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LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 145



Carry A. Nation

by Earl F. Nation

Lest it be thought that I am advertising in talking about Carry Nation let me at the outset make a disclaimer. Not all of those who carry the name are proud to have so many people, even young people, remind them of this more famous — or infamous,

according to your viewpoint — carrier of the same name. After I tell you something more of her own family background I will be even more anxious to have you realize that she only carried through the years of her fame and notoriety, and into eternity, the name of

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The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West.
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THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

OCTOBER

Mel Schelbauer, general manager of Classic Bronze in El Monte, a division of James H. Matthews and Company, considered one of the leading foundries in the United States, discussed the art of the lost wax process in bronze casting. He explained that to produce a quality reproduction of an original clay sculpture requires not only the talent of the original artist but the additional talents and highly technical and specialized skills of foundry workers. "There are some five hundred variables to the process," Mel said, "and any one of them that goes wrong can cause the product to become scrap." The following, because of space limitations, is a somewhat over-simplified description of bronze casting. First, molds are made of the original with extremely sensitive rubber capable of picking up every minute detail sculpted into the clay. Next special wax is poured into the rubber molds to make a wax pattern. Intricate detailing on this pattern enhances the quality of the final bronze. The final mold into which the bronze will be poured is a ceramic shell made by dipping the wax pattern into a *slurry* and after removing it from the *slurry* sprinkling it with sand, a process repeated many times until the pattern has assumed a thick shell. After the shell has hardened, the interior wax is melted out and molten bronze is poured in to fill the space this leaves. When the casting is removed from the mold it is cleaned and then chemically treated to give it color or patina for a pleasing finish.

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her second husband, a distant relative of my father, and that none of her genes flow in the veins of my progeny.

With that said I will try to give her her just dues and place her in perspective in the limelight of history, particularly as she relates to prohibition, with all of its credits and tragic consequences, and to woman's liberation.

The story of this woman who, it has been said, for a number of years was the most discussed woman in the world, is fascinatingly unreal. To me much of it is hilariously funny. So far as I know no movie has been made of Carry Nation's life. (Perhaps no one would believe it.) A full length opera was written about her and performed in 1968 in New York City. There are three book-length biographies about her. She also left an autobiography, "The Use and Need of the Life of Carry A. Nation." It is sometimes incoherent, but went through seven editions. It was written at age 60. One reason, she said, was to show people that she was still sane. I will let you judge for yourself, from what I can tell you about her, concerning her sanity and her importance.

One thing we must all admire about her was her will and her courage. No martyr was ever possessed of more. And she longed to be a martyr. She often told friends, "Oh, I want to be shot! How glorious to be a martyr to the cause." What a wonder that she was not! The protection of an even greater power, or the reluctance of the owners and denizens of the many saloons which she smashed to harm a woman, must be credited with her failure to die a violent death. She surely tried to deserve it.

Carry was against alcohol, tobacco, sex, politics, government, the Masonic Lodge, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan, in approximately that order. The saloons bore the brunt of her physical violence; "hatchetation," she preferred to call their destruction with her hatchet. The only violence others usually suffered was from her tongue, except for those who had cigarettes or pipes snatched from their mouths, sometimes with an accompanying slap. Her verbal attack was said to be almost as destructive as her assault

with the hatchet. She was said to have a flow of invective, however ungrammatical, that would have paralyzed a fishwife and have brought blushes to the face of a madam in the lowest brothel. She once said, "I never saw anything that needed rebuke, exhortation, or warning, but that I felt it was my duty to meddle with it," and meddle she did.

Nearly everything she published in her weekly newspaper, "The Smasher's Mail" was libelous. President Roosevelt was a "bloodthirsty, reckless, cigarette-smoking rummy." When President McKinley was shot she opined in print that he would have survived had his blood not been poisoned with nicotine. Of the Masonic order (her first husband was a Mason) she wrote, "Its members swear to have their tongues cut out, their throats ripped across, their hearts burned to ashes." "Government," she wrote, apropos of little or nothing, "like dead fish, stinks worse at the head." A reference to an officer of the law may have been less libelous, when she spoke of "a two legged beer keg in the form of a policeman." To her credit, I suppose, she also ran a column in her paper called "Letters from Hell and elsewhere among the wicked." These were letters to the editor from her detractors and many of these letters are precious.

