

BOOK 37

A N N A M A E M A L O S K Y

Interview with Anna Mae Malosky
by Elizabeth Balanoff

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CONTENTS

	page
Early Life in Mining Towns	1
1919 Strike	4
Husband's Early Work Experiences in Mines	5
Black Lung	6
Black List	10
Anthracite Mine Union	11
Terror in the Union	15
Death in the Mines	19
Ethnic Groups in the Union	20
Illness in the Family	23

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I. This is an interview with Anna Mae Malosky. Can you tell me where you were born?

R. I was born in Yatesville, Pennsylvania on March 2, 1899.

I. Okay and where was your husband from? Was he from the same town?

R. No he was not from the same town. He was a next door neighbor. They moved next door to us maybe four years before we were married.

I. And what was his name?

R. George. He was born in Plymouth.

I. Then his family moved next door to you?

R. Yes, they lived there as near as I can remember about four or five years before we were married.

I. What did your father do?

R. My father was a coal miner.

I. And your husband's family, were they coal miners, too?

R. My husband's father was a coal miner and he was very seriously burned in the mines. When we were first married his father was burned in the mines and was very very bad, very

seriously disfigured, but he came out of it alright. He lived quite a few years after.

I. Was his father able to work again?

R. Yes but he had a lighter job in the mines. And he was his step father and of course I didn't know his right father but I think as near as I remember hearing him say his father was a miner, too.

I. Were your fathers union members?

R. That would go too far back, but my father died when he was 63 years old and he had miner's asthma.

I. Oh -- the black lung disease?

R. No, it wasn't that type. He worked in the mines --he was what they called a rock contractor. He worked on rock and there was more dust in that than there was in the coal. This I used to hear in my home because I was about fourteen years old when my father died. And he had miner's asthma for about twenty years before he died.

I. And he still kept working?

R. No, he couldn't work. In fact he could hardly walk across the floor he had it so bad. His was different-- well a lot like the emphysema, too, a lot like it and yet a lot different.

I. Were there very many miners you remember who were ill like that from working in the mines?

R. Oh the majority of people around there did have it but people paid no attention to it. It was just a common thing,

see. This little town where I was born, most of the people around there were older people. In my family there was eight children and I was the youngest. Between my sister and I there was twenty years, the older sister. Between the brother next to me there was thirteen years but my mother had lost two children in between us. I was the baby in the family and therefore I guess maybe until I got married I didn't know too much about it. My father was sick, that was about all I knew.

R. As long as you could remember?

I. As long as I could remember, yes. He used to have this -- they called it a Shiffman's Asthma Cure, that he used to put on a saucer. He'd take a teaspoon full and put it on a saucer and light it and then he'd throw this cover over his head and inhale those fumes and that would help him to raise the mucous, which of course doctors today will give you medication to do. In those days they didn't know about that.

I. But they did have something they could use to ease it a little?

R. They had that and I remember my older sister, she was very much opposed to my father using that. She didn't like it, for what reason I wouldn't know, but she lived with a doctor and she had, I guess, little ideas. But my father continued always. He'd use that two or three times a day and when he'd use it he'd feel better for a period of time. But like I say he couldn't do any manual labor of any kind, a

little light work. It was nothing for my father to be washing the dishes or just some light work in the house like that.

When they started to build their home --the only way I could describe it when they started it seemed to me it should have been a large part and then a small part for the kitchen and then so on. Well I often heard my mother tell how when they were working at that she used to carry the big rocks from back in the woods in her gingham apron, a lap full of rocks and carry them. And they got the small part of this house built and that's when my father really took sick worse than any other time and they never did get the large part built. His health wouldn't permit it. But of course after I was married, well my father was dead, he died before I was married. I'm trying to think of dates but I can't too well. I do know that my youngest girl that's in Florida, she was born in 1919 and she was born in the course of the strike.

I. Was this a mine strike in 1919?

R. Yes, 1919. And the thing I remember about that, now my husband wasn't too active. He was just beginning to get active at that time and he was involved in this strike but nothing that I would particularly remember. But Franny was born, I remember very well that the union members had pretty much what they do today when they're on strike. They had baskets and they'd bring the baskets or send them to the homes of the striking miners. I remember one of them coming to our house when Franny was a baby and she'll be sixty-two years old

next month.

