**From the Editor**

LAWRENCE DENNY LINDSLEY, scenic photographer, Washington explorer, and trail guide, acquired his first camera in the early 1890s by subscribing to *Youth's Companion* children’s magazine: "The camera was just a tin box," said Lindsley. "It had a cheap lens and a cheap shutter. It held only one plate at a time. I had to hog-tie it in the darkroom so I could pull the exposed plate out and get another in.

Then I’d head outside for another picture." It was the beginning of a lasting love affair with photography and the Cascade Mountains.

**CURATOR OF NATURE’S GREAT ART GALLERY**

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS the canoe connected Native Americans as they traveled around the Salish Sea, embodying important cultural traditions of many Pacific Northwest tribes. Quinault Elder Emmett Oliver initiated the idea of “Canoe Journey” as part of the State Centennial in 1989 with only a few canoes in Seattle. An intertribal event since 1993, nearly 100 canoes now participate annually, fostering a resurgence of language and other traditions. The 2012 event, titled “Paddle to Squaxin, Teachings of Our Ancestors,” was hosted by the Squaxin Island Tribe.

Krise described what for many, including myself, was a moving experience: "The canoe landing ceremony began with the beating of deerskin drums, and as the drums quieted the crowds, a Squaxin Salish song honoring the gift of water rang out. As the song called to all to look upon the waters, a selected member of each canoe family held up a container of water from their homeland and reverently poured it into Budd Inlet waters as an unspoken prayer for all the waters of all people."

This year, on Thursday, August 1, the Quinault Indian Nation will welcome some 90 canoe families to Port Townsend—a place of cultural significance to the tribe—for “Paddle to Quinault 2013, Honoring Our Warriors,” and will host them the following week at Taholah. According to Quinault organizer Pearl Capoeman-Baller, “Canoe Journey provides opportunities for tribal members to relearn, strengthen and reinforce their canoe traditions with respect and a sense of achievement.”

Krise described what for many, including myself, was a moving experience: "The canoe landing ceremony began with the beating of deerskin drums, and as the drums quieted the crowds, a Squaxin Salish song honoring the gift of water rang out. As the song called to all to look upon the waters, a selected member of each canoe family held up a container of water from their homeland and reverently poured it into Budd Inlet waters as an unspoken prayer for all the waters of all people."

This year, on Thursday, August 1, the Quinault Indian Nation will welcome some 90 canoe families to Port Townsend—a place of cultural significance to the tribe—for “Paddle to Quinault 2013, Honoring Our Warriors,” and will host them the following week at Taholah. According to Quinault organizer Pearl Capoeman-Baller, “Canoe Journey provides opportunities for tribal members to relearn, strengthen and reinforce their canoe traditions with respect and a sense of achievement.”

"Canoe Journey captures the vibrant culture and history of Northwest tribes and allows all of us, Indian and non-Indian alike, to connect to the past and witness history unfolding in the present. My advice is: don’t miss it. And while you’re there, don’t call a canoe a ‘boat’—that might get you thrown in the water!"

—Shanna Stevenson, Executive Editor

**Forest scene near Snoqualmie Pass, by Lawrence Lindsley. In his photography, Lindsley sought to portray not merely scenery but ‘calm and storm, sunshine and shadow.’**

**Lawrence Denny Lindsley**
and awaited his party’s arrival from who camped out at Alki Point Denny, was the pioneering soul founders, the Denny family. His intimate connection with Seattle’s photography, Lindsley is known for his romantic and spiritual value. of unspoiled nature being of great wool is finer than tame.” As both devices and suggested that “wild the norm, Muir argued for the discovery and record the beauty of INDISLEY’S continuous effort to it was murder to kill more than what offered, he impressed upon the boy that taught young Lindsley how to hunt, grandson was a kindred spirit. Denny grew close. Denny was a reserved and time with his grandfather, and the two grew close. Denny was a reserved and modest man who possessed strength in addition to gentleness, and his eldest grandson was a kindred spirit. Denny taught young Lindsley how to hunt, and among the many moral lessons of, he impressed upon the boy that it was murder to kill more than what was absolutely necessary. Lindsley often worked for his grandfather at a variety of jobs: hunting, planting, building, logging, milling, mill work, street construction, and road improvement. During the summer of 1899, Lindsley worked on a crew that repaired the old Snoqualmie Pass wagon road over a distance of about 20 miles in the central Cascade Mountains, from the south end of Lake Keechelus to the foot of Grouse Ridge (three miles east of North Bend, Washington). His work included drifting and blasting. When Edward Lindsley could no longer work in the family mines due to severe rheumatism, Lindsley stepped in to take his father’s place. The Gold Creek Mining Company of Seattle, formed by the Denny family, owned and operated the Esther and Louisa group of mines near Gold Creek, totaling 12 claims, were moderately successful during the early years. The main Esther Mines cabin was situated in Parmagan Park on a knoll above the head of Gold Creek, which flows into the northern shore of Lake Keechelus. Lindsley frequently ran loads of ore over 50 miles, from the Gold Creek Valley to Seattle, in pack trains consisting of as many as 30 mules or horses. Once a wealthy man, Da- vid T. Denny became impover- ished during the Panic of 1893, but he held high hopes that the mines would re-establish finan- cial security for his family. Many relatives felt obligated to do ev- erything they could to help, in part because of Denny’s unfail- ing optimism and dedication. In 1897, at age 19, Lindsley took on extra camping duty at the Esther Mines. He spent hours hammering and drilling but was often required to serve as camp cook, a chore he disliked but preferred to do to meet the results of fellow miners’ meager cooking skills. Lindsley regularly made the 16-mile round trip on horseback for mail and supplies along the muddy trails of Lake Keechelus to the nearest rail stop in Martin.

URING ONE OF his first sum- mers at the mines, Lindsley began recording his experi- ences in a journal. Like most young men, he was eager for adventure, and the wild surroundings in the Cascades continually beckoned him to explore. Fellow miner Tom Re- cord brought a camera along to camp in the summer of 1897. He had dry photographic plates delivered to him by rail through the mail stop at Martin and processed the plates right in camp as the others watched. Lindsley, enthralled by the beauty of high places and increas- ingly anxious to express himself, had to be content with making sketches in his notebooks and pressing wildflowers to take home. He wrote, “It will not be long before the mountains will be tak- ing on the autumn colors. I wish I had a camera; I would take some pictures.” On October 7, 1897, not long before the approaching winter weather forced him and his fellow miners to close camp and return to Seattle, he wrote:

Working in [The Tunnel] B] three hours this morning and then… I went up on the little ridge this afternoon back of the mines. As it was a very clear sunny-shiny day, I could see all over. Oh! The grand sights I saw all around me. Mountains covered with snow, waterfalls, glaciers, and lakes with icebergs floating around in them… I saw things today I will never forget as long as I live.

In 1902 Lindsley went to work as a press photographer and processor for the W. F. Romans Photographic Company in Seattle, which provided many images for use by the Seattle Times. Lindsley left the studio after only a year or two, though he was a stockholder. While employed there, he formed a lasting friendship with fellow photographer Asahel Curtis, who shared his passion for scenic
photography. It later became apparent that his blindness was the result of a tumor, and Lindsley's health did not improve enough to allow him to return to Seattle. When he went to work for Curtis, who bought the W. P. Romans studio, Lindsley began referring to his place of employment, tongue-in-cheek, as "Curtisville."

Curtis encouraged Lindsley to become a fellow charter member of The Mountaineers in 1907. This club association provided an even greater opportunity for Lindsley to discover photography subjects off the beaten path, especially during exploration of the great ice caves and glaciers of Mount Rainier. While continuing to develop his nostalgic, romantic style, Lindsley also assisted Asahel Curtis's brother, Edward Curtis, in processing Indian photography subjects off the beaten path, especially during exploration of the Marys Pass wagon road to provide scenic views of Columbia River Gorge.

