went home and I came up here with

Dorothy. I wasn't going to stay here then. Then I made up my mind, that maybe I'd move up here.

I always wanted to come back to Kalispell. Anyway, I wanted to come up here where she was. So I came up, then of course, she passed away. I stayed on. Sometimes I wished that I'd gone back, where the kids were. But I never had no living with them. My daughter, her husband was in the Air Force, he was in Italy at the time, and she came up to visit me for awhile, and she had the baby with her, the baby was then a few months old. So then she wanted to know if she could come and live with us, and I said, "Sure, you can come and live with me, if you want to." But, she didn't want to leave San Francisco. Anyway, she was living with her grandmother yet, and her father had the apartment. So anyway, we took her home when she was going to go, she stayed with us for about, from about March to November.

Anderson: Up here in Ronan?

Marchioli: No, in California. I missed out, I got carried away with the rest of it and forgot to tell you about my family. So she got a letter at my place, he [her husband] had never seen the baby, she had this little girl, that's my oldest granddaughter, she had her and he had never seen her, so she got this letter at our place, she wrote overseas to him, and he wrote to our place and she got the letter and he had got his embarcadation, a disability. So she said, "I better go home, ma." So I said, "OK."

So we took her home, Joe and I, and of course then I met her father, too, you know. And you know he and my husband got acquainted, and they got to be really good friends, and he turned out real good, my first husband did, her father, so then she wrote to me later that he had come home now, you know they always used to kid her, when she'd go to bed, if the doorbell would ring, they'd say, "Oh, Fred time." They'd tease her, see.

So pretty soon she got used to it and didn't pay any attention, cause she didn't believe them. So this night she said she heard the bell ring, so they went out, and they said, "Fred's here," and she didn't believe them, her and the baby was in the room, and she had the little catch on the door, cause she didn't want them in there all the time, so she closed it off then. She had the baby in the crib. So he came to the door, and he said, "Yeah, it's really me." She went to get out of the bed, she was laying down on the bed with a cover over her, she got tangled up in the covers and she had to crawl from the bed to the door, and she pulled the lock on the door, and he pushed the door in, and she was laying right there, and he fell right over top of her. And she said they rolled around on that floor for about half an hour. Oh, she says, laughing, and hugging and loving you know and just have a great time. And all of a sudden he looks up and says, "Where is it, where is it." And she said, "Don't wake it up," she says, "if you wake it up it'll be awake all night," and she says, "it don't go back to sleep," and she says, "please don't wake her up." And he wasn't having any of that, and he goes over and picks up the baby and she says "bye, bye, bye." And she didn't go to sleep, she just knew it was somebody there, I guess she probably felt it inside and anyway, he said, there they were the three of them, hugging each other, they had the baby between them, then, sitting on the bed, loving. And she said he was so happy about it.

He had got hurt in the war, over there, his buddy was out in no man's land, and they were shelling, and he was wounded, and my son-in-law went out there, he crawled out there and he got on top of him. He was going to bring him in, you know, try to bring him over, and he got him within a foot of the barracks, and the shell came over, and took, cut his head, right like that, the shell took it, cut it right off. They took him to the hospital over there, in France I think it was, they took him to the hospital, or Italy, he was in Italy. They took him to . . . and they put an iron thing in his head. And anyway, they sent him home. And he was pretty good, see.

He was coming along fine, but one day he was driving the truck, and he went to get off of the truck and he passed out, right at the garage, he was just pulling the truck in and he fell out of it. And he fell, and he was out, unconscious. And they got a taxi, and instead of taking him to the hospital, they brought him home. So then she called the marine hospital, just for the servicemen, and they came out. Well, anyway, before they got out there, he had come to. And then they came and visited him, you know, a little bit and they seen he was alright, he was getting along pretty good. So they left and went.

So anyway, he got up the next day, and she said he looked kind of somber, you know, kind of, you know, sad. So he went in the room and he shut the door, the bedroom. And he was in there so long, that she got nervous, you know. So she opened the door, real easy, and he was standing there in front of the mirror, and he had a gun in his hand. He must have seen her reflection in the mirror, cause he turned around and he said, "I'm going to kill you and the baby, and me." He says, "I ain't got nothing to live for."

