

Monica Keogh Bauman,
, Nashville Tennessee
November 4, 1994

(Additional research notes are in parentheses)

Uncle Mike Cain and Uncle William Rourke (listed as Rourke in the Franconia Passenger list), were brothers. Their mother had been married twice; first to Rourke (William), in Ireland, and then to Cain. The family later migrated to England at the time of the potato famine.

My daddy's daddy, my grandfather, was named Brian Joseph Paige Keogh. Why he had 3 names, I couldn't tell you. His father worked on Lord Clonbrocks estate. (In 1976, the National Library of Ireland acquired the estate's magnificent collection of documents at an auction at Clonbrock House, which was accidentally destroyed in 1994). He was the caretaker and was allotted 5 acres. He had several wives. To stay on the estate, he had to be married. My grandfather Keogh always told it this way, "I was born on a Christmas Day, and my mother died on New Years Eve". She died a week after his birth after complications with the birth. He grew up on the estate. And his brother, named (Derrick, Dannon ??, Dillon??) sent my grandfather to college, in Dublin. He had an argument with a professor who was talking about the English and was expounding on how good they were and all, and my grandfather took exception to it, as he knew the conditions were deplorable in Ireland. You know how the blacks have been treated here, that's how the Irish were treated there in their own country and in Great Britain, by the British. Well he took an Ink Well and through it at him, and hit him in the eye and of course they expelled him from the college. He was only 17 at the time. Well he jumped on a ship and headed for England you know, I guess to get away from prosecution for assault.

My parents grew up in Widnes. They didn't live close by each other but knew each other. My mother would say she despised my daddy when they were growing up. She couldn't stand him. Said he was a smart alleck. My mother's parents died when she was young. Her father died when she was 7 and her mother died when she was 10. My grandmother Keogh tried to help out. My mother's sister married when she was 16. In those days, if you were an orphan, and no married couple to take care of you, you were taken by the state and placed in an orphanage. And to prevent that, (my mother was 10, and her sister was 12 and her younger sister named Susan, who was just a baby of 3 years old, (who died when she was 16 years old of Lupus)), so my grandmother Keogh would go to her house regularly and help out around the house, run errands like going to the Green Grocers and stuff like that.

My grandmother Keogh had diabetes and Bright's (Brites?) disease, which was Kidney disease. Mrs. Keogh died before my momma and daddy married. But anyway, my momma couldn't stand daddy, and my grandmother would say, you know someday you'll marry one of them.

Momma was a year older than daddy. Momma was born December 5, 1888 and daddy was born August 4, 1889 (1890 appears on headstone). Momma would help out with grandmother Keogh also. But it was a mutual thing, and nobody expected any pay for it you see. Momma went into what they called a maid service when she was 16. Momma had older brothers, Pat, Thomas and Willie. And older sisters Mary and Nellie and Maggie and then momma and then Susan. Tommy was killed in the First World War. Edmund McCormick, my grandmother Keogh's brother, spent most of his years in Merchants Marines and he settled in Fiji Islands.

Kitty Keogh and Bernard Keogh had a brother, Eddie Keogh. In the Second World War, while in service in the British Navy he married and later brought home an African woman. Daddy sent for Kitty and Bernard and they arrived on the day the stock market crashed in 1929. Things went all downhill for daddy after that till the day he died.

Edward Rowan was a sea faring man too. He would go on the Argentines, Merchant marines who transported goods from Argentina to England.

My daddy had only brothers. I guess that's why grandmother Keogh was so attached to my momma, she felt a little like she was her own daughter I suppose.

There was a wave of Marxism in Europe and Uncle Willie Byrnes, who came here with us, got caught up in it. He was in the IWW, I Won't Work, stirring up trouble, involving themselves in strikes against capitalism. They were after more wages with underlying intentions to overthrow government and take over society. My daddy persuaded him to get out of it and come with us to this country.

We left our home in Widnes, England. All of us on the ship had lived in Widnes. We departed from Liverpool, England April 28, 1914 on the S.S. Franconia and arrived in the port of Boston on May 7, 1914. There was my mother, Catherine Byrne Keogh, who was 25 at the time, my father Thomas Keogh also 25, my Uncle William Byrne (29), (my mothers brother), his wife Ellen, (26) and their daughter Eileen (4), Uncle Edward (Ed) Rowan (52), Aunt Mary Ann Rowan, (48?) James Tague (14) and William Rourke (55).