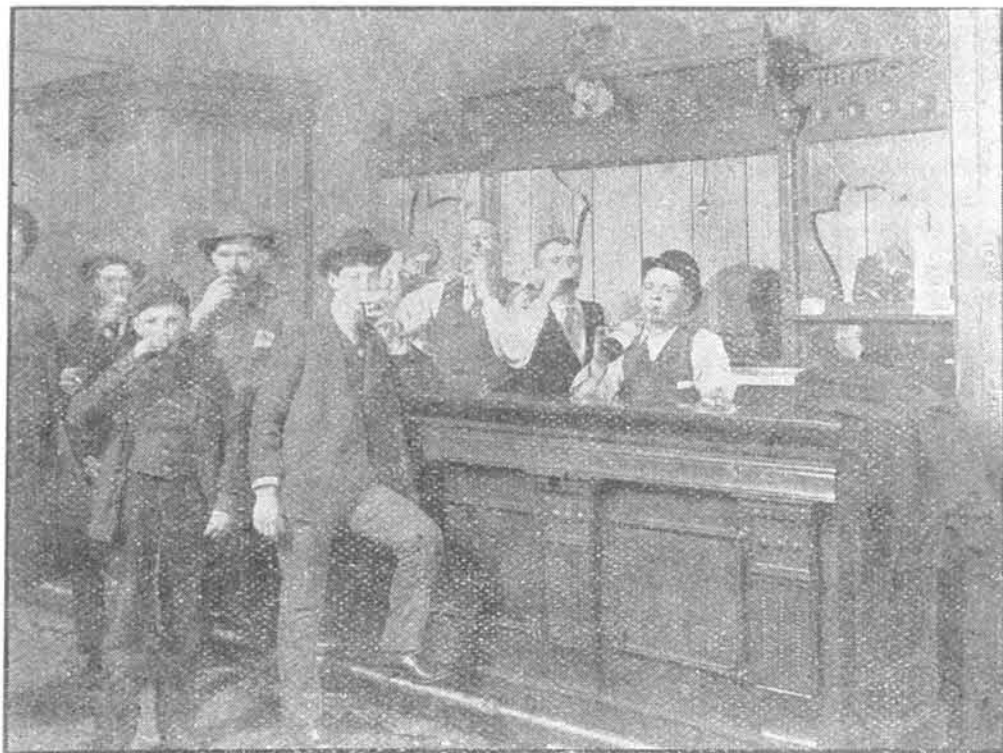
Mrs. Nation's physical assaults on the dens of iniquity are epitomized by the description of a raid on one Kansas town: "Mrs. Nation smashed one saloon's venetian mirror with brickbats, flung stones through a second saloon's windows, leveled a half-brick at the head of a boy attempting to sweep up, ripped some candid and stimulating prints from the walls, powdered the bric-a-brac and glasses, separated the rungs from all the chairs, drop-kicked a cuspidor over a pot-bellied stove and threw a billiard ball at what she mistakenly took to be 'Satan' lounging behind the bar." "Satan" was, in fact, the unfortunate bartender who escaped on all fours. Before leaving she sang several hymns, begged to be arrested and was insulted when a saloon-keeper said it was the worse atrocity she had yet committed.

On another occasion when Mrs. Nation was venting her wrath in a suicidal assault on another of the devil's hideouts she ex-

hibited her limitless fury and strength when in the throes of one of these demonic possessions. It was widely recorded that she picked up a giant cash register, before the eyes of the speechless bartender and numerous awed onlookers and heaved it into the street. These devices in those days were specifically made not to be portable. It was agreed that this feat would have been impossible for the average male. The bartender had drawn his pistol, candidly admitting later that he had intended to shoot Mrs. Nation. Instead, he fired two shots into the ceiling and fled through the back door in panic. The report continues: "Still under seizure, Mrs. Nation ripped a heavy steel door off a refrigerator, promptly clearing the room as she did so." One observer later testified in court: "I figured she was aiming to haul the place down like Samson."

By now it must be apparent that this was no ordinary woman. From beginning to end there was nothing ordinary about Carry Nation or her life. It is little wonder that stories of this ferocious woman and her assaults on men's strongholds and weaknesses served as a catalyst and ferment to revolt among women beginning to stir in many parts of the world. The life leading up to her crusade, which really only began after she was forty years old, is interesting to look into.