While Lindsley was hired by the Great Northern Railroad to provide scenic views of the Glacier National Park area for promotional literature. At the same time, Lindsley often traveled with his horse Peanuts and his dog Bobbie. On long trips, he would let the dog ride in the saddle with him. In 1916, Great Northern hired him as a trail guide and naturalist on a three-week expedition with author Mary Roberts Rinehart. She later depicted Lindsley in her novel, "Tenting To-night," as "Silent Lawrie," a rather taciturn character who "knew every tiniest flower and plant that thrust its head above the leaf mold." Though often deemed strangely quiet or unsociable by others, Lindsley did not lack for intelligence, optimism, or humor. W. R. Miles of St. Paul, Minnesota, described Lindsley to a journalist after spending two months with the photographer on an expedition in Glacier National Park. Miles asserted that Lindsley was a top-notch packer, woodsman, and mountain climber as well as a skilled guide who was all wrapped up in his work—quite at home with wild animals, trees, and flowers, and passionately fond of his horses. He was also one of the most capable and agile men Miles had ever seen in the mountains. He claimed that Lindsley was too modest for his own good, and it took the right person to draw him out. Regarding women, Lindsley could either be as "tumble-footed in a get-away as a mountain sheep," or an entertaining companion—depending upon whether the lady was boisterous and vivacious or in search of a more serious social engagement. In 1919, Lindsley's father married Elizabeth F. Miller. This second marriage, coming soon after the death of Lindsley's mother, made it clear to the son that he was expected to strike out on his own once again. Now in his mid-thirties, as "Silent Lawrie," he talked, or loved the outdoors and was truly a skilled guide who was all wrapped up in his work—quite at home with wild animals, trees, and flowers, and passionately fond of his horses. He was also one of the most capable and agile men Miles had ever seen in the mountains. He claimed that Lindsley was too modest for his own good, and it took the right person to draw him out. Though often deemed strangely quiet or unsociable by others, Lindsley did not lack for intelligence, optimism, or humor. W. R. Miles of St. Paul, Minnesota, described Lindsley to a journalist after spending two months with the photographer on an expedition in Glacier National Park. Miles asserted that Lindsley was a top-notch packer, woodsman, and mountain climber as well as a skilled guide who was all wrapped up in his work—quite at home with wild animals, trees, and flowers, and passionately fond of his horses. He was also one of the most capable and agile men Miles had ever seen in the mountains. He claimed that Lindsley was too modest for his own good, and it took the right person to draw him out. Regarding women, Lindsley could either be as "tumble-footed in a get-away as a mountain sheep," or an entertaining companion—depending upon whether the lady was boisterous and vivacious or in search of a more serious social engagement.
When the Washington State Federation of Garden Clubs formed in 1933, Lindsley’s lantern slide lectures became popular among garden ladies. His lantern slide projector was described as a “left wing” motion picture projector. The pictures did not move but were thrown on a screen in quick succession, giving the viewer the impression of swiftly-moving scenes. One series of images depicted a storm on Mount Rainier, which required many hours of photography to catch various stages of weather conditions. Another series showed the progression of a sunset. Exhibiting a mischievous but shy wit, Lindsley would sometimes run the sequence backwards and call it a “sunrise,” to the amusement of lecture-goers.

More than any other time of the day, the hour of dawn is inspiring. The stars in the heavens slowly fade out. The silvery moon dips behind the western range. From a source as yet invisible, a suffused light rises behind the snow-capped Cascades. When... the rosy tinted mountains inscribe its sign upon the sunlight, and Mt. St. Helens sparkles like a precious stone in a beautiful setting, and the Olympic Range [as] like a golden band against the Western sky, then, truly, Washington State is nature’s Great Art Gallery.

In 1944, Lindsley married again. Sarah (“Sonny”) Sonju, born in Washburn, Wisconsin, on April 6, 1891, moved from her family home in Poulsbo to Seattle in 1935. She worked as a color artist for many local photography firms and met Lindsley at the Asahel Curtis studio. Mrs. Lindsley tinted slides and murals alongside her photographer husband, and participated in his public lectures and slide shows until her death in 1960. Together, they created many beautiful works of art. Over the fireplace mantel of their Wallingford home hung a 40- by 64-inch portrait of Mount Rainier, an iconic Pacific Northwest geographic feature that served as a constant draw for Lindsley’s scenic studies.

DURING THE LAST decades of his life, Lindsley continued to produce prints, murals, postcards, slides, and other image forms that expressed his love of nature. He revealed some of his personal philosophy about photography in a 1917 interview for Recreation Magazine: “My aim in my attempts to portray nature has been to portray not merely mountains, lake and sky, but calm and storm, sunshine and shadow and, at the lowest fare, the many colors of a sunset. The message that is held out in the open health and happiness will await those who will follow the trails and camp in the high places.”

Lindsley’s creed was to “wear out, not rust out.” As a white-haired, elderly man, he was still of rugged build when he became too infirm to climb the mountains with camera gear. At that point, he turned to Washington’s coastline to record what he referred to as its “largely ignored natural history.” In an interview about a year and a half before his death, Lindsley, age 95, described exactly what he hoped to capture next on film:

Now, you take the waves when they’re coming in and talking to themselves—their own words. You get up at the first screech of dawn, and then wait for the sun to come up, and there’s just millions of diamonds coming ashore. Now, way out in the ocean, why, the whole ocean is all diamonds... Well, that’s a sight when they come in and begin to talk and murmur to the shore...
Matronly Urban Boosters Push for Change in Spokane

When Spokane’s police department installed its first resident matron in 1893, it did so 17 years after state legislators had passed a law requiring that Washington’s largest cities employ women to supervise female inmates. With its stipulation that cities having populations over 10,000 comply, the 1893 law only applied to Seattle, Tacoma, and Spokane. Seattle hired its first police matron in 1893, and Tacoma followed suit in 1902, but Spokane’s all-male upper- and middle-class leaders, backed by saloon and mine owners, balked at the expense, having little interest in catering to the needs of the inmates most affected—women who were predominantly on the lowest rung of the economic ladder.

Spokane’s sister cities hired only one matron initially. Spokane leaders calculated what it would cost to hire three women—it would take three police matrons, working in shifts, to provide continual coverage in a 24-hour period—and decided that they preferred risking a lawsuit over noncompliance. The expense seemed unnecessary, explained Mayor Edward Powell, because a matron’s services were “not required once a month.” Although the mayor did not say so, the perceived cost of matrons was complicated by Spokane’s recent exponential growth and the nationwide economic depression that hit the city in June. The “Panic of 1893,” as it was called, bankrupted many local business owners and required the police department to reduce its force by half.

The city’s gamble paid off. No one sued, and the clubwomen submitted no further requests to hire a police matron until 1895. During this time, powerful saloon owners openly opposed the hiring of police matrons—mainly because the earliest advocates of the idea were members of the Women’s Christian Temperance Union (WCTU). As late as 1898 saloon owners posted signs in their windows advising the all-male electorate to “Vote against the [suffrage] amendment! The WCTU wants it. What they want, we don’t want!”

The WCTU did in fact pose a potential economic threat to liquor interests. By the early 1890s it had become the largest organization for women in Spokane and across the nation. Frances Willard, who had served as national president since 1879, convinced its more than 150,000 members to endorse women’s suffrage. As early as the election of 1884, Spokane women, who were allowed to vote for a short time under Washington Territory’s 1883 suffrage law, had pushed the city to take its polling booths out of saloons.

On the eve of the 20th century, saloon owners in Spokane had a lot to lose. The 1890 city directory listed 92 saloons, six billiard halls, four brewers and four bottlers. That constituted approximately one liquor establishment for every 200 residents. By 1910 Spokane still had one saloon for every 729 citizens—the highest number per capita among Washington’s largest cities. At the 1890s’ progressive, male liquor interests predominated despite some political challenges. For example, populism brought to rural individuals of the Pacific Northwest—both men and women—a new sense of political power. In 1896 that movement helped give Idaho women the right to vote, and it had, albeit unsuccessfully, brought the question of women’s suffrage before Washington voters in 1898.

Less sweeping than the question of suffrage for women, the matron issue gained the support of some politicians in Spokane after the turn of the century. In 1902 Mayor F. S. Byrnes, a Democrat who won a narrow victory over an anti-temperance candidate, convinced Democrats on the city council to approve hiring one police matron. That year Spokane became the first city in eastern Washington to have one.

The matron worked part-time, however, visiting the jail on occasion but primarily being responsible for searching women suspected of concealing weapons, liquor, or drugs in their clothing. Although better than nothing, this arrangement left women inmates trapped within a male world most of the time. It took eight more years, a nationwide controversy, and a coalition of local activists that went beyond members of the WCTU to convince Spokane’s politicians that the city needed a resident police matron.

The final move to appoint a matron began in late 1909 when Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, a nationally-known labor leader, spent one night in a Spokane jail, and came out the next morning questioning the morals of its supervisors. She told reporters that the officials appeared to be allowing sexual relations between male and female inmates. Challenging that she had seen the “putrid state of morals inside the jail…,” she counted on finding sympathetic ears.

At the height of the town’s boom years, Spokane’s boosters were enjoying its status as one of the nation’s 50 largest cities. Moreover, they knew that national attention was currently focused on the city because of the free speech fight between members of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) and city leaders. They had watched with interest as city and county leaders struggled to control labor unrest, which mounted as unemployed miners from the Idaho Panhandle and members of the IWW roamed the city. Spokane leaders tried to fight back by prohibiting labor activists from speaking in public buildings and attempting to stifle speeches in the parks and on city streets—ultimately packing hundreds of protestors into local jails.

