

EI-1092/CATHERINE CONNELLY

EI-1092

CATHERINE UHLMAYER (GALLAGHER) CONNELLY

BIRTH DATE: APRIL 4, 1893

INTERVIEW DATE: JULY 10, 1999

RUNNING TIME: 51:30

INTERVIEWER: PAUL E. SIGRIST, JR.

RECORDING ENGINEER: SAME

INTERVIEW LOCATION: WILTON MEADOWS HEALTHCARE CENTER
WILTON, CONNECTICUT

TRANSCRIPT PREPARED AND REVIEWED BY: PAUL SIGRIST, 7/1999

BORN OF GERMAN PARENTS IN NEW YORK CITY IN 1893

SURVIVOR OF THE 1904 "GENERAL SLOCUM" MARITIME TRAGEDY

ORAL HISTORIAN'S NOTE: Mrs. Connelly was eleven years old when she was rescued from the excursion boat "General Slocum" as it burned on June 15, 1904 in New York City's East River, having been run aground on North Brother Island by the captain. Over one thousand people lost their lives during this disaster, including Mrs. Connelly's mother, brother, and sister. At the time of this recorded interview, Mrs. Connelly was 106 years--one of two known survivors of the tragedy. At the time of the interview, Mrs. Connelly was suffering from extreme hearing loss and her eyesight had significantly failed. Most of this interview was conducted by her granddaughter Maureen Enright writing questions on an erasable slate--questions sometimes prompted by me and sometimes of her invention--which Mrs. Connelly would then read and answer. Because of her hearing loss, Mrs. Connelly tends to produce frequent involuntary vocalizations. To grasp the uniqueness of the circumstances surrounding this interview and to sense the poignancy of the story being told, one must listen to this recording as well as read the transcribed text. The other known survivor was Adella Liebenow Wotherspoon, interviewed by me for the Ellis Island Oral History Project on July 19, 1999; Interview EI-1094. Both women were identified and located by Kevin Daley, recording engineer for the Ellis Island Oral History Project. Paul E. Sigrist, Jr., Director of Oral History, 7/23/1999.

CONNELLY: ...Couldn't eat the breakfast this morning. Everything was ice cold. Ah. You couldn't eat anything at all.

SIGRIST: This is Paul Sigrist...

CONNELLY: I had a banana and a cup of tea.

SIGRIST: ...for the National Park Service. Today is July 10th...

CONNELLY: Why they give the breakfast cold like that I don't know.

ENRIGHT: Well, the nurse said that whenever you tell her, she'll heat it up for you but you don't tell her.

CONNELLY: Oh, it's got to be a little warm. Some mornings it's very good. This morning was no good.

ENRIGHT: No. Did you ring the button?

CONNELLY: Then, the morning is not that great.

SIGRIST: Mrs. Connelly, Mrs. Connelly, what is your birthday?

CONNELLY: I know, did you say Saturday? No?

SIGRIST: Your birthday. The day you were born.

CONNELLY: See, this (?) again.

SIGRIST: We're writing down the question on a slate.

CONNELLY: Birthday?

SIGRIST: Your birthday.

CONNELLY: The fourth of April, in 1893.

SIGRIST: Where were you born?

CONNELLY: Downtown someplace. I don't know. Houston Street they lived. I don't know.

SIGRIST: Where did your parents come from?

CONNELLY: They, we never spoke about it and, I think it was on Houston Street. I don't know.

SIGRIST: Where did your parents come from?

CONNELLY: That "Slocum" destroyed everything. Everything.

SIGRIST: Talk about that. What do you remember about "the Slocum?"

CONNELLY: Sometimes the eyes close but then they...

SIGRIST: I should say for the sake of the tape that also in the room are Mrs. Connelly's granddaughter Maureen Enright...

CONNELLY: (reading the question written on the slate) Your mother...?

SIGRIST: And her daughter Betty Reilly, R-I-L-E-Y [sic]?

REILLY: R-E.

SIGRIST: R-E-I-L-L-Y.