Carry Nation was born Carry Amelia Moore November 25, 1846 in Garrard County, Kentucky. This was an area of great violence and a hot-bed of orgiastic piety. The religious fervor of her family was not allowed to interfere with their taste for brandy, however. She later wrote, with apparent relish, of how her maternal grandfather, James Campbell,



THE SENATE SALOON

One hour after the raid led by Mrs. Nation, this notorious resort was open again selling liquor. The small boy in the picture is only 14 years old. This place afterward raided by Sheriff Cook and owners (sic) placed in jail. Thanks to God for this bit of work.



"I CANNOT TELL A LIE . . . I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET!"

Mrs. Nation's Reform Crusade in Kansas, as the Globe Artist understands it from the Press Dispatches.

before breakfast would mix brandy, butter, sugar and water and pass it among the family, including the children, polishing off the remainder himself as an appetizer for breakfast. His granddaughter later wrote that he was also partial to "toddlies, juleps, cobbler, and even rum," none of which evidently interfered with his serving the nearby Baptist Church as principal deacon. Her father was a teetotaler.

Mr. Campbell was a man of substance. He was a direct lineal descendant of the Dukes of Argyll. This fact may have influenced his daughter, Carry's mother, because she later thought that she was Queen Victoria.

This tangent might as well be pursued at this point. It probably has significant bearing on Carry's aberrant nature. Environment undoubtedly played a large part in warping her character. Genetically she may never have had a chance to be normal. The distaff side of Carry's family bore a dominant trait of mental weakness. Her mother died of "recurrent mania" in 1893 in a mental institution. The records also show that her grand-

mother, a brother and a sister died of insanity. There was considerable question about other members of the family as well. Her own daughter ended in a mental institution.

Carry's mother's mind must have snapped soon after the birth of her sixth child. Carry's earliest recollections of her mother related to her grand dame behavior. At first she thought that she was a lady-in-waiting to the Queen of England. As time went on her manner became increasingly regal and in later years she was Queen Victoria herself. She dressed in a manner befitting the Queen. She had to be waited on and treated with royal deference. Her husband catered to her hallucinations by outfitting her with a plush upholstered carriage with rubber tires, drawn by a pair of dapple-grey horses with silver mounted harness. She was driven by a top-hatted coachman, flanked by outriders, and preceded as she drove about the countryside by a huge black in a scarlet jacket bearing a trumpet to herald her approach.

No wonder that Carry received little maternal guidance. She idolized her father as a

near deity but spent her entire childhood with the family's black slaves. She later wrote that she was a right big child before she "ate at white folk's table." She was raised by Aunt Eliza and her husband, an undersized, jet-black Guinea importation who was "peculiar in the head," and bragged about it. Carry even slept as a child sandwiched between the two blacks. She ate in their cabins and sat about the evening fireplace absorbing their lore and superstitions.

Carry also wrote of many hours spent as a child among the gravestones of the family cemetery at the rear of the plantation house. Here she communed with the dead and later recounted the visions she had while stretched out on headstones of family graves.

George Moore, Carry's father, was a restless man. When Carry was nine years of age the family was moved to Cass County, Missouri. In the course of the move, Carry developed what proved to be a protracted illness which she wrote of as "consumption of the bowels." During the year that this lasted her life often was despaired of. Her childish conscience was assailed by her father and an overly zealous minister with her many sins and shortcomings and they entreated her to prepare to suffer for them in the hereafter. She herself was conscience stricken because of childhood thefts from the family larder on behalf of her friends, the slaves. Such exhortations obviously had a profound influence on the malleable mind of this introspective child. When her health permitted she was taken to a "protracted meeting" where Carry succumbed to the exhortations of a fiery minister. She was led to the mourner's bench by her father. Carry Nation had been converted. She was baptized in an ice-filled stream despite the risk to her precarious health. Her life was never to be the same again.

For the next five years Carry's health was uncertain. She spent much of the time in bed. Here she devoted her time to reading the Bible. She gained something of a reputation as a child preacher. She would gather the slaves about her in the parlor or about her bed and belabor them with sermons. Her texts were said usually to have been chosen from the Book of Revelation.

When Carry was fifteen years of age the threat of the Civil War led Mr. Moore once again to move the family, slaves, cattle and all, to Texas. Here, one disaster after another family befell them. The slaves were freed and the family finally was moved back to Missouri, almost penniless. Even Queen Victoria's carriage was disposed of. Later they moved to Kansas City where Mr. Moore took a job to support his family until the war was over. The family fortunes were never to rise above the morass of poverty again.

