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Works shown above: 1. Frank Tenney Johnson (1874–1939), Land Beyond the Law, oil on canvas, 20 x 24 inches, $600,000,000 2. Charles M. Russell (1864–1926), An Old Time Hunting Party (1904), watercolor, 16 1/4 x 13 inches, $200,000,000 3. Olaf C. Seltzer (1877–1957), Cowboys Roping a Calf, oil on canvas, 24 x 36 inches, $50,000

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Beginning in the 1880s, jobs in the copper mines began attracting immigrants to Butte, Montana. The new arrivals came in search of a better life for themselves and their children and settled in ethnic neighborhoods, where they could speak their native languages and maintain cultural ties to their homelands. The Irish neighborhood of Dublin Gulch is shown here in about 1910.

by Janet L. Finn

Children of the Hill
Situating Children in Butte's History
The story of Butte, Montana, has been told many times. It is by and large a story of the grit and danger of hard-rock mining, the power plays of the Copper Kings, and the intrigues of organized labor, with women cast in cameo roles. But if the voices and views of women have been muted in this history, the stories of Butte’s children have been largely erased. Little is known about children’s experiences of mining life or of the ways in which class politics, labor strife, and gender and ethnic relations insinuated themselves in the everyday lives of children. A focus on childhood also illuminates the significance of Butte and its children to the development of child-focused public policies and institutions in Montana. Butte was the state’s focal point of immigration, industrialization, and urbanization and, as such, captured the attention of reformers. Tremendous economic investment, social capital, and political will were mobilized to ensure the welfare of children and keep them on the “right path” to adulthood.

At the turn of the twentieth century, Butte was home to the world’s largest copper-mining operation, run by the Anaconda Copper Mining Company. In 1900, Butte’s population stood at sixty-two thousand, and 88 percent of the population was under age twenty-five. The Butte mines were soon producing one-third of the nation’s copper; its mining workforce was twelve thousand strong and earned “the world’s largest” payroll of $1.5 million a month. By 1905, Butte had forty-two churches, more than two dozen public and parochial schools, as well as over forty fraternal and benevolent organizations and another forty trade and labor unions.¹

Fueling this engine of industry was an immigrant population that grew each year. Cornish and Irish immigrants dominated the first wave of migration to Butte, with the Irish comprising 25 percent of Butte’s burgeoning population by 1900. The Irish were followed by Italians, Finns, Swedes, Serbians, Croats, Slovenians, Montenegrins, Syrians, and Lebanese. New arrivals gravitated to their familiar ethnic communities, where they not only worked together underground but also created strong neighborhoods where they could speak their native language, buy and prepare familiar foods, and maintain ties to their homelands through native-language newspapers and social clubs.²

Mining was notoriously dangerous work. Injuries wrought by a “fall of ground,” premature explosion of dynamite, and illnesses such as tuberculosis, pneu-
monia, and miner’s consumption claimed lives every
day in Butte. Miners’ deaths and injuries put many
families in precarious circumstances, leaving loved
ones both grieving and economically desperate. For
example, a 1913 accident in the Leonard Mine resulted
in the deaths of five men, three of whom were fathers
of young children. An account in the Butte Miner
offered poignant details of one of the families.

Nicholas Treglown had been in Butte but a com-
paratively short time. He is survived by his wife and
three-year-old daughter. With his family, he lived
at 2101 Ash Street. When news of the accident
reached the Treglown home the little girl was play-
ing just outside the door. Realization of its import
did not come to her. She played about the house all
afternoon, noting her mother’s tears with wonder-
ment, and when she saw the men coming off shift
from other mines she called repeatedly, “Daddy,
where’s my Daddy?”

It was a truism in Butte that miners were lucky
to live past forty. Michael Patrick “Packey” Buckley
recalled his mother running a boardinghouse to keep
the family afloat after his father was disabled.

She had to [start the boardinghouse] . . . My father
couldn’t work. He had miner’s con. He died when
I was in the sixth grade. You know what they called
St. Mary’s Parish, don’t you? The parish of widows.
They were all widows. Just for the hell of it, if you
ever go by St. Patrick’s Cemetery, go in and see the
miners. Do you know what the average age is on the
cross on the burial? Thirty-seven years old. And
when you look back, a lot of them died from miner’s
con, but a lot of them died from pneumonia. They
would come home on open streetcars, and [they
had] no change rooms. They could get pneumonia
and die, and a lot of them died from cancer, which
we didn’t know much about in those days.

For other families, labor strife wrought despera-
tion. In 1903, for example, all mining operations were
shut down for nearly two months, affecting twenty
thousand wage earners in Butte and four-fifths of
the wage earners in the state, as corporate power
brokers vied for control of the copper market. Mining
operations were again cut back in an effort to squelch
union activism in 1906. Some families survived these
challenging times with the support of neighbors, kin,
and public relief. For others, charity organizations
offered basic support. The Associated Charities of
Butte, a volunteer organization launched in 1897 and
made up primarily of women from prominent and
professional-class families, sponsored a soup kitchen
and solicited donations of coal.

Harsh economic and environmental conditions
made child rearing a daunting proposition in Butte.
Overall, children were often poorly housed, clothed,
and fed. At the turn of the twentieth century, 20 per-
cent of children did not live to celebrate their fifth
birthday, and 50 percent of infant mortality occurred
in the first year of life. Air laced with arsenic from the
copper smelters, coupled with poor sanitation and
living conditions, exacerbated newborns’ struggles
for survival in Butte. In addition to problems of pre-
maturity and injury at birth, respiratory illnesses
and severe diarrhea—typically referred to as cholera
infantum—struck newborns and infants. Parents,
midwives, and doctors were often helpless to inter-
vene. Ann Pentilla was born in Butte in 1907. Ann
remembered her mother’s experience: “She lost two
babies. They were blue babies. They lost a lot of chil-
dren [in Butte]. I remember the midwife putting the
child in the oven at a certain temperature in a blanket
to keep it warm, but it didn’t survive.”

Women engaged in a vast array of informal labor
and made subsistence livings as midwives, cooks, and
domestic servants, but prior to 1915 poor women and
children were largely dependent on the Silver Bow
County poor fund. The brief entries in the notebooks
of county investigators shed light on the difficult
conditions of widows and children, the meager assis-
tance available to them, and the assessments made
of their worthiness to receive aid. One investigator
wrote:

Mrs. P.D. 3/18/09—Age 44 years. Husband died
1 year ago. Left no money no insurance. 5 children
oldest girls 19 yrs. Married cannot help them. 1-16-
15-10 & 6 yrs. Boy of 16 is delicate not able to work
or go to school. They own a little 3 room shack.
Works herself when she can get it. She cannot go
out to work as 6 year old one is sick. This seems to
be a deserving case. She got relations but gets no
help from them.
The challenges of child rearing at the turn of the century were daunting. Overall, children were often poorly housed, clothed, and fed. The children above were pictured in the backyards of houses on the 1100 block of East Broadway for a 1908–1912 report on the working and living conditions of Silver Bow County miners and their families.

The Montana legislature approved a mother’s pension program in 1915, which provided aid to widows or mothers whose husbands could not support their families. Aid was limited to children fourteen and under, and it provided a maximum allowance of ten dollars a month for the first child with decreasing amounts for additional children.9

**Education Matters**

The education of Butte children was a community priority, as evidenced by the number of schools and size of enrollments. Although Butte already had fourteen schools by 1892 and Butte High School graduated its first class in 1886, school expansion was ongoing at the turn of the century. Between 1900 and 1905, the Emerson, Sacred Heart, Sherman, Jefferson, Harrison, Holy Savior, St. Mary’s, Franklin, and McKinley schools were built. Franklin School in McQueen also housed a nursery for the children of working parents that continued until the 1940s. By 1904, the Butte Public School District employed two hundred teachers to serve eight thousand students.10

Catholic education was a dominant influence in Butte. By the time Butte became an incorporated city in 1879, its first Catholic church, St. Patrick’s, had opened its doors, with an elementary school and high school soon to follow.11 Joining St. Patrick Parish as a leader in Catholic education, Holy Savior Church and School opened as a Jesuit mission in the McQueen neighborhood in 1902. Central High School, which served students from all the city’s parish-based elementary schools, registered 170 students on the first day of classes in 1908. Later, separate Catholic high schools for boys and girls opened.12

Butte enthusiastically embraced the progressive education movement. Washington Junior High School, Montana’s first “fully organized” junior high school and one of the first in the nation, opened in September 1915, welcoming five hundred seventh and eighth grade boys and girls that fall.13 Butte High School was touted as one of the largest and most thoroughly equipped secondary schools in the Northwest in the early 1900s. Students had a choice among four courses of study: English, scientific, classical, and commercial. In addition, they could take part in a broad range of extracurricular activities ranging from sports teams to academic, athletic, and social clubs. Boys and girls alike took part in glee clubs, band and orchestra, and a host of organizations for those interested in drama, foreign languages, speech and debate,
chemistry, journalism, and puppetry. A few student organizations were segregated by gender, such as the all-male Student Senate and the all-female Etiquette Club. Opportunities in sports were broadly egalitarian in the early 1900s. While basketball and football dominated boys’ sports, girls had opportunities to take part in the Athleta Club, which encouraged athletic participation for all girls, the swim club, and girls’ basketball. Over the years, the possibilities for both boys and girls expanded to include golf teams, ski clubs, tumbling, tennis, and more.\textsuperscript{13}

The accomplishments of Butte’s schools and schoolchildren were a source of pride. Robert Young, director of the Butte Board of Education, summarized community feelings when he wrote: “There are no brighter or better behaved children to be found in the entire country east or west than attend the Butte public and private schools. This is chiefly owing to the high character of Butte’s laboring classes, of their respect for law and order, and their desire to see their children become intelligent, self-reliant, and law-abiding citizens.\textsuperscript{15}

Butte’s schools received direction from the State of Montana, a national leader in public education. For example, the Montana legislature passed a stringent compulsory education law in 1902 that included harsh consequences for truancy and called for the establishment of industrial schools for the detention of habitual truants in cities with populations of more than twenty-five thousand residents. The Butte Industrial School, with capacity for forty students, opened in November 1903 with the mission to

Catholic high school education had its start with St. Patrick’s School, above, circa 1905, the first parish-based school to expand its curriculum beyond elementary school. St. Patrick’s graduated its first high school class in 1896 and was replaced by the larger Central High School in 1908.
"reform the wayward and save the lost" so that Butte children did not grow up in "idleness, ignorance, or crime." The school was touted as the only one of its kind west of Chicago.6

The issue of truancy speaks to a point of tension between educational reformers and some Butte parents and children. Many families relied on the labors of their children as part of their economic survival. While parents valued education, they also faced hard economic realities. Montana law prohibited general employment of children under age fourteen and specifically prohibited children under age sixteen from work in the mines. Despite the law, the homes, streets, and businesses of Butte provided many children with hands-on work experience well before they had reached their fourteenth birthdays. Children sold newspapers, packed miners’ lunch buckets, cleaned boardinghouses, and worked in a variety of family-run businesses to make ends meet. Many a Butte boy earned his first dollars selling newspapers—purchased at two for a nickel and sold for a nickel apiece—on the city’s busy streets.

John “Skeff” Sheehy recalled his days as a newsboy:

Whatever I did make, I turned everything over to my mother. Twenty-five or thirty cents, I sold the

Butte Daily Post until I was about a sophomore in high school... I had the Terminal Drug corner. It would be on the corner of Park Street and Dakota... I would sell the paper in the afternoon. It was an afternoon paper. It came out at 4:00 or 4:30, something like that, right after school. [I would earn two bits or so] if I sold them all. Now, what made that possible, you’ve got to remember this—that all around the downtown area were places where the tenants were the men who worked in the mines, who were bachelors, where one room was enough for them... The day shift got off at 4:30 and they’d come pouring down from the Hill, hundreds of men. Every corner, all through Park Street and Broadway, had newsboys on them. We claimed those corners as our property.7

Some children were successful at juggling the demands of work and school. Others found themselves in front of Judge Michael Donlan, the leading figure in Butte’s nascent juvenile court, facing charges of truancy. For example, in April 1911, Judge Donlan took Mrs. Berryman to task for keeping her fourteen-year-old son Eddie out of school because “the family revenues depended upon the proceeds from a dairy business and it was necessary for the boy to drive the wagon on the early morning route and attend to

There are no brighter or better behaved children to be found in the entire country east or west than attend the Butte public and private schools,” according to Robert Young, director of the Butte Board of Education. Above, Grant School’s fourth graders pose in 1916. The Grant public school served Butte’s East Side.
Many a Butte boy earned his first dollars selling newspapers on the city’s busy streets. The miners’ night shift began at 6:00 and ended at 2:30 in the morning. The newsboys, like the young man pictured above circa 1939, would be there to sell to the hundreds of miners pouring off the Hill.

other work in connection with the business.” Donlan was firm in his resolve: Eddie must regularly attend school or face remand to the Industrial School.18

**Saving Children**

Early reformers were staunch advocates on behalf of children who were orphaned or abandoned and those whose parents were unable to care for them due to illness, destitution, or dereliction. Even William A. Clark, the infamous Copper King, had a soft spot in his heart for the children of Butte. Clark had lost his son Paul at age sixteen as a result of a sudden illness. In Paul’s memory, Clark funded the construction of the Paul Clark Home, which offered shelter to Butte children whose parents were unable to provide for them. The Home opened in 1900 and served 253 children in its first year of operation. Clark recruited the organizers of the Associated Charities of Butte to run the home, which they did with remarkable efficiency and a measure of moral judgment, as revealed in the 1900 annual report:

> We must recognize that the most hopeful work that can be done is in saving children from begging and vice. They must be taught to feel the responsibility that their parents never felt; taught, if possible, the skills their parent never learned; given the character

their parents never had. Proper care and environment would mean moral and social advancement to hundreds of our little products of the streets and alleys.19

Ironically, at times it was street wisdom that could be a child’s saving grace. On August 15, 1902, little Eddie Bennett was among the excited group of children from the Paul Clark Home who boarded a special streetcar in Uptown Butte for an outing at Columbia Gardens. Over the course of the day, the children picnicked beneath the trees, twirled on the merry-go-round, and visited the zoo. Unbeknownst to the matrons, however, Eddie had gotten separated from the group. No one missed him as the youngsters boarded the streetcar and headed home at the end of the day. As the sun began to set, Eddie began to walk to the Paul Clark Home, located several miles from the Gardens. He descended to the outskirts of town and made his way through Uptown Butte, passing unnoticed through the throngs filling the streets, bars, and restaurants on a summer’s evening. Long past dark, he was found trudging along West Park Street, mere blocks from his objective, and taken to the police station. Eddie, described as a “bright little fellow,” was exhausted, but he “manfully held back tears” as he told the officers how he had gotten lost.
and, after thinking the matter over, had come to the conclusion that there was only one way to get home and that was to walk. Eddie Bennett was five years old at the time. Little Eddie, it seems, was resourceful and streetwise, attributes worrisome in the eyes of reformers yet integral to the resilience of children growing up in the harsh urban conditions of Butte’s early days.  

The State Bureau of Child and Animal Protection, founded in 1903 and charged with investigation into reports of abuse and neglect of children and animals, focused considerable attention on Butte. Otto Schoenfeld, the first director, argued that it was the duty of the State to ensure that Montana’s children did not grow up to be “vagabonds and criminals, idle and vicious, inmates of jails, reform schools, penitentiaries, hospitals, and insane asylums.” In particular, Schoenfeld railed against “rushing the can,” a common practice in Butte whereby parents sent their children to the corner saloon to purchase a bucket of cold beer and rush home with it. “The practice may not be looked upon by the public generally as a very grievous one, yet it is but the stepping stone to worse habits,” Schoenfeld argued. Schoenfeld also stressed the urgent need for a humane officer specifically assigned to Butte to handle the city’s high volume of child protection cases, and he was successful in securing funding for the position.

At times, Schoenfeld sought legal action on behalf of children, and he found a kindred spirit in Judge Donlan, who oversaw a broad range of cases involving dependent, neglected, and delinquent children. Butte’s law enforcement was also becoming preoccupied with youngsters on the city streets and their potential to go astray, as evidenced by regular court appearances of children on charges of truancy, theft, arson, and general incorrigibility. In 1907, the Montana legislature approved a bill to establish a juvenile justice system to ensure that “a delinquent child shall be treated not as a criminal but as misguided and needing aid, encouragement, help and assistance.”

Juvenile court was largely a male space in Butte and elsewhere. Butte, however, was on the cutting edge of intervention with girls at risk of the perils of the street. In 1913, the city hired its first policewoman, Amanda Pfeiffer, who blended Christian ministry and law enforcement to rein in wayward girls. On rare occasions, young girls appeared before the court. For example, in 1909 two “little girl waifs, May Lynch, 13, but small for her age, and Lillie Hawkins, reportedly 9 years old,” appeared before Judge Donlan, accused of truancy and frequenting lodging houses:

Their mothers are dead and their fathers’ whereabouts are unknown. Both girls are incorrigible truants and relatives could not take care of them. It was hard for the truant officer and humane officer to catch the elusive little waifs. The grandmother of May Lynch was aged and feeble and had lost
all control. The girls had secured a few dollars from their home and had rented a room in a cheap lodging house on South Main. The landlady was warned that she could be liable for prosecution for harboring the girls. It was deemed very dangerous for little girls to go to such places and other lodging house keepers were given the same warning.

It was also learned that the girls had spent part of the money they had surreptitiously secured at their homes to purchase candy, ribbons, and other articles that are dear to the childish heart.

Upon hearing the case, Judge Donlan initially committed the girls to the House of the Good Shepherd, a Helena-based institution founded by the Sisters of the Convent of the Good Shepherd. The next day, however, Donlan rescinded his decision and opted instead to send them to the St. Joseph’s Orphanage in Helena, contending that they were of “too tender an age” to be sent to a reformatory.

Community organizations such as women’s clubs and the Women’s Christian Temperance Union took an active interest in the lives of Butte children. For example, community business leaders and temperance activists joined forces to establish the Butte Newsboys Club in 1903. Concerned for the boys’ moral and social well-being, organizers brought them together in a self-governing club. The weekly meetings soon drew upward of a hundred participants to conduct formal business, hear guest speakers, and enjoy a variety of entertainment. The Newsboys Club was designed on the model of a miniature city, with boys elected to positions of mayor, city council members, and aldermen charged with oversight of the social and moral discipline of the members.