So, she kept talking to him, and talking, and talking. And while she was talking, she was moving closer, and closer, and pretty soon she got over close enough that she grabbed the hand, only the hand that had the gun, she grabbed in over, and her nails, she grabbed it so tight that her nails dug in to his palm. I wish you could have seen her afterwards. He threw her all over that place, but she never let go of that hand. And they came out to the front room, and she said "Behind the couch, baby, behind the couch." And she [their little girl] was only 2 1/2 years old. She said, "Behind the couch, honey, behind the couch." So she [the girl] got behind the couch.

Now the woman next door, she could hear the rumpus, you know what I mean, and she got nervous, and she came over, and she opened the door and she came in and she saw what was going on. She went back home, and called the hospital again, over there, the main hospital. And she called, and they came back. And they were still fighting, and she still had that gun, she still had hold of that gun, and they had to pry her fingers to get them off, she held it so tight, she just had them jammed on there. So, anyway, he says, they tried to get him in a place where they could give him a shot, you know, and finally one of the doctors got hold of a leg, and gave him a shot in the leg. Well he just calmed down, that was all, he just went right down. They took him to the hospital. They operated on his head, and they took that off and underneath that, it was all corroded.

It was the awfulest mess, they told her it was the terriblest mess they ever saw. See, over there, they didn't care, they just give it a . . . and let them go. Well, anyway, they cleaned it all off and threw out all that proud flesh and everything, and then they put a fine, thin thing over it, and then they put something that they call new skin, sprayed it on, and then they put a very fine thin steel

plate, very fine steel, you know, thin, and then they sewed him up and then they go alright. But then, he always carried his head just a little bit . . . you know.

So anyway, he came home. And she just had the one girl then, so then, that little girl, they were real good, and he went back to work, and then they bought their own house, out in Daly City, and . . . California, just on the other side of San Francisco. There is a street runs between San Francisco and Daly City. So anyway, she lived in Daly City. So he said they got along fine, they got the house almost paid for when . . . the little girl was eleven years old then, and my daughter was pregnant, and they took her to the hospital, and she was in there and the first baby, that was Joanne, came first. She had twins, you know, she didn't know it, she didn't know she was going to have twins. Anyway, she had twins, and Joanne came first. He was in there, when the baby came, and so finally he went out, he thought that was all, you know, and he went out to have a [inaudible on tape]. The doctor hauled him back, he said, "Get back here, there's another one on the way." And he said, "What?"

And here come little Mary then, she came out. And I said, the reason I said that, Joanne and then Mary, because Joanne came first and they marked her, they put a little string on her, and that's what they call it . . . They named Joanne after my husband, and they named Mary after me, Elizabeth, Mary Elizabeth. I'm Elizabeth

Anderson: That's your real name?

Marchioli: Yeah, and so that's what they called . . . So anyway, he came out and he said, "My god, grandma, I've got two." So I said, "All right." I went down there, I stayed down there with her pretty near a month. And then I was sitting there at the table, and we got to talking about the babies, you know, and everything. So the next day, she was pregnant again, and I was sitting there talking to her, and he rang up, he was working again, and he rang up at noontime, and he says, "How's my wife?" And I said, "Fine, she's right here, I'll let you talk to her, wait a minute," and he hung up. I said, "It's Fred," I didn't know he'd hung up already, you know, already, so she went to talk to him, and he didn't answer. And she said "I guess he hung up, I wonder what happened to him?" So anyway, when he come home that night she said, "Why didn't you wait for me on the phone?" "Oh," he said, "didn't that old bitch over there tell you I couldn't answer because I was too busy, that I didn't have time to wait?" And he never said that to me at all. So I didn't know what to say, when he said it, you know.

And my granddaughter was sitting right alongside, loving her doll, and she jumped up from the table and said, "Don't you talk that way to my grandmother." I got up from the table, and I went in the bedroom, I was half-bawling, you know. It was the first time I ever heard him say anything like that to me, you know, so I went in the bedroom, I was in the kid's bedroom, I went in there, so pretty soon she came in, my daughter, and she said to him (they didn't know I could hear, my door was open about so much, and theirs was open). She said, "Well, even if you think she's like that, what did you say it to her for?" So I said, "Oh," to myself, so that's the way the thing goes, does she even care, she didn't think anything of him saying that, see.