With ill health, repeated moves and failing fortune Carry received very little education beyond that gained by her study of the Bible, a fact that she was painfully aware of but which did little to slow her down.

Carry Nation recorded in her autobiography that in her youth she "was a great lover." There is little to support this in more than a biblical sense. When she finally met her first sweetheart, the man she was to marry, at age 19, the courtship was carried out from opposite ends of a sofa. She wrote that this was "because I had been taught that to inspire respect and love from a man you must keep him at a distance." This man was a young physician, Dr. Charles Gloyd, who had just moved to the community from Ohio. When, in a darkened hallway, he grasped Carry's hand and kissed her on the lips she tore her hand loose, covered her face and cried, "I am ruined! I am ruined!" Great lover, indeed!

Nevertheless, Carry adored Dr. Gloyd and married him over her family's strenuous protests. They objected because of his reputation as a drinking man. Carry thought to change this. In fact she soon found him changed. She found him to be morose and sullen. She wrote, "He used to sit and read, when I was so hungry for his caresses and love. I have heard that this is the experience of so many other young married women. They are so disappointed after marriage."

Gloyd's spree that began on his wedding day never ended. He was an inveterate alcoholic. When he stayed out drinking and his wife went in search of him he would take refuge in the Masonic Lodge building. There thus arose simultaneously in Carry a loathing for booze and Lodges, both of which she

blamed for taking from her the man she loved. The blow was not diminished by the discovery that she was pregnant. Her father came and took her home where she would at least have food to eat. There her child, a daughter, was born without its father's knowledge. Six months later Dr. Gloyd was dead of alcoholism.

Carry was desolated for a time. She recovered eventually and entered normal school to prepare to teach. After a year of such education she obtained a position as a teacher of elementary grade children. She kept this position for four years until she lost it to a relative of a member of the school board after an altercation with the board member over how children should be taught to pronounce the "a" in "I saw a man."

At this point Carry realized her own need for a man. She let it be known that she was available for marriage. She even recorded later the prayer she prayed for the Lord to send her a marriageable husband.

The answer to her prayer was David Nation, lawyer, minister of the Christian Church, Union veteran and editor of "The Warrensburg Journal." They met accidentally on the street; he wrote her a letter the following day and they were married six weeks later. He was nineteen years her senior. At age 31 she had the name she has always been known by and which she prized because it seemed to her later to be so appropriate. Her father had written her name in the family bible as Carry (the Y has been thought to be a product of his untutored spelling) Amelia Moore. She had generally gone by C-a-r-r-i-e, but when she began her crusade in earnest she made hay of the "Carry A. Nation." She wrote, "This does not mean that I will carry a nation, but that the roused heart and conscience will, as I am the roused heart and conscience of the people." She definitely felt a divine call by this time.

Carry and David soon found that they had nothing in common. He resented all of her strong views and activities. She was suspicious of him and many of his activities. Despite the constant turmoil and bickering they lived together for twenty-four years, until he could stand it no longer and divorced her. She wrote, "I think my combative nature

was largely developed by living with him, for I had to fight for everything I kept."

It is interesting to speculate about what might have happened had either of her marriages been happy. One writer has suggested that, "She would doubtless always have been the village nuisance, but she might not have become a national affliction." What difference might a little love have made? She wrote, "I never saw a loving husband that I did not envy the wife. It was the cry of my heart for love. Oh, how the heart will almost break for a loving word!" She was perhaps human after all. On another occasion she wrote: "I am the defender of the one who needs help most. The great need of the world is love." These sentiments bring us more in tune with her.

Two years after they were married Carry and David Nation traded for 1700 acres of farm land in Southern Texas, whence they moved, live stock, daughter, step-daughter, Carry's elderly mother-in-law by her first marriage and a destitute man they had taken in like a stray cat. Knowing nothing of farming they soon lost everything. Mr. Nation started practicing law in Columbus, the county seat, fifty miles from Houston. No law suits came along and for a long period the entire family almost starved and were at the mercy of neighbors. All of this suffering added fuel to Carry's visions. When her young daughter became desperately ill with typhoid fever, followed by mysterious facial ulcerations that ate away a cheek and jaw (for which her mother took credit because she prayed that afflictions be visited on the child who was beginning to renounce religion), and then began to lose her mind, her mother could blame her first husband's drinking habits for his child's destruction. Her own mental aberrations and fixations were becoming more pronounced. She became more and more a religious fanatic. She had exalted visions and took credit for performing miracles. Her account of these events is stirring. One problem was that she was such a disruptive force that she had trouble finding a church home. She was ejected and shoved from one to the other.