**Child’s Play**

In order to survive on Butte’s tough terrain, residents not only worked hard but played hard. Young and old alike found escape from the rigors of mining life in dance halls, theaters, ball fields, and skating rinks. From its early days, Butte was a die-hard sports town. Butte children grew up in a world as dominated by the rivalries of high school and Independent League football, the brash blows of boxing, and the joys of sandlot and league baseball as by mining. Professional boxing was a Butte favorite, and children as well as adults rallied around local heroes as they came up

To provide organized recreation and supervision of the newsboys who “roamed the streets” of Butte at all hours, business leaders and Women’s Christian Temperance Union activists organized the Butte Newsboys Club in 1903. Club members (above, circa 1905) wear lapel pins issued by the club. The club remained active until 1931, when it was judged to have outlived its usefulness.
against reigning champions. Inspired by the physical prowess of such local boxers as Jack Munroe, Buddy King, and Spider Kelly, Butte boys filled boxing clubs around the city.27

Children invented their own competitions, from high-speed sled races down Butte’s steep hillsides to fiercely competitive baseball and football games between rival neighborhood teams. While formal parks and playgrounds were scarce, gangs of children took to the streets and mine yards, creating their own play spaces. Lucille Martinesso Sheehan, the daughter of Italian immigrants, was drawn to the copper tanks containing scrap iron used to precipitate copper from mine water as her playground:

We always played in Meaderville... We used to play in the copper tanks. We’d play with the copper water. [It was] just about three or four blocks from home. We’d have little milk cans, and we’d fill ’em with water, and we played in there. It was all around the copper tanks. They had these piles all over, you know, of their debris. And we’d play around there. They were like big troughs, and we’d go around there and play in the water. I’m ninety years old and still here, so it didn’t do any damage to us.28

Butte children were also active participants in Butte’s rich cultural life. Butte was home to numerous theaters where plays, musical performances, vaudeville shows, Italian opera, and magic shows captured the public imagination. It was not long before children were being recognized and courted as consumers of entertainment and regular customers for Saturday matinees. The Broadway Theater, with its fire escape leading to a skylight above the second balcony, was a favorite attraction for the more audacious. Young risk takers willing to clamber to the skylight, pry it open, and drop ten feet to the balcony could enjoy the show for free.29

Frank Carden spent many a Saturday at the Lyric Theater on Butte’s East Side:

Children in Butte created their own games and picked their own places to play. In a community devoid of grass and trees, an ore dump might serve as playground. The waste piles were excellent places for sledding and such other activities as digging a mine, the pursuit of the “young prospectors” in this circa 1909 image.
On Saturdays and Sundays, you’d usually have what we later called a “cowboy opera,” which consisted of Cowboy Pete Morris being shown riding his horse from east to west and then west to east to rescue the heroine. Pete never kissed or hugged the heroine but was often seen hugging and kissing his horse. He had a great following of kids at that time, and every time he kissed the horse, they would whistle and cheer him like the girls of a later period did to Frank Sinatra. However, none of them got to the point where they fainted like Sinatra’s fans, but you could tell they practiced hard on the whistling bit. These movies were in black and white and were silent.  

Adults recognized children as consumers of culture and took pains to protect their moral, intellectual, and social development. In March 1913, Butte schoolchildren were the captive audience for a motion picture on how to avoid the “perils of the street.” The Orpheum Theater provided every school-age child in the city with a free ticket for a designated show time. The Butte Public Library launched its first “Children’s Hour” in 1914. And Butte parents and teachers debated whether dance classes in the public schools constituted a “social evil” or a legitimate part of the physical education curriculum.

Butte’s true centerpiece for entertainment was Columbia Gardens, which made its debut in June 1899. Columbia Gardens was an elegant park nestled in a protected fold of the rugged mountains east of town. It featured a lake, zoo, dance pavilion, arcade, and amusement park complete with roller coaster and carousel as well as vast gardens, picnic areas, and playgrounds. Funded by William A. Clark and managed by the Clark-owned Butte Street Railway Company, the Gardens offered miners and their families a magical place to escape from the rigors of daily life. From the start, Clark treated Butte children as special guests of Columbia Gardens, hosting regular events that placed them center stage.

Elinore Sterrett Shields Penrose was born in Butte in 1913. She recalled Columbia Gardens as the most beautiful place for a place like Butte that for a long time had been ruined by smoke. Nobody had lawns. Nobody had flowers because of the soot from the smelters. . . . Once a week in the summer-time, they had open streetcars, no sides on them, big red ones, and you could get in, and all the kids
would run for the streetcar, take our lunches, and go out to the Gardens. Then just about three o’clock they’d open up the pansy gardens, and they’d let us all go in and pick flowers. Of course, by the next week there were hundreds more ... The fellows would put them in their hats to take home to their families.33

Butte residents made concerted efforts to encourage young people’s civic participation. For example, the city’s first Boy Scout troop was founded in 1910. The East Side Athletic Club, offering a needed venue for youth sports leagues, opened in 1910. By 1912, Girl Scouts had organized, and in 1915 Butte saw its first Camp Fire Girls troop. Religious and cultural organizations also focused efforts on organized activities for young people. In 1913, Butte’s Jewish community organized the Junior Auxiliary of the Temple, and the Gaelic League began offering courses in Gaelic language and dances to the children of the city’s Irish immigrants. Free Chautauquas—community-based cultural and educational gatherings—targeting audiences of children and youth were organized at Columbia Gardens. In 1919, the Butte YMCA opened its new six-story facility complete with indoor swimming pool, with times set aside for free recreational swimming and lessons for kids.34

**Fighting, Fire, and Fear**

Butte’s hopeful focus on children was tempered by more global concerns as well. As the nation faced the prospect of entry into war in 1917, tensions ran high in Butte, prompting Governor Samuel V. Stewart to declare martial law and call for federal troops to be dispatched to the Mining City in August 1917. While adults might have responded with resentment or relief, children were curious. Some recalled the uniformed presence in the streets and boardinghouses transformed into barracks. Students in Sister Mary Xavier Davey’s chemistry lab got front-row seats when the National Guard set up a post right outside St. Patrick’s School. Sister Mary Xavier defended the rights of miners but also demanded that students respect the militia. As a gesture of goodwill, she had her students prepare coffee in the chemistry lab and serve the troops.35

In the midst of this already charged context, Butte experienced its worst mining disaster—a cataclysmic fire at the Granite Mountain Mine that claimed 168 lives and injured hundreds more in June 1917. Over eighty children lost their fathers in the disaster. The fire sparked outrage among Butte’s miners, and within days they were on strike. The murder of union organizer Frank Little in August 1917 brought labor tensions to the tipping point, and Butte residents found themselves under guard by federal troops sent in to quell unrest.36

By the time the 1918 school year started, wartime anxieties were beginning to be overshadowed by fears of Spanish influenza. As a result of the epidemic, schools were closed from October to mid-December 1918; Washington School was converted to an emergency hospital. City health officials reported 3,500 influenza cases and 505 deaths in October 1918 alone. On Christmas Eve 1918, Butte humane officer P. J. Gilligan made a public plea for "big-hearted, generous, responsible persons to provide homes for orphaned children who lost their parents in the influenza epidemic." Herb Wendel was just a boy when the epidemic hit. He and five members of his family were taken ill. "I laid there in the front room in the big folding bed and looked out the window.
Butte's true centerpiece for entertainment was Columbia Gardens, located just east of the city. Every child's dream, it included acres of lawn, forested picnic grounds, a lake, a zoo, a playground, pavilions, a penny arcade, a roller coaster, and a ball field. This panorama of Columbia Gardens is dated 1914.

I could see in the Catholic Cemetery three or four funerals in there at one time. It was really a terrible, terrible situation.37

Despite the influenza crisis, Butte children remembered the signing of the armistice that brought an end to World War I. Jule McHugh, who was twelve years old at the time, recalled:

All the church bells rang, and the mine whistles blew at eleven o'clock on November 11. We didn't know too much about the war—we sure did later—but when all the excitement started, we were out in front sleigh riding. Helen was in the big dishpan, I was on the breadboard, and Lil was on the drawer of the sewing machine (on its side). We hollered, etc., but went right on riding. Tom and all the boys headed for the Post and the Standard to sell the extras. It was a money day. There was no radio for bulletins, so people had to buy the papers.38

In the repressive climate that followed World War I, immigrants in Butte and across the country faced heightened pressure for “Americanization.” Some families pushed their children to learn only English and discouraged them from speaking their ancestral languages. Parents flocked to newly organized Americanization and citizenship classes. Butte's first Citizen School, a night school for adults inaugurated in January 1919, offered instruction in English followed by courses in civics. Schoolchildren were encouraged to bring flyers home to their foreign-born parents. The sessions, open to both men and women, cost one dollar per year, and 150 students registered the first night. By the end of January 1919, there were 344 students.39

Aili Goldberg's mother, a Finnish immigrant, was one of the students. Aili recalled:

I went to school with Mother all the time to get her citizen papers. . . . She did have to learn a certain amount of history. . . . I learned more history and more civics than I did when I was in school. I guess because the teacher just had to repeat and repeat and repeat. . . . I just thought it was really something. It was like the League of Nations here.40

In contrast to this growing emphasis on Americanization, Butte's working-class communities held to their strong political and cultural roots. Many Butte children grew up with a strong sense of ethnic identity. As Nancy Klapan described:

You grew up knowing the ethnic distinction of Butte neighborhoods. The East Side was always Austrian and Serbian, and the Irish were uptown a little ways, but they were all very distinct. And if you lived on the East Side, everybody knew, and you lived up above Park Street, you were Finnish or you wouldn't be living there. Meaderville was off by itself, and it was very strong Italian, and the whole town was very strong Catholic from the Irish.41

Ann Pentilla grew up in the Boulevard area on South Montana Street, which was home to
many southern European immigrants, particularly Croats such as Ann's parents. Hers was a tight-knit community "where everyone helped one another." Ann had fond memories of wedding anniversary celebrations in which neighbors would get together, go house to house collecting money, and throw a party for the couple. Children were always part of the festivities, which included dinner and dancing into the night.42

Like many in her neighborhood, Ann's family had a big vegetable garden, a smokehouse, and a root cellar where they put away provisions for the winter. In the wintertime, our dad used to get all set. We used to buy maybe twenty sacks of spuds. And then he would make his own sauerkraut—about two or three fifty-gallon barrels. Sometimes we'd raise a pig and then cure it and smoke it... My dad used to go to the Metropolitan Market, and he'd buy a whole hog for about fifteen dollars. He would cut the meat in pieces and put it in a brine. We'd hang the meat on hooks out on the clothesline and have it dried. Then he'd smoke it. He had a certain kind of wood he used for the smoking, and he had a real huge smokehouse. That would be our food for the winter—sauerkraut and smoked meat. We had a basement that was all dirt. It was real damp down there. We used to have to stamp down the sauerkraut in the barrels with our feet. Stamp it until all the juice came out. It would have to be solid. If not, it would get mushy and spoil. It would keep all winter.43

In Butte's neighborhoods, the sights, sounds, and smells of mining infiltrated the lives of Butte's working-class children. They knew the tone of bells that signaled danger and death underground. The rumble of ore trains reverberated beneath their beds. The constant fans and whistles of the mine yards were noticed more in their absence than in their presence—their eerie silence accompanying a strike or shutdown in the mines. John "Skeff" Sheehy, son of an underground miner, was born in 1918 and raised in Uptown Butte, his family home surrounded by the Original, Stewart, and Anselmo mines. The sights and sounds of mining remained a vivid part of John's childhood memories:

There was always a background of industrial noise. The several gallows frames were always at work, whirring away as they paid out or recovered the cables up over the idlers and sheave wheels and up and down the shafts, some for half a mile or more in depth. The trains rattled back and forth, and they were so heavy that they caused a rumble around them... Each mine blew its work whistles at the beginning and end of each shift and for lunch periods, day and night, so that we always knew the approximate time without a watch... Near where we lived on 621 North Montana Street, the Butte, Anaconda & Pacific Railroad ran right next to our house. There was a tunnel that ran right underneath Montana Street for the train to pass on to go on up the Hill... [I remember] the first time Rita [my fiancée] came to our house.
I brought her home so the folks could see her. We were sitting in the living room, and the train passed underneath. The house was shaking, and we were talking normally, and poor Rita over there, she thought there was an earthquake or something.44

**The Roaring Twenties**

The 1920s marked a dynamic time in America as consumer culture expanded, radios and movies became part of social life, and many families enjoyed greater prosperity. More youngsters were attending and graduating from high school than ever before, and literacy rates were on the rise. Children were coming to be seen as consumers in their own right—a ready market for Lincoln Logs, Erector sets, crayons, or the latest book in the Bobbsey Twins or Hardy Boys series.45

For some of Butte’s mining families, however, dreams of prosperity were elusive as the post–World War I era brought a downturn in copper production in Butte and the Anaconda Company responded with a dollar-a-day reduction in wages. When miners organized a strike in protest, they were met once again with the power of federal troops enforcing corporate will. Copper prices remained low in the 1920s as corporate interests sought to invest in rich ore deposits and cheaper labor beyond U.S. borders. Anaconda Company officials made the decision to suspend all mining operations in Butte from April 1921 to January 1922. Some families left Butte during the shutdown, and others struggled to hold body and soul of family and community together. The Joshers’ Club, a charitable organization comprised of prominent local businessmen, delivered a record four thousand Christmas food baskets to needy families in 1921. The Butte Women’s Council organized a relief program that provided a pint of milk a day for the city’s needy children. As the Butte Miner reported, “Scores of little folks in the Butte schools, victims of malnutrition—some of them underfed, others lacking the food that goes to develop sturdy boys and girls—will soon be helped to find the highway to health through the free milk fund.”46

More and more women sought work outside the home to support their families. In 1921, Butte’s Salvation Army opened a nursery so that mothers could have a safe place for their small children while they were at work. The Butte Public School District was forced to lay off forty-one teachers, and the Butte Industrial School, which housed truant and otherwise “incorrigible” youth, could not afford to keep operating.47

The opening of the East Side Neighborhood House in the fall of 1920 brought welcome diversion for many children of Butte. Modeled on the settlement houses of the nation’s urban centers and organized through the National Board of the Presbyterian Church, the Neighborhood House offered recreational and educational activities. As a 1921 feature story in the Butte Miner described, the Neighborhood House quickly “won the hearts of the kiddies” with its pool table, library and reading room, needlepoint classes, and checkers tournaments. Kindergarteners enjoyed arts and crafts, and teens had a place for clubs, parties, and dances. It provided a meeting space for Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and Camp Fire troops. Older youth could also participate in governance as delegates to the house council. Hundreds of children took part in Neighborhood House activities.48

Despite the adversity, 22,000 kids and adults gathered at Columbia Gardens in July 1922 to celebrate Miners’ Field Day with races, competitions, and picnics. A record crowd of nearly 10,000 filled the new grandstand at Clark Park to watch the Clarks defeat the Anaconda Anodes. And when September arrived, 9,500 children headed back to Butte’s public elementary schools. Butte High School enrolled 1,428 students that year, an increase over 1921, which the Butte Miner proudly announced as evidence that “modern children need higher education.”49

Throughout the 1920s, diverse community groups envisioned ways to engage young people in civic action and provide organized outlets for recreation. The Sunday Butte Miner featured a children’s page, advice columns addressing the rearing of “modern” children, and regular features highlighting the activities of Butte’s numerous Boy and Girl Scout troops. Boy Scouts earned high praise for their work in building “future citizens. Alma Higgins, founding president of Butte’s Rocky Mountain Garden Club, sought to cultivate an interest in gardening and community forestry among Butte’s schoolchildren. Beginning in 1922, Higgins initiated school-based programs in which grade-school children learned about bulb planting in the fall and competed for prizes at the
spring flower show. Higgins involved Boy and Girl Scout troops in community beautification campaigns, and she led a collaborative rose planting initiative involving the Butte public schools and members of the Garden Club.  

**Things Fall Apart**

The Butte community entered 1929 on a positive note. Radio came to the Mining City when KGIR began broadcasting in February 1929, marking the start of a new era of communication and social life. Butte schools were closed on March 4, 1929, so that children could hear President Herbert Hoover take the oath of office and deliver his inaugural address. The comedy of *Amos 'n Andy* soon became weekly family entertainment, and neighborhood children flocked to the homes of friends whose families had radios to gather around. For Christmas 1929, Butte's Kiwanis Club donated a radio to the East Side Neighborhood House, which drew an enthusiastic cadre of young listeners.

By the early 1930s, however, the Great Depression had hit hard. Between 1929 and 1933, national unemployment soared to 25 percent. Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins reported in 1933 that one in five preschoolers and schoolchildren suffered from
malnutrition. In Butte, employment in the mines dropped by 84 percent over that time period, and families turned first to charities and then to the State of Montana for relief. By 1931, Butte and Silver Bow County had nearly six thousand residents on relief, and it was using the bulk of Montana's child welfare and mothers' pension resources. The State cut mothers' pension funds by 20 percent in 1933, exacerbating the struggles of children and families.52

When President Franklin D. Roosevelt took office in 1933, his administration took swift action to bring economic stability. The U.S. Congress authorized the Federal Emergency Relief Act (FERA) in May 1933 to provide direct aid to states for the poor and unemployed. The National Industrial Recovery Act, passed in June 1933, also provided support for public works programs to address widespread unemployment. With the passage of the Federal Social Security Act in 1935, federal, state, and county funds could be directed toward modest financial support for the children of poor families through the Aid to Dependent Children (ADC) program. By 1937, 392
children from 175 families in Butte were receiving ADC support. In 1935, the *Eve Opener*, Butte’s pro-labor newspaper, described Butte as a “poor city atop the richest hill on earth.” More than eight thousand people in Butte were unemployed—the second highest percentage of people on relief in the country—and, thanks to FERA, nearly half of the families in Butte were receiving aid. By the end of 1935, six thousand people were employed through Works Progress Administration (WPA) programs in Butte. Many Butte women went to work in WPA sewing rooms, cutting and sewing garments for needy men, women, and children across the state. The city received over $1 million in FERA and WPA funds that year, and the county spent an additional one hundred thousand dollars on poor relief and widows’ pensions. The WPA funded public work on construction of streets, sidewalks, and a city sewer system, and for the first time many Butte families had access to indoor plumbing.