That night they were going over to the church, they were going to play bingo at the church, and this other gal that lived in the house with her, she said she was going to stay at home and take

care of the kids. And I was going to stay with her, I didn't want to go with them over there anyway. I was all fed up, I was ready to bawl anyway. So I told her, now I says, "Listen, Erma, will you mail a letter to my husband?" So I wrote my husband and I told him, "I want you to come down and get me, I want to go home." I said, "You don't have to say anything about it, I just don't want to stay any longer. Just come in and tell me, 'why don't you come home, you've been down here long enough, why don't you come home for a little bit, you can come back.'" You know, that's just what he did. I didn't say anything.

He came down Friday night and he said, "Why don't you come home for a little bit, I get kinda lonesome, and the house is terrible," he said. "Come on home," he says. And she says, "Why don't you go home for a little bit, you can come back." When I got home, he said to me, "What happened? I know something happened, what happened?" I told him. And he said "Oh," he said, "I see." So, I thought maybe he might get burned up at him. But he didn't. But he never, he never cared for him very much after that, he never got very friendly with him or anything. So I thought, well, as long as he didn't, everything went fine. So afterwards . . . the twins were born . . . so I went down when they were born, so I wasn't going to stay. So all that time down there, and did the washing and clean everything up for them, and to have them act that way to me. So then the twins were born, so then she gets pregnant again, so then she has this boy, the one I showed you the picture of, so she had him.

And then, anyway, her father was there, her father lived with them, he had a room downstairs, he was awful good to the little twins. But then I went down there one day, and you know, Joanne's hands, she's only got a half a hand, she's got the thumb and these two fingers, and they're together like that, and there's nothing here, see. So he favored Mary better, you know, the little one, he favored her better. I heard him one time, my father-in-law was there, he said, my father-in-law said, "I don't like the way Fred treats little Joanne." I said, "Why?" He said, "on account of her hand." I said, "That's got nothing to do with him, and that poor little thing can't help that, she was born like that." So anyway, I kinda got burned up by it. So I didn't go down for quite a while. But then she brought the kids up, and we had great fun, the kids and I.

So one day, after Freddy was about four years old, I was down there, and she was holding Freddy in her arms, like this, like a little kid, you know, holding him there, rocking him, a big kid four years old. And the little kids, the little twins was then five years old, there was just 16 months between them. And they come up there—the little twins was playing in the other room, and she was holding Freddy there by the table. Little Mary, I seen her turn around and look at me, and she looked at me, and she looked back again, and then pretty soon she came a running, and she jumped up on my lap, and I pulled her up on my lap on this leg, and pretty soon, here comes Joanne tearing up there, she saw her do it, so she got on there, and I was sitting at the table with the two twins on my arms, like this. And Mary turns around and looks right in my face like this, you know. "Grandma," she said, "Mama doesn't love us anymore, she loves Freddy better." You know, oh, I could have died; my heart just sank when she said that, and she heard it! And I said, "oh, no, honey, she still loves you." "No she don't. She loves Freddy, all the time she's holding and petting Freddy, but she never says anything to us."

I turned around and looked at my daughter and her face turned so red. All of a sudden, something she got up to do, she got up and she put him on the floor, and you know what that little guy did.

He banged his feet and his head on the floor as hard as he could, and screamed and hollered and everything else. I said, "What's that about?" "It's because I put him down," she said. I said, "My god, have you petted him that much?" You know, I didn't half believe the little kids. But then when I saw what was happening, what could I think. So then, I don't know, I guess she must have got out of it a little bit.

So every time Fred would pass little Mary, her father, you know, Fred would say, "la cushla." And Cushla in Irish means I love you. Do you think he'd say that to Joanne? And he'd punish Joanne for nothing. And he'd say, "Do you think because you've got a sore hand, that you're not going to get punished?" That's an awful thing, to throw up at a little kid, that had no hand. I just looked at him. He didn't like me, he doesn't like me to this day.

And so, anyway, she said, so it got like that, so pretty soon Freddy . . . when I first saw Freddy when he came out of the hospital, when he was a little tiny baby, I called him Kelly. He had red hair and blue eyes, it was dark red hair, and I said, oh, we got a little Kelly, cause that was Irish, you know. And so it went on for years, and I kept calling him Kelly, and he'd answer me. And one day I went there, and she says, "Grandma, don't call him Kelly anymore." She says, "Boy, he'll just ride all over you if you call him Kelly." And I thought, after all these years I been calling him Kelly, and he just crying out now. I couldn't believe it. She says, "Don't call him, he'll get burned up, and he'll bawl you out, and you'll feel terrible after."