I. Then you got a basket from the union.

R. Yes, then from then on it was just good and bad.

I. Did they win that strike or do you remember?

R. They must have got satisfaction, let's put it that way. They would have had to have satisfaction or they wouldn't have gone back to work.

I. What mine did your husband work for?

R. He worked at the Ewen Colliery and he was president of the Ewen Local for several years. Then all this time as the years were passing, I remember that we moved away from Yatesville and moved into West Pittston and that's really where he was the most active.

I. And he was president of the local at Ewen?

R. It was what they called the Ewen shaft but it involved several breakers which of course involved the mines. My husband, I don't know this but I heard his mother tell it, he went to work in the mines when he was only seven years old. Now wait a minute I'm wrong about that, he went to work in the breaker.

I. He was a breaker boy! They pulled out the slate and rock from the coal falling down a chute.

R. Right, he used to sit and when the coal would come like in an assembly line they'd have to pick rock out and leave the coal go through to the cars. That was when he was seven and when he was eleven he went in the mines.

I. So he'd been a miner already for a long time before you married him.

R. No, he got his mining papers in 1917, we were married in 1916. But they were mining papers. He had worked in the mines for a good many years.

I. That meant he was a full fledged miner.

R. Yes.

I. And before that he had what? Lower jobs?

R. He was not a miner, he was a laborer because in the mines in those days a laborer could not use any dynamite. The miner would have to drill the holes and fill them with dynamite and light them and then get away from there. That would fire and bring the coal for them.

I. What would you have to do to get mining papers?

R. You'd have to go to the courthouse and you had to take someone to identify you. I think I have his mining papers at home. Because you see when I applied for the Black Lung in 1969 I had quite a time even though, as we said at the time, he had been roughly over forty years in the mines and they questioned me as to whether I had the proof. I had his mining papers and things like that but I had to produce all that and also go before what they called the Conciliation Board. Through my sister, who had passed away in the meantime, her attorney knew my family and he said he would do what he could to help me to get this Black Lung. It became a law and I guess as soon as it became a law there were thousands of

applications because that was all there was around in that vicinity at the time. In the meantime before I got it my husband died. He never lived to see any benefits.

I. Did you get any benefits from it? Were you entitled to money compensation of any kind?

R. I get it now, I get the Black Lung now, it's a pension every month, the Black Lung pension. About a year before he died, through some friends of mine we heard that they were paying a miner's benefit but you had to apply by a certain time. We heard about it when we went back thereto visit my daughter. I was always the one that had to sort of take the bull by the horns. Anything I'd say was okay with him but I was the one that'd have to do it. I was thirteen months trying to get that, then he died in the meantime. Then I got a check for \$75.00 a month retroactive for one year but that stopped when he died. In the meantime this Black Lung law was passed which is a different thing altogether. Then it was about three years after that was passed before I got any satisfaction on that but then I did get it.

I. Did you have to use a lawyer to get it?

R. Yes.

I. In both cases?

R. Really I didn't use a lawyer except to just accompany me because I had all the papers, I had all the proper identification and proof and of course everyone who knew him, even the men who were on this Board that I had to appear

before, they knew him and they knew he had it. I remember the day I went back there I went back with some papers that I thought I might need and on our way back -- I was with my daughter, my son had been down there -- and on the way back we passed each other and we stopped and my son got out and he said, "Mom, I was talking to," and he mentioned this particular man, "and he wants you to have certain papers (whichever they were) and go down to the Social Security office in Wilkes Barre." So we turned around and came back and I got all those papers. The following day was on a Saturday and they were not normally open but for some reason or another I took all these papers that they said I'd need and I spread them all over the counter and this man looked the mall over and he took a lot of stuff down. I said, "Do you think I'll possibly get that?" And he said, "Well surely by the looks of this you're deserving of it." And that was the last that I ever heard until I was notified that I was eligible.