New Deal public works projects provided some direct benefits for Butte youngsters. For example, the new Butte High School building opened in 1938. Butte children were delighted with the construction of the Broadway Rink, installed on top of mine tailings that had been leveled years earlier for temporary barracks when Butte was under martial law. The WPA also sponsored and staffed nursery schools at the Blaine, Franklin, and Greeley schools, and its Division of Recreation sponsored a variety of music, dance, art, and crafts classes for children. Butte’s winter sports enthusiasts were thrilled by the construction of Butte’s first ski jump, a WPA project completed in 1937. Program funding also went into improving public parks and access roads in the forests surrounding Butte. The 1930s saw increased support of organized activities for children and youth by private groups such as the Catholic Youth Organization, which sponsored sports and social programs for children in Butte’s Catholic schools, and the Knights of Columbus, which sponsored boys’ boxing and basketball leagues.

Hardships of childhood during those years remained firmly fixed in people’s memories. John T. Shea and his siblings benefited from WPA sewing-room products, FERA meat distribution, and his mother’s resourcefulness.

We had clothes that were made down there right behind the Masonic Temple, and the girls all wore the same kinds of dresses, and the guys all wore the same blue suits and overalls. I never remember being hungry even during the Depression. My mom was a hell of a cook. . . . My mother made bread, we had rice and flour, and, I’ll never forget it, Lion’s Syrup. It had a picture of a lion on it. It

The Great Depression hit the people of Butte hard. In October 1931, about fifty of “Butte’s prominent young women” formed the Butte Junior Service League to “foster the interests of its members in the social, economic, educational, and civic conditions of the community.” Here, members dole out milk to children, who have lined up, buckets in hand.
Children worked at what jobs they could find to contribute to their family's welfare. Alex Koprivica began working as a young boy during the Depression. "I remember as a kid taking my little red wagon with my brother George to the business district," he recalled. "We collected as many cardboard boxes as we could for resale at two cents a box to merchants in the fish market. It was one of the few ways to make money in those days. The wooden boxes we found were taken home to use as firewood. It was not an easy time for anyone."  

Radio and movies brought eagerly awaited distraction to Butte children during the lean years. The Lone Ranger rode onto the scene in 1933 with his familiar charge "Hi-ho, Silver! Away!" drawing millions of listeners around the country each week. Saturday morning programming for children featuring the adventures of Tarzan and Flash Gordon captured a loyal radio following. The special treat of a Saturday matinee transported children from the realities of everyday life to new realms of adventure. They could escape into the worlds of their favorite superheroes, ride the plains of the Wild West, or celebrate the rags-to-riches story of Little Orphan Annie.  

The height of the Great Depression was also a time of labor activism as unions demanded recognition and representation. A wave of strikes throughout the country pointed to the urgent need for labor reform legislation. Butte was again a site of labor struggle as the community endured a long, and at times violent, strike that ran from May to September 1934. While the miners' union claimed the right to organize, the Anaconda Company-owned newspapers vilified miners' actions and dismissed their demands. Tempers were running high by June, and the miners' union and labor newspapers were posting lists of scab workers who crossed the picket lines to work. Daily front-page news reports detailed "violent acts of rowdysim" by local mobs made up not only of miners but also of women and children, who were accused of harassing the families of men who crossed the picket line, hurling rocks at mine watchmen, and "serenading" at the homes of men who were working "behind the fence" during the strike. Striking miners were accused of setting fires, tossing lit sticks of dynamite into mine yards, and throwing acid on mine watchmen.

John T. Shea vividly recalled the 1934 strike when the Company brought in scab laborers to work "behind the fence." He and his friends headed to the mine yards, ready to take on the men who had taken over their fathers' jobs.

We used to practice our pitchin' arms throwing rocks at those scabs behind the fence. They'd walk to work with paper bags over their heads, and we'd run alongside to get a peek at their faces, but lots of 'em you could recognize just by their shoes.

Miners achieved a significant victory as a result of the strike. The International Union of Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers won recognition, a closed shop, and a contract from the Anaconda Company providing for a minimum salary of $4.75 per day and a 50-cents-per-day wage increase for all classes of workers. However, miners were called back to work on a part-time basis, and with food prices increased by 40 percent since 1933, families were still relying on public relief to get by.

Economic recovery came slowly. By 1939, Butte's population was forty-nine thousand, significantly lower than in 1930, but, as a 1939 Butte economic survey noted, Butte had a high literacy rate and high enrollment in both public and Catholic schools. Ninety percent of Butte households had radios, and Superman, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, and The Shadow were weekly visitors in nearly every home. The city itself had experienced a makeover, with nearly four million federal dollars invested in community...
During World War II, children of all ages were expected to contribute to the national defense. Butte kids helped search neighborhood yards, alleys, and empty lots, looking for scrap iron, steel, copper, and rubber. Here, a group of “scrap detectives” pose with their finds in October 1942.

devlopment projects, including seven parks with playing fields, baseball diamonds, and tennis courts.62

**Coming of Age in Wartime**

Life for many young people in Butte changed profoundly after December 7, 1941. World War II disrupted family life across the country as 16 million men and women joined the military. Fifty-seven thousand Montana men and women served in World War II, nearly 10 percent of the state’s population. Over 2,400 Butte mine workers served in the armed forces during the course of the war; another 3,500 contributed to the war effort through their work in the mines. Given the need for copper as a strategic metal, miners were exempt from military service.63

Children of all ages were expected to contribute to national defense. As the 1943 publication *Your Children in Wartime* instructed the nation’s youngsters, “You are enlisted for the duration of the war as citizen soldiers. This is a total war, nobody is left out, and that counts you in, of course.”64 Butte children joined in the nationwide war effort by both selling and buying war bonds, which provided funding for military operations in wartime. Little red wagons were put into military service as children gathered and hauled scrap metal for drives being coordinated nationwide.

Images of war permeated children’s play and preoccupations, as Shirley Trevena and Kay Antonetti recalled:

[Shirley] During the war, we were on ration coupons—sugar, coffee, nylon stockings, gas. And my dad brought some meat home, and it was very good-looking hamburger, rich and red. Anyway, he cooked it that night. And then he let out a big “neigh.” It was horsemeat.

[Kay] We used to play that we were army nurses, and the bikes were our ambulances. And we had a hospital set up in our garage. And, oh, my God, we’d ring the sirens and go get the patients and just have a wonderful time.

[Shirley] I wanted to join the [Cadet Nurses Corps], the young girls who wanted to be nurses, but I was too young for that so I wrote letters. I wrote tons of letters. I thought I wrote to everybody in the country. Some of my dad’s customers went into the war. I had their addresses, and I wrote to them while they were overseas.65

Wartime created opportunities for young people to serve their country and assert their independence. John Mazzola was in high school when the United States entered World War II.

I went to Butte High School. I was supposed to graduate. In those days, the high school had two classes; they’d graduate in January and in June. I was supposed to graduate in ’43, but in February of ’43 I got patriotic. I thought, well, this war is going to be over. I want to help my brothers, and I want to help my country, too. So I became seventeen, and I went up and enlisted.66

Butte families joined the nation in celebrating the end of the war on August 14, 1945. Word of Japan’s surrender reached Butte about 5:00 P.M. on
August 14. As Kay Antonetti recounted, “On VJ-Day everybody was out in the streets, you know, with confetti and horns honking and horns like for New Year’s Eve, and everybody happy—just like you see in the pictures, with everybody hugging each other and dancing and just a wonderful time.”

**Postwar Promises and Problems**

Promises of postwar prosperity were short-lived in Butte as men returned to the mines only to find fewer jobs and frozen wages. A brief but violent strike in April 1946 polarized the community. News accounts lambasted the impropriety of women’s involvement in the strike and the troubles caused by “young hoodlums” as they joined men in the streets to support the strike and expose scab laborers. Some youngsters reported that they had been paid by adults to perform acts of violence.

Many Butte youngsters experienced the conflict and confusion of the strike in more subtle ways. As one woman, whose father had a nonunion, salaried job, recalled:

My dad would go, and he would stay [behind the fence] because he was salaried. I can remember this girl who lived near us. She couldn’t play with me. It was 1946. She could not have a thing to do with me. She has since become my good friend, but at the time she wasn’t allowed to play with me. . . . In later years, people understood that management had to cross the line to keep up the maintenance on the mines so miners could go back to work when the mines reopened. But in my dad’s time it wasn’t like that. Anybody who crossed the line was a scab. I hate that word, “scab.” I just hate it. It gives me the willies still.

New directions in postwar mining development resulted in profound physical and social transformations in Butte. In 1947, Con Kelley, president of the Anaconda Company, announced plans for the Greater Butte Project, which introduced a technology known as block caving to maximize output of underground mines. In a speech at the Finlen Hotel, Kelly hailed the project as the “third great period of mining in Butte.” The Greater Butte Project moved forward in the early 1950s, but block caving was soon overshadowed by plans to move from underground to open-pit mining. In 1955, the Anaconda Company launched the Berkeley Pit, an open-pit mining operation, to wrest lower-grade ore from the Butte Hill.

At first, the Berkeley Pit signaled hope for Butte’s future. Not long after the start of open-pit mining, the Butte Miners’ Union and the Anaconda Company signed a three-year labor contract, which gave Butte families a sense of stability even as the character of mining and the community itself was changing around them. Buoyed by anticipated industrial expansion, the Butte Public School District called for a bond issue to repair and modernize city schools in 1956. Anaconda Company executives were reporting that upward of twenty-five hundred more miners would

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**A brief but violent strike in April 1946 polarized the Butte community. One woman whose father had a salaried non-union job recalled that he was called a scab and neighborhood children were not allowed to play with her.**

**"I hate that word, 'scab,'” she declared. “It gives me the willies still.”**

**The house in this photograph was defaced and battered when angry mobs roamed the streets.**
be needed when the open-pit operations were in full swing. School officials believed that could translate into an increase of three thousand students.\textsuperscript{71}

The overoptimism of such predictions became apparent as the effects of copper production from Anaconda Company holdings in northern Chile began to exert an influence on Butte. In 1959, the miners' union was again negotiating a three-year contract and seeking substantial increases in wages and pensions. Meanwhile, the Anaconda Company began producing copper from the El Salvador Mine near Chuquicamata, Chile, in May 1959. Labor negotiations in Butte ground to a halt, and in August 1959 the Butte miners prepared to strike. Minutes before midnight on August 17, 1959, a powerful earthquake struck Yellowstone National Park, and its seismic effects shook Butte, 150 miles away. The next day, Butte miners went on strike.\textsuperscript{72}

For many Butte residents, memories of the 1959 strike were fused with those of the earthquake. Danette Harrington, daughter of a hoisting engineer in the mines, was sleeping on the front porch of her family home when the earthquake hit.

My brother and I never slept in the home in the summertime. I had a little front porch and a roll-away bed with a little nightstand and radio. So, the night of the earthquake, it was right after we had gone to bed. My mother had a sewing machine in the front room with a tea service on it that had been a wedding present. I could hear that tea service rattling. I thought, "What is going on?" I had a dog named Smoky, and he slept under my bed. I thought he was scratching and making my bed shake. All of a sudden my mother got up, and she was panicking, saying, "It's an earthquake." ... My

While labor politics and strike economics forged a powerful divide among Butte residents, all could agree on the spirit and talent of the Butte High School marching band. Butte residents turned out by the thousands to see the band perform at ball games, parades, and other public venues. Here, the band marches up North Main Street in Uptown Butte in 1939.
father was underground when that happened, and they had to stay until they got the men up, and I can remember that he was totally shattered because of the fear of taking the men from the 4,000-foot level to the 2,000-foot level with the chipping engine and then from the 2,000-foot to the surface with the main engine. The fellows down at the chipping engine had to stay there to make sure they got the men out.\textsuperscript{73}

The 1959 strike started with a bang, lasted six months, and devastated Butte’s labor community. Rumors spread that the Anaconda Company planned to close the Butte operations completely due to high operating costs. Some miners left town in search of work elsewhere. Grown-up worries preoccupied Butte’s children. Bonnie Stefanic was in grade school during the 1959 strike.

The ‘59 strike was awful, really scary. My dad and mom, they always saved money. . . . And my dad, he’d run around and do whatever work he could do for somebody else under the table—fix cars, put on a roof, sometimes for free. . . . Some days we’d be eating beans. Christmas was sad, not so much because we didn’t have money, but it was the fear.\textsuperscript{74}

On February 12, 1960, the unions and the Anaconda Company negotiated a settlement of the strike, but the long-awaited end of the strike was accompanied by sobering news—the Anaconda Company planned to close the Anselmo and Emma mines and cut back the size of its mining workforce. Seven hundred miners were out of work as a result of the closures. Over the next decade, Butte’s population continued to decline. Schools, churches, and businesses closed. Franklin School, serving Meaderville and McQueen for decades, was closed due to damages caused by the 1959 Yellowstone earthquake.\textsuperscript{75}

Open-pit mining, along with modest underground operations, continued, but as the Berkeley Pit operation expanded in the 1960s and 1970s, the mine consumed several of the close-knit ethnic neighborhoods that had come to define the city. As a former resident of East Butte described:

From East Butte to Meaderville to McQueen, they are part of the Pit now. Other people get displaced.

by renewal projects or whatever, but at least they can go back to the physical place. They can say, “This used to be my home.” Even if it’s a different building, they can still stand on the spot. But not Butte: it’s eaten up. The ground isn’t there anymore. It’s hard to orient yourself to where things used to be. Those moves were hard on people.\textsuperscript{76}

While mining operations in Butte continued into the twenty-first century on ever more modest scales, children who came of age in the 1950s were the last generation for whom mining defined reality as it had powerfully done for tens of thousands of children for over a half century.

\textbf{What do these many stories of childhood teach us about Butte?} It is through a focus on children that we come to appreciate how and why people
Through a focus on children, we come to appreciate how and why people called Butte home and engaged in the risky business of mining generation after generation. Above, unidentified children pose in the 1950s with the Kelley Mine gallows behind them.

called Butte home and engaged in the risky business of mining generation after generation. When children are taken into account, the social history of Butte gains new meanings. Community life not only was modulated by shift work in the mines and the possibility of strikes but also moved to the pace of school days and, in summer, to the weekly rush of Children’s Day at Columbia Gardens. Miners changing shifts competed with children for space on the Hill. A miner’s daily connection to the world beyond Butte came through an exchange on the street with a youngster hawking newspapers. Parents, teachers, neighbors, and a host of civic groups dedicated themselves to the herculean task of child rearing. In a multitude of ways, children were a powerful force to be reckoned with, and Butte families lived with the hardships and dangers of mining life so that their children might have a life beyond mining. Children were, quite simply, Butte’s reason to be—copper was merely the means to support them.

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Vaccine Production
in the Bitterroot Valley during World War II

How Rocky Mountain Laboratory
Protected American Forces
from Yellow Fever

by Gary R. Hettrick

Rocky Mountain Laboratory, a small red-brick laboratory in Hamilton, Montana, made a major contribution to the defense effort during World War II. From 1941 to 1945, it became a "national vaccine factory," developing and producing an improved yellow fever vaccine to protect American and Allied soldiers. The new vaccine was the result of collaboration between Mason Hargrett, a tropical disease physician, and research technician Harry Burruss that began at a medical research outpost in Brazil in 1938. Their alliance in Montana led to the production of nearly ten million doses of yellow fever vaccine and saved countless lives of Americans fighting in World War II.^[1]
Yellow fever, a hemorrhagic fever, arose in Africa, but it has repeatedly brought devastation and human tragedy to the New World. Transported by slave ships, it came to be known as the “American plague” because, for two hundred years, yellow fever was the most dreaded disease in North America. The virus is transmitted by the bite of a particular mosquito, *Aedes aegypti*, commonly called the striped house mosquito. Symptoms appear three to six days after the bite of an infected insect and begin with chills and a severe headache. Pain grows intense in the back, arms, and legs. Body temperature can rise to 104 degrees. After a few days, the symptoms usually abate, the fever declines, and most patients recover. But sometimes the fever rises again. As the virus attacks the liver and destroys the clotting mechanism, bleeding may occur from the mouth, nose, and eyes. Hemorrhages develop in the intestinal mucosa, and the victim vomits blackened blood. Liver damage causes the skin and the whites of the eyes to turn yellow with jaundice. As the kidneys, liver, and heart continue to deteriorate, the victim falls into a state of delirium, suffers convulsions, and becomes incontinent. This condition is followed by rapid wasting, coma, and death.

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, recurring epidemics of yellow fever ravaged seaport cities and large areas of southern North America. In 1793, Philadelphia had a population of about 50,000. When it became apparent that a yellow fever epidemic was upon the city, panic ensued, and an estimated 10,000 people fled. Of the 33,000 who remained in the city, 1 in 7 perished. After repeated minor outbreaks along the Eastern Seaboard, the pestilence again emerged with a vengeance in Memphis in 1878. Fear led to mass exodus, and within two months the population of 47,000 was reduced to 19,000. Seventeen thousand people developed yellow fever; 5,150 died. The most recent yellow fever epidemic in the United States occurred in 1905 and killed more than 450 people in New Orleans. A U.S. Public Health Service anti-mosquito campaign and the development of sanitary waste-disposal systems have, for the time being, eradicated the scourge from North America. Today, yellow fever strikes as many as 200,000 people each year in tropical areas of Africa and South America, resulting in about 30,000 deaths.

In 1901, when John D. Rockefeller established the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York City (now Rockefeller University), yellow fever was high on the list of deadly diseases to be studied, and developing a vaccine was a priority. The Institute set up one research laboratory in Brazil and another in Nigeria, countries where the disease was endemic. After three decades of research, scientists created a preliminary vaccine in 1931. The seed virus used to produce this vaccine was grown in mouse brain tissue, but animal testing showed that this vaccine had the potential for inducing encephalitis, or inflammation of the brain. Scientists eventually found that the addition of human immune serum, drawn from people recently recovered from yellow fever—many of them laboratory workers exposed to the virus—would mitigate this serious side effect. Because immune serum was difficult to obtain in substantial quantity, this vaccine was not suitable for large-scale production.
Drink in the spirit of Butte.