So Freddy come out to the hall, and he went in to the bathroom, and the door was open, he was going in there for something, and I said, "Freddy, Kelly." And he said, "What do you want, Grandma?" She could have died, she didn't know what to ... She said, "I thought you didn't want us to call you Kelly anymore." "You can't call me Kelly anymore, I don't want you to, but Grandma can call it to me anytime she wants."

*(Here there is a break between tape one and tape two)*

Marchioli: As far as I can remember back when I went to Kalispell, I was only four, a little more than four. I played with the kids, I got acquainted with the little kids. They used to have a reservation, an Indian Reservation, tepees and all, you know, right across the road from where we lived in Kalispell. We lived on the outskirts, it isn't the outskirts now, it's 435 6<sup>th</sup> Avenue West, it's right almost in the middle of town now. But anyway we were out in the country then. So, I used to go and play in there, these little Indian kids when I first went there, they used to beat up on me, you know, push me around. Course I was little, so I started crying. And I ran home, you know.

So one day, Mrs. McGinnis sent me to the store. We only had to go half a block to the store, just down the street, it was just a little country store, you know, and I had to go there, and those kids were in the street, and I was getting afraid to go any farther, and their father came out, I guess it was their father, the chief, you know, he come out, and he said something to them, and those little kids come over easy, you know, how they, kinda easy, didn't know how I was going to take it as well as them, and they put their arm around me, they were a little bigger than I am, you know, and started petting me and talking to me and everything, and they took me to the store, and brought me back again. And every time when I'd go out there and I'd see them, those little

kids would come over and grab my hand and take me to the store, and come back with me. I got along fine. I was all over the reservation then. All the Indians liked me as much as the white people did. I used to go over there and play with them all the time.

So one time I got a sled, I got a sled for my birthday. All the time I was in Kalispell, Mrs. McGinnis treated me real nice, just like as if I was her own kid, you know. She gave me this sled on my birthday, and there was a little creek running behind our place, that was frozen over, and on the other side of the street was a bridge, where you could cross it, and there was a kind of a hill. It went down like this, come across it, and come up like this. And we get up on that sled, you know, and we come down, Oh-h-h-h, and past that creek, and back up on the other side. We had fun! And one day we came down head first on it, we were laying on it. This little boy was first, and I was on top of him, and another little one was behind me, and we came down on that sled, and it broke through, and we all went right in that creek, oh my god of all the screeching and hollering and Mrs. McGinnis came out, and all the ladies came out, and the Indians came over, it was a regular melee there, you ought to have seen it, it was the funniest thing. We had lots of fun! And then we got over that.

And then . . . I used to love to go out in the fields where the water was, ice and stuff, leave it to me to play in the mud. So I used to have good times then, and so, when I got a little older, this girl, she had a horse and buggy, she was, I judge about 17 or 18 years old, and she come over and she took us kids in the buggy, and she was going to take us out to the ranch, her mother's ranch, and so I remember Mrs. McGinnis, I remember she telling her, she said, "will you be back by night?" She said, "I think so, if we aren't, don't worry, I won't start back if it gets too dark." So we went out there, and you could see buffalo, you know, there on the hill, oh, god, how much, buffalo is big, great big guys, you ought to have seen them, they are immense. They'd be over there, running around, fooling around. Course we were afraid of them, but as long as they were over there we weren't afraid, but as soon as they got over toward us. So we went over there to her house, so anyway she fooled around so long, and her parents kept her there, you know, and first thing you know it was dark, so we didn't come home. I remember I went to bed, four of us in a bed, we were in that bed, and I cried all night. I was scared to stay in a strange place, you know. A couple of the others did too. So when it got first daylight we were right up, right now, we were going to go home, we wanted to go right now. So she took us home. Mrs. McGinnis met us, down by . . . if you go into Kalispell, you'll see on the outskirts of it, going in this way, Ashley Creek. Ashley Creek isn't there anymore, it's been filled in. But it's got Ashley Creek some businesses there, Ashley Creek this, and Ashley Creek that, you know. So we crossed that, rather instead of crossing at the bridge, she went down and went through the creek. When we come up, we got stuck on the other side. So we got up there, and Mrs. McGinnis came out. "What happened, what happened," she said, "I've been worried all night." She [the girl] says, "Well nothing happened." She says, "We just stayed there. Mama wouldn't let us come home anymore after it got dark." "You're never going again!" And I didn't, either. Then that same gal came one day and she had a bicycle, and she was going to give me a ride on the handlebars. She did. But I don't know what happened to the bike, we must have hit something, or something, but we both fell. And do you know I didn't get a scratch on me any place, except right here.