Michael Cain, my grandmother's brother, was also on the passenger list. He had been in this country for several years. He had a farm in Donelson close to where the American Legion club is located now. Uncle Mike had sent for us to come and join him on his farm. The farm was near the railroad but you couldn't see the railroad from the farm. The farm was located on Elm Hill Pike, across Donelson Pike, but not as far as where Elm Hill Pike crosses McCrory Creek. There were neighbors, but not close by. I remember the name McCampbell. Also the Fraziers.

Mr. Frazier was a captain in the Confederacy. They always referred to him as Captain and some locals called him Judge. (There is property listed on a turn of the century map of Nashville listing a Judge T. Frazier, west of McCrory Creek, on or about Elm Hill Pike). He had passed away before we arrived and there was Mrs. Frazier and their son Neal Frazier, a teacher. There was the Goodlett's store by the Post Office and Dr. Boyd. The called it "Slipup".

We had not always lived in Donelson. I had attended my first year of school in Penns Grove; New Jersey. I can remember it being referred to as Skeetertown. It must have been built near a swamp. Bill Hanlon of Widnes, England, got my father a job in Hopewell, Virginia working for E.I DuPont and Co. My father had been scrubbing potatoes on Mr. Charlie D. Minton's farm for a dollar a day. We were in Hopewell for 3 years, from April 29, 1915 to June 12, 1918. Daddy had transferred back to Nashville in 1918. He worked there from June 16, 1918 to January 29, 1919 at what was referred to as the powder plant. We moved to New Jersey in 1919 after the war had ended, and lived in Penns Grove. Daddy continued to work for DuPont in Penns Grove, Arlington New Jersey, and Deepwater New Jersey.

In the spring of 1920, Uncle Mike contacted daddy and told him to come down to Nashville, he had found lead burning jobs for them in the south, in Atlanta, Georgia. Daddy left DuPont and momma and daddy packed up and headed back to Tennessee. When they got here, Uncle Mike had already left for Atlanta. So daddy got a job with the railroad. Momma was pregnant

with Brother (Bernard Joseph Keogh). When they got back to Nashville, they enrolled me in Saint Patrick's school.

Americans, especially rural Americans, were always suspicious of foreigners. They called us foreigners. They said we spoke English very well. Can you imagine that? Someone arriving from England and being told that. There were acquaintances in Widnes that my parents apparently communicated with. There were the Hanlon's, Mrs. A. Morrison and Jack Lawrence. They lived near St. Bedes Street. It was alike a small village. The Catholic church was on St. Bedes. Jack Lawrence was a grocer and I believe daddy had done some business with him. I remember the F.P. Rowley family. We had met them in Virginia and they had come to Old Hickory to live and work as well.

The first friends they made were the McRedmonds. My daddy walked to church on Sunday mornings. That first summer we were here, was probably the hottest summer ever. Aunt Mary Ann and Uncle Ed Rowan wouldn't allow us to use the horse and buggy, so daddy walked. That's where they met the McRedmonds. Mr. and Mrs. Short lived on Lafayette Street behind their store. Daddy would stop there on his way back from church, and get us cold drinks. They had come over here in their woolen clothes. It was rarely as cold here in Nashville and poor daddy would unbutton his collar and take off his coat on the way back.

My Uncle William, Aunt Ellen and Eilleen left to go back to England in 1914. Aunt Ellen didn't like it here. I don't think they made it through the first winter. The war had broken out in Europe on July 14, 1914 in Sarajevo. Arch Duke Ferdinand. Consequently, he (Uncle William) was conscripted into service shortly after he returned.

Any way, daddy worked for the railroad. They were building track for the L&N Railroad, when he bought that house on 2nd Avenue, next to St. Patrick's Church. Father Abbott got him to buy the house. They only paid \$1,000 for it. It was a bare bones of a house. It didn't have plumbing, you know, a bathroom. It had a privy out back. It had water in the kitchen. Daddy did install a sink in the kitchen. We didn't have a bathroom installed until Tom and Jerry were born, in 1926. (These notes were taken on November 4, 1994, their 68th birthday).

My daddy always said I look like his mother. Her name was Ellen McCormick before she married. If I inherited anything from her, it must have been my love of reading, and my love of good speech and elocution, and a bad kidney. She died of kidney trouble. I never saw any of my grandparents. The only older relatives were my Uncle Mike, Uncle Bill, Aunt Mary Ann, her husband, and Jimmy Tague who was their grandson. John McRedmond married Jimmy Tague's sister. Aunt Mary Ann had sent money for Kitty Tague, who became Kitty McRedmond, and her sister Annie, and they arrived in 1920 or 1922.

Uncle Ed and Aunt Mary Ann raised their grandson, Jimmy Tague. (There is a Nashville Directory in 1920 that listed the residence as 1231 2nd Avenue South). Aunt Mary Ann was my mother's Aunt. My mother's mother and Aunt Mary Ann were sisters.