Flynn first took her accusations to the Spokane Woman’s Club. Its members were appalled by Flynn’s assertions and quickly made plans to create a coalition that would convince city council members to hire a resident matron. Instead of turning to members of the WCTU, who were the traditional torchbearers for police matrons, they sought allies among local labor leaders. The resulting discussion about the morals of Spokane’s jail staff quickly became a national debate.
Not all of Spokane’s residents sided with the jailers. On December 4, 1909, Emma A. Stalforth, along with Arthur E. and Laura House, posted a $5,000 bond on Flynn’s behalf. Stalforth, a widow and probably a socialist, had lived in Spokane since 1906. A. E. House, a railway postal clerk, had been a resident since 1892. Nelson S. Pratt, the acting police chief, John T. Sullivan; and the reform mayor, Fred C. Pugh, the prosecuting attorney in the case, said her claims were false. He was backed by some formidable allies, including the city’s police justice, S. A. Mann, the acting police chief; John T. Sullivan; and the reform mayor, Nelson S. Pratt.

Flynn’s suggestion that there were sexual misdeeds taking place in the jails seemed plausible. She was young, articulate, and politically savvy. A socialist and a labor leader, the 19-year-old Flynn had come to Spokane in the late fall of 1909 to help local workers and had been arrested in early December. She told clubwomen that at 11 o’clock in the evening, after enduring hours of questioning, she had been taken to a cell shared by two other women. Lying awake that night, she had observed that her cell mates were on terms of “disgusting familiarity” with the incarcerated men.

At first, city leaders attempted to quell the charges. Fred C. Pugh, the prosecuting attorney in the case, said her claims were false. He was backed by some formidable allies, including the city’s police justice, S. A. Mann, the acting police chief; John T. Sullivan; and the reform mayor, Nelson S. Pratt.

The specter of sexual improprieties thriving in Spokane’s jails spurred clubwomen to action. They decried officials as not only sanctioning this behavior but encouraging it. The specter of sexual improprieties thriving in Spokane’s jails spurred clubwomen to action. They decried officials as not only sanctioning this behavior but encouraging it.

Local residents who contributed to Flynn’s bond had close ties to the Spokane Woman’s Club. Ethel Safford, its publicity chair and spokesperson for the matron campaign, was married to Emma Stalforth’s son Philip. Laura House, listed with her husband on the bail bond, was the club’s president. Finally, club member Rose Moore, an avowed socialist, was the wife of “Comrade Moore,” Flynn’s defense attorney.

The specter of sexual improprieties thriving in Spokane’s jails spurred clubwomen to action. They decried officials as not only sanctioning this behavior but encouraging it. Moreover, the clubwomen were horrified that someone as prominent and college-educated—was unwilling to support labor. Some women were so sympathetic to the labor cause that a newspaper editor warned them in early November to stay out of the free speech fight. Ignoring the editor’s advice, Rose Moore, chair of the Woman’s Club’s Social Economics Department, and Mrs. Z. W. Comerford, president of the College Equal Suffrage Association, were with a group of socialists in attorney Fred Moore’s office when detectives arrived there in search of E. J. Foote, an IWW organizer from Portland. When the investigators found him hiding in the inner office, the two suffragists leered the police for attempting to arrest a sick man. Comerford and Moore both gave speeches the following day in an open-air free speech meeting.

Leaning toward the middle ground, Ethel Safford tried to distance herself from organized labor but could not pull herself completely. As late as March 1910 she was insisting she had no ties to labor unions. This tension between a faction of clubwomen and the free speech advocates played a prominent role in the police matron campaign.

On January 11, Laura House presented the city council with a signed petition requesting a resident matron. City leaders were horrified that someone as prominent and college-educated—was unwilling to support labor. Some women were so sympathetic to the labor cause that a newspaper editor warned them in early November to stay out of the free speech fight. Ignoring the editor’s advice, Rose Moore, chair of the Woman’s Club’s Social Economics Department, and Mrs. Z. W. Comerford, president of the College Equal Suffrage Association, were with a group of socialists in attorney Fred Moore’s office when detectives arrived there in search of E. J. Foote, an IWW organizer from Portland. When the investigators found him hiding in the inner office, the two suffragists leered the police for attempting to arrest a sick man. Comerford and Moore both gave speeches the following day in an open-air free speech meeting.

Leaning toward the middle ground, Ethel Safford tried to distance herself from organized labor but could not pull herself completely. As late as March 1910 she was insisting she had no ties to labor unions. This tension between a faction of clubwomen and the free speech advocates played a prominent role in the police matron campaign.

On January 11, Laura House presented the city council with a signed petition requesting a resident matron. City leaders were horrified that someone as prominent and college-educated—was unwilling to support labor. Some women were so sympathetic to the labor cause that a newspaper editor warned them in early November to stay out of the free speech fight. Ignoring the editor’s advice, Rose Moore, chair of the Woman’s Club’s Social Economics Department, and Mrs. Z. W. Comerford, president of the College Equal Suffrage Association, were with a group of socialists in attorney Fred Moore’s office when detectives arrived there in search of E. J. Foote, an IWW organizer from Portland. When the investigators found him hiding in the inner office, the two suffragists leered the police for attempting to arrest a sick man. Comerford and Moore both gave speeches the following day in an open-air free speech meeting.

Leaning toward the middle ground, Ethel Safford tried to distance herself from organized labor but could not pull herself completely. As late as March 1910 she was insisting she had no ties to labor unions. This tension between a faction of clubwomen and the free speech advocates played a prominent role in the police matron campaign.

On January 11, Laura House presented the city council with a signed petition requesting a resident matron. City leaders were horrified that someone as prominent and college-educated—was unwilling to support labor. Some women were so sympathetic to the labor cause that a newspaper editor warned them in early November to stay out of the free speech fight. Ignoring the editor’s advice, Rose Moore, chair of the Woman’s Club’s Social Economics Department, and Mrs. Z. W. Comerford, president of the College Equal Suffrage Association, were with a group of socialists in attorney Fred Moore’s office when detectives arrived there in search of E. J. Foote, an IWW organizer from Portland. When the investigators found him hiding in the inner office, the two suffragists leered the police for attempting to arrest a sick man. Comerford and Moore both gave speeches the following day in an open-air free speech meeting.

Leaning toward the middle ground, Ethel Safford tried to distance herself from organized labor but could not pull herself completely. As late as March 1910 she was insisting she had no ties to labor unions. This tension between a faction of clubwomen and the free speech advocates played a prominent role in the police matron campaign.

On January 11, Laura House presented the city council with a signed petition requesting a resident matron. City leaders were horrified that someone as prominent and college-educated—was unwilling to support labor. Some women were so sympathetic to the labor cause that a newspaper editor warned them in early November to stay out of the free speech fight. Ignoring the editor’s advice, Rose Moore, chair of the Woman’s Club’s Social Economics Department, and Mrs. Z. W. Comerford, president of the College Equal Suffrage Association, were with a group of socialists in attorney Fred Moore’s office when detectives arrived there in search of E. J. Foote, an IWW organizer from Portland. When the investigators found him hiding in the inner office, the two suffragists leered the police for attempting to arrest a sick man. Comerford and Moore both gave speeches the following day in an open-air free speech meeting.

Leaning toward the middle ground, Ethel Safford tried to distance herself from organized labor but could not pull herself completely. As late as March 1910 she was insisting she had no ties to labor unions. This tension between a faction of clubwomen and the free speech advocates played a prominent role in the police matron campaign.

On January 11, Laura House presented the city council with a signed petition requesting a resident matron. City leaders were horrified that someone as prominent and college-educated—was unwilling to support labor. Some women were so sympathetic to the labor cause that a newspaper editor warned them in early November to stay out of the free speech fight. Ignoring the editor’s advice, Rose Moore, chair of the Woman’s Club’s Social Economics Department, and Mrs. Z. W. Comerford, president of the College Equal Suffrage Association, were with a group of socialists in attorney Fred Moore’s office when detectives arrived there in search of E. J. Foote, an IWW organizer from Portland. When the investigators found him hiding in the inner office, the two suffragists leered the police for attempting to arrest a sick man. Comerford and Moore both gave speeches the following day in an open-air free speech meeting.

Leaning toward the middle ground, Ethel Safford tried to distance herself from organized labor but could not pull herself completely. As late as March 1910 she was insisting she had no ties to labor unions. This tension between a faction of clubwomen and the free speech advocates played a prominent role in the police matron campaign.
Columbia Women’s Club members were surprised by Stalford’s intensity. Charles Mohr and his fellow council members attempted to head off the wave of words, but she always had a ready answer. Finally they conceded and unanimously passed a bill that would hire three matrons, paying each $75 a month.