Cocktail Menu
Thanks for visiting us. If this is your first time here, you may not be familiar with the way we operate.

We are not a bar, we are a tasting room, as provisioned in the Montana State Code when they legalized distilling. The rules allow:

_Two ounces per person per day
Sale of two bottles per person per day
Hours of operation 10 am to 8 pm_

Additionally, the only alcohol we’re allowed to serve you is what we’ve produced here. We track our drinks served with stamped cards. Feel free to save 10 double-stamped cards and trade them in for a free cocktail. You can also throw your phone number on the back and return them to us to enter into our monthly drawing. We raffle something fun off every month to say thank you for being part of what we do.

We take our name from the headframes that dot the landscape in uptown Butte. Founded in 2010, we mix a fondness for good spirits with a love of the rich history of our community.

If you’ve been to a distillery before and taken a tour, you might notice that our equipment doesn’t look quite like you’re accustomed to seeing. If you’re curious, please ask us about it.

We’re pleased to have you pony up to the original Rocky Mountain Bar, on loan to us from the World Museum of Mining here in Butte. The bar was donated to the museum when the open pit mine expanded in the 60s, forcing the closing of businesses and relocating of families. The homes and businesses of Meaderville may no longer be present but the spirit is still alive and well.

Thanks again for visiting.

Drink in the Spirit of Butte.

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**NEVERSWEAT BOURBON WHISKEY**

The Neversweat got her name because it was nice and cool inside. As she grew deeper, the name was more and more ironic as her temperatures rose to over 100 degrees. The Neversweat was an iconic figure on the landscape, announced by her seven stacks.

The story goes, upon arriving in America, speaking no English at all, miners would be directed to Butte based on a note pinned to their coats saying: "Send me to the Seven Stacks of Neversweat"

**On The Rocks or Neat**

- **Butte Coffee**
  Coffee, whiskey & sugar topped with freshly whipped cream

- **Old Fashioned**
  A Headframe favorite, just like your dad used to drink
  Ask about the Vanilla and House Old Fashioneds

- **Mint Julep**
  Just in time for Derby Day

- **Bourbon & Ginger**
  Neversweat Bourbon Whiskey served with a spicy ginger ale, garnished with a cube of crystallized ginger

- **Manhattan**
  Made from Neversweat Bourbon Whiskey, garnished with a cherry

- **Montucky Mule or Hot Montucky**
  Take your Moscow Mule, remove the vodka and replace with bourbon. Kick it up with habenero simple syrup for a Hot Montucky.

- **Whiskey Sour**
  Made with fresh ingredients

- **Neversweat Milkshake**
  With or without a splash of Orphan Girl--Ask your server!

- **Ginger Peachsicle**
  Like a creamsicle made better with bourbon

- **Bourbon Tea**
  Our homemade citrus and mint infused iced tea, lightly sweetened

- **Tycoon Tea**
  A Drink of the Week Favorite. Think Long Island Iced Tea, Headframe-Style
**Martini Menu**

We take our martinis very seriously at Headframe. Please feel free to pick from the High Ore Vodka, Destroying Angel Whiskey or the Anselmo Gin as the base for your martini. If you're not sure which you'd prefer, ask your bartender for a suggestion.

- **Classic**
  as dirty, or not, as you like

- **Lavender**
  mixed with lavender simple syrup and a squeeze of orange

- **May Maloy**
  dressed up with Kalamata olives & olive juice

- **Salt & Pepper**
  Made with ruby red grapefruit juice

- **Hibiscus Martini**
  Dressed up with a little syrup and a hibiscus flower

- **Gibson**
  Served with a pearl onion

- **GFC**
  Muddled basil, ginger peppercorn simple syrup and citrus

- **Venus Alley**
  Freshly muddled cardamom and peppercorn with honey (Agave syrup available on request)

- **Lavender Lemondrop**
  Tastes like liquid summer

- **Lemondrop**
  Hold the Lavender

- **Summer Rain**
  Cucumber, Basil and Lemon

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**High Ore Vodka**

The High Ore mine got its name from the high quality copper it produced. Similarly, our High Ore Vodka is made to be clean and pure—the perfect start to a wonderful cocktail.

- **On The Rocks or Neat**
- **Bloody Mary or Caesar**
  Served with all the trimmings

- **Moscow Mule**
  Served traditionally in a copper mug

- **Red Hot Russian**
  A Moscow Mule kicked up with habenero simple syrup. As fiery as you like it.

- **Vodka & Tonic**

- **Cape Cod**
  Vodka & Cranberry

- **Screwdriver**
  Vodka & Orange Juice

- **Basil Lemonade**
  Invite the warmer weather with summery flavors

- **Cosmopolitan**

- **Hibiscus Lemonade**
  Meet your new summer love

- **Orange Creamsicle**
  Just like when you were a kid, only boozy. And not on a stick.

- **Meaderville Mist**
  Peachy keen

- **Rhubarb Slushie**
  Availability based on rhubarb. Worth waiting for!

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If there's something you'd like, that isn't on the menu, please ask. Our bartenders aim to please.
ANSELMO GIN

The Anselmo began as a zinc mine and later became a copper mine, stretching 4301 feet straight down. In the summer, talk to the World Museum of Mining about taking a tour of her hoist house and grounds. The Anselmo is one of the best preserved mine yards in Butte.

Our Anselmo Gin is a complex mixture of botanicals. We moved away from the traditional intense juniper to see what other flavors we could bring out. We hope you enjoy the fruits of our efforts!

On The Rocks or Neat

Gin Fizz
Sweet and tart and creamy and fantastic

Auditor
Gin & Juice

Gin & Tonic

Gin-jito
A delicious gin mojito made with fresh mint

Gimlet
Gin shaken with lime juice and simple syrup
Also available in spicy!

Basil Gimlet
Basil? Gin? Absolutely!

English B**(#h
A Moscow Mule made with gin

Cucumber Cooler
A refreshing blend of cucumber and lemon

Please check out our martini page for other ideas

DESTROYING ANGEL
UNAGED WHISKEY

The story of the Destroying Angel is a fascinating one. It all began when Lee Mantle, who owned the Diadem Lode, which was right in front of our building, tried to use his mineral rights to supersede the rights of the surface owners. In retaliation, the surface owners banded together, found a flaw in the legality of the Diadem claim filing, and pounced. They created a new claim, centered in the Diadem but larger, called the Destroying Angel, and took Lee Mantle and his Diadem claim out of the picture. We love that this all happened right under our feet. For more on the story, ask us to share Dick Gibson's research into it. Its a great old Butte story.

We call our Destroying Angel "Montana Tequila" for its richness of flavor and character, making it a great replacement for tequila in many cocktails.

Trussed Up Mule
Destroying Angel Whiskey served with ginger beer & lime

Moonlight Punch
A huckleberry treat

Destroying Angel & Lemonade

The Alice Apple Pie
Like a delicious apple pie, without all that pesky chewing

Sour Angel
Whiskey Sour, unaged

Old Fashioned Angel
Sweetened up with a little simple syrup and dressed with a touch of bitters

Angel-Rita
Like a margarita all dressed up with Destroying Angel

Strawberry Frozen Margarita
Destroying Angel makes a great Montana-Tequila cocktail
ORPHAN GIRL BOURBON CREAM LIQUEUR

On The Rocks or Neat
Coffee & Orphan Girl
Chocolate Drift
Orphan Girl chocolate martini
Dirty Girl
Orphan Girl and Root Beer
One Hot Mama
Orphan Girl served warm
Mile High Bulldog
Orphan Girl, Vodka & other goodness shaken and topped with Coke
Copper City Bulldog
Like a Mile High but topped with root beer
Morning Star Mocha
A scrumptious iced mocha topped with whipped cream & drizzled chocolate syrup
Orphan Girl Soda
Fresh off the fountain. Orphan Girl and club soda plus a hint of vanilla.

The Orphan Girl mine got her name from her location. She sits very far west of the rest of the mines in Butte and for a while was very lonely over there. Lucky for her, she was joined by the Orphan Boy not too much later.

Our Orphan Girl Bourbon Cream Liqueur blends the goodness of bourbon with the greatness of sweet and creamy. Highly recommended with ice cream, too.

A portion of the sale of every bottle of Orphan Girl is donated to the World Museum of Mining

TEETOTALERS

Beverages for those too young or otherwise inclined

Coffee
Regular or Decaf, served with all the trappings

Tea
An assortment of tea choices available

Hot Chocolate

Soda & Juice
An assortment of choices

Lady of the Rockies
Virgin Bloody Mary with all the trimmings

Naked Mule
A virgin Mule served in a copper mug with ginger beer and lime

Penny Drop
7 Up plus a dash of Angostura Bitters & a twist of lime

Nice Girl
Root beer and cream

Spritzers
Club Soda mixed with our lavender or vanilla simple syrup

Iced Tea
Our homemade concoction infused with mint and citrus, lightly sweetened

Shirley Temple or Roy Rogers
just like when you were a kid

Iced Mocha
Cool and delicious

Please let us know how we did. We aim to please.
BOTTLES & MERCHANDISE
all of our spirits are available in 750ml bottles

Neversweat Bourbon Whiskey
$24.95

Orphan Girl Bourbon Cream Liqueur
$22.00

Destroying Angel Whiskey
$22.95

High Ore Vodka
$23.50

Anselmo Gin
$24.95

Gift Baskets
Moscow Mule $95.00
Montucky Mule $95.00
Dirty Girl with Glasses $75.00
Dirty Girl without Glasses $55.00
Whiskey Nosing Basket $70.00
We're happy to make your custom basket, too!

Flasks
Choose from 4 oz., 8 oz. or 64 oz.
For special events, talk to us about customizing flasks

Gift Certificates
Available in any denomination

Thanks for visiting our tasting room. We hope you drank something you enjoyed and maybe learned a little bit about Butte in the process.

Tours are available on our schedule and sometimes by good luck. If you're interested, please ask your bartender or check our website.

If you'd like to join us for a bottling party, please let us know. We bottle on a pretty random schedule right now but we'd be happy to talk to you about scheduling a party for a group. We have a great time bottling-running the bottling line, labeling and signing bottles and sharing some of what happens behind the scenes. If you're interested, please ask your bartender or shoot us an email.

We welcome any comments or suggestions. You can reach us at cheers@headframespirits.com

Thanks,
John & Courtney McKee
Bun in the Oven
Cordial, deep -

I wanted to bring
Butter alcohol -
but - some
substitutes to go with
real huge thanks Marcel.
"Certain days of the week they made hot pasties and my grandfather took the hot pasties to the mines for them."

Mother enjoyed working at boardinghouse: "She was grateful that she could help the family, but of course, her education stopped there." Education of family members. Mother was fourteen when came to U.S. Was 17 when got married. Built home in McQueen, where Gwen born and lived there until 61 years old. Father worked in mines.

11 to 15 Minutes

Father was shift boss, some at Leonard; Tramway mostly. Trying to think of other mine where worked, eastside. Mother continued to help her mother in the boardinghouse. Grandfather died 1912, Grandmother continued with boardinghouse. Father's mother came out and helped with boardinghouse. Grandmother sold boardinghouse in 1916-17, then came to live with Gwen's family and worked as midwife. People very fond of her. She remarried a soldier just back from the war who was younger than Gwen's mother in years, but "in actions" as old or older than Gwen's grandmother.

"Because my grandmother was anxious to go and do things all the time and he was more ready to stay home."

Continued briefly as midwife after marriage in 1920s. Demand at the time for midwives. Not that many gave birth in hospitals until late 1920s-30s when this occurred. Just made enough to take care of herself; lived with them and didn't pay board or room. Gwen born July 26, 1909, was middle child. Had two sisters. One brother died. Mother birthed her children at home with doctor. McQueen was distinct community. Franklin School there existed until torn down to dig Berkeley Pit. Meaderville grew up right along the hill because early mines didn't have showers and miners needed to get home and clean up. Houses built as close to mines as could. McQueen closer to East Range. McQueen well planned; all streets checkerboard, N-S; E-W. A little to the south was East Butte with Pittsmon Mine. Three stores and movie house in McQueen. Went to town occasionally, streetcar connected with major line.

"We called our little streetcar the dinky."
Loved teaching. Immigrant children in classrooms: Italian, Austrian, Yugoslavian in Meaderville. Some English but many had moved to other parts of city. Children's desire to learn; most born in U.S. Parents very cooperative, wanted children to learn English language and culture. Teachers very highly respected by immigrant families.

"The parents held you in high esteem. They still do. Parents that I see now, they still are calling me Miss Mitchell and . . . I have often said to them that's not necessary (laughs)." Past students now in their 70s. Recalls conversation with one parent:

"You know, Miss Mitchell, these children are good. But, you know, they need a pat on the back once in a while if it's low enough."

Remembers spanking kids in class.

"Yeah, you could give 'em a little swat if they got sassy."

Despair of teachers today.

"When I first started to teach, if you married today, you didn't have a job tomorrow."

Reason for this rule:

"I suppose the reason was to give the children, young people who had teaching experience, it was taking jobs from them. And they felt that the parents needed to be home with the children. And of course, if you had children in those days and you had to wash on the washboard, and you know, get wood and coal into the stoves and take out the ashes and all of that, there wasn't much time to work."

Wouldn't wait until teacher had child though; as soon as married were out of a job.
6 to 10 minutes

Wouldn't be surprised if there had been teachers that didn't marry because they wanted to keep jobs. Some teachers had boyfriends of a different religion so that also kept them from marrying. At one time, married women also didn't work as clerks in stores. But at Christmas, women could get special permits from union to work in stores. Reasons for leaving Franklin School. Thirty years ago had last 8th grade class graduation. Sixty years ago graduated from high school herself at the Fox Theatre. Remembers her graduation ceremony. Thought about perhaps moving up to become principal, but required masters degree. Wanted to be principal at Franklin School. Wouldn't want to move to new community and pursue this; so remained teacher. Started teaching at East Junior High in 1960 and stayed until 1973.

11 to 15 minutes

After school social activities. Teachers got together for parties and dances. Sometimes went to Anaconda or Whitehall for dinner. Meaderville was in its heyday. Eighth-grade parties, and PTA meetings and Dad's Night at Meaderville.

"I can remember walking up Main Street for the last streetcar or the last bus and never a word said to me, never. And there was the red light district right there."

Mother belonged to Ladies Aid in church.

"The Ladies Aid [was] organized almost as soon as they built the church."

Mainly helping raise money to support church, cleaned the church. Sponsored harvest Festival, "carryover" from Cornwall.

"Not much to harvest around Butte, but we celebrated."

Had pagan origins. Choir put on special musical program; special speakers. This was morning and evening on Sunday. Before that would go out to farms to get wheat, apples, etc. They solicited business people in wholesale district who contributed cases of corn, beans. They'd get pumpkins from out in the country. Displayed all this on a table by the altar. Then on Monday evening served roast beef dinner: mashed potatoes and gravy, pickled beets, cole slaw, apple pie.
16 to 20 minutes

Name of church was Unity Methodist Church. As community grew, first Meaderville church was replaced with larger church, seated 350 people. Mother involved in church. Ladies Aid put on plays to raise money. Comedies. Would take up to Walkerville, too. The ladies in the group would play the parts. Always had picnic at Gardens; Sunday School picnics. Took the train to Gregson and to Washoe Park in Anaconda. Describes events that accompanied picnics. Sisters were in plays also. Minister wrote some plays, sometimes with religious theme. Mother and grandmother had a lot of fun with plays. Methodist South Church, stricter discipline. English church was stricter than new congregation in U.S. Allowed to dance. Gwen couldn't dance. Younger sister did. Had a photograph and danced in the kitchen and went to school dances.

21 to 25 minutes

Father belonged to Sons of St. George Lodge, from England. Number of lodges that existed in early Butte neighborhoods. Met regularly at Oddfellows Hall in Meaderville. Names other lodges. Insurance provided, but social aspect of lodges a main attraction. Sons of St. George always had big dance in Centerville Hall on April 13. Whole family went; was a big part of social life in the spring. Would take streetcar.

"One night -- my younger sister, she loved to dance, and, of course, she got as many dances as she could. This one night she said she'd be through and so we got down to where the streetcar was and it had gone. So then we walked down Main Street -- and it was night after Easter and we were wearing our Easter shoes and I was tired -- we saw the car cross Main and we knew we wouldn't make it. So then we had to walk all the way home. And my father had had a case of pleurisy. At that time you had to walk right straight down Park St. beyond where the pit is now and then up around the mines and down into Meaderville and then across the creek and then up to McQueen. It was a long walk, but, you know, my father didn't have any more pleurisy."
26 to 30 minutes

Social events for 9th graders that teachers helped with. How got involved with West Side Shakespeare Club.

"Well, one of the teachers, her name was Mabel O'Leary, was a niece to Mrs. A. F. Rice, who was the wife of the man who owned the business college. And Mabel was a member, her aunt encouraged her to join. And I don't know how long she was a member before she encouraged me, and Mrs. A. F. Rice invited me to a meeting. I would think that would have been in the forties [1940s] -- late forties [1940s], I would think ... Well, I was a little frightened about it because I wasn't too sure that I could review a book (laughs) ... There were a number of teachers in the West Side Shakespeare Club -- a good many of them were teachers ... I guess I was a little bolder as time went on. So then I joined ... That was probably part of the reason I joined. As I say I was rather shy about going into new groups. They were very, very lovely people. And very, you know, considerate. I enjoyed it very much."

Had twenty-five members. Had waiting list. Met in homes, had to limit the space. Prominence of women in club in early years. Names women who were well-known in community: Mrs. Burke, [wife of banker] Mrs. McPherson, but most were teachers and principals.

"I think by the time that I was there, they had a program committee. They weren't studying just Shakespeare. Originally, it was just Shakespeare, but I think if you wanted to do something from Shakespeare, you could, you could inform the program committee. But, often the program committee went over books and assigned you a book ... My real joy is biography."

Didn't limit to fiction only.

"We also devoted one day to Shakespeare."

Gave oral presentation sitting around in living room. Refreshments. When got to small group had luncheons.