Anderson: On the tip of your nose.

Marchioli: My nose. I didn't realize but I must have hit it on something. There wasn't a scratch on my arms or nothing. There I was, just that much. They put a steel thing on my nose. They said that would take the poison out if there was anything . . . just steel, it would draw anything out. So anyway, I had a skinned nose there for about . . . . But I wasn't satisfied there. I had to be in some devilment someplace. I started teasing the old cow, we had an old cow there, and her name was Bessie. (If she [a visitor] comes she will call me Aunt Bessie, so you won't be surprised.) I was climbing on the fence, and it was a picket fence, you know, and I fell backwards, and my legs were underneath the thing, and I fell backwards, and I was hanging there with my head bouncing back this way, my head down there. And the darn old cow, come inside, licking my face. And I started screeching. Mrs. McGinnis came out, and she looks at me, and she says, "Now, what are you doing?" So she come and pushed me up, and she got me off the fence. Then I got a spanking. But when she spanked me, she didn't spank me, she stripped my clothes off, and whipped me with a whip. That's the way she used to do it. Course at that time I didn't hold any grudges against her because I was a kid, I didn't know . . . but you know, it was terrible. She'd leave some of the awfulest marks on me, on my body you ever seen, some of them.

Anderson: How did you get with Mrs. McGinnis in the first place?

Marchioli: My mother took me up there.

Anderson: But how did she know her, and why . . .

Marchioli: I guess, friends, you know. I don't know how they ever met. I don't know anything about that. But she took me up there and she figured, that a . . . they had money, Mrs. McGinnis had money and I think my mother took me there thinking if she raised me I would get some of her money, you see.

Anderson: Was it just you and Mrs. McGinnis?

Marchioli: Huh?

Anderson: Just the two of you?

Marchioli: Yeah, well, her brother lived there with her, Mrs. McGinnis and her brother. And anyway it got . . . you know what I mean. That's why sometimes I think my mother didn't want me. You know what I mean? I . . . I always felt that, you know, because different little things have come up that I can remember, little slights and things. Afterwards, when I got older, I start to think, well, why didn't she keep me home when she took me from my sister, why didn't she take me home with her then. Cause that's when they did, they took three of the boys away from her, and put them up here in the hospital in Kalispell. They're buried up there. And she left two of them home. My mother had complained that she couldn't take care of me, that's why she gave me to my sister. Well, then when they took those three boys away, the other two boys wasn't so bad. They could walk. But they walked crippled, you know, going from side to side, you know. Anyway it was sad.

Then I got to thinking, when I got older, I got to thinking, well, why didn't she take me home then. Why did she take me to Mrs. McGinnis? That's why I sometimes feel that maybe she didn't want me. Cause maybe she wasn't sure either, you know. But I have all the . . . they tell me, all of them, that I look like my grandma, my father's. Bill Hand's, mother, and if I look like her, and they say I'm literally the image of her, even to height and everything. So I imagine, I guess that he was, maybe, my father after all. I want to believe that anyway. I don't want to believe the other guy because the other guy is no good. He wasn't any good in the first place, what he would do.

I'll tell you another thing is this. If they had been two young people . . . you know, two young people, and got in trouble, you know what I mean . . . fall in love and got in trouble, I wouldn't have felt half so bad, you know, because I'd think well, we all do sometimes, we all make a mistake somewhere, maybe not that kind, but we all do make mistakes. But just the same, two grown people that had ten kids apiece, and then would do it, and then if I was supposed to be born from that. That's what got me, they had families of their own . . . and you know, that wasn't love, that was passion, that was all that was, that wasn't anything about any loving, but you take young people like that, they can, you know, they get going and falling in love, and well, maybe they can't wait. You wouldn't feel so bad, cause maybe it might happen to me either, you know. But that's what, I never could figure out how my mother could go with my brother-in-law. That's . . . I often said to Betty when she was here, I don't know what in the devil kind of family I was born into anyway. Cause all they ever thought was that.

Anderson: Well, you can't pick your family.

