

X What has happened
in that many and community ^a gaiety and

great pity for among these other qualities, I think
the Irish (along with the Finns and Jews)
brought to our country, all charm and talent
and zest for living, without ^{royal} ~~royal~~ ^{topical} ~~topical~~. Why
~~this has happened~~ is a profound ^{diff} question
beyond the scope of an informal piece
of this kind sort but what has happened is
undeniable. ~~The~~ the Irish ^{boys} and ^{the} Irish girls
ladies are no longer marrying each other and ~~they~~
~~are~~ ^{not} either marrying ^{into} other ^{strains} nationalities, and thus
diluting their Irishness, or ^{are} remaining ^{barrenly} ~~barrenly~~
~~unmarried~~ ^{staying} single and ^{not} ^{thereby} ~~not~~ ^{not} ^{extra} ^{producing}
~~a~~ ^{army} ^{hand} ^{of} ^{Irish} ~~Irish~~ ~~people~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~land~~
~~back.~~ If I were ^{I think} King, I'd like to
turn the clock back. I miss the
Irish.

Priests
~~Hot~~ These days

X

Far from illuminating our ^{actual} local life, as they once did, the Irish ^{seem} to be disappearing. An altar boy is as likely to be called Melvinski as Muldoon and even the priests are no longer predominantly Irish. Not so long ago the situation is getting so bad that when I met ^{an} old Irish friend ~~to~~

Regan in an Irish pub not long ago and asked him how he felt, he reflected sadly a moment ^{thoughtfully} and said: "Simply fine, me lad. In fact I ~~can~~ ^{can't} ~~do~~ ^{you see,} because I

there aren't enough Irish palloosess left around to act as ^{for} ~~to~~ give me a decent burial."

Lat
5/13/73

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE IRISH?

When I was a boy living on ^{the southwest} corner of Barnum Street in Ishpeming I was surrounded and engulfed by ^{the} Irish. John Tim Hughes lived on the corner just east of us, Frank Fitzpatrick to the north, and John Nolan lived ^{right across} ~~across~~ ^{across} the street. Now the ^{new English} ~~Sedgwick~~ managed to intrude just south of us I still marvel at but the Gleasons next door to the west moved them made it up! Then across the street the Berkes lived next ^{door} ~~door~~ to the Fitzpatrick, while the Mowals and Mc Ginty's abutted the Nolans.

On the next block to the west on Barnum Street, mercy to tell them off, lived

the school. Teaching families
of three Laughlin girls (I had
two of them in the grade, Rosa
and Kate), then the Harringtons,
the Cannons and Kennedys
and, across the street, the
Quinlans, the Tom Hughes
(Tom's son), the Farleys,
the Mallays and a ~~family~~
of ^{Cornish} ~~Irish~~ ^{Irish} ~~women~~ ^{women} called Herper.

The children of these
families were my backyard
playmates and, though I regret
I possess ^{no} ~~not~~ a drop of Irish
blood, by the time I was ten
I spoke ^{with} an Irish brogue as
thick as St. Patrick's Day ~~the~~
snowstorm.

dominated and led by the colorful

Our local police force
was, ~~virtually~~ ^{and} pure Irish (Jack
Lacy, Paddy ^{and} the Pellor Collins
are a memorable two) and the
fire department was the same,
led by a series of chiefs that
read like a Dublin directory
(Dechy, Sullivan, Jack Lacy again,
As well many others.)

The railroads were
virtually staffed by the Irish
from the Flyoff who led a
big section crew to the Fishers
who presided at the roundhouse to ^{whom} hosts of
Irishⁿ engine, foremanⁿ, brakemen
and conductors. Even the
mine cops and ^{night} watchmen were
mostly Irish, and the common
carnival was ^{from} ^{mostly} Irish (Paddy O'Brien ^{and} an eloquent ^{man})

The only year the Irish really
shunned, with a ^{dogged} unity that almost
suggests a racial claustrophobia,
was working in the underground
mines.