Chief Sullivan had already warned that clubwomen would only be welcome at the jail during visiting hours. After their verbal assault on city leaders, he stepped up his opposition, urging the city council to create a committee charged with investigating the situation. They were “convinced that the jail was free speech free, and that utter falsehood, false charges,” challenging them to prove their statements or “shut up.” He further promised to urge jailers to sue Stalford because she had, he asserted, attacked both their personal and professional integrity. The clubwomen’s solid front cracked under this pressure. Probably fearing a lawsuit herself, the wealthy Helen LaReine Baker, who had only two days earlier urged “aggressive action,” told a reporter that Stalford’s charges had been a “lie and utter falsehood,” thus denigrating those who had dared to speak out.

During the city council meeting, a local paper reported that Baker, Jessie Emery, and Sarah Axelson had met over lunch to discuss other ways to provide a police matron. They suggested that volunteer matrons, serving one-week stints, take on the job themselves. In effect, these women supported the argument that it was not necessary for a matron to be present at the jail at all times. While individual clubwomen scrambled to clarify their positions, newspapers talked of potential lawsuits and predicted the break-up of the Woman’s Club. Rumors of divisions among the women were palpable enough that club president Laura House attempted to do damage control by telling reporters that club activities were going on as usual. She further asserted that no members would be asked to resign.

In February, while clubwomen squirmed uncomfortably under the scrutiny of eager reporters, various other supporters of the matron idea rethought their positions. The local ministerial association reversed its stand. Likewise, the chamber of commerce announced that it would drop the matter. Even Mayor Pratt, who had been elected on a reform ticket and had publicly supported the idea of volunteer matrons, explained that he thought the controversy could “teach the women a few things.”

T he victory was short-lived. Clubwomen soon learned that the city council once more delayed action on the resolution, pending investigation by a subcommittee. Although unhappy with the delay, they sought to help. To assure that witnesses would feel free to talk, clubwomen requested and won private hearings. Their nominee, Dr. George K. McDowell, received a seat on the subcommittee, but he resigned after the first meeting, saying he would not help “white-wash the police department.”

Major Sullivan responded by expanding the committee from three to seven members and appointing two clubwomen: Inez De Lashmutt and Jessie Emery, one of the ladies who had volunteered to be a matron. He gave the committee power to decide whether to hold public meetings. Committee chair Dr. T.L. Catterson, Mayor Pratt’s appointee, left most of the meetings open, but did allow for private interviews.

One interviewee, a 28-year-old prostitute, was afraid to talk, and when pressed to do so answered evasively, “I would not want to now, because I know more than you do. They will make me lots of trouble.” Many of the women interviewed had experienced such harassment: 11 of them had served time in jail.

After George McDowell resigned, the most vocal advocates for hiring police matrons turned their back on the committee. For example, Inez De Lashmutt said, but did not get, interviews with Stalford, House, and Moore. Leads fizzle, and the committee struggled to find knowledgeable witnesses.

On May 10, 1910, the committee submitted its official report. It was an eminently impractical, although it cited two police officers for their relations, while off duty, with a young single woman. It pronounced the jail “tolerably clean” but concluded that incarcerated women needed to receive clean bedding upon their arrival and have privacy while bathing. Although the committee had pursued a much broader agenda, including discussing whether a jail was the appropriate place to treat young white and black inmates, it asserted that “common decency” required the appointment of police matrons. The committee concluded, however, that the police department should continue to rely on a part-timematron until the new jail was ready.

The office building that housed the jail was sandwiched between the fire department and city hall. It had been constructed in 1894 when Spokane’s population was just over 20,000 and there had been between 20 and 40 police officers. In 1910, the 2,635-square-foot building housed a staff about double in size, which policed a population that had grown five times larger. The space was so crowded that the police matrons would be obliged to keep an officer within the jail itself, sharing the space used by the female inmates for eating, bathing, and visiting.

The committee concluded that Stalford’s charges had been undocumented and the clubwomen had overreached their charge of their tirade against the police had been based on Elizabeth Gurley Flynn’s accusations. Then, under the heat of criticism, they had moved away from the labor leader’s position. This left the other clubwomen with only fragmentary evidence of the relationships between male and female inmates. Jail conditions, moreover, had fluctuated wildly during the free speech fight. By abandoning Flynn’s testimony and switching the focus from the county jail to the city jail, the clubwomen and the investigating committee were assessing the jails under a vastly different than the one she had described.

Finally, in June 1910, the Spokane Police Department appointed three resident matrons, even though it was still cramped in its old facility. This action was only tangential to questions raised by the free speech fight, having more to do with an effort to protect women than to achieve equal rights for women. And yet, the hiring of police matrons in Spokane, as in Seattle and Tacoma, was a significant step toward bringing women into the local police force. Equally important, the coalition established by the clubwomen as they campaigned for police matrons would prove helpful the following November when voters in the state decided the issue of women’s suffrage.

While individual clubwomen scrambled to clarify their positions, newspapers talked of potential lawsuits and predicted the break-up of the Woman’s Club.
Puyallup resident Pearl Danner poses with her dog in his Sunday best, c. 1900. Naomi Danner, Pearl’s sister, may have taken this unsigned photograph as she was employed for many years as a photographer in Pierce County. The image is part of a recent gift made to the Historical Society by Anne E. Anderson of photographs from the Hale and Danner families. (#2012.70.3)

—Maria Pascualy

Harry Lloyd Matthews (1922–2003) was a prizefighter who became a community treasure. Beginning in the 1940s and throughout the 1950s, he lived just south of Seattle in White Center, where the locals buzzed about him admiringly. They traded stories of Matthews’s comings and goings and loved to read about their local celebrity in the White Center News.

Matthews came into the newspaper office one day in 1953 and while there created such unintentional havoc that “things are still not back to normal.” Editor Jerry Robinson, with neighborly tongue-in-cheek, noted the carnage from Harry’s visit: “We don’t blame him for idly tearing the telephone book in half. You have to keep in shape in his business. And we don’t condemn him for ripping the doorknob off the front door, although he could have got in easier if he’d known the door swings the other way.”

Celebrity alone is ultimately brittle stuff, with little staying power in close quarters. Harry Matthews brought much more than stardom to the community table. He was a man of personal grace, friendliness, and integrity. White Center memories of him still ring with appreciation: “Wonderful person,” “Good-hearted,” “Always willing to lend a hand,” “A good family man,” “A soft-spoken gentleman.”

Matthews could be seen regularly around the community—working out at the White Center Fieldhouse, delivering fuel oil, getting a haircut at the local barbershop, at work on a wrought iron project, or at one or another local apartment house where, as another side job, he would come around and change locks for the owners when tenants moved away. Neighbors who passed his home on West Myrtle Street, just off Delridge Way, might often see one or two panel trucks parked out front, either waiting for Matthews’s fine-tuning touch or getting outfitted for his next trip to a favorite fishing hole in the foothills. He also had a boat and loved to go fishing on Elliott Bay with such local friends as Jerry Robinson.

In 1951 Harry Matthews added star luster to White Center by rising to national boxing prominence and being featured more than stardom to the community table. He was a man of personal grace, friendliness, and integrity. White Center memories of him still ring with appreciation: “Wonderful person,” “Good-hearted,” “Always willing to lend a hand,” “A good family man,” “A soft-spoken gentleman.”

Matthews could be seen regularly around the community—working out at the White Center Fieldhouse, delivering fuel oil, getting a haircut at the local barbershop, at work on a wrought iron project, or at one or another local apartment house where, as another side job, he would come around and change locks for the owners when tenants moved away. Neighbors who passed his home on West Myrtle Street, just off Delridge Way, might often see one or two panel trucks parked out front, either waiting for Matthews’s fine-tuning touch or getting outfitted for his next trip to a favorite fishing hole in the foothills. He also had a boat and loved to go fishing on Elliott Bay with such local friends as Jerry Robinson.

In 1951 Harry Matthews added star luster to White Center by rising to national boxing prominence and being featured
Harry Matthews was born in Emmett, Idaho, on December 9, 1922. Soon thereafter he and his parents moved to the nearby village of Ola. It was then, when Harry was nine years old, that his blacksmith father decided to turn his shy son into a boxer. While his mother Frances frowned at her husband’s plans, Lou connected a punching bag to the living room ceiling and bolted it to the floor. Frances kept her thoughts to herself and sewed. Lou sat on the couch and bawled commands to Harry, and Harry tried his best to comply. Year after year the monotonous bag dominated the living room, the father dominated the son, and the son quartered

Harry liked to tell his blacksmith shop customers over and over again how “the kid” was going to be a champion someday. The more sensitive and sensible of them saw fit to suggest to Lou that he should stop tutoring his son so loudly, lest his boasting mortify the lad. As Harry Matthews recalled, “I remember begging my dad to stop bragging me up as a fighter.... But I was stuck with it. He used to go around singing, ‘The kid will be a champion someday.’ I can feel the embarrassment all over again, thinking about it.... If I ever have a son, he’s never going to be in his career wrong, I loved my dad, but fighting’s no business for any kid.”