I. How old was your husband when he died?

R. Seventy-five.

I. And how long had he been sick with that Black Lung?

R. Well he had had that for years. It was just slow, it shortens the breath but it's something that in those days you didn't pay too much attention to. You were just short of breath. And today if you went to a doctor like that they would right away say it was your heart, I think. But as he got older and when we came out here he got work. Now he was

without work so long back there that we came on out here. He got work at Singers and he was only there six months and they had a lay-off. That was in '44 I think, the last part of '44 and the war was over in '45. Well in the meantime he was laid off. Then he went to the General Electric and he got a job there. He was only there -- he was in on all the layoffs because he didn't have no seniority. And the last place he worked was Sikorskys and he was there a little over ten years. Meanwhile they had sent for him at G.E. but I had just come in from the hospital. We lived over on Palisade Avenue here and I called the man whose signature was at the bottom of the telegram that was delivered by a boy. I called him and told him the story and he said, "Well tell George to stay at Sikorskys because he's a very good employee and we like him a lot but if he comes back he'd have to get out when he's sixty-five, where at Sikorskys he can work until he's sixty-eight. He worked until he was sixty-seven and in the mean time they had changed the law and he had to leave when he was sixty-seven.

He was the same for years but as soon as he was retired he began to get worse. That's why I say I think the worst thing they can do with anybody is to retire them if they're able to work, but of course that's the law.

- I. Now let's go back to the early days of the union.
R. I got too far ahead.
I. No, that's quite alright. That's valuable

material, I want that too.

R. Well he worked at Sikorskys, that was his last job. But he was, oh I can't recall how many years he was unemployed back there by the coal mines. Let me see now, George was born in '35 and he was out of work then and previous to that. It seems to me that my husband was out of work for about ten years.

I. All at one stretch or off and on?

R. **Mostly at** one stretch because you see after these strikes, then whoever was on strike when they'd go back after the strike was settled, whether it was favorable or not, they would get their job back but there would be discrimination. They would discriminate against them and ease them out.

I. Find some excuse.

R. Right. And wherever my husband went, about all he had to say was his name and he was out of a job.

I. Blacklisted, in other words.

R. They called it back there "blackballed".

I. When did that begin? When did he realize that he was blackballed?

R. Oh right along. He knew that's what would happen. All during the course of these strikes that they would have and there was not only one, you know, there was many. Some of them would be short and some of them would be long. It depended really on the union and how much money they had as union funds to be able to take care of these men because the

majority of these men they would break.

I remember when George was a baby, now he's fifty years old and when he was a baby he got work over at the -- I can't think of the name. But someone was talking -- or did I see something on the tv. They were talking about the company stores. And when he got a job over there we went to the company store and it was just like I heard that description, "I owe it all to the company store." Honestly the few dollars that they'd make, you'd go to the company store to inquire about what you had charged and what was coming to you and you'd be very lucky if you didn't owe them five or ten dollars. I remember this big gray store, such a gloomy looking place and you'd go in there and you'd see so many things and they'd look so good to you but they'd be so expensive. They'd triple the prices on you, anything, either food or clothing. But he didn't last very long on that job. Like I say, as soon as they found out he was George Malosky he was out. He was eased out in some way.

And mean while, like I say, George was a baby when this new union was started. That was the Anthracite Miners, that was the beginning of this struggle that we spoke of. And they were going to breakaway from the United Mineworkers. Previous to that, when he was in the United Mineworkers and just going along naturally, fighting and what not, they would have their conventions in Indianapolis and he was always one of the ones that went to those conventions. That's where I

used to hear the stories about Mother Jones and John L. Lewis. I saw John L. Lewis but I used to hear the story about how my husband pulled the chair over and stood on the chair and shook his fist in John L. Lewis's face.

I. Tell me about that.

R. He was a real fighter. Well didn't see that but I heard about it and the men that were with him verified it. He got a big laugh out of it, of course. For him it was nothing.

I. Your husband was a short man and John L. Lewis a big one?

R. (to another person listening) You've seen Georgie. Well he's a dead ringer for his father in size. He's very short. John L. Lewis was, I guess, six foot and they used to say he was like a big bull. Well that was at one of the conventions with the United Mine Workers. All I knew then was what they'd laugh and talk about around the table over coffee or something.