Mequame and Marquette
were much the same, and
my backyard ears rang with
the redolent Irish names of
^{Marquette} Jim Harley (I even worked with
him as a game, & R), Jim Foley
Harley, the courtly salmonhead,
^{storm} John Delaney, plug-batted
^{duffy} John Dorney, Democratic
"king" of south Marquette (to
whom I once paid court!)
and whole colorful roster
of Bogans, Dunleavy, O'Neil's
-- but I lack the space to go on.

When I was a ^{boy} ~~boy~~
St. Patrick's day was
virtually a national
and county-wide holiday,
during which there were
parades and ^{dancing} ~~balls~~ and
speeches and fights galore.

Today all that
has changed: St. Paddy's
Day has grown a commercial
and profane as Mathis
Day and, as Mike Ryan
said not long ago, ~~whereas~~
an Irishman dare not die these
days because there weren't
enough Irish pallbearers left to
decently bury him.

Why ^{all} this ~~is~~ has
happened poses a profound
sociological question: beyond
the scope of this article,

touches on many fronts, but

one obvious thing that happened
or rather, ^{didn't happen,} (the ^{way} they may be obscure)
is that the Irish boys did
not marry the Irish girls;
either they remained bachelors
or they married girls of other
races backgrounds national backgrounds,
and there was the story not
only debated . . .

2nd year, plan

2nd
5/13/73

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE IRISH?

LAPSE
Recording

Poni

When I was a boy, I was ^{by John Walker} literally surrounded by the Irish; I was ^{lying on} ^{in Barmen} ^{Street} literally surrounded by the Irish; Jim Hughes lived just east of us across ~~the~~ ~~the~~ street; ^{the} the Fitzpatricks ^{dwell} ^{on} ^{the} ^{other} ^{northwest} ^{corner} across Barmen ~~Street~~; and John Nolan lived ^{at} ^{the} ^{other} ^{corner} ^{of} ^{the} ^{street}. Now the ^{English} ^{Settimis} ^{has} ^{managed} to ^{move} ^{into} ^{the} ^{house} ^{muscle} ⁱⁿ ^{my} ^{area} south of us I know that, but the Irish Gleasons ~~were~~ ^{made} ^{up} ^{for} ^{us} ^{by} ^{this} ^{last} ^{year} ^{by} ^{buying} us ^{the} ^{house}. Then John Burke, the ^{best} ^{man} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{area}, lived ^{just} ^{across} ^{the} ^{street} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{middle} ^{of} ^{the} ^{block}, while John Nolan was ^{on} ^{the} ^{left} ^{end} ^{of} ^{the} ^{block}, while the Mounly railroad family and ^{the} ^{Mc} ^{Genesys} family, while the Mullins family lived a few doors beyond past Jim Hughes' house.

A flock ^{region} west of us on Barmen Street the Irish ~~was~~ ^{was} almost total, so ^I ^{can} ^{only} ^{do} ^{so} ^{briefly} just tick them off. First there were the Laughlin family, which included three unmarried grade school teachers of which I was taught by two, Nora and

the **the** Cornners (including another spinster ^{Shaggy} school teacher who ^{also} ^{once} ^{taught} ^{me}) and then ^{then} ^{the} ^{spinster} ^{Kenney} ^{girls}. ^{big} ^{came} ^{across} ^{the} ^{street} ^{west} ^{of} ^{the} ^{Quinlans}, ^{the} ^{Jim} ^{Hughes} ^{family} (son of old Jim), the ^{Farleys} ^{twelve} ^{children} ^{from} ^{married} ^{Jim} ^{and} ^{his} ^{school} ⁻ ^{teacher} ^{and} ^{finally} ^{an} ^{Irish} ^{family} ^{of} ^{unmarried} ^{Cornish} ^{called} ^{Harper}.

DONEYS

~~then the~~ ~~house~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~spinster~~ ~~Kenney~~ ~~girls~~ ~~and~~ ~~finally~~ ~~an~~ ~~Irish~~ ~~family~~ ~~of~~ ~~unmarried~~ ~~Cornish~~ ~~called~~ ~~Harper~~.