Marchioli: No. That's one thing you can't do. But you know, I often felt, though, that maybe she didn't want me. But then, when the Governor, when I wrote to the Governor and asked him about my family, if they could find them, he wrote back, oh, he wrote me a beautiful letter back. And, he told me, he says, he says, "Well, yes, there's a Hand family here," he said, and he told me where they were and then he told me about my sister and he said where she was and everything. And so, then, I thought . . . when I wrote to my mother and she answered back . . . you can imagine what a shock she must have got because when that woman went back there after they took me away from her, she went back to Kalispell. And when my mother questioned her where I was, she told them that I had got killed in an automobile wreck.

Anderson: Mrs. McGinnis said that!

Marchioli: Yeah. And my mother told me in the letter, she says, that's why I didn't look for you anymore, because I thought you were dead. Imagine what she must have felt when she got that letter from me after her telling her that I got killed in an automobile wreck. Then she told me all about what Mrs. McGinnis, how she lied when she got back. And you know, come to think of it, all my life..there was a reason that God didn't want me in that family for some reason. You know what I mean. I don't know . . . and you'd be surprised what blessings I've had. You know kids and getting hurt, and everything, and I never got no bones broken, or anything. And how kids are, and everything, and I've always been pretty healthy, and different things. And even when I was drinking, there were lots of things I escaped from, I don't know how . . . there were a couple of them, there were, I could have been dead, but I wasn't. I'm still here.

Now, I'm 91. Oh, lord, when I think of it. But, I don't know, I think God in the first place had reason to take me away from there, because all our family. I told Betty one time, that's the most adulterous family I ever heard about. She just looks at me and laughed. My side of the family, not hers. She belongs to my older sister, you know, that's her family. But with me, I don't know, it just seems on my mother's side, you know and uh.. It's a good thing there weren't any more girls, only just us three.

And, anyway, oh, I used to raise the dickens, and then they had, Teddy Roosevelt come through Kalispell one time, he was running for President then. He came through there, the old rough rider, and he was a regular cowboy, great big old hat, you know, and everything. I can remember, I was six years old then, when he came through, and he was running for President and he was visiting, like they do, you know, to get votes. And here he came in, and I was standing there by his platform, and he was coming down off the platform, and I was standing, I was a little bit of a thing, god, five years old and only that big, and all of a sudden, he said, "Hi, sweetheart." And he picks me up and puts me up on his shoulder, and he hauls me around and tells everybody I'm his sweetheart, and, you know. Oh me, I was all swelled up, you know, I thought I was somebody. And we just had a gay old time.

So, then, we went to this, uh, fair. That was when we had a fair at the same time. And we were down at the fair. And John L. Sullivan, now you don't remember him, he's way before your day. He was a prize-fighter, bare-knuckles, no gloves on him, he fought bare knuckles. And we went to see him fight.

Anderson: In Kalispell?

Marchioli: In Kalispell. They had a boxing match, then the fair, you know, we went in there, and there they were boxing at this time, and oh, god, they took me, he was all bloody, and the other guy was all bloody, so we were there, and this little kid, little boy, we was there, I don't know, a friend of the family or something, I don't know, anyway he was in there, and his father was bragging, and he didn't know, now . . . John L. Sullivan after he got off, well, he got all cleaned up and all dressed up, and he was a regular dude, you know. And he goes in this tavern, and they were drinking beer, and this guy was standing right along side of him, and this little boy was there, and he was over with me. We could come in there, you know, we were little so they didn't pay no attention to us coming in there, cause we were with somebody, I was with Mrs. McGinnis. And this fellow, he said to him, right at the bar, he said, you know, he says, "if I had a shot at that John L. Sullivan," he says, "I'd sure lay him out flat." And John L Sullivan was standing right alongside of him. And he went on, what he wouldn't do to him, and what he would do. And then John L., John says, they're telling me about this later, and John L. Sullivan turned around and says, "Well, come on, you want to try?" Boy, he said, that guy, he almost folded up. And he fainted.

Anderson: O-oo, a tough guy!