I. So he stood on a chair.

R. He was a real fighter, my husband was, for the working man. He would have given his life for the working man, which I, in one sense of the word well when I was trying to get the Black Lung, I used to get so angry. He died just as naturally as if he went out on a battle field and died, he died for that cause because he got that disease and it killed him and all for the sake, too, of the union.

I. What did he say about John L. Lewis. What was his

opinion of John L. Lewis?

R. Well John L. Lewis at one time I think that they all had a lot of respect for him. But like everything else I think John L. Lewis -- he was a fighter, he got a lot for the working man -- but he got a little bit different after while.

I. You mean he stopped caring?

R. Stopped caring, that would be about the way to put it. Still he was a good man but they wanted to break away. Whatever their differences were they wanted to get away from John L. Lewis and the United Mine Workers of America so they formed this organization. They called it the United Anthracite Miners of Pennsylvania and they had about 28,000 of the membership. All these members were contributing by a coupon in some way. I don't understand it even now, I didn't bother with it at the time. Then the company was to honor these coupons and give that money to the fund, which ever union they were trying to organize, but the company wouldn't so they didn't have money to fight with. But I remember a couple of parades they had back there and my goodness the streets were mobbed with people. It was during that time that the most of this strife went on that was real bad for awhile.

I. That's one of the main things I want to hear about.

R. That was the one incident that is down in my mind and, just like I said, I got the names twisted up and there's some things about it that I know existed but I can't quite repeat

them because I'm not too sure. But the main thing was that this day when I was in the store on Sunday morning, Easter Sunday, that some one came in and asked me had we received a box from the mailman or delivery man.

I. They delivered mail on Sundays then?

R. Yes, at that time they did. I took off and went on back home. It was just a short distance and he was in the back yard busy and paid no attention, just laughed when I told him. He was a great one for that, he wouldn't listen to any gossip. He didn't want to hear anything about anyone in no shape or form. Good or bad, you don't talk about people. It was shortly after that that we found out the real story. The package had been delivered to Tom Maloney, who was president of that new union.

I. The Anthracite union?

R. Yes and my husband was state vice president. Now what that involved I don't know but that's the words I used to hear. And they would work for whatever they could pick up, just a pittance. I remember Georgie was a baby then and it was rough. He would come home with ten or fifteen dollars on a Saturday and they would have collected that in some way without these coupons being honored. Then after they'd pay the rent on the offices that they had and so on like that, pay their expenses, they'd divide it up among the officers and there'd be ten or fifteen, maybe twenty dollars would be the most. And it used to seem like a fortune, you know.

I. Now what about the box?

R. He opened it, Tom took the box and opened it, went to the table, put the box on the table and like one of those little ones I imagine would clamber right up on a chair to see what was in the box. And of course when he opened the box that was it. The child died and he died and the daughter, her face was badly, badly disfigured. The mother was upstairs in bed. She had pneumonia and that was the reason she escaped injury.

I. Has there been another box intended for you?

R. No, it was just the people when they got wind that this was happening, they thought that George would get one, too.

Oh, I see, they had already heard about this.

They surmised that George would get one, too, yes.

I. Was there any indication where the box came from? Did they think it was from the company or from the other union?

R. Well, I'll tell you what the general thought is, and no one could prove this, but the general thought is it could have come from -- now this man Fugman was a union member.

I. Fugman was the one who sent it?

R. He was a union member.

I. Which union?

R. The new union but you see by that time these men were becoming a little bit tired of striking and being with nothing and a little money was quite a temptation. And the higher ups, the contractors, just like the Mafia today, they would

pay any amount to a little guy to go out and do this job on this guy or that guy.

I. So they did know who the package came from?

R. They got the man but I can't give you anything definite on that man. There might be a time when I can get down there that I could find something out but I doubt it.

I. Did he have a trial? Do you know?

R. Oh yes, a long trial and a lot of dissension and talk and everything but I cannot recall whether he got the chair or not. I cannot recall that.

I. Did your husband stick with that union after that incident?

R. After while the union broke up. They could see there was no use trying because they couldn't fight any longer. The men were gradually going back to work.