In his five years of grade school, Harry, the bag, and his dad met regularly in the middle of the family living room. In the fall of 1936 a different world opened up before Harry. He started high school and looked forward to the chance to play high school basketball and baseball.

Lou moved quickly. On New Year’s Day, 1937, he took his son across the state line to nearby Ontario, Oregon, where he booked Harry for his first professional fight with a lad named Bad Hutchinson. To make the fight legal, Lou listed Harry’s age as 18. Actually, Harry had barely turned 14. Just looking at him, the Oregon crowd decided he was Harry “Kid” Matthews. The name stuck.

This maiden fight ended in the first round when Hutchinson went down for the count. It might have taken Matthews a while to realize it, but in fewer than three minutes his dreams of playing high school basketball and baseball had ended. He had suddenly made himself ineligible for amateur sports because he was now a professional athlete. Any plans the boy might have had about continuing as a high school student also died in Ontario. On that New Year’s Day, after three short months of high school, his formal education ended as well.

As if to make certain that he had closed the door on Harry’s options, Lou booked his son for two quick follow-up fights, putting him in the ring in February and again in March 1937. And so it went. By the time his high school class had graduated without him in the spring of 1940, Harry “Kid” Matthews had been fighting for nearly four years. With his dad in his corner and his style in a perfect form, he went 42 straight fights by that time—three losses, 17 wins, 8 by knockout. But the promise of helping him “move up” into championship boxing robbed the lad of his dreams.

Harry continued his fighting career, but without the same fire his father had tried to instill in him. Even without those yapped commands in his ears, Harry continued to win regularly, but his style in the ring reportedly grew less assured, more cautious. His career seemed to have lost its focus, even after signing a contract with his first manager—George Blake out of Los Angeles, a fighter with a good reputation.

But then came World War II and the draft. Harry got the call from the army. In 1943, while on furlough, he married Josephine Cintori. The newlyweds settled into a place on the Seattle side of White Center. Having set his bride up snugly in their new home, Harry had his manager line up a couple of engagements for him in order to help Jo get off to a solid financial start while he was in the service. Both fights turned out to be disasters. First, Harry traveled to Hollywood, where he lost a unanimous decision to ranking middleweight Jack Chase and suffered a broken nose in the bargain. Then, just two weeks later, his nose still askew and painful, he went to San Francisco, where he lost a heavily one-sided fight with Eddie Booker that mercifully ended with a technical knockout (TKO) in the fifth round. Matthews returned to his bride with his first back-to-back professional losses, his first loss by way of a knockout, “a face that only Jo could love,” and $800. Soon he was off again, this time for three years of army life.

After his discharge, Harry signed a contract with a new manager, Bert Forbes, and climbed back into the ring. After all, what other profession, in an economy flooded with job-seeking veterans, provided as much income for his family? Between 1946 and early 1949, Forbes arranged 17 fights for him—in Hollywood, Seattle, Salt Lake City, Spokane, Bellingham, Everett, and Boise. Harry’s record over this span was perfect—17 wins, 8 by knockout. But the string of victories was unsatisfying to Harry—nose showed that hoped-for promise of helping him “move up” into contender standing. Some critics said giving boxing another shot. Jo and Casmir struck telling blows, helping Harry realize that he still wanted to be a better fighter. In the summer of 1949, Harry and his friend drove off to meet John C. (“Deacon”) Jack Hurley, one of boxing’s best drummers and most colorful figures.
George Sherman. It was probably a most satisfying victory in Matthews's estimation. He must have been especially relieved to get past Sherman without reinjuring the hand he had broken in late April. But Hurley snared at his opponent’s name, “Harry,” he snorted dismissively, "that was the most disgraceful thing I ever saw. If you and that kid were to go down to the street corner right now and go through the same antics, that traffic cop wouldn't even come over and break it up.”

Before long, however, in Harry's mind, Hurley began to morph into a reincarnation of Lou Matthews. Once again Harry heard commands being barked at him, much as he had years before. As Matthews's momentous booking “caused much second guessing among Matthews's followers” across the land, Hurley turned down the offer to go after the heavyweight championship. Hurley also divided Matthews supporters in hometown White Center. A few were elated—but many were dismayed and apprehensive. White Center News editor Robinson noted that Jack Hurley’s hometown White Center. A few were elated—but many were dismayed and apprehensive. White Center News editor Robinson noted that Jack Hurley’s hometown White Center. A few were elated—but many were dismayed and apprehensive. White Center News editor Robinson noted that Jack Hurley’s hometown White Center. A few were elated—but many were dismayed and apprehensive. White Center News editor Robinson noted that Jack Hurley’s hometown White Center. A few were elated—but many were dismayed and apprehensive. White Center News editor Robinson noted that Jack Hurley’s hometown White Center. A few were elated—but many were dismayed and apprehensive. White Center News editor Robinson noted that Jack Hurley’s hometown White Center. A few were elated—but many were dismayed and apprehensive. White Center News editor Robinson noted that Jack Hurley’s hometown White Center. A few were elated—but many were dismayed and apprehensive. White Center News editor Robinson noted that Jack Hurley’s hometown White Center. A few were elated—but many were dismayed and apprehensive. 

“He’s terrific. It’s like being hit with a freight train.”

With the win over Murphy, Hurley determined to solidify Matthews’s top contender status. In the next 14 months he sent Matthews into the ring 17 times—more than once a month. Harry held up well under the grueling strain of having to do the work of two fighters per month over that period. Along the way Hurley gave him some carefully chosen “breather” matches. But there were some major tests, too, as with heavyweight Freddie Beshore, Danny Nardico, and Rex Layne. Matthews departed both Nardico and Layne, and sent the other 15 opponents sprawling to the canvas. It was a spectacular run.

Fans buzzed with nervous questions. Was Hurley taking Matthews into the heavyweight division where he would be one of the lightest in his class? Shouldn’t he stay in the light heavyweight division, where he naturally belonged? Shouldn’t Harry have fought Joey Maxim for the light heavyweight crown? After all, Maxim had been ordered to fight the winner of the Matthews-Murphy bout. But Maxim’s manager Doc Kearns recognized a move the International Boxing Commission (IBC) insisted upon—and put Maxim in the ring with loser Murphy instead. Maxim had no trouble winning a 15-round decision.

Urge by Hurley to action, Washington senator Warren G. Magnuson and some of his congressional allies dutifully stepped forward, threatening an investigation of the IBC based on Hurley’s accusation that Matthews was suffering an injury. The IBC moved quickly to put out the political fire by having Doc Kearns agree to give Matthews a shot at Maxim and the title. It was settled. The much-publicized threat of investigation died down. Matthews seemed set to fight Maxim.

To the dismay of many Matthews supporters, Hurley turned down the sound of Maxim camp offer with the argument that Harry was now a heavyweight. At the same time, however, disturbing reports indicated that Hurley was secretly trying to get a title fight with the popular middleweight champion Sugar Ray Robinson, which would have been a more lucrative contest than a Matthews-Maxim fight. After first trying to beef up Matthews so he could top 175 pounds, Maxim’s manager, the IBC, asked for the heavyweight division, would Hurley now put his fighter on a crash diet to meet Robinson?

Publicly, all the while, Hurley continued to demand a crack at the heavyweight championship for Matthews. Once again the IBC relented, followed its enmity toward Hurley, and sanctioned a Harry Matthews-Rocky Marciano “elimination bout,” with the winner to take on Jersey Joe Walcott for the heavyweight championship. Hurley signed Matthews on for the fight.

Hurley’s momentous booking “caused much second guessing among Matthews’s followers” across the land. Hurley delayed sending Matthews in to fight Maxim to let his fighter get a title fight with the popular middleweight champion Sugar Ray Robinson, which would have been a more lucrative contest than a Matthews-Maxim fight. After first trying to beef up Matthews so he could top 175 pounds, Maxim’s manager, the IBC, asked for the heavyweight division, would Hurley now put his fighter on a crash diet to meet Robinson?

Publicly, all the while, Hurley continued to demand a crack at the heavyweight championship for Matthews. Once again the IBC relented, followed its enmity toward Hurley, and sanctioned a Harry Matthews-Rocky Marciano “elimination bout,” with the winner to take on Jersey Joe Walcott for the heavyweight championship. Hurley signed Matthews on for the fight.