One newspaper reporter of the time wrote of Carry's prayers: "She had a style not

usually noticed in entreaties before the Lord; aggressive, not humble, her eyes wide open for one thing, and her bonneted head wagging back and forth as though she'd lost patience with everybody in the Celestial Organization."

Carry had gone into the hotel business meantime on a shoestring and eventually was housing and supporting the two girls, the men they had married, her elderly first mother-in-law, the old wayfarer taken in long ago, two other destitute bums taken in to repay the Lord for his favors, and a penniless husband. She fought adversity as she later was to fight demon rum.

Even then she showed evidence of indestructibility. When a fire swept the town and everyone fled and implored her to do so she sat her ground in her rocker in the parlor of the hotel and refused to budge or be intimidated by a fire. The block, including the adjoining building, burned but not the hotel. It seemed that the fire was not stopped, or the hotel saved, by natural means. This was plain for Carry — and others — to see. Martyrdom was denied her again.

David Nation tried his hand as a reporter and writer for the *Houston Post*. A series which he wrote stirred so much political furor between rival political factions, the "Jaybirds" and the "Peckerwoods," there were threats on his life. As a consequence the Nations sold everything and moved in haste back to Medicine Lodge, Kansas. Fate was closing in on Carry.

David supported the family here for a change as pastor of the Christian Church. However, Carry again was so disruptive and dominant, not only writing some of his sermons but rising to announce when he had preached quite enough, that he soon lost this position and never again took charge of a church. Instead, he again took up the law and this time with considerable success, freeing Carry from responsibilities of work. She became even more zealous and meddlesome. Her religious zeal knew no bounds.

As menopause approached her fervor against everything sexual grew. Spooners were ferreted out wherever they might be and lectured on the evil intentions of all men and the fate to befall every girl caught in the

arms, or even on the arm, of a man.

Visions and revelations continued to assail her. The time was at hand when she should at least receive the divine call and set forth on her mission.

In 1880 the voters of Kansas had approved prohibition for their state. Very little attention was paid, however, by the officials or many citizens, to this law. Joints, as they were called, operated openly. Medicine Lodge had seven of these. The W.C.T.U. offered verbal opposition but had little effect until a leader with the zeal of Carry Nation arrived on the scene with her divine call.

On a late summer Saturday in 1899, after a day of prayer and fasting, Carry and Mrs. Wesley Cain, the Baptist minister's wife, donned their best alpaca dresses and most becoming poke bonnets and set forth to do battle with the joints. The vivid accounts of the afternoon and evening's activities are fascinating and impressive. By loud, public prayers, hymn singing and verbal blasts at the owners, on the sidewalks before the joints, the doors of which soon were barricaded against the women, Saturday crowds were attracted. Public officials who tried to interfere with the demonstrations were shamed into slinking away when publicly denounced for not doing their obvious duty by closing down the illegal joints.

Carry Nation became a celebrity overnight among the W.C.T.U. and church people. Mr. Strong, whose joint was the focal point of Carry's first non-violent attack, heeded her ultimatum and left town. Before Carry and her increasingly militant cronies were finished every joint in Medicine Lodge was closed. Toward the end even the officials joined the obvious winners and made a show of enforcing the law.

Carry's reputation locally by this time was such that the lawless fled before her lasting tongue and Bible wielding forays. Not so in Kiowa, a small town near the Oklahoma border. With a population of only 800 there were 12 open saloons in Kiowa. As Jail Evangelist Carry gathered evidence from the jail inmates. She visited Kiowa and demanded that the joints be closed. However, she was not accompanied by her army of Medicine Lodge supporters and her demands



The Black Valley Railroad.

This schedule sent by L. M. Gibson of Concordia, Kans., which he says he has kept for years is so full of grewsome truth that we publish it here. Let all take warning.

Standard Gauge, International Line, Chartered Under the Laws of All States. No stop-over checks. No Return Trains.

Stations on the Main Line.