(NEXT PAGE)

(in the
house)

(later occupied by the Jeremiah Harps),

teeming railroad family^{of}, the Pat Gallerys
(later by the equally teeming Mc Carthy
family when the Gallerys were transferred
to Green Bay), then the two unmarried
Mallays, including consisting of a ~~troubled~~
powerful red-headed giant called Jim and ^{still} another
patient soul who tried to ~~teach me~~ ^{teach me}, ^{his sister} sweet
Margaret, and finally, on the corner, by an
intrepid family of invading Cornish called
Harper.

there seemed to be no middle ground: either there was

~~Naturally, I grew up in~~

Irish where there were very children at all that families tended to be big, as many as five and seven being a common figure, and ten to thirteen not unusual; it seemed to be a big family or ^{the survivors} ~~the survivors~~ children of once big families ^{lived unmixed and} ~~lived unmixed and~~ alone.

Needless to say, I grew up with Irish children, ^{my} ~~my~~ earliest playmates and, though I possess ^{to my} ~~to my~~ not a drop of Irish blood, by the time I was ten I spoke with an Irish brogue as thick as St. Patrick's Day snowstorm. ^{was scornfully} ~~was scornfully~~ I could call my Irish playmates "Lavericks" and "Amadons" (I'm not sure of the ^{either} ~~either~~ spelling) along with the best of them which, ^{was the American equivalent of} ~~was the American equivalent of~~ ^{prime horse's foot...} ~~prime horse's foot...~~ translated means calling someone a ^{helplessly} ~~helplessly~~ ^{fool.} ~~fool.~~ Even today strangers who hear me pronouncing my Old Barmum Street "beauty - full" for beautiful, and "tornab-mint" for tournament ask if I'm Irish. "Only ^{constant} ~~constant ^{transparencies} ~~transparencies of Jameson's and Bushmills," I sadly reply.~~~~

Sure an' I
LAVERICKS
AMADONS

TORNA-

The whole town was much the same and ^{large} ~~large~~ ^{mining} ~~mining~~ "location" had its large quota of Irish families. The roster of the local police force and fire department read like a Dublin telephone directory: handsome silver-haired Jack Lucy, for one, and silent "Paddy the Peller" Collins for another being a memorable ^{names} ~~names~~ interspersed with ^{names} ~~names~~ Schley, Sullivans and many others ^{long} ~~long~~ forgotten.

two, ^{names} ~~names~~

~~apologetic~~

of those days

more

fairly

eloquent

The city government was awash with Irishmen, eloquent ^{fast-talking} Paddy O'Brien being one of the latterly, with sprinklings of Cronins and Slinneys and Mellans and Coffey and Curaghlin gang, ^{then} back to the Civil War. The railroads were ^{much} the same, from the Flynns who ran the big section gang to the Fishers ^{at the} roundhouse to the scores of Irish engineers, foremen, trackmen, conductors ^{on} down to ^{the} one-armed Dan Lane ^{at the} crossing near an ^{below} ^{one} ^{arm} ^{man} ^{Jack} ^{Reavin,}

old
flagman
DROPTWO
(LEAVE AN
INCHS
HERE)
SO I CAN
write in

Even the mini cops and watchmen and diamond-drillers and steam-shovel operators were mostly Irish: Hughes, the Redmond brothers, the Kenney brothers, to name just a ^{few}. There ^{was} an Irish lodge called the Ancient Order of Hibernians, ^{now} gone, and the vanderbill of those days ^{was} dominated by the Irish hat. (remember Mr. Callaghan of Callaghan ^{at the drop of} and Shean.) and Irish ^{popular} songs were ^{constantly} sung. Even the best ^{local athletes} ^{athletes} of the day were ^{mostly} Irish. In fact the only job around here the Irish seemed to shun ^{was} that of underground mining, an aversion ^{that seemed to be}

strictly

so

total as to suggest a kind of racial claustrophobia.