CONNELLY: (reading the question written on the slate by her granddaughter) Coming here? They came from Germany. She was born in Germany. I know very little about them because there was no occasion to talk about anything. As far as I know, I was born in Houston Street. I don't know. (reading the slate) What town my mother came from Germany? I imagine Dusseldorf. I don't know. Don't forget, there was no way of talking about anything because everything was gone. (reading the slate) Her name? Veronica.

SIGRIST: (to Ms. Enright) Her last name?

CONNELLY: (reading the slate) The last name? Ottinger. Ottinger as far as I know.

ENRIGHT: Ottinger. O-T-T-I-N-G-E-R.

CONNELLY: Otherwise, I don't know anything. Nothing. (reading the slate) Her brother? I think his name was Jacob. I don't really know. We called him Uncle Jake anyhow. Well, I was the only one. There was nobody else.

SIGRIST: (to Ms. Enright) Ask her when she (i.e. Mrs. Connelly's mother) came to America.

CONNELLY: There's no way at all. I don't see the need of going through all this. I gave so many interviews. (she reads the slate) When did your mother...? I don't know. I don't know when.

ENRIGHT: After you were born.

CONNELLY: (to Ms. Enright) You should have a picture of her.

ENRIGHT: I do.

CONNELLY: And my Uncle Jake.

ENRIGHT: I do. I have a picture.

CONNELLY: Yeah. I don't know when they came or anything about them. Nothing.

SIGRIST: (to Ms. Enright) Ask Mrs. Connelly about "the Slocum," like what she remembers (unintelligible)...

ENRIGHT: In the picture I have of your mother and your Uncle Jake they were, they look like they were teenagers when they came here, (to Mr. Sigrist) because Nanny [i.e. Mrs. Connelly] was born here.

SIGRIST: (to Ms. Enright) Right. In 1893.

ENRIGHT: Her mother and father were both born in Germany.

CONNELLY: I suspect the eyes are going to close very soon.

ENRIGHT: No, I don't think so. And the, uh, Nanny's name was Uhlmeier. That was her mother's married name.

SIGRIST: Can you spell it?

CONNELLY: For the last...

ENRIGHT: U-H-L-U, no, U-H-L...

CONNELLY: For the last two nights...

ENRIGHT: M-E-Y-E-R.

CONNELLY: ...I sat in the dining room by myself at the table.

SIGRIST: (he writes) U-H-L, U-H-L...

ENRIGHT: M-E-Y-E-R.

CONNELLY: Nobody else.

SIGRIST: Oh, Uhlmeier.

ENRIGHT: Uhlmeier. U-H-L.

SIGRIST: Yes, U-H-L.

CONNELLY: I didn't know Sheila fell...

ENRIGHT: She, she's fine now. She's walking. She's walking now.

CONNELLY: ...because she's very good on her feet.

ENRIGHT: Yes, she's walking now. She's not in the wheelchair anymore.

CONNELLY: When she came in in the wheelchair, I was struck. You see, she doesn't talk too much.

ENRIGHT: She has a soft voice.

CONNELLY: She's walking now?

ENRIGHT: Yes.

CONNELLY: Well, she'd better be careful because it's been, everybody here has been very sick. It was a very, very bad week. You have no idea. (Ms. Enright writing on the slate can be heard in the background) Nine out of ten are wearing hearing aids. Most of them.

SIGRIST: We've written on a slate "Please talk about the day of "the Slocum."

CONNELLY: (she reads the slate) I don't get it at all.

ENRIGHT: Please talk about the day of "the Slocum." I know that's hard but it's important.

CONNELLY: (she reads the slate) Most of the people here can't hear. There's...

SIGRIST: "Slocum."