Brother was born in September 1920. They used to drive me to school in a horse and buggy. And in the spring of 1920, I was to be in the Holy Thursday Procession. We had stopped at the store and stayed the night at Mr. and Mrs. Shorts house so that I could be ready the next morning to be in the procession. They had been in process of buying the house, as it was vacant.

Father Albert wanted daddy to locate near the house. There was rampant Anti-Catholicism in the south in those days; several priests had been killed in the South, probably by the KKK. Father Albert was worried that he would be molested or attacked, so my daddy always went with him when he administered, and he always depended on daddy for that. He felt more secure. James was over 6 foot tall. Daddy was about 5'10" or 5'11". He was stout and broad shouldered.

Most people in south Nashville in those days, worked for the railroad. And when the L&N built new shops (shops?) as they called it, they would migrate. When they built the railroads through West Nashville, they migrated with the work. This must have been the reason our house had been vacant. That was the start of all the blacks moving into South Nashville.

There was Mad Jack Keogh, my daddy's brother. He used to tear up the house, and the Bobbies wouldn't arrest him because they were afraid of him. Oh that's just Mad Jack, let him sleep it off. He was really a terrible person. It appeared in the weekly news at the time that Mad Jack kicked his mother. It opened a wound on her back, and due to diabetes, it never healed up. She had that wound until the day she died. They called Mad Jack the unnatural son. He was a recalcitrant man. Something troubled him, and in those days they didn't have psychiatrists to go to for help but he needed some help. He might have had a tumor or something, to cause him to go into those rages. But he did marry, and had children. He had the ability to restore furniture. And when he would go into one of those rages, he would restore the furniture that he destroyed. He was my Uncle John but they called him Mad Jack Keogh.

Willie was the oldest brother. There was a scandal, a National Enquirer kind of story behind Uncle Willie. Then there was John, and then Marty (Kitty Keogh and Bernard Keogh's daddy), and then my daddy and then Uncle Jim. I think that is all. I can't recall any other names.

Uncle Willie, as a boy, went to live in with Uncle Mike Cain and his wife. Uncle Willie was supposed to learn the lead burning trade. Well Uncle Mike would go about his work out and around the United Kingdom. Uncle Willie, a strapping young man of 16, 17 years, young buck-young stud, would be there with Aunt Mary. Well it was a natural happening that they came together, and they had an affair. I don't think that Uncle Mike knew of the affair at the time, and when he decided to come to America, he brought Uncle Willie with him. Uncle Mike Cain was my mother's uncle, her mother's brother. It was a great scandal in England. It broke grandmother Keogh's heart. When they arrived, they lived in Donelson, out in the desolation, miles from nowhere. There they were, Uncle Willie, young stud, and young bride, and when Uncle Mike returned from one of his jobs as a lead burner, he sized up the situation and banished them both. They went to New Jersey, and supposedly got married. Uncle Willie got a job on the Delaware and Lackawanna railroad as an engineer. She never bore any children. Jerry Keogh is the spitting image of my Uncle Willie; in mannerisms, speech, looks, in every way. If you're ever in Jerry's presence, he'll say, "Ain't that right, ain't that right Peggy?" Well Uncle Willie would say the exact same thing to Aunt Mary. Well when momma and daddy got their letter from Uncle Mike to come back to Tennessee, Uncle Willie and Aunt Mary were asking where were they headed? I remember saying we were going down south to be with friends. Well Uncle Willie blew up, just like Jerry Keogh would, and this caused a big roust between Uncle Willie and my daddy and they never spoke to each other after that. It was so tragic.

Momma had three children to die. Uncle Tommy, born in England, died of premature birth, in 1911, he lived a week. In 1912, momma had a little girl and she was born in England, August 5, premature, but did live to be maybe 10 months old. I was born in November 1913. Bernie died in 1918. Bernard Thomas. He was born in Hopewell, Virginia, in December 1916 and lived to July 1918. They were living in Old Hickory. Momma had been in the hospital with a ruptured Gall Bladder. The war wasn't over, and daddy was working at the powder plant. Bernard Thomas Keogh was born a healthy boy of 12 pounds. He lived and I believed he grieved for his mother while she was in the hospital. It may have been one of those childhood diseases like rubella, or maybe meningitis that took him, but I remember how he longed for his mother. When Father Abbott went to tell momma, before he could say anything, she looked at him and said, "My baby's dead". Well, then there was Brother on 1920, James in 1923 and then Tom and Jerry in 1926.