I. Was it after that then that he had this long period of unemployment?

R. Oh yes, and even during that a great deal of the time he didn't work in the mines.

I. Were there any other incidents like the one you described?

R. I don't know all the particulars but I know of them happening. There was one where Alec Campbell was murdered. When he was on the way home from the union meeting, when he went upon his front porch he went to open his front door and a bomb exploded and killed him.

I. Was he an officer, too?

R. Yes, a very active union member -- of the United Mine Workers at that time. See, that was a little before the anthracite miners tried to break away. Alec Campbell was killed and Johnny Riley was coming home in his car, got out of his car and was shot down.

I. What was his connection?

R. He was connected with the United Mine Workers, the same way. You see the coal companies were trying to break the union.

I. So those incidents were generally blamed on the company.

R. On the companies, but of course you didn't know that. There was absolutely no proof of that. And like I say there was a lot of those men that could have belonged to either one of those unions, that a little money would tempt them and they wouldn't really be doing too much. Oh, of course if they took a life they would be doing too much for them, if they had anyone to deal with like my husband. I think that man sure was brave and I certainly couldn't lie about him. But I think if they came to my husband and said George there's \$50,000.00 to do this or do that, he wouldn't. His children suffered, I suffered. We just had the two girls.

I remember one little incident that sort of mellowed him a little bit. I remember one night when we were talking in the living room. It might have been a year before he died.

He got up from the sofa and he was going out to the bathroom and he stood in the door way. We were just talking pretty much like we're talking now and he stood in the doorway and he turned around and said tome, "Anna Mae, I'd do the same thing over again but I couldn't do it. The reason I changed is not because I want to change but because I can't do any different." He was sick.

I. And tired, but his spirit was still the same.

R. His spirt was the same and he would fight no matter what, he would fight. I remember when he was lying in his casket, there was these two men that worked with him in both unions, the United Mine Workers, and when they tried to break away the Anthracite Workers. There was two of them and they came up to the funeral home and it had been years. We had come out here, you know, and everything. When they come over to me I was quite impressed that they'd come and the one fellow said to me, "You know, Mrs. Malosky, we went through a lot together, this fellow and me, and I said when we went through it the last time that if I ever got the opportunity I would take care of myself." And he said, "I had the opportunity and I took it." In other words, I took graft. But he was big enough to admit it. He said, "I've got a big home, a nice home. I've got nice cars and my children are in college. But," he said, "there's a guy there who took his principles to his grave with him."

I. That's probably the best kind of memorial he could

have.

R. And I remember I turned around to Georgie and I said, "Did you hear what he said, Georgie?"

I. Do any of your children belong to the union?

R. No, my girls are married and my son -- no. In the banks they didn't have unions. Maybe if they had a union in the bank.

I. Did you want to tell me about another incident when your husband was in the mines?

R. Yes, he was the laborer and the other man was the miner and he saw his buddy killed with a falling rock right just alongside of him. And it done an awful lot to him. And he had a brother that saw the same thing in another mine. You see, there you were. The company, they give the widow \$10,000.00 and that was it.

I. Would they give her that much?

R. Usually. We had a very good friend, Joe Waylon and his wife. They were very good friends of ours when we were younger and they were upto our house this night. He was such a nice person, great big six foot, only a young fellow, you know, I guess around thirty years old at that time. They said something about they had to go home. She was Irish and he wasn't and he used to mimic her. He said, "Well honey, I guess it's time we was going. I got to get up for work tomorrow morning." The next morning at nine o'clock the word came up and it went like wild fire that Joe Waylon was killed

with a falling rock. The next morning at nine o' clock. They just left our house that night, it was rather sad, you know.

I. What nationalities were there, there? You mentioned Irish and Italian. What else?

R. There really was a little bit of everything.

I. A little United Nations there?

R. Where I was born it was all like -- my mother was Scotch and my father was English. And we had a little Methodist Church there. That's the way I was raised. There were no other churches there at the time. Then it was very well built up with Italians, I think. But the next little town down was Irish, all Irish. When you got down to the city it was a mixture. But that isn't where I lived when I came out here. I lived in West Pittston which was across the river and pretty well the Americanized people, you know.