CONNELLY: Well, I was eleven years old and I wasn't supposed to go on that. My mother wanted me to stay home with my grandmother. That's her mother. She didn't want to leave her alone. So when I went down to get her lunch, I was crying. And the grocery lady wanted to know what was the matter. I said, "Because I can't go on the excursion." She says, "I'll give you another ticket." "Oh," I said. My mother was furious. Furious. But I went. And we were sitting by the flight of stairs. I went up to the top deck. When the cry of "Fire" came, but nobody seemed to pay much attention. But when it come the second time, everybody ran upstairs on the top deck. So what happened? The boat was in bad condition, should never been sailing. I imagine I got off just in time when the whole deck collapsed. And that was all. I never seen anything. We were taken to the hospital until somebody identified us and took us home. But my people didn't know where I was. And two women came to take a little boy home and she asked me where I lived. I said, "Fifteenth Street between First and A." She said then, "If I take you and let you off at the Fourteenth Street elevated, will you find your way home?" And I said, "Yes." That was nine o'clock at night. So I ran home by myself, and up the stairs. And, of course, they wanted to know where my mother was. And I said, "I don't know. I don't know where the baby or Walter is." I never seen them again. But we were lucky to find them. So I, they were drowned. They weren't burned or anything. And we identified them in a couple of days. Oh, that was a terrible, terrible thing.

SIGRIST: (to Ms. Enright) Ask her who she knew on the boat that was with her. Who went with her on the boat?

ENRIGHT: (to Mr. Sigrist, speaking almost inaudibly because of Mrs. Connelly's involuntary vocalizations) I don't think she knew anybody because (?) grandmother was Roman Catholic (?) and the grocer was Lutheran who gave them tickets because she wasn't going to go (?).

SIGRIST: (to Ms. Enright) Yeah, ask her if she knew anybody on the boat. (Ms. Enright writes on the slate)

CONNELLY: (she coughs) I don't know what happened to all the furnishings in the home.

SIGRIST: We have another question. "Did you know people on the boat" is the question.

CONNELLY: (she reads the slate) No.

SIGRIST: No.

CONNELLY: We didn't know anybody. That was run by a church. That pastor gave that excursion every year. And the grocery store where my mother dealt was a member of that church. We weren't. And she had a lot of tickets and she wasn't going and she distributed them around. That's how we got, we didn't know anybody. When I was young, I spoke a lot of German because my grandmother did not like the English language. But my brother couldn't speak it. But I could rattle it off, everything in German. But he never, he never liked it. So that's the way it is. I don't even remember Houston Street. I know nothing about it.

SIGRIST: We are asking the question, "How did you get separated from your mother?"

CONNELLY: (she reads the slate) How, Did, How did you get...

SIGRIST: Separated...

ENRIGHT: From your mother?

CONNELLY: Separated from my mother? Well, I was holding on to her skirt. And I decided I was on the deck, I was going to run to the railing. And she called me. She said, "Come back and hold my skirt." But I didn't. So when I get to the railing on the boat and they picked me up and ushered me over to another man on the tugboat. And that's how I got saved. But now, I wasn't hurt in any way at all. (she reads the slate) Where, Did...

SIGRIST: Maureen is asking, "Where did she go?"

CONNELLY: Where did he go?

ENRIGHT: No, where did your mother go?

CONNELLY: Well, they rode up on the island [i.e. North Brother Island) and there were little ice cars was taking the people to the hospital [i.e. Riverside Tubercular Hospital on North Brother Island]. And you were left there and you were running free. All I was doing was crying because I couldn't find my mother. People were, oh, it was terrible. You know, I was eleven and you kind of remember some things. But I was glad when the woman said she would take me off and drop me on Fourteenth Street. And on our particular block, there were ten dead. And none of them belonged to the church. People, the grocery lady had a lot of tickets and she distributed them. My grandmother's landlady lost her daughter, twenty-one. There was two young girls, twenty-one, in the block. Another young married woman with a three year old boy. The boy was saved but she was drowned. Then there was a Mrs. Smith. She owned a dairy store that sold butter and milk and eggs. She was found but the children, the three of them were never found. And then there was our family. Three in our family. But none of them were a member of that church. Those tickets were given out, you know, to different people. My mother only needed two tickets for my brother and herself. She didn't want me to go. She was furious I got the ticket because she didn't want my grandmother to be alone all day. We lived in one house and my grandmother lived in the next house. My grandmother lived on the ground floor. So everything I wanted, I ran into my grandmother because we lived up four flights of stairs on the top floor. We had a nice apartment. And it was very common to spend, in the summer, a lot of time up on the roof. Not everybody went up but we lived on the top floor so we went up. The Fourth of July my father lit fireworks and stuff like that. Otherwise I don't remember so much about, we lived in Houston Street. That's where I was born. And I, I didn't know too much about the family because we never spoke about that like they do now.