Hurley’s momentous booking “caused much second guessing among Matthews’s followers” across the land. Hurley delayed sending Matthews in to fight Maxim to let his fighter get a title fight with the popular middleweight champion Sugar Ray Robinson, which would have been a more lucrative contest than a Matthews-Maxim fight. After first trying to beef up Matthews so he could top 175 pounds, Maxim’s manager, the IBC, asked for the heavyweight division, would Hurley now put his fighter on a crash diet to meet Robinson?

Publicly, all the while, Hurley continued to demand a crack at the heavyweight championship for Matthews. Once again the IBC relented, followed its enmity toward Hurley, and sanctioned a Harry Matthews-Rocky Marciano “elimination bout,” with the winner to take on Jersey Joe Walcott for the heavyweight championship. Hurley signed Matthews on for the fight.

Hurley’s momentous booking “caused much second guessing among Matthews’s followers” across the land. Hurley delayed sending Matthews in to fight Maxim to let his fighter get a title fight with the popular middleweight champion Sugar Ray Robinson, which would have been a more lucrative contest than a Matthews-Maxim fight. After first trying to beef up Matthews so he could top 175 pounds, Maxim’s manager, the IBC, asked for the heavyweight division, would Hurley now put his fighter on a crash diet to meet Robinson?

Publicly, all the while, Hurley continued to demand a crack at the heavyweight championship for Matthews. Once again the IBC relented, followed its enmity toward Hurley, and sanctioned a Harry Matthews-Rocky Marciano “elimination bout,” with the winner to take on Jersey Joe Walcott for the heavyweight championship. Hurley signed Matthews on for the fight.

Hurley’s momentous booking “caused much second guessing among Matthews’s followers” across the land. Hurley delayed sending Matthews in to fight Maxim to let his fighter get a title fight with the popular middleweight champion Sugar Ray Robinson, which would have been a more lucrative contest than a Matthews-Maxim fight. After first trying to beef up Matthews so he could top 175 pounds, Maxim’s manager, the IBC, asked for the heavyweight division, would Hurley now put his fighter on a crash diet to meet Robinson?

Publicly, all the while, Hurley continued to demand a crack at the heavyweight championship for Matthews. Once again the IBC relented, followed its enmity toward Hurley, and sanctioned a Harry Matthews-Rocky Marciano “elimination bout,” with the winner to take on Jersey Joe Walcott for the heavyweight championship. Hurley signed Matthews on for the fight.
Harry, meanwhile, was kept virtually in hiding before the fight, being fed “mashed potatoes and custard pies” by Chimeres and Hurley, who worried about getting Harry above the 175-pound limit. To that end they also tried “to keep him from exercising.” (As Harry recalled it all, “I wasn’t getting the training I thought I should be getting... I didn’t understand why we trained in private until years later...”)

Matthews’s night with Marciano came in Yankee Stadium on July 28, 1952, and ended with a suddenness like no other. His 20-year career Harry “Kid” Matthews recorded 103 fights, rang up 90 wins (61 via knockouts), with 6 draws, his 20-year career Harry “Kid” Matthews had amassed the comfort space for Conine’s latest public pronouncement.

In the aftermath of the Marciano engagement, Hurley’s relationship with Matthews cooled into a focused quest for a few more big gates—and a rider bankroll—before Harry quit. In his 25-year career Harry “Kid” Matthews had recorded 103 fights, rang up 90 draws, with 6 wins, and only 7 losses.

Matthews had amassed the comfortable retirement nest egg he sought from his liaison with Hurley. But there were heavy personal losses along the way. A stable family life was one of them. In his profession, he lived with his bags packed, coming and going much like a transient, leaving his wife and three daughters again and again. From the first moments of their marriage through Matthews’s last long push toward the Marciano fight and beyond, the couple had been forced to live apart too often and for too long at a stretch, to the detriment of their marriage, Harry and Jo divorced.

Matthews had worked at a variety of jobs outside the ring during his boxing career. Early on, he turned in a stint as a cowboy, delivered mail, and did a bit of logging and mining. In the first full year of World War II he worked in the Seattle shipyards, where he became skilled with the acetylene torch. He joined the International Association of Bridge, Structural and Ornamental Ironworkers, the American Federation of Labor, and the Teamsters Union, keeping his memberships alive over the years. In the army, where he was assigned to an amphibian truck company, he further honed his welding and mechanical skills. During his White Center years, he held a variety of “between fights” jobs, including foundry work. Over the years he diligently learned skills that would sustain him once he left the ring. After a stint with the King County Sheriff’s Department, Matthews opened his own tavern in Seattle—Harry “Kid” Matthews Bell-Pine Tavern—and became a resident of Everett. His retirement years included time spent devising a series of inventions, running a welding business, training young boxers, going hunting and fishing, and regularly visiting his mother in Idaho. Upon hearing the sad news, Matthews was promptly arrested. Prohibition supporters knew Rice talked him down and managed to get his shotgun away from him—after which he wasted. Excessive drinking increased the chances of domestic violence in home and community. Yelm residents pointed to the behavior of someone who hid behind chairs and tables. Someone who knew Rice talked him down and managed to get his shotgun away from him—after which he was promptly arrested. Prohibition supporters argued that drunkenness was too often a cause of violence and that alcohol-related crimes accounted for 85 percent of police work.

ONE MAN’S WAR ON PROHIBITION

BY EDWARD BERGH

N 1855, THE MEN OF THE YELM PRAIRIE HAD AN OPPORTUNITY to bring prohibition to Washington Territory. They rejected the measure by a three to one margin. The issue, being part of a broader, international argument, refused to die. Fifty years later, Joseph C. Conine, a longtime Yelm resident and erstwhile member of the state legislature, lit up the pages of the Olympia-based Washington Standard with his opinions on prohibition and the local option—a municipality- and county-based decision about prohibition initiated by the lawmakers of Washington and numerous other states)—drawing from a hefty arsenal of arguments, one time he unleashed his pen.

To the drys the arguments against alcohol were quite clear. Liquor consumption was not healthy. It cost money a poor family could not afford to waste. Excessive drinking increased the chances of domestic violence in home and community. Yelm residents pointed to the behavior of someone who knew Rice talked him down and managed to get his shotgun away from him—after which he was promptly arrested. Prohibition supporters argued that drunkenness was too often a cause of violence and that alcohol-related crimes accounted for 85 percent of police work.

ONE MAN’S WAR ON PROHIBITION

BY EDWARD BERGH

N 1855, THE MEN OF THE YELM PRAIRIE HAD AN OPPORTUNITY to bring prohibition to Washington Territory. They rejected the measure by a three to one margin. The issue, being part of a broader, international argument, refused to die. Fifty years later, Joseph C. Conine, a longtime Yelm resident and erstwhile member of the state legislature, lit up the pages of the Olympia-based Washington Standard with his opinions on prohibition and the local option—a municipality- and county-based decision about prohibition initiated by the lawmakers of Washington and numerous other states)—drawing from a hefty arsenal of arguments, one time he unleashed his pen.

To the drys the arguments against alcohol were quite clear. Liquor consumption was not healthy. It cost money a poor family could not afford to waste. Excessive drinking increased the chances of domestic violence in home and community. Yelm residents pointed to the behavior of someone who knew Rice talked him down and managed to get his shotgun away from him—after which he was promptly arrested. Prohibition supporters argued that drunkenness was too often a cause of violence and that alcohol-related crimes accounted for 85 percent of police work.

ONE MAN’S WAR ON PROHIBITION

BY EDWARD BERGH

N 1855, THE MEN OF THE YELM PRAIRIE HAD AN OPPORTUNITY to bring prohibition to Washington Territory. They rejected the measure by a three to one margin. The issue, being part of a broader, international argument, refused to die. Fifty years later, Joseph C. Conine, a longtime Yelm resident and erstwhile member of the state legislature, lit up the pages of the Olympia-based Washington Standard with his opinions on prohibition and the local option—a municipality- and county-based decision about prohibition initiated by the lawmakers of Washington and numerous other states)—drawing from a hefty arsenal of arguments, one time he unleashed his pen.

To the drys the arguments against alcohol were quite clear. Liquor consumption was not healthy. It cost money a poor family could not afford to waste. Excessive drinking increased the chances of domestic violence in home and community. Yelm residents pointed to the behavior of someone who knew Rice talked him down and managed to get his shotgun away from him—after which he was promptly arrested. Prohibition supporters argued that drunkenness was too often a cause of violence and that alcohol-related crimes accounted for 85 percent of police work.
The battle over alcohol took many forms. The county commissioners fought demon rum by tacking on an extra $20 to the tavern license application fee, thinking that would cut down on the number of saloons and therefore curb liquor consumption. Drys found the application process an excellent opportunity to mount opposition. When the license came up for discussion, opponents showed up with petitions signed by residents. Fifty-one people signed such a petition—a substantial number for the prairie community—when Fred Verville applied in 1917 to open a saloon in Yelm. When J. B. Taylor applied for a license, drys opposed him, and local drys organized a protest that intimidated the commissioners for a little while, but they granted him a saloon license eventually.