I. Was there any hostility between these national groups or did they work together pretty well?

R. There was hostility. In fact I got a cousin who was shot. I never knew him, I just knew of him. In Brown Town, that was the name of this little Irishtown, and Yatesville was a little Protestant town. But it seems that this cousin of mine had been seeing a girl from Brown Town.

I. And the Brown Town fellows didn't approve?

R. That's right. He was coming home one night and he sat down under this big tree on the way home and that's where he was shot. He was killed, shot to death. Yeah, there was a

lot of hostility there at that time. Even in my day just before I was married a fellow from down town would hesitate to go up to Yatesville to see a girl because he had to go through Brown Town.

I. Was the union leadership mainly from the older groups, rather than the newcomers?

R. Yes, I'd say it was. It didn't seem there was as much youth in the country in those days as there is today. It really didn't. I seem to remember everybody as my age now.

I. You mentioned that your husband got along very well with the Italians. They were very loyal.

R. Very loyal to him.

I. Did the group that was breaking away from the UMW -- were there any differences between those who were breaking away and those who were staying in terms of how well they got along with all ethnic groups?

R. No, it could be one class of one group with one class of another and they'd be very good friends. But then there'd come another group, they were enemies. It was all mixed up. But this group that used to be around where we came from, it was about five or six little towns and they all seemed to band together. But then you go down to the city, down to Wilkes-Barre, and they were from more or less all but they were all 100% to break away from Lewis. But, like I say, it was lack of funds that broke it up. Then all these people, and you couldn't blame them, all these men that were on strike and

wanted this new union, they all eventually went back to the United Mine Workers. Not my husband! When we came out here the first thing he done was look for the union when he got a job. He joined the union and paid his dues. I don't know how many cards I've got.

I. He was union through and through.

R. Right and I often heard his mother talk about it. Now my folks, my family, I never heard that in my family. But in his family, his mother was sort of a peasantlike person, a sweet old thing, but very rough and hard, you know. Oh my, she'd go out into the potato fields and dig the potatoes, you know, where my mother was more for the house.

I. What nationality were his people?

R. Polish, but often times she'd tell of one of the strikes. I can recall when the girls was small we'd go down there for the evening or something and she'd tell the stories and she'd mince no words. She was just like the southern strikers that you see on tv, you know. And she'd tell about putting bricks in their dinner pails and stuff like that, you know, strike breakers. And I'm telling you, Lord knows if any of them would cross a picket line these days. When I see some of the pictues on tv today about crossing the picket line I just think to myself it's funny, isn't it. They'll even discussit, talk about it. We wouldn't, we wouldn't! If you were in that territory and you crossed that picket line, maybe they wouldn't harm you but you had no more friends. But that

was a terrible thing with that family that was wiped out with that Easter bombing. I was often surprised. Earlier years when we came out here -- see I'm out here forty-one years -- and I often inquired if there were no books or anything out here about it but I never found any. No one seems to have heard it.

I. How did you feel, as a wife, about your husband giving so much for the union? You mentioned earlier, off the tape, that one of the hardest times was when he was in jail.

R. That was when the strike was going on and this judge issued orders, Judge Valentine. He issued orders that they should break the strike, go back to work and they refused to do it. Then this judge, his car was parked in front of the bank in Wilkes-Barre one morning and his daughter had the car instead of he and the car was bombed.

I. Was she killed?

R. She wasn't killed but she was injured. It was in and around that time there were twenty-eight men of the leaders, more or less, and this judge had cited them for contempt for not calling the strike off and they were sentenced to a term in county jail and they went down there. Now as far as the men were concerned, I think I can truthfully say that the men were having a good time. The wives used to bring boxes of goodies down to them every Saturday, you know.