SIGRIST: (to Ms. Enright) Are there other aspects, Maureen, especially of "the Slocum," that you know of that we, it's quite wonderful the way her memory just sort of blossoms out.

ENRIGHT: (to Mr. Sigrist) Well, I think that one thing that was kind of ironic about this was that about a week or

two before "the Slocum," Nanny (i.e. Mrs. Connelly) and her mother and brother Walter and her, her baby sister Agnes were supposed to have their photograph taken on the stoop..

CONNELLY: This is a nice room.

ENRIGHT: ...of their building, which was a very common practice that the photographer came around. And it was supposed to be the four of them, you know, the mom and the three children. And Nanny was out playing on the next block and she didn't want to stop..

CONNELLY: I used to come in this room a lot.

ENRIGHT: ...playing. So she didn't come for the photograph.

SIGRIST: (to Ms. Enright) Could you ask, would she tell that story? Could you ask about that?

ENRIGHT: So the photograph I have is of the..

CONNELLY: But they've changed this room all around.

ENRIGHT: ...three people that died on "the Slocum" Here Nanny wasn't in that photograph and she, you know, didn't stay with her mother either.

SIGRIST: Just talk about being photographed. (Ms. Enright writes on the slate) We're writing on a slate the question. We'll see.

ENRIGHT: (to Mrs. Connelly) Talk about the photo of Mom, Walter, and Agnes. (voices can be heard in the distant background, a door shuts)

CONNELLY: (reading the slate) I can't see it all.

SIGRIST: The photograph. The photograph of your mother and Walter and Agnes.

CONNELLY: See, when the home was broken up, I don't know what happened to anything. We had a beautiful velvet album in the parlor on a little round table with all the, I don't know what happened to it. I never see it again.

SIGRIST: The photograph on the stoop of the building.

CONNELLY: And they were taken on the steps. They were looking for me but I don't know. I, if the organ grinder came around I followed the organ grinder and we used to dance with it. And she wanted to get me in that picture but they couldn't find me. That was a very common thing in those days. Photographers came around in the block and took pictures. I don't know. I, I think they were ten or fifteen cents. Everything was so cheap in those days. And she happened to be, the way she was dressed on that picture on the step was the way she dressed when she went on "the Slocum." They wore dresses all the way down to the ankle. One length. Not like today. Entirely different.

SIGRIST: Do you remember what you were...

CONNELLY: And I had to wear black for a whole year. The handkerchiefs were ridged with a black border, black hair ribbons, everything was black for a whole year. Everybody did it. It was a common thing. And my grandmother wore a black veil all the way down to here (she gestures) with a little bonnet tied under her chin. Do any (?) (Ms. Enright writes on the slate)

SIGRIST: We'll go maybe two more minutes. We have (?)

CONNELLY: (reading the slate) Taffy Jakes? That was an ice cream parlor run by Germans. A great, big, heavy man that wore a white apron and a big, white hat. He made all his own candy. Oh, it was terrific. For a penny you got one kind. If you bought two cents worth, you could make another choice. And the ice cream soda was five cents. And my mother gave my brother and I each five cents on a Sunday to have an ice cream soda. That was a big thing then. You were, it was very common to go to Taffy Jake's with a dish and buy ten or fifteen cents worth of ice cream. It was great, only on a Sunday we got five cents. When I think back, we used to look forward to getting the five cents on Sunday for an ice cream soda. And candy was, candy stores were very cheap. For one penny you got two pieces of candy. (Ms. Enright writes on the slate)

SIGRIST: We're giving Mrs. Connelly a slate which says, "What did your grandparents do?"