"We're down to only five of us."
TAPE 2 - SIDE A

1 to 5 minutes

Discusses background of women, no rivalry. But had one member that had very good memory and was kind of picky if something got left out of meeting minutes. Shakespeare Club gave books to library, contributions made to art fund of state federation. Club was funded by members themselves; dues, etc. State federation meeting; president has project. Shakespeare Club hasn't done much with federation. Only reason still affiliated is that club is second older in federation. Club now says is only a literary club to avoid affiliations with other groups. Rotana Club worked on free milk program for children. Other activities/ contributions to community.

6 to 10 minutes

All women who belonged were interested in doing book reviews. One lady didn't write reviews, but entertained; doesn't know what education was; a lovely person with fine manners. Many didn't have college educations, but most had at least high school. For her it was mostly a social activity. Reviews were limited to an hour and 15 minutes, preferably an hour; then question and discussion period afterward. Women's Club building. Major contribution to the community was "fostering the idea of good reading ... and support to the library." Sometimes contribute as a group or individually. Gwen stayed in group because liked the people and the "opportunity to discuss good literature, and some of my dearest friends are there now."

11 to 15 minutes

Business and Professional Women's Club, knows some teachers did belong to this club. Recommends a woman who is active in Professional Women's Club, and other groups as well. Haven't had a new member "for years and years." Future activities planned for Shakespeare Club. Never any exclusiveness in Shakespeare Club; there were Catholics as well as Protestants in club. In the beginning, being called the West Side Shakespeare Club, there was a feeling that it was only for residents of the West Side. "And, of course, when we went to high school, we were from 'across the tracks.' There was a feeling that the West Side was something ... Well, the wealthier families lived there. That's where the bankers' homes were and lawyers' and so forth ... Some
of the teachers seemed to favor the West Side kids, rather than the ones from 'across the tracks.'" Never invited to kids' houses on West Side.

16 to 20 minutes

Members who didn't reside in the West Side who were members of the club. Women's causes were never undertaken by this club unless it was the subject of a book that was reviewed. Club didn't take position on ERA. Wouldn't consider any of the women in the club as feminists. Doesn't think of self as feminist.

"I'll tell you what, when I was going to college, now, I went to a Sunday School class and it was our professor ... that was at Sunday School class. And at that time if a girl was caught drinking she was sent home. You could not drink, and you couldn't smoke. If you were smoking or drinking, you were sent home ... So we got to asking about this in the Sunday School class, 'Why? The boys are allowed to drink, the boys are allowed to smoke, why not the girls?' And this professor said, 'You know, down through history, women have been looked up to for keeping the moral standards high.' And I've always felt that way. And I think sometimes that women have lowered themselves in the estimation of the men. And I've always felt that behind every good successful man, there's been a good woman. And I can't see why we can't just say, well, okay, I don't see why women have to do everything that men do. Why can't we be a little different? You know, today that the moral standards have dropped because some women have been so anxious about the feminist movement that they've forgotten that the moral standards are in the hands of the women ... I definitely think that a woman should be paid as much as a man if she's doing that kind of work, and I think that's what we ought to work for."

21 to 25 minutes

Feels some people expected teachers to set good example.

"Well, the Bible tells us if you're going to teach, you're going to be judged more strictly."
Need to set example for youth. Some teachers had drinking problems that were ignored. Doesn't think teachers should tend bar. Can't tend bar till 2 a.m., then teach well in the morning. Also belongs to United Methodist Women. Describes other Methodist Churches in Butte. This organization is a national group. Has state United Methodist Women, and districts. Belongs to Western District. State and local meetings.

26 to 30 minutes

Circles that make up the United Methodist Women. Small groups so that women get closely-knit. Once called Women's Society of Christian Service. Ladies Aid. The Wishing Well, young women's group. Had to give up own church when dug the pit; had to join Aldersgate. Formed own circle called Unity Circle. Missionary program of this group. Contributions of members. Foreign and home missionary programs. Fundraising projects for church. Harvest Festival Dinner. Pasty Sale. Describes pasty recipe of mother's.

"She'd slice a layer of potatoes, and then her meat and the meat was not ground. The meat was chopped, cubed. And it usually, she used loin tips in hers. And then you'd put your salt and your pepper and onions and rutabagas, a layer of onions and a layer of rutabagas and then little bits of butter and then roll 'em. And she curled 'em, you know some people just pinch them and so on. But she really could curl them."

Gwen didn't care for rutabagas so mother put carrots in her pasties. Gwen still does. Relatives in England call rutabagas "Swedes." Teaches Sunday School now; has taught for a long time. Was Sunday School superintendent for 20 years at Unity Church before torn down.

END OF INTERVIEW

Summarized by Patti Borneman.
gangs of trigger twisters drifted into town. Faulty mine locations, illicit infringements, “high-grading” and outright claim jumping thereupon laid the corner-stone for subsequent years of costly litigation.

Gallows frames dotted the “Richest Hill On Earth”—(a phrase, coined in later years), from the now famous night spot of Meaderville on the east, to the long vanished ghost camp of Burlington on the west.

The mines at Butte had colorful titles and the columns bracketing a few of the more prominent, listed below, might at first glance be taken for a group of listings on the stock board or a race track tout’s list of tips on the winning “bang-tails”:

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<td>Gambetta</td>
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A typical mining camp of days long gone by. Gambling was a leading industry. Perhaps, on the turn of a card, the down-and-outer today would have plenty to spend tomorrow. Saloons kept open twenty-four hours a day. Whenever a saloon opened up, the first thing the proprietor did, after paying the first month’s rent, was to throw away the key of the joint.

Dust-smeared toilers, coming out of the “hot boxes,” their wet clothes cold to their skins as they traveled down the trails leading from the mines, got new energy and life from a shot of “three star” brandy and a “Jawn O’Farrell” chaser at any of the saloons that lined the way.

Butte’s payroll was large. Most everyone, except a few bums and loafers, was working and the many lines of business were prosperous. There were no chain-stores in the old days, no pennies given in change; the modern day habit of living out of cans was unheard of and a man was in danger of catching pneumonia if he went to town without wearing a pair of cuffs.

People paid their bills promptly each pay-day and the month’s groceries were ordered by the box, case or barrel. A jug of whisky, for the old man, and a bag of candy for the kids were always delivered with the order; a gift of appreciation of one’s patronage from the grocer.

Butchers gave free turkeys to their customers at Christmas time and with the purchase of a suit of clothes, one had their choice of a gorgeous cravat or a pair of suspenders thrown in, without extra cost by the haberdasher.

One half of the population was known as: “How’s she goin’?” and the other half as: “How’s she cuttin’?”

If one got a dollar a head for calling people by name, he would probably die a pauper. Folks were taken at face value and names meant little in the old days of Butte.

Some there were, who, by virtue of some predominating quirk in their makeup or who specialized in some particular accomplishment, were invested with a Nom de Plume as a distinguishing mark, their real names being reserved for their obituary.

NICKNAMES OF THE CAMP.

“I sing of those who went before and those who stay behind,
With true names seldom known to me, or maybe slipped my mind;
I sing of them, for few were there so rough and strong and kind.
They gave to life its merry quip, its flavor and its zest,
For they were quick of fist or lip in anger or in jest;
And one might be a titled Lord and one might be a knave,
One rich, one poor, one old, one young, one timid or one brave—
But good or bad or right or wrong, Butte loved those “nicknames” best.

Corkies and Cornishmen, Far Downs and Hots, Kalispell Kid and Hot Water Slim.
Snapper and Sissy and Curley and Spots,  
Teddy and Nig and the Dipper and Kim,  
The Go-get-em Kid and the Walkerville Pet,  
The Count and the Square Guy and Mike of the Mill,  
The In-and-Out Kid in the game of Roulette,  
You met them off shift or at work on “the hill.”

Buckets and Benzee, Baldface and Boots,  
Shambo and Hambone and Broken Nosed Jack;  
Left-handed Paddy and Red Neck and Snafts,  
Many a name brings memories back.  
The Rimmer, the Rambler and Paddy-the-Duck,  
Connie-the-Cabin and Millionaire Bill;  
Names that explained them or mocked at their luck—  
Heard in the tavern or heard on “the hill.”

Google-Eyed Tim (Oh, th’ devil was he),  
Billy-the-Blue and the Protestant Kid,  
The Shoveler, the Priest, Pretty Mike, the Bohee,  
The Goat and the Bull and the Bird and the Squid.  
Slannta and Sherrigh and gay Danaleen,  
Names rich in meaning—they gave folks a thrill;  
The Donegal Peddler, the Boat, the Shawnee—  
Heard in the by-way and heard on “the hill.”

Jerry the Helper and Jerry the Wise,  
Tommy the Man-eater; Louey the Frog;  
There was Ears, there was Feet, there was Nosey and  
Eyes;

Shay Boy and Shea Boy and Danny-the-Dog.  
Blackie and Brownie and Blondie and Pinkie.  
Lag-screw and Rascob and Squarehead and Sill;  
Wall-Eyed and Squinty and One-Eyed and Winkey—  
Never were names like they had on “the hill.”

Wax-heel and Clock-winder, Silvertip, Faker,  
Johnnie the Preacher and Michaeleenee Andy;  
Fighting was Cassidy, gentle was Quaker;  
Peanuts and Apples and Lemons and Candy.  
Clip-tail and Peerless and Kid Kangaroo,  
Oil-King and Chancellor; Candlestick Bill,
ROLL CALL

These are names of Butte mines. We have tried for a complete roll call. Some may have been omitted. If so, we sincerely apologize to Butte and to those who might remember. As for correct spelling, we’ve selected spelling which seems to be most common. One mine may have three spellings, another may have two. Without doubt, passing years have a way of changing spellings and sometimes names. Possibly the important thing among miners was simply to identify the mine. So if over the years Mountain Consolidated became simply the Con, that was enough to know where a man worked.

Adventure, East Colusa, Maria, Rescue
Alexander, East Grayrock, Marie Louise, Rialto
Alex Scott, Edith May, Martha, Robert Emmet
Alice, Ella Clark, Mayflower, Rocker
Alise, Ella Ophir, Michael Devitt, Rock Island
Alisburg, Elm Oriu, Midnite, Rockwell
Allie Brown, Emma, Mill Site, Rooney
Amapore, Estrella, Milwaukee, Ryan
Amy Silversmith, Excelsior, Minnie Healy, St. Clair
Annie and Ida, Flag, Minnie Irvin, St. Lawrence
Anselmo, Free-for-all, Minnie Jane, Samantha
Argonaut, Gabriella, Missoula, Saukie East
Atlantic, Gagnon, Modoc, Saukie West
Aurora, Gambetta, Molly Murphy, Silver Bow
Ausania, Gem, Moonlight, Silver Bullion
Avery, Germania, Moose, Silver Chief
Badger, Glengarry, Morning Star, Silver Lick
Badger State, Grabella, Moulton, Silver Smith
Balaklava, Granite Mountain, Mountain Central, Sister
Belk, Gray Eagle, Mountain Chief, Smoke House
Belcher, Gray Rock East, Mountain Flag, Snowball
Bell, Gray Rock West, Mountain Rose, Snow Drift
Belle of Butte, Gray Ruby, Mountain View, Sooner
Bellona, Hattie Harvey, Nellie, Speculator
Belmont, Hawkeye, Nettie, Star West
Berkeley, Hibernal, Neversweat, Steward
Black Chief, High Ore, Night Hawk, Sun Dog
Black Rock, Great Republic, Nipper, Sunrise
Blue Bird, Green Mountain, North Berlin, Surprise
Blue Jay, Hattie Harvey, North Star, Tramway
Blue Wing, Hawkeye, Ophir, Transit
Bob Ingersoll, Hibernal, Original, Travonia
Buck Placer, High Ore, Orphan Boy, Tully
Buffalo, Jamestown, Orphan Girl, Tuolumne
Burke, Jersey Blue, P-80, Valdemere
Burton, Jessie Wingate, Pacific Slope, Vulcan
Burlington, Josephine, Parnell, Wake-Up Jim
Champion, Kansas Chief, Parrott, Walkerville
Chattanooga, Kanuck, Pauline, Wappello
Chicago, Kelley, Pauline, West Colusa
Chinook, La Plata, Paymaster, West Colusa
Clark's Colusa, Later Acquisition, West Colusa
Hennessy Building, 16 E. Granite

When Marcus Daly had a falling out with his business associate in Missoula, A.B. Hammond, Daly decided that Butte needed a store that would compete with Hammond’s Missoula Mercantile to sell goods to miners in Butte and lumbermen in Missoula.

He found fellow Irishman and successful businessman, Dan J. Hennessy. Hennessy owned and operated a successful store across the street in the O’Rourke building. The O’Rourke still stands on the corner of Granite and Montana Streets.

With the clout of financial backing from Daly, Hennessy hired architect Frederick Kees of Minneapolis to design one of Uptown Butte’s most elegant buildings.

The cast iron storefront was a common feature for commercial buildings in Butte but Hennessy’s is more ornate than others with ornamental leaded glass, archway entrance, and wrought iron grillwork.

The red terra cotta brick of the exterior walls is draped over a steel frame. Ornate terra cotta trim designs embellish the exterior windows and walls and doorways.

The store opened for business in 1898. Inside the store, shoppers found marble staircases, oak counters, and solid bronze balustrades. They also found every type of merchandise they might imagine in 17 departments that filled the basement level and the first three floors. When it opened, the store employed 200 people.

In 1901, the Anaconda Company moved its offices to the top floor of the building and from there decisions were made that affected the fortune of the state and had an impact on financial markets around the world.
OUTPOSTS At the dawn of the 20th century, Butte, Mont., was a hard-edged, dirty, dangerous town on the crest of the Continental Divide, and if a single man lived to his 30th birthday he was considered lucky. Yet entire parishes left the emerald desperation of County Cork, Ireland, for the copper mines of Butte, feeling a land where British occupiers had once refused to let mothers educate their children, and where famine had killed a million people in seven years’ time.

I heard something in a graveyard there about 10 years ago that has stayed with me. I was strolling through St. Patrick’s Cemetery, looking for family clues. My grandmother had lived in that part of Montana for a spell, and she didn’t miss it — the 20-below-zero days, the air so full of grime that the streetlights were turned on at midday. Among the rows of Dalys and Grogans and O’Farrells I started up a conversation with a man who was tending the tombstones.

“The thing about the Irish,” he said, “is that we have always been there for the little guy. We go through life as underdogs. We die as underdogs. There is no other way for the Irish.”

Every family, every ethnic group, every country needs a guiding narrative — sometimes more mythic than real. For the Irish, misery is our currency, and the key to all Irish storytelling. It is only when the Irish forget about the underdog, as the keeper of the graves said, that they stray.

— Timothy Egan, “True Irish”

Reader Comments:
The misery seared into the Irish character from seven centuries of brutal British occupation is real still today. The “keeper of the graves” was a wise man. The most admirable Irish I’ve encountered in my travels have not forgotten the underdog, have not strayed.

— Posted by Michael Donovan

Each year the students in my Advanced Placement European history class — African-Americans and Latinos who have a collective sense of exploitation — react quite strongly to the “Irish question.” It is brutally simple, really, when you posit the legislative marginalization of the Irish to understand the sort of underdog status they have acquired or sought.

— Posted by Fred A. Murphy

THE WILD SIDE It is not just humans and our entourage of cats, dogs, sheep and company that have lots of versions of lots of genes. Wild organisms in a given population vary genetically, too. Oak trees a few feet apart differ in the size and shape of their acorns. Male guppies from the same stream come in different colors, and with enormously different patterns of spots. Fruit flies from the same species differ in the number of bristles on their bellies; stalk-eyed flies differ in the lengths of their eye stalks. Galápagos finches, famously, differ in the shapes of their beaks.

One of the great surprises of the past decades has been how much genetic variation there is, far more than anyone expected. Some of this variation (exactly how much is the subject of debate) is meaningless, or “neutral” — it has absolutely no effect. But the rest can play a role in how well organisms survive and reproduce. Moreover, the utility of a gene depends on circumstances. Insecticide resistance genes are useful when there’s insecticide about, but not when there isn’t: then, they can be detrimental. In areas where insecticide is not sprayed, mosquitoes without the resistance gene do better. For some reason, having the resistance gene makes you less likely to survive the winter.

Since there’s so much pre-existing variation, getting rid of mutation wouldn’t cause evolution to grind to a halt until all the meaningful genetic variation ran out, leaving everyone in a population with the same sets of genes.

— Olivia Judson, “Stop the Mutants!”

Reader Comments:
Mutations and evolution may not necessarily be of the slow, incremental sort where beet sizes change over generations. Theoretically, one could have mutations where vast tracts of junk DNA that may have served a purpose in the ancient past are recruited for a new use. Flipping such an on-off switch may exponentially increase the pace of evolution and the likelihood of new species poppin up on a given time scale.

— Posted by Tumara Baap

TALK SHOW Bill Clurman of Time magazine, an affable gent, was a guest on the William F. Buckley yacht in the Caribbean. After dinner, Bill B., leafing through a TV log, announced that “The Wizard of Oz” would be starting in half an hour, broadcast in English from Puerto Rico. Clurman was delighted and confessed to never having seen it. At the appointed time the set was switched on, but to everyone’s chagrin it seemed the movie had already been on for a good half-hour. Bill had read the starting time wrong.

Clurman’s disappointment was visible.

“Let’s see if my name cuts any ice down here,” his host said. The incredulous Clurman later described how his friend grabbed the phone, rang up the station in Puerto Rico, got through to the engineer, explained his guest’s disappointment, and asked if it would be too much trouble to start the movie over!

In disbelief, Clurman saw the screen go blank, followed by a frantic display of jumbling and flashing. And then — the opening credits and the comforting strains of “Over the Rainbow.” The movie began anew.

— Dick Cavett, “Uncommoner Than Thou”

For more, nytimes.com/opinion
Guide to the Buildings in the Map

1. Copper King Mansion
2. Henry Jacobs House
3. County Courthouse
4. Silver Bow Club
5. Butte Water Company
6. Silver Bow County Jail
7. Butte Fire Department
8. Hennessy Building
9. Thornton Block
10. Finlen Hotel
11. City Hall
12. Harbour Building
13. First National Bank
14. The Chequamegon
15. M&M Cigar Store
16. Curtis Music Hall
17. Metals Bank Building
18. Pekin Noodle Parlor
19. Silver Dollar Saloon
20. Mai Wah/Wah Chong Tai
21. The Dumas Hotel
22. St. Paul's Church
23. B’Nai Israel Synagogue
24. The Fox Theater
25. The Arts Chateau

Note: These buildings and the map as they are presented can be used as a walking tour of the Uptown by beginning at the first house on the list and following the numbers on the map.
Montana Hardware Co.