CLAUSTROPHOBIA

my early reading of ~~the~~ closely

Maguire was much like Jefferson
and Marquette even more so, and the very
earliest history of that town ^{being} intertwined
with the Irish. From the Mining Journal
and ^{the} old Chronicle many of these names come
back to me and ~~others~~ ^{others} ^{then} ^{and} ^{met} ⁱⁿ
person: gentlemen Jim Foley, the saloonkeeper;
John Tierney, the ^{facile} watchdog of municipal politics;
dark phlegm-battered John Darnley, "king" of the
south Marquette Democrats (to whom I once duly
paid court!), colorful ^{him} Buller Warren, ^{some} ^{rank} ^{and} ^{file} ^{did}
his hardest work ~~was~~ ^{providing} ~~some~~ ^{some} ^{courtesy}
Jim Herley and ^{all} later his ^{son} ^{Mc} ^{Cornick}, both
of which excellent ^{excellent} ^{chiefs} ^{of} ^{police} I worked
with when I was DA -- and an almost endless
roster of ^{Hogans} ^{Hogans} ^{and} ^{Bessini} ^{and} ^{Hanigan} ^{and} ^{Nels} ^{and} ^{Dunleavy}
of whom ~~there~~ ^{there} ^{seemed} ^{to} ^{be} ^{no} ^{end}.
And even though I suspect neither ^{all} ^{or} ^{was} ^{Irish} ^{too} ^{simple} ^{get} ^{to} ^{mention}

his

THAT

Back in those days, St. Patrick's
Day was virtually a national as well as
county-wide holiday, celebrated with parades and
speeches and ^{all-night} ^{dancing} ^{with} ^{occasional} ^{blackness}.
That today all that has changed and
St. Patrick's Day has ~~become~~ ^{become} ^{as} ^{commercialized} ^{and} ^{perfunctory}
as Mother's Day, so ^{completely} ^{ignored}, in fact, that
Congress ^{was} ^{forgot} ^{to} ^{link} ^{with} ^{the} ^{date}.

my old friends Joe Townsend and Bill Wiseman.

old devil-may-care

In solemn fact the "Irish" Irish
seem to be disappearing these days and
I ^{often} wonder whether the great prevalence of
Irish bachelors and old maids when I
was a boy didn't carry the seeds of
this sad eclipse. Even priests and
altar boys ^{these days} are apt to be called
minelli or ~~or~~ even millimaki as
Muldoon. "Tis sad awful sad," an
old Irishman recently told me. "Sure an'
it's gittin' so an ol' man darint die --
there aren't enough Irish left around to
furnish pallbearers for a decent
burial!"

6

of my backyard + possessed an
art

spread

To me all this seems a vast pity,
for if true, for the Irish, brought an
eloquence and charm and native
ability and sheer talent for living
unmatched by us more staid types.
Why this ^{change} has happened ^{taken place} would be
far beyond the scope of a brief ^{such} as this
nostalgic or backward glance, but
surely what has happened ^{is} beyond dispute:
~~question or denial~~ the Irish lads and
Irish lassies are no longer marrying each
other but ~~are~~ instead ^{are} either marrying into
other strains, thus diluting their Irishness, or
else not marrying at all, thus ending their
Irishness. If I were king, ^{perhaps} I'd turn the clock
back for I sorely miss the Irish of my backyard.

7

Uncredited copy

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE IRISH?

by

John Voelker

When I was a boy living on Barnum Street in Ishpeming I was literally surrounded by the Irish; Tim Hughes lived just east of us across Pine street; the Fitzpatrick's dwelt on the northeast corner across Barnum; and John Nolan lived kitty corner. How the English Sedgwicks ever managed to muscle in just south of us I know not, but the Irish Gleasons made up for this lapse by bounding us on the west. Then John Burke, the livery man, lived just across the street in the middle of the block, while John Nolan was adjoined on his left by the big Mooney railroad family and next by the McGintys, while the Mullins family lived a few doors beyond Tim Hughes' house.

A block west of us on Barnum Street the Irish reign was almost total, so I can only just tick them off. First there were the Laughlins, which included three unmarried grade school teachers of which I was taught by two, Nora and Bridget; then in quick order came the Harringtons, the Connors (including another spinster school teacher, Maggie, who also once taught me) then the Doney's and finally the two spinster Kennedy girls. Across the street came the Quinlans, then the big Tom Hughes family (son of old Tim), the Farleys, then the teeming railroad family of the Pat Gallery's (later by the equally teeming McCarthy family when the Gallery's were transferred to Green Bay), then the two unmarried Malloys, consisting of a powerful red-headed giant called Jim and still another patient soul who tried to teach me, his sister sweet Margaret, (in the house later occupied by the Jeremiah Hares), and finally, on the corner, by an intrepid family of invading Cornish called Harper.