END OF SIDE ONE

BEGINNING OF SIDE TWO

CONNELLY: (reading the slate) When did, when did they die?

ENRIGHT: What did they do? What did your grandfather do? What was his job?

CONNELLY: Oh, he was a house wrecker. They tore down houses. Segrees [ph] was the big demolishing firm and he worked for them. I think he got about ten or fifteen dollars a week for that. That was hard work because those houses were demolished with crowbars. And he had a very bad accident on his leg. It was badly crushed. They took him to Bellevue [Hospital] and first they thought they would have to amputate but they didn't and there was no money given for it. Nothing. I think he earned about ten or twelve dollars a week. Oh, those days were terrible. In the winter when it was cold, he used to chop wood and put it in bags, burlap bags and sell it for five or ten cents a bag. Oh, times were so different. Nothing like this. (Ms. Enright writes on the slate)

ENRIGHT: Your grandmother?

SIGRIST: Your grandmother?

CONNELLY: Grandmother? She used to go out and wash, do wash for people and I think she got a dollar a day for that. She had to work from eight in the morning until around three in the afternoon for that dollar.

SIGRIST: (to Ms. Enright) Ask Mrs. Connelly how she learned English. (Ms. Enright writes on the slate) We're writing, "How did you learn English?" (?)

ENRIGHT: (unintelligible)

SIGRIST: Shall I try asking? How did you learn to speak English? (Mrs. Connelly does not respond)

CONNELLY: (reading the slate) Learn English?

SIGRIST: How?

CONNELLY: Oh, well, I spoke German to my grandmother all the time because she didn't like the English language. She didn't want to bother with it. But that, you just picked it up. It was simple.

ENRIGHT: Nanny just...

CONNELLY: I could rattle anything off in German. My brother never spoke it. He didn't like it but I like it and, of course, my grandmother lived on the ground floor and everything I wanted, I ran to my grandmother's. If the man came around selling apples on a stick, you know, a penny for one apple. I'd run to my grandmother's and ask for a penny. I didn't always get it but (?) one.

SIGRIST: (to Ms. Enright) Ask her, can she still speak and English (correcting himself), uh, any German?

CONNELLY: Everything was sold in wagons. The watermelon man came around when it was in season for one week. And you got a whole watermelon for about twenty cents. And if you wanted it, he'd chop it in half for you. Everything was sold in, peddlers came around. The banana man came around once a week. Nothing else but bananas he sold. I think you got two for a penny at that time. What are they today? Well, I guess they're...

ENRIGHT: A lot. (she hands Mrs. Connelly the slate) Do you remember any German words? (to Mr. Sigrist) She taught me some German when I was little and my late husband spoke German and...

CONNELLY: (she reads the slate) Any German words? Oh, I got away from it. (Ms. Enright writes on the slate)

ENRIGHT: Penny? Remember that in German?

CONNELLY: I can say "Das kannst du nicht haben". That meant, "That you cannot have." I don't remember much German. Oh, I got away from it a long time, and once you got, the only one I, I got along with my grandmother because I spoke the German.

ENRIGHT: (to Mr. Sigrist) She taught me to say (German, not to be understood)...

CONNELLY: But my brother wanted no part of it. Nothing.

ENRIGHT: ...which means, "You are crazy, my fine child."

SIGRIST: (to Ms. Enright) Do you know if Mrs. Connelly went to the dedication of "the Slocum" memorial in 1906?

CONNELLY: I think that's enough of the entertainment now.

ENRIGHT: Yes.

SIGRIST: Will she remember the dedication in some way?

ENRIGHT: Yes, she went to, she went to several subsequent dedication memorials. She just went this year.

CONNELLY: (?) giving the interview.