But before they were put in jail Pearl was over in the hospital. When she was twelve years old she was operated on

for appendicitis. I had a brother living with me, about forty-eight, forty nine years old, and my son who was a baby. He was in my arms. And this particular day I said to my brother, "Take the baby out for a little walk and while you're gone I'll get the rest of the work done up and I'm going to take this box, (It was cupcakes I'd made.) I'm going to take the box down to George." So my brother went out with the little one and he come back shortly after and he said, "I don't feel good, Anna Mae, I feel sick and my throat hurts." So I said, "Well if you can manage it for just a couple of more minutes." I was washing up the kitchen floor down on my hands and knees. No mops in them days, that's where I got my house maid's knee. So anyhow he went on upstairs to his room.

Pearl had mean while been operated on and came home and was on the sofa. And Franny, there was about three and a half years between them. Poor little Franny, it was go downstairs and get an egg. Pearl had to use lot of eggnogs. This nurse had told me there was a spot on her lung. Pearl couldn't get the eggnogs down but Franny would bring up two eggs. And you know if you got the eggs you were lucky, too.

Anyhow my brother went up to bed and I didn't get down to the jail with the box that afternoon. Around six o'clock I called the doctor because my brother felt worse. The doctor come up and he looked at him. Franny come upstairs and I had the little one in my arms, Pearl was on the sofa. And the doctor said to me, "How many children do you have?" I

said, "Three," and he said, "Well take them downstairs and keep them down there, this man has diptheria." I guess you don't realize what it means or what. He said, "I'll be back in an hour and I'll give you the shots." So he gave my brother 24,000 units. I had ten and the baby had ten. The two girls didn't need them because they had them in school and they say they take effect for seven years so we didn't give them none. But I'll never forget. They didn't feel too much worse than they feel right now. But trying to hold that baby in my arms with that diptheria toxin or whatever they call it, well that was about the worst. But we got over that and my brother went into Philadelphia and had his tonsils out and he got along fairly good.

In the mean time I was notified that there was an opening at South Mountain Sanitarium for Pearl with the so-called spot on her lung. Like I say this all took a little bit of time. They were released from the jail. The whole group had to go to Harrisburg to talk to the governor about the strike issue. And I can't remember who the governor was at that time. Any how they were going to go to Harrisburg and we were notified that we could take Pearl down to South Mountain. Well we didn't know how we were going to get there. So one of the men that was active in the union had a little old jitney. He took us down and we left Pearl. When the nurse saw Pearl and heard the story she said you'd better leave the two of them. Leave Franny, too, because she's been sleeping with

her. So we left the two children. Well through those mountains I cried. It was thundering and lightning and raining. Oh dear, it was terrible. The only thing I had for comfort was that when I got home this friend of mine was taking care of the baby and I think if I didn't have him I would of went out of my mind. But he wasn't what you'd say a good baby, he was a cranky baby, and I think he kept me so busy that I didn't have time to worry.

I. How long was your husband in jail?

R. The same amount of days as there was members, twenty-eight days.

I. The worst twenty-eight days of your life.

R. Right. Well when we left them down there when I came home I immediately wrote a letter down to the doctor who was not there when we were there. I wrote to him so that he'd get the letter and he immediately answered and he told me he'd keep in close contact. Well to make a long story short it was exactly six weeks later that I got a letter from him and he said that, "There are no symptoms whatsoever of tuberculosis in either one of your daughters. Flouroscope, any examinations and tests, they were all negative and I would suggest that you come down and take them out as quickly as possible to give someone who needs the room a chance to get it." We went right down and brought them home and that was one of the happiest days. But Pearl was always -- she has bronchitis and sinus trouble. And I remember this state

nurse, she was very indignant. She said, "She has, I don't care what they say down there, she has!" I still have the letters, I treasure them.

I remember when we were going to take her down I cashed the insurance policy. In those days some of the things you had to do would be that and I had done that. This young fellow we called in from the insurance company, I showed him the letters that I got from the doctor and he said on the strength of these you can get any amount of insurance on them that you want. You don't need to worry that anybody could contradict that this is the truth if you have those letters. So at that time I took out more insurance on them, you know, and then when they got married I gave them to them. They were only nickel or ten cent policies but they were a little bit.

I. It's amazing what people can live through and still enjoy life.

R. It really, really is. I think you get hardened to such an extent that almost struggle don't bother you too much. If it does you wilt under it and I've wilted.

I. You don't look very wilted. You look in pretty good shape.