Where there were any children at all these Irish families tended to be big ones, as many as five and seven children being common, and from ten to thirteen not unusual; there seemed to be no middle ground: either there was a big teeming family or else the survivors of once big families lived unmarried and alone.

Needless to say I grew up with all these Irish children as my earliest playmates and, though I possess to my regret not a drop of Irish blood, by the time I was ten I spoke with an Irish brogue as thick as a St. Patrick's Day snowstorm. Sure an' I could even scornfully call my Irish playmates "lavericks" and "amadons" (I'm not sure of either spelling) along with the best of them which, most freely translated, was the American equivalent of calling someone a prime horse's foot... Even today strangers who hear me helplessly pronouncing my old Barnum Street "beauty-full" for beautiful and ski "torna-mint" for tournament ask if I'm Irish. "Only by constant transfusions of Jameson's and Bushmill's," I sadly reply.

The whole town was pretty much the same and every remote mining "location" also had its large quota of large Irish families. The rosters of the local police force and fire department read like a Dublin telephone directory: handsome silver-haired Jack Lacey, and silent "Paddy the Peeler" Collins being a memorable two, interspersed with armies of Hickeys, Sullivans, Navins and many others I've long forgotten.

The city government of those days was fairly awash with eloquent Irishmen, fast-talking Paddy O'Brien being one of the more latterly, with sprinklings of Cronins and Devines and Slineys and Geelans and

Coffeys and Coughlins going clean back to the Civil War. The railroads were much the same, from the Flynns who ran the big section gang to the Fishers up at the roundhouse on to the scores of Irish engineers, firemen, brakemen, conductors on down to the one-armed old flagman Dan Cane at the crossing below our house.

Even the mine cops and watchmen and diamond-drillers and steam-shovel operators were mostly Irish: Jack Hughes, the Redmond brothers, the Kenney brothers and Jack Navins to name just a few. There was even an Irish lodge called the Ancient Order of Hibernians, long gone, alas, and the vaudeville of those days was largely dominated by the Irish (remember Mr. Gallagher of Gallagher and Shean?) and Irish popular songs were sung at the drop of a hat. Even the best local athletes of the day were mostly Irish. In fact the only job around here the Irish seemed to shun to a man was that of underground mining, an aversion so total as to suggest a kind of racial claustrophobia.

Negaunee was much like Ishpeming and Marquette even more so, the earliest history of that town being closely interwoven with the Irish. From my early reading of the Mining Journal and the old Chronicle many of these names come back to me and still others I even saw and met in person: gentlemen Tim Foley, the elegant saloon-keeper, John Tierney, the taciturn watchdog of municipal politics,

dark plug-hatted John Downey, "king" of the south Marquette Democrats (to whom I once duly paid court!), colorful big Buller Warren, who some said did his hardest work avoiding same, courtly Tim Hurley and still later big Don McCormick, both of which excellent chiefs of police I worked with when I was DA--and an almost endless roster of Hogans and Griffins and Flanigans and O'Neils and Dunleavys without end, and even though I suspect neither was all or even any Irish I've simply got to mention my old friends Joe Forwick and Bill Wiseman.

Back in those days, too, St. Patrick's Day was virtually a national as well as county-wide holiday, celebrated with parades and speeches and all-night dancing along with occasional blackeyes. Today all that has changed and St. Patrick's Day has become as drably commercialized and perfunctory as Mother's Day, so completely ignored, in fact, that Congress even forgot to tinker with the date.

In solemn fact the old divil-may-care "Irish" Irish seem to be disappearing these days and I often wonder whether the great prevalence of Irish bachelors and old maids when I was a boy didn't carry the seeds of this sad eclipse. Even priests and altar boys these days are as apt to be called Minelli or even Millimaki as Muldoon. "Ti's awful sad," an old Irishman recently told me. "Sure an' it's gittin' so an ol' man daren't die--there aren't enough Irish left around to furnish pallbearers for a decent burial!"