SIGRIST: I'm particularly interested in that first one. (Ms. Enright writes on the slate, Mrs. Connelly's daughter Betty Reilly speaks in the background) She lost her mother, her brother and her sister...

CONNELLY: Did you leave cold cuts the last time you went. Well, I couldn't get them.

ENRIGHT: I'll get them for you.

CONNELLY: I wanted them but...

ENRIGHT: I'll get them for you.

CONNELLY: These, these black maids are...

ENRIGHT: Stop that (?)

CONNELLY: ...terrible.

SIGRIST: Oh, that's okay. (he laughs) We're asking Mrs. Connelly, "Do you remember the 1906 "Slocum..."

ENRIGHT: Dedication.

SIGRIST: ...dedication.

CONNELLY: (she reads the slate) When the German, when the boat went down?

ENRIGHT: The dedication when they did the monument.

CONNELLY: Oh, yeah. Oh, we went to that. We didn't have, that was just for unidentified dead. There's sixty-five buried there and the other two monuments are put up by private people that buried (?) in there. But we followed any celebration. My grandmother and grandfather always took me. I didn't like getting on the ferryboat because I was afraid. You had to take the ferry boat I think in Twenty Third Street to cross the river on the (?) (That's for Lutherans?) on the ferry. They always had a big celebration, hundreds of people used to, I think there's only one other woman living...

SIGRIST: And I'm going to be interviewing her.

CONNELLY: ...besides me. She was eight months old when her father saved her so she's ninety-five years old. Is she still alive?

ENRIGHT: Yes, remember I saw her two, three weeks ago.

CONNELLY: She is.

ENRIGHT: Yes, Mrs. Wotherspoon.

CONNELLY: Well, I think we're the only two.

ENRIGHT: That we know of.

SIGRIST: That's right. She has her, her sister's shoes her sister was wearing when her...

ENRIGHT: She has the dress she wore...

SIGRIST: And the dress at the dedication. At the dedication she wore the dress. (Mrs. Connelly's daughter Betty Reilly speaks in the background)

CONNELLY: Oh, I forget. They had a big celebration and I should, I have a lot of pictures of me at the monument.

ENRIGHT: Yes, I have them.

CONNELLY: Yeah, I did. And they always took pictures. There should be about three or four pictures of me at that monument.

ENRIGHT: Yes.

CONNELLY: Yeah. But then like that everything died down a little bit. (Ms. Enright writes on the slate) And that neighborhood, Houston Street, was dominantly German. And that excursion destroyed a whole neighborhood because they were the members of the church. I think the man, the minister that gave it lost three children on it. I don't, I kind of forget about that. But him and his wife was saved. And that done away with excursions. Excursions in those days were very popular and crowded. And my father didn't want my mother to go. He says, "I don't know what you want to go on that boat for?" He says, "There's hundreds of people on it. It's crowded and everything." He says, "Why don't you stay home?" She said, "Well, I was never on a boat and I never seen an excursion so I'm going to go." So we went. And...(she reads the slate)

ENRIGHT: What was your job? What did you do for work?

SIGRIST: Maureen is asking Mrs. Connelly what her job was, as an adult I assume.

ENRIGHT: Well, she started working when she was about fourteen, was it? (Mrs. Connelly's daughter Betty Reilly speaks off mike)

CONNELLY: (she reads the slate) Your...

SIGRIST: Job.

CONNELLY: Job? When I worked in a cigar box factory? I worked. Oh, I think I got three dollars a week. And I had to work from eight to five every day for that.

SIGRIST: What did you do?

CONNELLY: What?

SIGRIST: What did you do in the factory?

CONNELLY: I wasn't the only one. That was a very common thing, for children to stop school and go to work for three dollars a week. And I, well, I, I was very young and I was an errand girl to get the girls lunches. If you, you, you never seen a cigar box made from scratch. It's quite a thing. And they were piece workers, those girls. And one time they made as many as fifty, covered them with fancy paper, that's what, that's how they worked. I don't know how much they got. Not a lot. Nick Oldhouse [ph] was the biggest cigar box factory. And that what I got, three dollars a week. (Ms. Enright hands the slate to Mrs. Connelly)

SIGRIST: We're asking Mrs. Connelly about Woolworth's. (he speaks directly to Mrs. Connelly as she's reading the slate) Woolworth's.