BUTTE, MONT. INCORPORATED 1894

HAVE a complete stock of Shelf Hardware, Sporting Goods, Mining Supplies, Heavy Hardware, Bar Steel, Iron, Etc., and are well equipped to furnish these lines in jobbing quantities promptly.

THEIR warehouse is convenient to all depots and they would be pleased to have orders entrusted to them when quick shipment is required.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

PURITY CAFETERIA

Where You Eat in Butte!

We serve more people than all the Restaurants in Butte combined.

22 W. BROADWAY
leave Helmville, Montana and pursue a career in nursing, which offered a more exciting alternative to teaching or secretarial work. All of the six cadets interviewed spoke with pride of their important work and their identity as nurses. In the words of Helen LaMoure, “We are damn good nurses.”

NURSING IN BUTTE: A BRIEF HISTORY

There were only five trained nurses in Montana Territory until the Sisters of Charity arrived in 1870. As Sister Dolores Brinkel writes in Chapter Nine, the Sisters of Charity were pioneers in the nursing field in Montana; they built hospitals and established schools of nursing in most Montana urban centers. By 1881, the Sisters of Charity had built St. James Hospital, and by 1906, they were training nurses. In 1919, the Montana State Board of Examiners accredited the St. James School of Nursing. The initial accreditation required that entering students have at least one year of high school. A strong curriculum was developed in the ensuing years.

At the time of World War I there were fifteen hospitals in Montana offering nurses training programs to 265 students. By 1919, Butte had six hospitals, two of which were training facilities—the Murray Hospital and St. James Hospital. In addition to the hospital and nursing schools, there were seventy-five private duty nurses and sixty-two physicians listed in the Butte City Directory that year. All of these medical professionals were kept busy tending to the sick and injured in Butte, particularly miners. Given the dangerous nature of working conditions in underground mining in 1919—one man per week died in a mining accident, and one man per day died of tuberculosis—the medical facilities were always full. Well-trained, skilled professionals were in constant demand.

The role of the nurse in the hospital in 1919 was to provide basic care and treatment to the sick and injured by following doctors’ orders. A typical nurse’s day included feeding and bathing patients, changing linens and dressings, administering medications and treatments prescribed by doctors, and exercising patients. As medical research advanced and new technologies and medicines became available, the nursing role grew more demanding as well, including increased responsibilities for treatment and record keeping. Early private duty nurses in hospitals were responsible for carrying their own syringes, thermometers, and narcotics until the passage of the Harrison Narcotic Act in 1917, which controlled the distribution of opiates and prohibited nurses from carrying narcotics.

Although advances in medicine required a higher level of education for nurses, their
pay did not reflect this growing professionalism. By 1929, nurses in Butte were earning thirty to thirty-five dollars per month plus board and room in quarters adjacent to the hospital. A nurse was responsible for the whole patient, and she often was required to stay with a patient through a medical crisis, twenty-four hours a day if necessary.

The introduction of antibiotics such as sulfa in 1938 and penicillin in 1945 improved the treatment of disease. With advances in treatment, nurses were required to gain greater skill and understanding of chemistry and anatomy in order to keep up with the demands of the work. Mary McClafferty recalls how these advances shaped her nursing experience. In 1943, she helped care for the first patient in Butte to receive penicillin. Although this breakthrough medicine had come out during the war and was mainly used by the Armed Forces, a seventeen-year-old Butte boy suffering from inflammation of the heart lining had connections—his uncle was owner of Butte's wholesale drug company and was able to get penicillin after sulfa drugs failed to help. The medicine was flown in from Malmstrom Air Force Base in Great Falls, Montana, every afternoon at 4:00; it was then administered by a doctor in the first drip intravenous the nursing students had ever seen. McClafferty remembers the boy as "full of life, a cute seventeen-year-old, happy all the time." Probably aided by the penicillin, the boy lived several years before succumbing to heart disease.

WORLD WAR II

December 7, 1941, the bombing of Pearl Harbor, was a day that would live in infamy and a day that would call the young men and women of America into the theaters of World War II. In early 1942, the United States Public Health Service (PHS) called for nurses to provide care to the allied troops. Nearly 20 percent of the U.S. nursing workforce was called to the front lines. This exodus of qualified nurses to the front created a shortfall of trained nurses in civilian arenas, resulting in the closure of clinics and compromised care in small rural hospitals. The ripple effects were widespread. Many immunizations were cancelled, babies were delivered without medical help, and some hospitals were forced to close wards.

In response to this crisis, the Federal Government established the Cadet Nurse Corps within the PHS in 1943. Funds were provided to create the Cadet Nurse Corps through the Labor-Security Agency Appropriation Act of 1942. This act became commonly referred to as the Nurse Training Act or the Bolton Act. The Bolton Act was named for Frances P. Bolton, a congresswoman from Ohio and great friend of nurses. The act appropriated funds to support nursing schools through the PHS and established a
God has created but one Yosemite, one Matterhorn, and one Niagara Falls; man has built but one London, one Venice and one Butte. London is known throughout the world as the great center of Anglo-Saxon influence; Venice for its fair skies and liquid streets, and Butte as the seat of the greatest mining enterprises ever developed within the industrial limits of one center.

Butte, like the city of Constantinople, is an aggregation of municipalities. The city proper is an incorporation of comparatively small area, but surrounding it and separated from it only by the lines of the surveyor are Centerville, Walkerville, North Walkerville, Meaderville, East Butte, South Butte, Williamsburg, Silver Bow Park and West Butte. These are all joined into one compact city by a singleness of occupation, similarity of purpose, and a loyalty to the common interests of the community. They are joined together, too, by single systems of conveniences of modern city life, such as telephones, electric railways, sewerage, messenger service, electric light, paved streets, water works, fire alarm system, a paid fire department, and in fact all things desirable and necessary to a modern, progressive and prosperous city.
POPULATION

Butte, as reported in the last national census returns, is a city of between 45,000 and 50,000 population; but as it stands, surrounded by its suburbs, named heretofore, on the southern, sunny slope of the Rocky Mountains, as it is known throughout Montana and the great Northwest, it is a strenuous city of between 55,000 and 60,000 of the keenest, most active and most self-reliant people to be found between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans.

The city lies on the southern and western slope of the mountains, and has an altitude varying from 5450 feet on the south where it reaches out into the valley, to 6300 feet at North Walkerville, fully two miles up the continuous slope of the barren, rock-ribbed mountain.

CLIMATE

The much maligned climate is, in fact, unsurpassed in a section of the country famed for delightful summers and mild and invigorating winters. Barring its sulphur smoke for from thirty to sixty days of the winter, there is no place where the sunshine is more generous in quantity and genial, or the air more exhilarating, than in this "Pittsburg of the West." There are few cities where the health conditions are better, or where people enjoy greater vital and physical energy.
PAST AND PRESENT

WENTY years ago Butte was a typical Western mining camp. Out of that camp, with its untold wealth in gold, silver and copper, with its crude machinery and rude dwellings, with its throngs of surging, determined and enterprising humanity, has grown up a city of comfortable homes, palatial business blocks, and imposing public buildings. And yet the city is unique, in that by the side of the modern business block or handsome dwelling stands the little old log cabin, with its single door and window, and dirt roof—a striking reminder of the good old days when only men with strong arms and brave hearts ventured into this then remote country, in search of gold and adventure.

INDUSTRIES

As Washington is a city of politics, Lynn of factories, and New York of commerce, so Butte is distinctively a city of mines and mining. Its first mines were placer diggings yielding gold; then came a period in which silver was the chief mineral product, and later copper came to be the principal product of its mines, which have grown richer and richer as they have been more fully developed. During these years untold millions have been taken from the ground upon which the city now stands.

The famous Anaconda Hill, in the eastern part of the city, is probably the richest piece of mining ground that has ever been developed. It is honeycombed in every direction; all over its bleak, barren
and rocky surface are innumerable gigantic hoists.
Hundreds of stacks, standing like grim sentinels, pour
out dense volumes of black, sulphurous smoke, telling
of the increasing activity going on far below, where
there is neither night nor day, nor summer nor winter,
but where the glimmer of the miner's lamp, the sound
of his pick, and the dull rumble of the ore car, are
seen and heard incessantly.

There are two Buttes: one above ground, one
under ground; and as the army of miners and
smeltermen work in three shifts of eight hours each,
this is strictly true, for there is no time in the day or
night when the city is not alive with men standing
about the street corners or hurrying to or from their
places of business or labor. As a result of this cease-
less activity, eating-houses and other resorts are
always open, giving basis for the claim that Butte
knows neither day nor night.

CITY HALL

Not alone in and about this wonderful hill, but in
every part of the city, are mines where innumerable
tunnels and cross cuts ramify in every direction
beneath the business thoroughfares. One may see on
one corner a splendid business block or modern home,
and on another corner of the same block a grim,
unsightly hoist standing over a shaft, out of which
the ore is being delivered and borne away on immense
wagons, or by cars on the electric car line, to the
smelters located on the outskirts of the city.

SILVER BOW COUNTY COURT HOUSE

LIGHT AND POWER

The city is lighted by electricity, and much of the
vast machinery used in the mines and smelters is
kept in ceaseless motion by mighty currents of this
same invisible power, created by water power and
brought to the city over a system of wires from a
distance of seventy-five miles or more.
PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS

Among its public institutions are the free Public Library containing over 30,000 volumes, two large and modern hospitals, a home for the reception and care of friendless children, an imposing City Hall, large and elegantly equipped theatres, sixteen modern and commodious public school buildings, innumerable churches representing all the principal religious societies, the State School of Mines, elegant and luxuriously furnished temples for the accommodation of

MONTANA STATE SCHOOL OF MINES

the principal secret and fraternal societies, and last, but not least, the Columbia Gardens, a delightful pleasure resort which, through the liberality of Senator W. A. Clark, is open to the citizens of Butte and the State from the first of May till the first of November.

The daily and other papers of the city are among the very best to be found in the country, from ocean to ocean. They are metropolitan in enterprise and character, bold and outspoken in the expression of opinion, and in every way are conducted with a liberality and vigor that leaves little to be desired.
THE PEOPLE OF BUTTE

S IN every city that has succeeded in stamping its individuality upon the country at large, it is in the people that we find the greatest center of interest. First of all, they are cosmopolitan in character. They have come from every State in the Union, and from nearly every country on the face of the earth, bringing with them the peculiarities and notions of their section or country, bringing with them an aggressive industry, unsatisfied ambitions, an eager desire to better their condition, and with all pluck and energy that laugh at impossibilities and that will not recognize failure.

In the old home from which they came, the long hours of spiritless toil were equaled only by the meager wages they received, and the cruel economy necessary to provide against absolute want. It is little wonder on coming to this country, where the hours of labor admit of adequate rest and recreation, and where the wages paid, by comparison, assume a princely proportion, that their daily activities take on an intensity that is known in few other localities.

It has been said that the Butte laboring man is the best paid, the best fed and the best dressed of his class to be found in the world. However this may be, those who know recognize him to be a strong, intelligent and fearless son of toil, who lives well, dresses well, works hard, lives in a comfortable home, and has a good time when "off shift." We speak here of the typical laboring man—the member of "the bucket brigade." Butte has her share of the shiftless, of the parasites, and possibly more than her just share of the criminal class. It is, however, the strong, substantial, middle class of society that gives the real tone and character to a community, and it is this class that so strongly predominates in this "City on the Hill."

It is sometimes assumed that in a city made up so largely of laboring people, the children are inferior in the matter of intelligence and general deportment.
COPPER PRODUCTION

Outside of Butte, up to the present time, the copper production of Montana has been only nominal, the Butte district furnishing fully 98 per cent of the total. The following figures will give an idea of the growth of the copper mining industry in Montana, these being from official reports:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Pounds Fine</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>9,038,284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>24,664,340</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1884</td>
<td>43,093,054</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1885</td>
<td>67,797,864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1886</td>
<td>57,611,621</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td>78,699,977</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1888</td>
<td>97,907,968</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1889</td>
<td>98,222,444</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1890</td>
<td>112,389,896</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1891</td>
<td>112,005,320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1892</td>
<td>163,206,128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1893</td>
<td>155,299,133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1894</td>
<td>183,072,756</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1895</td>
<td>190,172,150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1896</td>
<td>232,096,483</td>
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<tr>
<td>1897</td>
<td>257,158,540</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1898</td>
<td>216,978,334</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1899</td>
<td>237,933,931</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1900</td>
<td>245,968,365</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1901</td>
<td>228,031,503</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1902</td>
<td>299,707,024</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1903</td>
<td>245,450,722</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1904</td>
<td>296,677,338</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Owing to changes at the Washoe Smelter, the Anaconda properties were closed several months during 1903.

DEPTH OF MINES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of Mine</th>
<th>Depth, Ft.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alice</td>
<td>1400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anacoda</td>
<td>2000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bell</td>
<td>1700</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bluebird</td>
<td>1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo</td>
<td>1600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cora</td>
<td>1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diamond</td>
<td>2200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emma</td>
<td>1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>East Stuart</td>
<td>1200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gagnon</td>
<td>1800</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glengarry</td>
<td>1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gray Rock</td>
<td>1600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green Mountain</td>
<td>2200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Ore</td>
<td>2200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leonard</td>
<td>1200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. E. R.</td>
<td>1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lexington</td>
<td>1500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magna Cherta</td>
<td>1200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minnie Healy</td>
<td>1100</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of Mine</th>
<th>Depth, Ft.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Moonlight</td>
<td>1300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moulton</td>
<td>1300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountain Consolidated</td>
<td>2200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountain View</td>
<td>1800</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Never Sweat</td>
<td>2000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nipper</td>
<td>1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Original</td>
<td>1700</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parrot</td>
<td>1900</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pennsylvania</td>
<td>1400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pittsburg No. 2</td>
<td>1200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pittsburg No. 3</td>
<td>1900</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rarus</td>
<td>1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saint Lawrence</td>
<td>1800</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silver Bow No. 1</td>
<td>1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silver Bow No. 2</td>
<td>1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speculator</td>
<td>1800</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West Colusa</td>
<td>1200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West Stuart</td>
<td>1400</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
years he had a small, black, mongrel dog who led him to and from his cabin. After his dog died, Bob was hit by a car while crossing Main Street. The police were forced to take the driver to the police station to protect him from an angry crowd that had gathered at the scene of the accident. Bob was not seriously injured and was at his newsstand the next day.

About a year later, in September 1925, Bob suffered a stroke. Many of his friends, including policemen, streetcar conductors, and others, missed him. Some of them went to his cabin, found him, and called a doctor. He died in the hospital on September 25. He was 70 years old.

Bob’s canine friend, Dynamite, made frequent trips to the corner after he died. The dog would look around for the old man, then drop his tail and cross to the opposite corner.

Old Bob died penniless. He had saved more than $2,000 over the years, but lost it all when a brokerage firm collapsed and went bankrupt the previous summer.

Blind Frank

Frank Walter Ericson was born in Butte on February 27, 1894. When he was nine months old it was discovered that he was losing his sight. At the age of three he was declared blind and entered the Montana School for the Deaf and Blind, which was then located in Boulder.

Butte’s most famous “newsboy” started selling newspapers in Butte as a teenager in 1911, and continued for more than 60 years. He was known by one and all as “Blind Frank.” Few knew his last name.

Tom Morgan, a Butte alderman who later became mayor, helped Frank with his news vending business by giving him a wheel cart to use as a newsstand at the corner of Broadway and Main. Later an enclosed wooden newsstand was built on the corner.

Frank sold all the local newspapers, state newspapers, The New York Times, St. Louis Globe-Democrat, plus several other metropolitan dailies. He also carried numerous popular magazines. He
sage arrived in Butte it was 8:25 a.m. By 9:20, Kemp had a relief train on its way to the pileup.

The relief train included doctors and nurses from Murray Hospital. They were Drs. Kistler, McPherson, Karsted, James, and Gregg, under the supervision of Dr. Donald Campbell. Nurses were Mrs. Proux and Mrs. Johnson, and the Misses Graves, DeCourtney, Tippett, Monroe, Langhor, and Laberteau.

When the emergency crew arrived many of the passengers were walking around examining the wreckage. Most of them were fully recovered from the excitement. The relief train returned to Butte shortly after noon. Several passengers were treated at Murray Hospital.

Northern Pacific officials said it was the first serious accident to occur on the dangerous grades of the Butte Short Line. According to veteran railroaders at the time, they always took special precautions on the hazardous inclines between Butte and Whitehall.

END OF THE TROLLEYS

Trolley cars, which had traveled the streets of Butte for over 55 years, made their final run on September 22, 1937. The last trolley car rolled into the car barns at 6 a.m. A few hours later 28 buses took over the job of city transportation. The new buses ran on the same routes with basically the same schedule and fares as the trolley cars.

For many it was a sad goodbye to a trolley system which had served Butte, first with horse-drawn street cars, then cable cars and steam cars, and finally the electric trolley. Over 200 members of the Butte Pioneers’ Club had a farewell ceremony September 20. Two open trolley cars carried the group on a tour of the city and then to the Columbia Gardens for a concert and dancing.

Adolph B. Cohen was master of ceremonies. He thanked Edward J. Nash, manager of the Butte Electric Railway, for the use of the trolley system. Henry Pissot, who was manager of Big Four Taylor, Inc., directed community singing. The crowd enjoyed dancing with waltzes and quadrilles in the pavilion. Mayor Charles Hauswirth, in a brief address said, “The trolleys served a splendid purpose in their day, and they served it well, but the march of progress has outmoded them. They are now a traffic block and a risk.”

Judge J. J. McNamara and Frank Heffern sang selections including, “Little Annie Rooney,” “Sidewalks of New York,” “Tipperary,” and “The Old Street Car, She Ain’t What She Used to Be.”