This seems a vast pity, if true, for the Irish of my boyhood possessed an eloquence and charm and shrewd native ability and sheer talent for living unmatched by as more stoic types. Why this change

has taken place would be beyond the scope of such a brief nostalgic backward glance as this, but surely what has happened is beyond dispute: the Irish lads and Irish lassies are no longer marrying each other but instead are either marrying into other strains, thus diluting their Irishness, or else not marrying at all, thus ending their Irishness. If I were king I would turn the clock back for I sorely miss the Irish of my boyhood.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE IRISH?

by John Voelker

When I was a boy living on Barnum Street in Ishpeming I was literally surrounded by the Irish; Tim Hughes lived just east of us across Pine Street; the Fitzpatricks dwelt on the north-west corner across Barnum; and John Nolan lived kitty corner. How the very English Sedgwicks ever managed to muscle in just south of us I know not, but the Gleasons made up for this lapse by bounding us on the west. Then John Burke, the livery stable man, lived across the street in the middle of the block, while John Nolan was adjoined on his left by the big Mooney railroad family and next by the McGintys, while the Mullins family lived just a few doors down from Tim Hughes' house.

A block west of us on Barnum Street the Irish reign was almost total, so I can only just tick them off. First there were the Laughlins, which included three unmarried grade school teachers, of which I was taught by two, Nora and Bridget, Kate being spared that ordeal; then in quick order came the Harringtons, the Connors (including another spinster schoolteacher, Maggie, who also once taught me) then the Doneys and finally the two spinster Kennedy girls. Across the street came the Quinlans, then the big Tom Hughes family (son of old Tim), next the Farleys, then the teeming railroad family of the Pat Gallerys (later by the equally teeming McCarthy family when the Gallerys moved to Green Bay), then the two unmarried Malloys, consisting of a taciturn, powerful redheaded giant called Jim and still another patient soul who tried to teach me, his sweet sister Margaret (in the house later occupied by the Jeremiah Hares), and finally,

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Where there were any children at all, these Irish families tended to be big ones, as many as five and seven children being common, and from ten to thirteen not unusual; there seemed to be no middle ground: either there was a big teeming family or else the aging survivors of once big families lived unmarried and alone.

Naturally I grew up with all these Irish children as my earliest playmates and, though I possess to my regret not a drop of Irish blood, by the time I was ten I spoke with an Irish brogue as thick as a St. Patrick's Day snowstorm. Sure an' I could even call my Irish playmates "lavericks" and "amadons" (I'm not sure of either spelling) along with the best of them, terms which, most freely translated, were the American equivalent of scornfully calling someone a prime horse's foot. . . Even today strangers who hear me helplessly pronouncing my old Barnum Street "beauty-full" for beautiful and ski "torna-mint" for tournament ask if I'm Irish. "Only by constant trans-fusions of Jameson's and Bushmill's," I sadly confess.

The whole town was pretty much the same, and every remote mining "location" also had its quote of large Irish families, like the Thorntons of Winthrop. The rosters of the local police force and fire department read like a Dublin telephone directory: handsome silver-haired Jack Lacey and silent "Paddy the Peeler" Collins being a memorable two, interspersed with armies of Hickeys, Sullivans, Navins and many others I've long forgotten.

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men, red-faced, fast talking Paddy O'Brien being one of the more latterly, with sprinklings of Cronins and Devines and Slineys and Geelans and Coffeys and Coughlins going clean back to the Civil War. The railroads were much the same, from the Flynns who ran the big section gang to the Fishers up at the roundhouse on to the scores of Irish engineers, firemen, brakemen, conductors on down to the one-armed old flagman Dan Cane at the crossing below our house. Whole families often followed the same calling, like the railroad Flynns and Fishers and Meehans and Ryans and some I've long forgot.

Then there were those eccentric loners like Dennis Hughes, cynical and shrewd, who made a bundle in the stock market, while one could write a whole book about "Senator" Jim Murphy.