CONNELLY: I don't get that at all.

ENRIGHT: Okay, I'll do it again. (she writes on the slate; Mr. Sigrist replies inaudibly)

CONNELLY: I think we've had it with this interview now.

SIGRIST: Okay, we can end now if you would like to. Let Maureen ask you this last question.

CONNELLY: (she reads the slate) My mother?

ENRIGHT: Woolworth's. When you worked at Woolworth's.

SIGRIST: Five and dime.

CONNELLY: In Woolworth's? Oh, well, I was very young and you got five dollars a week in Woolworth's from eight in the morning until six o'clock at night.

ENRIGHT: What did you do?

CONNELLY: Well, I gave it. When I got paid, I gave it to my aunt and uncle.

SIGRIST: What was your job?

ENRIGHT: What did you do at Woolworth's? What was your job?

CONNELLY: Behind the counter. I sold different things. At one time I was behind the lace counter. You bought lace by the yard. It was quite a store. And you got a lot for your money. And it was all good quality, ribbon and everything. I liked it. (Ms. Enright writes on the slate)

SIGRIST: We're asking Mrs. Connelly about cookies.

CONNELLY: (reading the slate) Clothes?

ENRIGHT: Cookies. Cookies.

CONNELLY: Oh, cookies. Well, they sold candy. The candy was twenty cents a pound. They had the best hard candy and marshmallows. But I liked the candy counter. And then United, United Crackers (?)...

ENRIGHT: Biscuit, biscuits I think.

CONNELLY: ...opened up a counter there and sold the cookies for ten cents a half of pound. The best cookies you could eat. Terrific. The food in those days was really good.

SIGRIST: Maureen, ask her if she remembers anything about the Triangle Shirtwaist Fire.

CONNELLY: Oh, I'm getting tired now.

ENRIGHT: One more, please. (she writes on the slate) She does remember the fire.

CONNELLY: It must be lunch hour.

ENRIGHT: Almost.

SIGRIST: Almost.

ENRIGHT: (she writes on the slate) She probably...

SIGRIST: We're asking Mrs. Connelly about the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory Fire. That would have been 1911, I think.

ENRIGHT: The Triangle Shirt Factory Fire. (Mrs. Connelly reads the slate)

CONNELLY: I'll miss the lunch hour.

ENRIGHT: No, no, we wouldn't let you miss lunch.

CONNELLY: It's a lot of talking.

ENRIGHT: You're doing very, very well. (Mrs. Connelly reads the slate after Ms. Enright has rewritten the question)

SIGRIST: The shirt fire.

CONNELLY: Shirt factory?

ENRIGHT: Yeah.

CONNELLY: No, I never worked in...

ENRIGHT: The fire. The Triangle Shirt Factory Fire. (Ms. Enright writes on the slate, rewording the question).

CONNELLY: (?) (she reads the slate) I don't get that at all.

ENRIGHT: The shirt fire.

CONNELLY: Shirt factory?

ENRIGHT: The fire?

CONNELLY: I never worked in that.

ENRIGHT: The fire at the shirt factory.

CONNELLY: My father?

ENRIGHT: The fire, the fire at the shirt factory.

CONNELLY: He worked in men's clothing. That big men's clothing store. Let's not talk anymore.

SIGRIST: Okay.

ENRIGHT: Okay.

SIGRIST: All right. Thank you very much.

CONNELLY: I'm getting tired and the eyesight today...

SIGRIST: Okay, all right. This is Paul Sigrist signing off...

CONNELLY: ...is not good...

SIGRIST: ...with Catherine Connelly on...

CONNELLY: ...at all.

SIGRIST: ...Saturday, July 10th, 1999 with Maureen Enright and Betty Reilly in attendance. Thank you.