Those in attendance over age 75 were photographed in a group in a special pose on a trolley car. Many of them had ridden on the first steam and cable trolley cars. The day ended with another tour of the city during which the group sang old-time songs.

The Butte City Lines Inc., which was a subsidiary of National City Lines, Inc., had trained many of the trolley men to drive the new buses. Col. M. D. Mills, vice president of National City, said, “We have done all that we possibly can to inform the public of the change in the system of street transportation here.”

John Evans, local manager of the bus system, said, “We assure the people that we are anxious to do everything we can to please the public.”

According to Rex Meyer in an article in the September, 1994, issue of the Speculator, the first trolley cars started in Butte in 1881. The cars handled both people and ore from the Walkerville area to the railroad depot and smelters in Butte.

Clark started the Butte City Street Railway Company in 1887. The route also had a dual purpose. Cable and horse-drawn cars connected Walkerville with Butte and the Utah and Northern depot. Small steam locomotives, disguised as street cars and called “dummies” or “motors,” carried ore to the smelters along Silver Bow Creek. Soon other companies started trolley systems in Butte. The various lines went to the Walkerville mines, South Butte smelters, railroad depots, and Columbia Gardens.

Finally, in 1891, W. A. Clark consolidated the several trolley
lines into Butte Consolidated Railway Company. He electrified routes which the old, noisy steam trolleys served. Clark kept the cable car service for the steep route between Butte and Walkerville for awhile, but by 1895 they also were electric. There were twenty-five miles of track in the Butte area, and fifty trolley cars.

Jesse R. Wharton, who came to Butte from North Carolina in 1882, worked as a clerk at the bank of W. A. Clark until he became manager of the Butte Electric Railway Company in 1892. He was also manager of the Columbia Gardens, where he lived. Wharton ran Clark's trolley system and the Columbia Gardens for 34 years, becoming one of Butte's leading citizens. He died at the age of 65, in 1923.

BA&P RAILROAD

BA&P ore trains traveling daily between the mines in Butte and the smelter in Anaconda were a common sight from 1893, until the smelter closed in 1980. But, for over 60 years, the railroad also operated passenger trains between the Mining City and the Smelter City. These passenger trains made their final runs in 1955.

Butte, Anaconda and Pacific railroad was incorporated by Marcus Daly on September 30, 1892. Prior to this, ore had been hauled to the smelters in Anaconda by the Montana Union Railway. A dispute between Daly and the Montana Union resulted in a five-month shutdown of the mines and smelter in 1892. Construction of the BA&P railroad started immediately and the first test run, a passenger train, was in December 1893.

At that time Daly completed a survey for a railroad line from Anaconda to Hamilton and Kalispell to haul lumber and other materials, but the line was never built. Many believed that Daly had every intention of extending the railroad all the way to the Pacific coast.

In 1895 and 1896, the line from Rocker to Butte Hill was constructed. This made it possible to service the various mines of the Anaconda Company over tracks of the BA&P for the entire distance. Before this line was built, ore from the mines was hauled by the BA&P to a point near Mountain Junction on the Great Northern right-of-way, then delivered by the GN back to the BA&P in the Great Northern yards south of Butte.

By 1898, the railroad was extended west of Anaconda about six miles to a quarry from which the Company hauled silica rock and lime to the smelter in Anaconda. In 1911 and 1912, the railroad was further extended to the mining district at Southern Cross near Georgetown Lake. This line was abandoned when the mine was closed in 1925.

Passenger trains ran daily between Butte and Anaconda. During the first 50 years of service it was the most popular way to travel between the two cities, not to mention the quickest, easiest, and cheapest. The Anaconda Standard, which was printed in Anaconda, also was delivered every day by the BA&P to Butte, where the newspaper had its largest circulation.

Train travel between the two cities reached its peak in 1917, with eight pairs of trains a day and a total of 355,224 passengers. Gross passenger revenues that year topped $187,000. By 1953, total passenger revenue was barely over $200.

During the final run of passenger service on April 15, 1955, the crew (all of Anaconda) included Elmo Verlanic, fireman; Jim Hernan, conductor; Bill Grey and J. C. McEwen, brakemen; and Angus Eamon, engineer. Passengers included Anaconda Company and BA&P officials: J. D. Murphy, James T. Finlen, Chester H. Steele, Edward I. Renouard, F. W. Bellinger, H. M. Horton, Charlie Lemmon, Leo Kelly, and W. F. Conroy.

There were three distinct stages in the history of the BA&P railroad. It started with the steam engines from 1893 until 1912, when work to electrify the railroad was started on a major part of the line under the direction of the General Electric Co. The entire system, including smelter lines and passenger trains, was electrified by 1916. At this time the railroad owned or held leases on
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136 miles of track, 113 of which were electrified.

Diesel engines, which came on the scene in the early 1950s, were originally used in the yard operation where tracks were not electrified. They were placed in road service on an experimental basis during the winter of 1953-1954, and performed well, according to BA&P officials. In 1953 the three remaining steam locomotives were retired and sent to the scrap heap.

By 1954, the BA&P had approximately 1,400 ore cars, six cabooses, and nine work cars, including the M-10 for maintaining electric wires. Three main line crews operated around the clock between Butte and Anaconda. In addition there were 10 crews in yard service in the Rocker-Butte area and 13 yard crews in Anaconda. There were about 500 employees in the entire system. That same year, ore loaded daily from the Butte mines averaged 400 cars per day, six days a week. A total of 20,000 tons of rock every day was hauled to the Anaconda smelter.

Dump cars bound for Butte carried slime material from the tailings ponds near Warm Springs. This material was used to fill old mining excavations to prepare for mining by the “new” block caving method in the Kelley Mine as part of the “Greater Butte Project,” which started late in 1947. The Berkeley Pit was started in 1955.

BA&P also interchanged traffic with four major railroads at Durant, Silver Bow, Rocker, and Butte. They included Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, Milwaukee, and the Great Northern.

Tim Shea, (or maybe it was Kevin Shannon), a section foreman for the BA&P, who, according to a 1954 newspaper story, was prone to making Irish malapropisms, once said, “The Butte, Anaconda, and Pacific is the biggest railroad for its size in the United States.”
13. Red Light District

DISTRICT IS CLOSED, THEN OPENED

Butte’s infamous red light district had a boisterous history, to say the least. It was raided, invaded, relocated, fenced in, fenced out, and closed down. Yet, it managed to survive for nearly 100 years. It was a district that allowed just about anything except racial discrimination. The girls were Black, Chinese, American Indian, and Jewish, as well as French, English, Irish, Italian, Austrian, and Finn. It has been reported that in the early 1900s, over 1,000 girls lived in a three-block area, referred to on city Sanborn maps as “female boarding.” The Dumas, the last active house of prostitution in Butte closed in 1981.

One of the most publicized closures of Butte’s red light district took place at midnight on January 31, 1911. Thousands of residents, mostly men and boys, came to the district to watch as the lights in the cribs were turned off and the women left.

A petition was signed by over 100 prominent Butte businessmen, professional men, and merchants along Park and South Main. It was presented to the city council in December 1910. The petition demanded that the red light district be moved to the Cabbage Patch, east of Arizona street, between Curtis and New streets. The Cabbage Patch was the worst of slum areas in Butte. It comprised about two blocks of run-down shacks inhabited by drug addicts and alcoholics, with outdoor toilets, garbage in the streets and filthy sanitary conditions. Police Chief Quinn and Mayor Nevin had visited and looked over every available place in Butte and finally determined that the Cabbage Patch was the only appropriate place to move the red light district.

State Representative Donlan’s white slave bill, which had recently passed the state legislature and become law, was credited with causing an early and hasty exit from Butte of the “secretaries,” an euphemism for pimps. City police detectives reported that “several well-known secretaries, fearing immediate arrest, left the city less than 24 hours after the Donlan bill became a law.”

Mayor Charles Nevin issued a press release which stated: “Every crib, and every block and house of prostitution in the red light district will be closed January 31 at midnight, or the occupants, patrons, and proprietors of each will be arrested and prosecuted. Whether the people interested in the red light district or engaged in running houses of ill fame move to the Cabbage Patch or not, is a matter of indifference to me. However, if they do not move, they will have to get out of town.”

Talking about the proposed move with newspaper reporters, Mayor Nevin said, “I was called upon by the pastors of Sacred Heart Church, who had signed the petition of protest, and after we talked it over, they said they were perfectly satisfied to have the change made. All they wanted was some assurance that they would not have any additional saloons located on East Mercury street, where the children of the parochial school play.”

The mayor concluded that if he ordered the district moved in compliance with the council’s action, he would offend the people located near the Cabbage Patch and the property owners in the red light district. He felt that, on the other hand, if he ignored the petition he would be criticized even more. According to the newspaper, “Mayor Nevin, notwithstanding the opposition of property owners, will go through with his plan to move or close the district, even though it has been rumored by many real estate men that his threat is a bluff.”

Mayor Nevin, in defense of his order, said, “I believe such a restricted district is a necessary evil and I shall be very glad to work in harmony with the people of Butte in seeing it established where it should be. There has been considerable talk about my being interested in some way in the proposed relocation of the
district to the Cabbage Patch,” he continued. “There is absolutely no truth to that, and I am perfectly willing to send these people to any section outside the business center, where the citizens agree they should be sent to.”

After the mayor’s order was published, there was an exodus of 75 of the more than 200 prostitutes living in the restricted district. Also, many musicians and orchestras in the dance halls and saloons, packed their bags and left for greener pastures.

Property affected by the mayor’s order, according to county records, was owned by the following: Copper Block owned by Nadeau Investment Company; Pleasant Alley owned by G. R. Woods, which was transferred to Woods by N. B. Holter of Helena; Windsor, Ruth Clifford’s, and Beulah Frawley’s, owned by James Opie Williams; lot 19, Joe Auclair and Maitette; lots 20 and 21, Joseph Chapleau; lot 23, Adolph Pincus; lots 24 and 25, Cora Page; A.B.C. Resort and Little Terrace, owned by Max Fried; lot 29, Hayes Cannon; the cribs on Mercury street, Cobban Realty Company; and the Castle, owned by James A. Murray, a Butte banker.

At the stroke of midnight on Tuesday, January 31, 1911, the red light district was dark. Newspapers said, “One by one, lights in the cribs were extinguished, and with frowns and scowls, or with laughter and derision, the denizens left the resorts. All day Monday, the exodus had been in progress. Women were packing their belongings in trunks, boxes, and parcels of all descriptions. Express wagons were backing up to the doors of parlor and cribs along the board walk of Pleasant Alley and the alleys off Mercury street.”

Never before in the history of Butte’s red light district had such a large crowd of curiosity seekers gathered in the area. The procession started early in the evening. By 11 o’clock, over 2,000 men and boys were strolling the streets and alleys in the district. Many believed it would not happen. Even among the residents of the district, it seemed hard to understand that the final hour had arrived. Some waited until the last minute, hoping against hope that an eleventh-hour reprieve by the mayor or police chief would bring an end to the order.

As the women in the parlor houses along Mercury street left, Willie Crawford expressed the feelings for all of them when she stood at the front door of her large brick building and told reporters there was nothing to do but obey. “Mayor Nevin has sent out the word, and we are not going against him. I have sent my girls away tonight,” Willie said. “Their clothes and belongings are still here, but we will not permit anyone to come in from now on. As long as the order is in effect, we will obey it. I have $10,000 invested here and now it is a dead loss.”

Cribs to the east of the A.B.C. Resort, at the corner of Mercury and Wyoming, were all deserted. For rent signs were posted on nearly every door or in the windows. The Copper Block was the center of excitement. Just before midnight, a huge crowd of men assembled on the board walk to the east of the building. When three women with big, white fur hats emerged from the last of the cribs with lights on, they were greeted with a lusty cheer. “Goodbye, Mabel,” one of the young fellows shouted.

“Oh, no, don’t say good-bye. We are just going to a fine mansion on West Broadway,” came the light-hearted reply. Among the possessions of the thinly-clad women coming out of the French section of the district, included pet dogs, cats, and bird cages. Others had parcels of all shapes and were carrying a great assortment of clothes.

Mayor Nevin was the object of the wrath of those he was putting out of business. He was blamed for all of their trouble and grief. Women hung out the windows of the Copper Block, calling to the crowd. A bystander said the mayor was standing just below them. A shower of plates and other dishes came flying down to the ground. Yet, the district was closed with far less disorder than most had anticipated. One or two fights occurred among some young men who had been drinking, but as a rule, the crowd was good-natured and happy-go-lucky, out to see what they could, and have a good time.

Undersheriff Mike Murray was one of those watching the exodus. “Sheriff O’Rourke announced today,” Murray said, “that he
would not permit the moving of these people into the Cabbage Patch where it was proposed to establish a new red light district. He hasn’t given out any particular orders yet, but we are watching out for that, and the people who have entered a protest over there will certainly be protected.”

Reporters asked officials where the ladies of the red light district had relocated. Police Chief Quinn told them that about 75 of them had already gone, some to Anaconda, some to Helena, and some to homes on Butte’s West Side. Newspapers reported, that the closing of the restricted district was not in any sense a “moral wave” that had swept over the city. Those who forced the issue were not the ministers or the churches. It was mainly an economic issue, and a plan to better use the property in the center of town. Property owners in the area believed it was impossible to develop a good business section in the blocks adjacent to the restricted district.

And Mayor Nevin said, “As long as I am mayor, however, you can depend upon it, we will not be sending the women back to the places we have driven them from.”

The mayor would have to eat those words within two weeks. The ladies were not sent back by anyone, they just went back on their own, and the authorities looked the other way.

On February 15, 1911, just two weeks after the well-publicized exodus of the ladies, bartenders, and musicians to other parts of Butte and the rest of the state, two petitions were presented to the city council.

The petition(s) said, in part: “Believing in that old and tested principle, let well enough alone, we, the undersigned citizens of Butte, many of us residents for many years and taxpayers, representing, as we do, a very large and growing sentiment in this community, and the better opinion of those who have given thought to the removal of the red light district, so termed, to other quarters than where it at present exists, or to its closing up and the driving of its inhabitants to street walking and living in lodging houses scattered throughout our city.

“We while we deplore the necessity for such district, for a neces-

sary evil and protection to the purity of many others of our woman kind cannot be gainsaid; yet of two evils, choose the least . . . For many years Butte has become accustomed to the fact that such district exists; it has adopted repressive measures and today the scarlet women are practically isolated in their quarters. None go near save those who seek.

“Instead of diminishing the evil sought to remedy, and its effects thereof, has resulted in the spreading of the same throughout the lodging houses and the residence portions of the city, thereby tending to demoralize and increase the dangers which beset the youths of our city.

“We urge upon you who hold office by our suffrage that your power and authority should be used with moderation and discretion and with humane knowledge of the frailties of our human kind and not with crushing force against the helpless and the outcast, the weak and erring.”

Many of the signers of these two petitions also had signed the original petition which led to the closing of the red light district in the first place. Over 250 names were on the second petitions, took up one full column in the newspaper, and contained all of the well-known businessmen in Butte.

Two days later, three ministers met with Mayor Nevin. They did not want the tenderloin restored to its former locality. The mayor told them that he and Chief of Police Quinn were still considering the petitions. He said that some action would be taken in the future. And it was.

By the next night there were about 20 women standing in the doors of their cribs “beckoning to wayfarers,” and all of the parlor houses were working as before. In the dance halls a piano was the only music as the regular orchestras were not yet back on the job. Most of the girls were in the alleys between Galena and Mercury streets, while two had places on the board walk.

“Back again?” asked a passerby.

“Sure thing,” responded a sprightly peroxide blond girl.

“Did the police interfere with the game?”

“Nothing doing with them; they all stayed off the job,” was the
reply.

Mayor Nevin was asked about the situation. He said, “I still maintain my policy of ordering all of them to remain closed, and they will have to stay that way.”

The newspaper story concluded: “Early this morning everything was going merrily and the clink of glasses mingled with the gay laughter of women and the tinkling of ragtime from many pianos. All the girls seemed to be glad that the lid was at least partially off and expressed the opinion that things would be all right in the future. It is presumed that if the ban is removed that all the girls and men about the district who left town when the order was made will return at once to their old haunts, for the majority of them are in Anaconda, Missoula, Helena and other nearby cities."

PURITY SQUAD VS. RESTRICTED DISTRICT

A “purity squad” was inaugurated in December 1910, by the Butte police department in a crusade against street walkers and young girls who patronized wine rooms. Police officers concluded that the most effective way of regulating Butte’s infamous wine rooms, dance halls, and other places of vice, was to round up the women who frequented them and haul them off to jail.

Four alleged street walkers, two of them under age, appeared before Judge McGowan on December 4, 1910. The two younger girls were placed in the juvenile detention rooms to await action by juvenile officers and the county attorney. The other two, Mattie Robinson and Nellie Huntley, were fined $100 each.

Lieutenant Larkin and Detective Williams of the purity squad, arrested the two under age girls between 6:30 and 7:30 in the wine rooms of the M&M Saloon in South Butte. (Not the M&M Cigar Store on Main street). Both girls admitted they had been loitering around all night, since leaving a dance hall where they spent the early part of the evening. The officers testified that when they entered the saloon and wine room, the girls were sitting on the knee of a Northern Pacific railroad brakeman. They immediately took the two girls into custody. (It wasn’t reported if any action was taken against the friendly railroad brakeman with the spacious knee).

Because the young girls were, “of immature years, and publication of their names would bring disgrace upon the members of their families, the names of the two were suppressed.” Misses Robinson and Huntley were taken into custody at the La Duc and Ingraham wine room and dance hall. According to news reports, “Both were stylishly attired in sealskin coats, expensive furs, and the latest tailored suits when arraigned in police court on charges of street walking.”

Police officers testified in court that they “saw the women on Butte streets at all hours of the night and early morning coming out of lodging houses in the company of men. The also saw them frequenting wine rooms and the alleys between Park and Broadway, and Main and Dakota streets, leading to the wine rooms.” (Again, it wasn’t reported if the men who were seen with the two women were breaking any laws by being on the streets at all hours of the night and early morning, or by coming out of lodging houses with women).

Judge McGowan, after fining the women $100 each, used the occasion to warn the owners of wine rooms and those responsible for the non-enforcement of state wine room laws, which stated that running a wine room was a “felonious misdemeanor.”