Even the mine cops and watchmen and diamond-drillers and steam-shovel operators were mostly Irish: Jack Hughes, the Redmond brothers, the Kenney brothers and Jack Navins, to name just a few. There was even an Irish lodge called the Ancient Order of Hibernians, long gone, alas, and the vaudeville of those days was largely dominated by the Irish (remember Mr. Gallagher of Gallagher and Shean?) and Irish popular songs were sung at the drop of a hat - and sometimes when it didn't drop. Even the best local athletes of the day were mostly Irish. In fact the only job around here the Irish seemed to shun was that of underground mining, an aversion so total as to suggest a kind of racial claustrophobia.

Negaunee was much like Ishpeming and Marquette even more so, the earliest history of that town being

closely interwoven with the local Irish. From my early reading of the *Mining Journal* and the old *Chronicle* many of these names come back to me and still others I later saw and met in person: gentleman Tim Foley, the elegant saloon-keeper, John Tierney, the taciturn watchdog of municipal politics, dark plug-hatted John Downey, "king" of the south Marquette Democrats (to whom I once duly paid respectful court!), colorful big Buller Warren, who some said did his hardest work avoiding same, courtly Tim Hurley and still later big booming-voiced Don McCormick, both of which excellent chiefs of police I worked with when I was DA - and an almost endless roster of Hogans, and Griffins and Flanigans and O'Neils and Dunleavys without end, and even though I suspect none were all or even partly Irish, they should have been, so I've simply got to mention my old friends Joe Forwick and Bill Wiseman and Nellie French of the Brunswick Hotel.

Back in those days, too, St. Patrick's Day was virtually a national as well as county-wide holiday, celebrated with parades and speeches and all-night dancing, along with occasional blackeyes. Today all that has changed and St. Patrick's Day has become as drably commercialized and plasticly perfunctory as Mother's Day, so completely ignored, in fact, that Congress even forgot to tinker with the date.

In solemn fact the old devil-may-care Irish of the past seem to be disappearing these days, and I often wonder whether the growing prevalence of Irish bachelors and old maids when I was a boy didn't carry the seeds of this sad eclipse. Even

— continued on page 10 —

HARLOW'S WOODEN MAN — 7

Dennis Hogan

— continued from page 9 —

tossing of peanut shucks, few spitballs and other debris down upon the heads of those sitting in the orchestra pit far below.

Upon the lowering of the house lights Denny would rap his nightstick on the wooden railing or balustrade. Not only did he remove his blue, gold-braided cap, but every head in the balcony was bared. He was the law and there was none who would dispute it.

One day a call came to the Police Station from a saloon keeper for help. Three lumberjacks, who had overindulged to a considerable degree, were on a rampage and intent upon destroying everything in sight. Denny was the first to arrive on the scene. By the time additional assistance showed up he had the three unruly woodsmen flat on the floor. He was kneeling on the chest of one and holding the other two by their throats, attempting to choke them into submission. The only help needed was to get them to the lockup to sober up.

Dennis Hogan was by no means the only worthy Irishman who lived in Marquette. These Sons of Erin came to the region during its earliest days as young adults to work in the mines, the woods, on the docks and on the railroads. They settled largely in the south part of town providing the area with scores of Irish names which remain legion to this day.

They started as dollar-a-day laborers and managed through the greatest of thrift to establish their own homes. With their hoarded pennies they built St. Peter's Cathedral, a monument to their force, power and progressiveness. Much of the historical richness of the region stems from the Irish who left their homes across the Atlantic to become citizens of, and lasting credit to, Marquette County.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE IRISH?

— continued from page 7 —

priests and altar boys these days are as apt to be called Minelli or even Millimaki as they are Muldoon. "T'ies awful sad," an old Irishman recently told me. "Sure an' it's gittin' so an ol' man daren't up an' die—there simply ain't enough Irish left to furnish pallbearers for a dacent burial!"

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"Yes," said the dentist, "to insure painless extraction you'll have to take gas, and that's fifty cents extra."

"Oh!" said Casey, "I guess the old way'll be best; never mind no gas."

"You're a brave man."

"Oh! it ain't me that's got the tooth; it's my wife Bridget."

A school teacher asked an Irish boy to describe an island. "Sure, ma'am," said Pat, "it's a place ye can't lave widout a boat."