Marchioli: He was really tough then, and he fainted. They were telling me about this afterwards, this was years after they was telling me about that. And there we were, standing scared to death when he fell on the floor, we thought he did get hit, you know. But anyway, John L. Sullivan, he

was a nice guy. He was a little dude, you know what I mean, he wasn't very big, but, oh, golly, he could sure fight, cause I saw him fighting. We were scared, we was watching, you know, seeing them fighting. So then they had, I tell you, I don't know where they ever came from, they had apples, I bet you they were that big, oh, immense big apples. They raised them from someplace else, out of Kalispell. Here in Montana they raised them, but it was out of Kalispell. I wanted one of them so bad, but they had them on plates, you know. They were exhibiting them. You couldn't buy them, they were just exhibiting them. I wanted one so bad, I wished I could have one of them. And who comes along, but old Teddy. "Oh, my sweetheart," he says. And he reached over and take one of the apples, and he says "this is for you." And even though I wanted one of the apples—he might have heard me complain about it, I don't know. Anyway, he handed it to me. Oh, I was so scared, I was looking all around, because I seen him take it, you know, I don't know what he did, but somebody came up and said something to him and he gave them something, I don't know, I suppose he paid for it. Anyway, it was on a . . . there was several others there, they had more. But he just took that big rosy apple over there. My god, I was a week eating that apple. I took it home and Mrs. McGinnis cut it up. First she cut it in half, and then again, and again, and again. Still, I had . . . just one little piece was enough to fill me up, you know, yeah, great big . . . oh, the most . . . I never did ever after see such apples like that! They could have been grown some place else with some kind of a . . . oh, like they do tomatoes, you know. Oh, they grow some of the greatest tomatoes there in Norman in that grocery there that they have, across from the churches there, in the street over from the . . . uh, Methodist Church, I guess it is. They have a place there, and they grow those tomatoes, without seeds in them, you know. That's the reason why . . . I was tickled to death because every time I eat tomatoes, the seeds get under my plate here, oh, every bite I have to take them out and take them over there, and if I'm with someone I feel terrible, I just have to let it hurt.

Anderson: Tell me about the Conrads.

Marchioli: I went to school with Charley Conrad. When Mrs. McGinnis' brother came back from California, he was over there to California. He came back and he had a great big bag this big full of gold, gold coins, and he'd given me a handful. And Charley Conrad's father was on the bank then, and I was there, and they took me in there, and he took me in and set me up on top of the counter, and they put that money in the bank, and I thought I . . . course I thought I was putting it in, course I wasn't, they were putting it in there, but I was the one that was putting it in there.

So, anyway, Charley was a little bitty kid, just big as I was. He was around there. I met him in school. So his father, they used to give, on Halloween . . . mostly Halloween—oh, he gave several parties other than that, but on Halloween he'd give, he'd open the house, they'd fix everything in their Halloween, inside, oh, they fixed places where you'd go in a closet, ghosts there, and they'd light up quick, you know, and he invited all the kids. At that time Kalispell was just a little while, just a little space, you know what I mean, it wasn't very big, wasn't very many kids. So, anyway, he'd invite all the kids to come in there to the party.

Anderson: Indian kids, too?

Marchioli: Yeah, Indian kids too. Every one of the kids, no matter what you were. So they went in. And we used to have fun. You know, they have an elevator in there now. But before they

never had. We had to go up the stairs. It was three flights. And everywhere, just when you got up there, something would open up and it would be ghosts, scare the devil out of us. And we, oh, we used to have the greatest time. And they used to have a great big table, downstairs they had a great big table. And then they'd make us sit down, and we'd have ice cream and cookies. Oh, yes, we used to have a good time. They were good people, those Conrads. And then, then, oh the things . . . . Have you ever been in it.

Anderson: Yes.

Marchioli: Now? Have you ever been in it?

Anderson: Yes .

Marchioli: Isn't it nice inside?

Anderson: Yes. Did it look that way?

Marchioli: Still that way. Oh, there's different things that have been fixed that are different now. Cause I haven't been in there for . . . I guess five years ago I was in there, I haven't been in there since. At that time, of course, it was new at the time I went in there when I was a kid, you know, it was new. But they didn't have no elevator or anything. I think they got the elevator in there now. I'm pretty sure they have. Seemed to me I went someplace where they had an elevator in it. Must have been there, because . . .

Anderson: I know they have a dumb waiter.

Marchioli: Maybe that's it. I don't know, I know they had something that went up and down. Anyway, maybe, so probably it was. I went in there with Ron, that drove the bus for Ronan, the Senior's bus, I went up there with them, and I walked, oh, I walked up those stairs, I never was so tired in my life, walking up stairs. Oh, they had a kitchen there, maybe you seen it, had an old fashioned stove in there. And everything, in there, old coal bucket there, and all that, oh, I never seen anything. Then they got a nice room there, most of the rooms are nice, but some of them now, they've got them roped off, you can't go in there, because there's weaknesses in the floors and things, they want to keep it just the way it was.