The on-going problem of young girls in Butte’s wine rooms was underscored by a sermon delivered New Year’s Day, 1911, by Father DeSiere, pastor of St. Patrick’s Church. Excerpts from the sermon were printed in the Butte Miner. In his sermon, Father DeSiere said, “Whoever is to blame for the wine rooms of this city, political or otherwise, will certainly be visited by the wrath of almighty God, for they are the pitfalls which are sending young, innocent girls, and even married women, to destruction. These are the crying evils which demand attention. Shall marriage be a sacred thing or merely a bargain sale of licenses, and
shall this wine room scourge continue? Brethren, it is up to you. Divorce and wine room evils are the curse of Butte and are the shame of this, one of the best cities in the land. A noted prelate, not of the Catholic church, has said that California’s divorce record is a national scar, and in that state the percentage is but one in six marriages. Then what of our own city, where the sin is so much greater. What can we expect?”

In closing, Father DeSiere said, “The citizens of Butte should rise up when anything is written against the city in newspapers of the mining city, and to use their influence at all times for the public welfare and the city’s morals.”

(Between January 11, 1911 and February 19, 1911, The Butte Miner, published court proceedings on over 25 divorces, and police reports of five suicides in Butte).

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JEW JESS, PROSTITUTE - PICKPOCKET

During the early 1920s, Butte was home to one of the country’s incomparable pickpockets. It was universally agreed by police officials from larger cities around the country, who came to town to pick up prisoners, that the world’s “smoothest dip” belonged to a prostitute in Butte’s red light district. She was known as “Jew Jess,” a prominent madam-prostitute who reportedly was born and went to school in Butte. Jess had fingers that were swift as lightning.

One well-known Butte man, after accepting a dare from his friends in a local saloon, bet them a full-course champagne dinner that he would go to Jess’ place with a five dollar bill pinned in his watch pocket and a loose silver dollar in his hand, to purchase a bottle of beer. He bragged that she would not be able to steal the five dollars. He returned minus both the five and the silver dollar. The dinner for his friends reportedly set him back $150.

Another man about town, who wagered fifty dollars that Jess wouldn’t be able to pick his pocket, returned after buying a bottle of beer in her parlor minus the ten dollars he had in his hip pocket. “I sat on the bill and she still lifted it,” he said, “probably when I first entered the place.” He shook his head in disbelief, “I once saw a magician pull twenty rabbits from a derby hat, but he was a dirt farmer compared to Jess.”

Frank Hickman, who ran the Success Cafe in Butte until it closed in 1924, told a story about a shepherder who came in his restaurant one day and bought a sandwich. He left and walked east on Galena Street when he was stopped by a frail woman, who, holding a cigarette in one hand, asked him for a match. As the shepherder gave her a match she deftly lifted his wallet from the inside pocket of his coat with a movement so quick as to defy observation. The pickpocket, Jess, then slipped the wallet to another woman. The second woman fumbled the wallet and the shepherder saw it. He pulled a pistol and shot at the second woman’s feet. She dropped the wallet and ran. The shepherder didn’t even suspect the “little old lady” who had asked him for a match. Meanwhile Jess disappeared as though the “sidewalk had swallowed her.”

Another story told of when Jess was brought before a police magistrate on the usual charge of petit larceny and vagrancy. The man, who accused her of picking his pocket, could produce no evidence and was unable to prove the charges. The judge was forced to let her go. Jess, in gratitude, threw her arms around the judge and hugged him. Embarrassed, his honor finally disengaged himself and tried to rearrange his disheveled clothing. Shortly after Jess left, the judge discovered his watch, wallet, tie pin, and lodge emblem were missing. A policeman was sent to arrest her, but he could not find a trace of the missing articles. Jess, indignant about her arrest, professed her innocence. With no evidence to convict her, the judge was forced to release her again.

Jess became so famous, or infamous, that Butte police refused to allow her to rent a place anywhere in the red light district. Although she was hounded by police and known to everyone for miles around, Jess continued to pursue her “occupation” under
tenced to 20 years in prison in 1919. He forfeited bail and fled to Russia). But, it also was thought by officials that the majority of the men arrested were innocuous and would subsequently be released.

According to world news reports, St. Patrick’s Day 1918 showed nothing out of the ordinary, except in Belfast, Ireland; St. Maries, Idaho; and Butte, Montana.

EAMON DE VALERA VISITS BUTTE

Eamon de Valera, president of the first Dail Eireann (Irish Assembly) of the Irish Republic, came to Butte on a warm July evening in 1919 to gain support and raise money for a free Ireland. A crowd of over 10,000 gathered at Hebgen Park to hear him make a plea for formal recognition by the United States. He was tall and thin. His wire glasses made him look like the math teacher that he was. Born in New York City in 1882, his father, who was Spanish, died when he was two. He was sent to his mother’s family in Limerick and studied at Ireland’s national school and graduated from Royal University, Dublin.

De Valera was active in the cause for Irish freedom. He led a group of Sinn Fein (We Ourselves) rebels during the Easter Week Rising in 1916 and was the last commander to surrender. Because of his American birth, de Valera escaped execution but was sentenced to life in prison. He was released in 1917, but arrested again in 1918 and sent to a British jail. After a dramatic escape in February 1919, he went in disguise to the United States to raise funds.

A large crowd gathered at the Butte railroad depot on Front street as de Valera arrived on the Oregon Short Line (later the Union Pacific) from Salt Lake City. An official reception committee had boarded the train at Melrose. It consisted of Judge J. J. Lynch, Rev. Michael M. English, Sheriff John K. O’Rourke, and Attorney James E. Murray. De Valera was met by Montana’s

Lieutenant Governor W. Wallace McDowell of Butte, and Mayor W. T. Stodden. Both the presidential party and those in the crowd sang songs in Gaelic as they walked through the train depot to waiting automobiles.

The procession went up Utah Street led by the Boston & Montana Band, followed by the presidential party, then local and state officials. Next in the line of march came the Pearse-Conolly Club in their colorful sashes, the Friends of Irish Freedom, and finally, hundreds of Butte Irish who fell in line and marched to uptown Butte. They turned west on Park street then north on Montana street to the courthouse. A huge crowd, including more than 300 children on the steps of the courthouse, were waiting. Several Irish songs were sung by the children and de Valera was given a standing ovation.

Next stop was the Finlen Hotel where the Irish president was greeted by another large crowd of well-wishers who all wanted to shake his hand. After an informal dinner, the group marched down Arizona street to Hebgen baseball field where an enormous crowd had already gathered. The presidential party rode in Sheriff O’Rourke’s automobile.

After introductions, de Valera delivered an impassioned plea for the freedom of Ireland. He said, “This fight we are waging for the recognition of the Irish republic is a fight for the great American principle of self determination. If that principal cannot win out, there can be no peace throughout the world. The League of Nations covenant, which the United States is now called upon to endorse, is going to guarantee Great Britain the protection of this country in keeping that which was stolen by them. No wonder they want a guarantee. They have grabbed a quarter of the globe and now want the U.S. to guard it for them. Tyranny and exploitation the world over must be killed, and it is in the power of the common people of America to kill that pernicious spirit now.”

In an editorial, the Anaconda Standard compared de Valera’s cause to George Washington’s fight for freedom during the Revolutionary War. The newspaper concluded, “Not since
William Jennings Bryan came to Butte has there been such a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm."

The following day, de Valera traveled to Anaconda and spoke to another enormous and enthusiastic crowd headed by the local Ancient Order of Hibernians. Both Butte and Anaconda were exceptionally generous to the "Free Ireland" campaign.

SPLIT IN IRELAND CAUSES SPLIT IN BUTTE

During the years of Ireland's fight for independence, which peaked with the Easter Monday uprising in 1916, and was slowed by a the split in the Irish ranks in 1922, St. Patrick’s Day parades in Butte were partisan and political, sometimes ending in a riot as it did in 1918.

A combination of World War I, the 1916 Easter Rising in Ireland, and the union-socialist controversy, became causes around which the Butte Irish could promote in their parades. Emotions ran high during these years, and the Irish didn't even agree among themselves.

After the failed Easter Rising and the execution of many of the Irish patriots who led the uprising, new Irish leaders took the helm and began negotiations with England in the 1920s. These leaders included Eamonn de Valera and Michael Collins.

Collins and de Valera split ranks over whether Ireland should sign a treaty with England for an Irish Free State, which would split Ireland in two, or refuse the treaty and hold out for an independent Republic of Ireland. The Free State treaty was supported by Collins, and de Valera led the Republicans.

Fighting broke out between the two factions. Collins was ambushed and killed in August 1922, and Ireland was in the midst of a civil war. Many died on both sides.

Support for the Republicans and the Free State also split the Irish in Butte. The last large parade was held in 1922. Interest in

Butte's Ancient Order of Hibernians also began to slowly decline. The last regular meeting was held in 1948, and they officially disbanded in 1954. It was reorganized in 1983.

In 1921, when Ireland was still united in its fight against the English, Miss Mary MacSwiney, sister of the late lord mayor of Cork, Terence MacSwiney, came to Butte on St. Patrick's day to raise funds for "Relief in Ireland."

Terence MacSwiney replaced Cork Mayor MacCurtain, who had been shot and killed. MacSwiney soon was arrested and jailed for supporting Ireland's independence. To protest his arrest and the English tyranny in Ireland, especially the hated Black and Tans, an irregular force of English soldiers turned loose on the Irish people, he went on a hunger strike. He died three months later. Miss MacSwiney was with her brother during his final days at Brixton prison.

Mary MacSwiney came to Butte March 17, on the Northern Pacific train from Spokane. She was on a fund-raising tour of the United States. There was no official parade organized for St. Patrick's Day in 1921, but a large contingent of Irishmen, women, and children marched to the railroad depot to meet Miss MacSwiney. She spoke to an overflow crowd at the Broadway theater.

Charles H. Clapp, president of Montana School of Mines, introduced MacSwiney to the large crowd. She described the "falsehoods of British propaganda and said the Irish determination would never cease." She also appealed for the recognition of Irish independence, "the inalienable right of all nations."

She thanked the audience for their generous support. Butte had given over $5,000 of the $10,000 raised statewide for Irish independence. Irish organizations, doctors, lawyers, and miners gave from $200 to $2.

Miss MacSwiney attended a special women's meeting held March 18, at Butte High School. She spoke of the influence women had on the fight for Irish independence. In charge of the event were, Mrs. P. J. Brophy, Mrs. John H. O'Meara, Mrs. Harry Galwey, and Mrs. R. R. Kilroy.
Ivan Doig
17277 15th Ave. NW
Shoreline, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan,

This is a letter I should've written a long time ago, a letter to thank you for your kind, thoughtful, and carefully wrought words about "Butte, America." Pam Roberts, the producer-director, and I are deeply grateful. We are using your comments in our publicity.

I'm happy to report that, following a wildly successful premiere in Butte, the film has been playing to packed houses in Montana. We'll continue the Montana tour in the fall, holding screenings in Missoula, Great Falls, and Billings.

Meanwhile, we're also entering festivals, both here in the U.S. and overseas, and setting up independent screenings (San Francisco; New York; Cork, Ireland; etc.) We weren't accepted by the Seattle film festival, so we'll probably try to arrange for a separate screening there. We'll let you know about that. You can also check the schedule on our website (butteamericafilm.org).

The PBS program Independent Lens recently selected the film for its next season. The national broadcast is tentatively slated for next spring. We'll have to show a shorter version, to fit the one-hour time slot (which is to one hour as a two-by-four is to two inches), which will be painful, but we're quite pleased all the same. IL is a real plum.

Again...our thanks.

Cheers.

Edwin Dobb
edwincdobb@gmail.com

MAILING ADDRESS UNTIL END OF AUGUST:
1232 Montgomery
San Francisco CA 94133
THE ORPHAN GIRL MINE

The World Museum of Mining rests on land once occupied by the Orphan Girl Mine, and is therefore heir to that operation's authentic 100-foot steel headframe, or "gallows frame." Silver and zinc were the main ores extracted from the Orphan Girl, although the site overlooks the area of the 1864 gold strike. In fact, over 7,500,000 ounces of silver were produced from the "Girl" during her history, which extended from 1875 until 1956 — but a measure of the richness of Butte is the fact that this amounted to only 1% of all the silver ever produced in the whole district.

Like most of the mines in Butte, operation was nearly continuous, 24 hours a day. The only shutdowns occurred when labor problems or economics would stop the mining. Old timers would say that you could tell if it was going to be a lengthy labor strike if they took the mules out of the mines. As you can see in a photo display in our Underground Exhibit, getting a mule up or down the narrow mine shaft was a difficult procedure — not a happy experience for the mule!

The mine is called the Orphan Girl because it was relatively isolated, on the western side of the Butte mining district, in what is called the "Outer Camp." This zone appears to be rich in silver, lead, and zinc, with less copper than the central ore veins. The Orphan Boy was a 500-foot-deep shaft just northwest of the Girl, beyond the big smelter car at the northern edge of the mine yard. The Orphan Girl's shaft extends more than 2700 feet down. The lowest level was called the 3200 level. Mine levels were measured from the surface, not relative to sea level, so the same level would have different depths in different mines.
MINING EQUIPMENT GUIDE
The best way to use this guide to the many pieces of mining equipment in the yard is to look at the number painted on the item and then refer to this list. The mine yard has been reorganized several times, and so often the numbers are not in sequence as to the position of each item.

1. 1880's Air Compressor
Used on the surface to power underground drills. First powered by a steam engine, later by electricity.
2. 1870's Lilly Hoist Controllers
Invented by a Butte man, these control the speed, limit the travel of the hoist engine, and are still used today.
3. Tumbler Bing
Horse-drawn scraper. One step above a pick and shovelf.
4. Air Compressor
5. 1870's Steam Engine
6. Nutsche Box
Used for separating gold from other materials.
7. Automatic Bit Sharpener
For sharpening steel drill bits for use underground.
8. Ore Wagon
Hauled up to three tons.
Located behind headframe, near shovelf. Used to load ore in underground mines.
10. Pipe Thresher
Used in thread steel pipe.
11. Cleaning Tough
Used to clean flat hoist cable.
12. Flat Cable Repair Bench
13. Flat Cable Repair Bench
These benches were used to sew flat hoist cable.
14. The Emma Hoist
Used at the Emma Mine which was in Uptown Butte. The area is now Emma Park. This hoist, exhibited at the St. Louis World Fair in 1904, used flat cable to raise and lower men, equipment, and ore in and out of the mine. Most older hoists on "The Hill" used flat cable, because it did not kink in mine shafts, like round steel cable. The flat cable is still visible on the reel. Of the thousands built, only a few of these machines remain. The Emma hoist was powered by a Corliss steam engine and used soft brake shoes for stopping. One reel boosted while the other lowered, balancing the load.
15. Couver Belt
Used to move ore.
16. Concentrator Tables
Used to separate heavy gold from waste material.
17. 1940's Caterpillar Loader
One of the first hydraulic loaders. The loader was made separately by Traskold company.
18. Drive Pulley with Clutch
Used to control and stop machinery powered by a steam engine.
Wooden pulleys were common on the frontier since they would be burned locally rather than freighted in.
19. 1880's Self-Contained Steam Hoist
The boiler moved with the hoist engine.
20. Gasoline-Powered Generator
Used to supply electricity beyond power lines.
21. 1920's Portable Air Compressor driven by engine.
22. 1940's Portable Air Compressor
23. Shaft Bailey
Used to remove water from vertical shafts when a pump was not available.

UNDERGROUND MINE TOURS
The World Museum of Mining offers visitors the opportunity to experience the real world of underground mining.
Four times 11AM, 1PM, and 3PM and last about an hour and a half per tour.

Cost:
- Students & Seniors: $8.00
- Museum Members: $7.00
- Adults: $10.00

If you have any questions, please inquire in the gift shop.

VISITOR GUIDE
Welcome to the World Museum of Mining, including Hell Roarin' Gulch, a turn-of-the-century mining village. Founded in 1963, the museum preserves the rich historical legacy of mining and the related social and cultural heritage of Butte, Montana. It is one of a few mining museums in the world located on actual mine yard, and a key element in the Nation's largest National Historic Landmark District.

This 44-acre museum exhibits more than a century of American history and brings it to life. Explore more than 50 structures, ranging from the 100-foot-high headframe of the Orphan Girl Mine to the many buildings of Hell Roarin' Gulch. Half of our displays focus on the cultural and ethnic history of a mining town, while the other half provide you with a look at the history of mining technology.

*Please observe caution at all times while on the museum grounds to avoid injury due to uneven walking surfaces, various museum artifacts, and high places. Children must remain under adult supervision at all times.

THANK YOU AND ENJOY YOUR VISIT!
Lory: Recent
- Th morn @ 9

Ellen Crain in mine oral histories (transcripts)
- 9:15 W T (Ellen on vacation)
- Lee /jnn/j

Wild Museum - open Sun: archives
- memoir diaries 1918-1919 Dolores M W F
- memor's slang

9 comes in
Research and Services

The World Museum of Mining is a resource for historical and technical research. Photographs from our Archives have been used in dozens of books, articles, and documentary films. Our research and services are organized into the sections described below.

**Photo Archives**
More than 7000 catalogued photos and thousands of others are available for purchase by the public.

**Non-Photo Archives**
The Museum has extensive holdings of maps, diaries, log books, journals, company day books, payroll records, engineering diagrams, and the like, which are available for research purposes by appointment.

**Newsletter**
Keep up to date with the museum's online newsletter.

**Frequently Asked Questions**
Find answers to many common questions.

**Hours of Operation**
9-6

The World Museum of Mining
155 Museum Way, P.O. Box 33, Butte, Montana 59703
Phone: 406-723-7211 Email: info@miningmuseum.org

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Website created with care by Tim Lynch of www.LynchWebDesign.com

Revised: March 07, 2008.
Non-Photo Archives

The Museum has extensive holdings of maps, diaries, log books, journals, company day books, payroll records, engineering diagrams, and the like, which are available for research purposes by appointment. We are actively involved in cataloging this material, and if you would be interested in helping, we can very much use volunteers! A small sample of the materials in our collection is shown by the photos on this page, which include packets of ore statements, bank drafts, payroll records, and subsurface maps of tunnels and shafts.