Conine, whose family history had been intertwined with the consumption of liquor for generations, believed in the “privilege” of having a glass of potent spirits in the Ohio of his youth was not a social problem requiring government action:

“When we were boys, whiskey was almost as common as water. I could buy it for 25 cents a gallon, and it was a rare thing to see a drunkard. Everybody had it in his home. There were no saloons, but the merchants kept it in the back room of their store.... It was so common that people didn’t care for it, and yet it was pure.”

Conine enjoyed mocking and insulting those in favor of “pernicious” prohibition. Temperance people were “fanatics,” he deemed, who reminded him of the Crusades in the Middle Ages, which led to “millions” of deaths. He referred to others who enlisted God’s word to promote prohibition as “unconscionable” with no mandate from heaven. The fact that prohibition forces often included men of the cloth inspired Conine to greater heights of rhetorical disarray. Ministers were “failures in life” who preached how to behave in order to compensate for their own shortcomings. Those were crocodile tears that “rotten fraud” or “un-American” and “undemocratic.” The grandson prided himself on being a man who made “natural right of eating and drinking.” He also called the proximate that vote against prohibition was a “vote for that liberty handed down from the patriots of the Revolution.”

Prohibition, according to Conine, was an infringement of his “natural right of eating and drinking”:

Following the vote, saloons had to liquidate their stock and close shop. Once again, the public had let J. C. Conine down. “I have but little use for the men who must swing on the apron-strings of a public grandam or go to the gods. Men whom we cannot trust with the guardianship of their own appetites should not be allowed to run at large.” Conine believed wise enough to just be able to say no to drunkenness, but unfortunately he was more likely to punish “all” for transgressions.

Following the vote, saloons had to liquidate their stock and close shop. Once again, the public had let J. C. Conine down. “I have but little use for the men who must swing on the apron-strings of a public grandam or go to the gods. Men whom we cannot trust with the guardianship of their own appetites should not be allowed to run at large.” Man should be wise enough to just be able to say no to drunkenness, but unfortunately he was more likely to punish “all” for transgressions.

Conine prided himself on being a man who made decisions based on facts. When temperature people argued that 100,000 widows and orphans were created by men succumbing to alcohol-related illness, he quoted U.S. Census data that only 2,811 alcohol-related deaths occurred. If the prohibitionists contended that any such deaths were too many, he retorted that deaths from railroads at nearly 9,200 and poisonings were similarly high. Even worse, over 30,000 died from diseases of the digestive organs. “If the probs are trying to save the people from premature graves,” he said, “they should direct their crusade against the sale of indigestible food.”

Using government records, Conine claimed that arrests for drunkenness took place at higher rates in dry states than in wet ones. He also maintained that rates of domestic infidelity and pauperism were higher in dry states. Thus linking all these facts did not reflect a successful program at work. Prohibition, he believed, had never worked, was not working, and would not work in the future. All it did was lead to corruption. Limit alcohol and one would see increases in heroin, cocaine, or opium use. Goals of zero consumption were unobtainable.

Prohibition, according to Conine, was an infringement of his “natural right of eating and drinking.”
Conine believed in safeguards for alcohol consump-
tion, but nothing too oppressive; punish drunken-
ness or hold saloon keepers responsible; set age
limits on consumption but allow people to be
masters of their own behavior. He contended that society
should realize there were serious social problems contributing
to alcoholism—not merely the close proximity of drinking
establishments. Poverty, he said, contributed to alcoholism
more than the reverse. Conine best summarized his stand on
prohibition in 1907, challenging anyone to prove that “one”
good thing resulted from it:

“Prohibition may have been a mistake, but it was
a mistake for peace, and impair the dignity
of the commonwealth.

Conine lost his battle against prohibition, first at the state
level in 1907, challenging anyone to prove that “one”
good thing resulted from it: prohibition. A Brief,
Review and Herald

I
n that 1917 letter to his daughter, Conine had conclu-
ded, “Quarrels about prohibition. I don’t think I’d live long
without my toddy.” Later on he worried, “I don’t know
what I am going to do when my whisky is all gone. I have
only half a gallon left out of the gallon I brought home and
my head keeps buzzing all the time.” After little more than
a decade of Prohibition, the public would change its mind
about it, I guess.

People simply continued their drinking habits but had to
get their alcohol from a clandestine distributor. It was no big
deal. Young Herness remembered going to a local still with his
father. Out where Conine lived, in the Bald Hills, stills dot-
ted the wooded landscape. Herness remembered that Grover
Longmire had a well-hidden one not far from Conine’s place
and Harold Harrison operated one off Alger Road.

In December 1920 federal agents descended on the
McVitte place southeast of Yelm, in the vicinity of Con-
ine’s farm. After resisting arrest, McVitte was handcuffed.
Agents were impressed with their handwork. As always,
officials were certain this would seriously impair liquor
manufacture in Thurston County. There was good reason to
be optimistic—the confiscated gear was an impressive operation. The
December 19, 1920, Morning Olymp-
ian described the inventory:

One 30-gallon cast iron still, a 
35-gallon copper still... one 25 gal-
on copper still, two 3-hurner gas
stoves, seven 52 gallon barrels, 
two copper worms, one lead pipe
worm, 250 gallons of mash, 31
gallon fruit jars and nearly 200 feet
of garden hose...”

Hidden among the trees and
undergrowth with a canvas tarp
thrown over it, the still’s operators
produced liquor and violated the
law—until caught. Police
claimed it was the largest still in
the county. It was so huge that
a news article referred to the operation as a “plant.”

Men willing to take risks could make some decent money
operating a still. Grover Longmire made moonshine but was
a teetotaler himself. Just a year after the McVitte raid, a
newspaper headline read, “Seven Men Taken in Booze Raid
in Yelm Territory.” Once again federal and state law enforce-
ment converged on a Bald Hills still. The severs were de-
clared a bootlegging “ring.” Among them were Eulcie (Cap)
Longmire, Charles Rice, and William Schinkle. Longmire
and Schinkle had no trouble posting the $7,000 bond to get
them all released. That same year Cap Longmire was charged
with selling undercover agents two quarts of moonshine for
$20 each. Yet, despite all the arrests, the moonshine trade
flourished. The headline “Hunt for Moonshine Brings Quick
Results” one year later spoke to its continued omnipresence
in the Yelm area. Prohibition had 10 more years to run.

A number of Conine’s predictions of problems arising
from prohibition came to pass.
Up the Capitol Steps
A Woman’s March to Governorship

A Woman First
The Impact of Jennifer Dunn

David Douglas, a Naturalist at Work
An Illustrated Exploration across Two Centuries in the Pacific Northwest

The autobiography under review invites the reader to share the remarkable journey of Barbara Roberts, who rose from local school board advocate for children’s rights to governor of Oregon. In this combination of modern Oregon history and geography, the reader can virtually hear the author’s voice as she recounts her personal story and shares the insights of growing up in Sheridan, Oregon, the daughter of a millworker. Surrounded by the love and encouragement of her parents and her sister Pat, Roberts became a confident person, both personally and professionally. Although she had an aptitude for school, higher education was not part of her immediate journey. She married a military man early in her adult life. Roberts is candid and tender as she recounts this portion of her personal story, including the birth of her first son followed by a sad divorce and the loss of her sister to cancer.

Roberts’ political career began at the grass roots level when she became an advocate for her son Mike, who was diagnosed with Asperger’s syndrome. In the absence of support services at school, Roberts was elected to the school board and from that modest position led a fight for the rights of students with autism. She became a powerful lobbyist for special education. From there she entered and won a race for county commissioner in 1979. Roberts was elected Oregon’s first (and only) female governor. Here she entered and won a race for county commissioner and then became Oregon’s secretary of state. There she entered and won a race for county commissioner and therefore takes its place in the field of women’s history as well as Oregon political history.

Jennifer Dunn was elected Washington’s Eighth District congresswoman in 1980, the first woman ever to run for连女士的竞选的投票者。她的故事与她对投票的信念是紧密相关联的。和任何一位女性候选人一样，Dunn的竞选也是在斗争中进行的。但是，即使是在竞争如此激烈的背景下，Dunn的竞选也赢得了人们的尊重和支持。她说：“我从未改变过对投票的信念。我和我的选民们分享他们的信念。我所做的一切都是为了他们。”

David Douglas, a naturalist at work, is the subject of the book reviewed here. Douglas (2009) is now followed by the volume reviewed by David L. Nicandri. Douglas’s focus of late is the first third of the 19th century, an era dominated by British/Canadian fur trading explorers. His narrative treatment of the frighteningly difficult bar. The book features dozens of maps, photos, and drawings of scientific specimens, making it a grand gift. It belongs on the shelf of every regional scholar and would also appeal to the educated general reader and specialist scholar. At home in the forest and plains of the region, and on its waters, as well as the library, Nisbet lives Francis Parkman’s great dictum—get up from your desk and go to the scene of what you write about.

Nisbet’s focus of late is the first third of the 19th century, an era dominated by British/Canadian fur trading explorers. Having refreshed our understanding of David Douglas, a naturalist at work, is the subject of the book reviewed here. Douglas’s focus of late is the first third of the 19th century, an era dominated by British/Canadian fur trading explorers. His narrative treatment of the frighteningly difficult bar. The book features dozens of maps, photos, and drawings of scientific specimens, making it a grand gift. It belongs on the shelf of every regional scholar and would also appeal to the educated general reader and specialist scholar. At home in the forest and plains of the region, and on its waters, as well as the library, Nisbet lives Francis Parkman’s great dictum—get up from your desk and go to the scene of what you write about.

Nisbet’s focus of late is the first third of the 19th century, an era dominated by British/Canadian fur trading explorers. Having refreshed our understanding of David Douglas, a naturalist at work, is the subject of the book reviewed here. Douglas’s focus of late is the first third of the 19th century, an era dominated by British/Canadian fur trading explorers. His narrative treatment of the frighteningly difficult bar. The book features dozens of maps, photos, and drawings of scientific specimens, making it a grand gift. It belongs on the shelf of every regional scholar and would also appeal to the educated general reader and specialist scholar. At home in the forest and plains of the region, and on its waters, as well as the library, Nisbet lives Francis Parkman’s great dictum—get up from your desk and go to the scene of what you write about.

Nisbet’s focus of late is the first third of the 19th century, an era dominated by British/Canadian fur trading explorers. Having refreshed our understanding of David Douglas, a naturalist at work, is the subject of the book reviewed here. Douglas’s focus of late is the first third of the 19th century, an era dominated by British/Canadian fur trading explorers. His narrative treatment of the frighteningly difficult bar. The book features dozens of maps, photos, and drawings of scientific specimens, making it a grand gift. It belongs on the shelf of every regional scholar and would also appeal to the educated general reader and specialist scholar. At home in the forest and plains of the region, and on its waters, as well as the library, Nisbet lives Francis Parkman’s great dictum—get up from your desk and go to the scene of what you write about.
A ccording to Frank J. Clancy, MD (1895–1958), “To care for patients successfully, a doctor must not only understand their frailties, fears, and inherent weaknesses; he must primarily love people.” In his memoir Doctor Come Quickly! (1951), Clancy chronicles his professional journey, reflects on the state of medicine and health care, and exhibits his love of people with humor and insight.

Clancy begins by remembering two physicians from his youth. He admires the tall and self-reliant family physician, Dr. Morton, who tends to him when he contracts German measles. Like Clancy’s father, who frequents the Meadows Racetrack along the Duwamish River, Dr. Morton has a love of fine horses. On the other hand, when young Clancy takes the Yeuter cable car to Guy’s Drug Store on Second Avenue for his smallpox inoculation, he dreads his encounter with Dr. Pudgie. With Dr. Pudgie, “a California naval hospital when the war commences. In that regard, he shows the American Medical Association, with which he says, “debunking nostrums and quackery.” A year and a half later, he relocates to Philadelphia to take a postgraduate degree from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School.

At the start of World War II, Clancy is again practicing in Seattle. Yet, because he has been diagnosed with diabetes, he remains on the home front serving as a urological consultant for the draft board, even as “every morning more and more of my medical friends appeared in uniform, bound for the Army and Navy.”

“Doctor Come Quickly!” abounds with anecdotes from Clancy’s practice that are both amusing and horrifying. There is, for example, the gambler whose prized fighting cocks perch on the headboard of the bed as the doctor examines his patient. And there is the Russian immigrant who, mistakenly believing her husband has abandoned her, poisons herself in despair—a story that made Seattle headlines.

Clancy also devotes several chapters to general issues related to medical practice: the importance of nurses (“the backbone of the medical profession”); managing patients’ relatives (“there is no pattern that fits a heterogeneous assortment of over-zealous relatives”); the will to live (“an all-out determination to live may be the deciding factor”); and sex (“there are many problems presented by the patient that cannot be answered on an anatomical basis”). With regard to the last, Clancy proves fairly progressive, given the era, on such sensitive matters as masturbation and homosexuality.

Clancy is a respectable writer. His prose is lucid and engaging. Plus he tells a good story, coming across as both knowledgeable and curiously. Rather than pontificating on important medical and health care issues, he seeks understanding. In that regard, he shows the same respect for his readers as he does for his patients.

One Man’s War on Prohibition


“One of the few books on the subject of the Prohibition era that truly lives up to its title--by the way, it’s good reading for anyone with an interest in Seattle history.”-- Seattle Times

Lawrence Denny Lindsey


Harry “Kid” Matthews


Irish Pat McMurtry,” by Peter Bacho. COLUMBIA 16 (Summer 2002).


One Man’s War on Prohibition


Washington State University Press titles are available at bookstores, online at wsupress.wsu.edu, or by phone at 1-800-354-7366. Email: wsupress@wsu.edu

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE RECIPIENTS OF THIS YEAR’S WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY ANNUAL AWARDS – RECOGNIZING ACHIEVEMENTS IN 2012

The Robert Gray Medal, the highest award bestowed by the Society, recognizes distinguished and long-term contributions to Pacific Northwest history through demonstrated excellence. The 2013 awardee is Carry C. Hull, of Olympia, retired justice and chief justice of the Washington State Supreme Court, who has worked to preserve and promote local and state heritage, as well as the judicial history of the state.

The David Douglas Fellowship Award recognizes outstanding projects, exhibits, and educational products that expand appreciation of Washington history. The 2013 awardee is Irene Martin of Skamania County for curating the Legacy of the Columbia River Fishery, a traveling exhibit on Columbia River commercial fishing.

The Governor's Award for Excellence in Teaching History in Washington State is presented to an excellent certified teacher of Pacific Northwest history. The 2013 awardee is Darin Detwiler, who has taught U.S. and Pacific Northwest History to students in grades 7 to 12 at Redmond Middle School in Redmond, Washington, for the past 15 years and has also taught at the community college level.

The R. Loraine Wojahn Award is given for outstanding volunteer service to the Washington State Historical Society. The 2013 awardees are Wayne Capps, of Sumner, for his work with students in the History Lab at the Washington State History Museum; and Annie Roberts, of Tacoma, for her many and varied volunteer contributions to the Society.

The Peace and Friendship Awards are presented to a Native American and a second individual, each of whom has had public understanding and support of the cultural diversity of the peoples of Washington. The 2013 awardees are Jim Boyd, nationally and internationally known musician and chair of the Curriculum Committee of the Confederated Tribes of the Colville Reservation, for preserving and protecting Colville culture; and E. Richard Hart, of Winthrop, for substantiating tribal claims and perspectives in his historical and ethnohistorical research.

The John M. McClellan Jr. Award recognizes the best article in COULMBA during the previous year. The 2013 award is Gwen Perkins for Tacoma for “Dreamland: The Lost Worlds of James Tilton Pickett,” about the life and art of the son of Civil War general George Pickett and his Native American wife, Morning Mist.

SPECIAL GIVING
(gifts of $50 or more, as of May 17, 2013)

COULMBA subscriptions to a friend or loved one. Call today: 253/798-5899; or visit WashingtonHistory.org and click on SUPPORT.

We are not makers of history. We are made by history.
—Martin Luther King Jr.
Retracing History
Columbia & Snake Rivers

INCLUSIVE 7 night voyage; roundtrip Portland; September-November 2013 and March-April 2014 from $3,195

PORTLAND
Multnomah Falls
HOOD RIVER
Columbia Gorge
Bonneville Dam
The Dalles Dam
RICHLAND
Wine Country
Lower Monumental Dam
Lower Granite Dam
CLARKSTON
WASHINGTON
Ice Harbor Dam
Little Goose Dam
WALLA WALLA
Snake River
Maryhill Museum
John Day Dam
McNary Dam
OYERGON
Columbia River
Fort Clatsop
ASTORIA
Ice Harbor Dam
Hells Canyon
WALLA WALLA

Legacy of Discovery
On an inclusive Heritage Adventure, history comes to life through shoreside tours and onboard presentations aboard the S.S. Legacy, an 88-guest replica Victorian-style steamer.

1-888-862-8881 ♦ Un-Cruise.com

*per couple; book by 8/2/13

Save up to $530*