Arrive Cigaretteville	- - -	7:30 a. m.
Leave Cigaretteville	- - -	7:35 a. m.
Leave Mild Drink Station	- - -	7:45 a. m.
Leave Moderation Falls	- - -	8:00 a. m.
Leave Tiplersville	- - -	9:00 a. m.
Leave Topersvale	- - -	10:00 a. m.
Leave Drunkards Cure	- - -	11:00 a. m.
Leave Rowdy's Wood	- - -	11:30 a. m.
Arrive Quarrelsborg	- - -	Noon.

(Remains one hour to abuse wife and children.)

Leave Quarrelsborg	- - -	1:00 p. m.
Arrive Lusty Gulch	- - -	1:15 p. m.
Arrive Bummers' Roost	- - -	1:30 p. m.
Arrive Beggars' Town	- - -	2:00 p. m.
Arrive Criminals' Rendezvous	- - -	3:00 p. m.
Arrive Deliriumville	- - -	4:00 p. m.
Arrive Rattlesnake Swamp	- - -	6:00 p. m.
Arrive Prisonburg	- - -	8:00 p. m.
Arrive Devil's Gap	(brakes all off)	
- - -	- - -	10:00 p. m.

(Passengers may feel some discomfort inhaling sulphurous fumes, but never mind, there is no way to return.)

Arrive Demon Bend	- - -	11:30 p. m.
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(Don't get frightened at the dying groans you may hear.)

Arrive Perdition	- - -	Midnight.
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(Tickets for sale by all barkeepers.)

went unheeded.

After much prayer Carry received another vivid revelation. Armed with this and an apron filled with stones wrapped in newspapers she literally laid waste to three of Kiowa's saloons. By this time a crowd of several hundred people had gathered. To them Carry announced, "Men of Kiowa, I have destroyed three of your places of business. If I have broken a statute of Kansas, put me in jail. If I am not a law-breaker, your mayor and council are. You must arrest one of us, for if I am not a criminal they are." Such logic was hard to contend with. After a hastily called conference of the mayor and the council members in the crowd it was decided that nothing had occurred. The Marshall was told to release her buggy horse's bridle and she was told to "go home!" After loud prayers for the salvation of the saloon keepers and the Republicans of Kiowa she returned to Medicine Lodge where the telegraphed news made her an even greater celebrity than before.

By her forceful methods it was apparent that Mother Nation had done more to enforce prohibition laws than the W.C.T.U. and churches had been able to do in twenty years. She later wrote that she "never told the people that God told me to do this for several months, for I tried to shield myself from the almost universal opinion that I was partially insane."

Carry was smart enough to realize that her talents deserved a larger arena. Announcing to all that she might not return alive she descended by Santa Fe train on Wichita, the center of the Kansas booze traffic, armed with a 12 inch steel rod as thick as her thumb strapped to the end of a walking cane. This smashing campaign by a fifty-four year old woman was to bring her international renown, drive Kansas to the verge of civil war and institute an aggressiveness among the anti-saloon forces that was to result in far-reaching consequences that still affect us.

The Hotel Carey bar, the most elegant in Wichita, was the first to be destroyed single handedly by Carry Nation. Its beautiful cherrywood bar splintered and beaten, its \$1500 venetian mirror smashed and its pride, a huge nude painting, "Cleopatra at the

Bath," ruined finally led to the arrest and imprisonment of Carry Nation for the first time. The hue and cry that followed her arrest was unbelievable and unstoppable by her enemies. The trial gave her the center of the stage. County attorney Amidon early rued his decision to prosecute. She would not allow Judge Kirk to begin the trial until attorney Amidon disposed of his cigar: "It's rotten and the smell of it poisons me," she declared. She insisted also that the charge be changed to "destruction of malicious prop-

erty," But now vengeance was added to Mrs. Nation's motives. She was joined by many willing volunteers caught up in the excitement.

Jan. 21, 1901 was a notable date in the life of Carry Nation. Armed for the first time with a hatchet and accompanied by three equally militant ladies of Wichita, including the wife of the leading physician, a trail of destruction resembling one left by a cyclone, was made through the "rum-holes" and "murder-mills" of Wichita. Casualty insurance companies cancelled all insurance on buildings where liquor was sold as long as Carry Nation was on the loose. The ladies were radiantly gratified by again being arrested and thrown into jail. Temperance organizations soon supplied bail, to the relief of all jailers. She came out with raised right arm and clenched fist announcing, "men of Wichita, this is the right arm of God! I am destined to wreck every saloon in your city!"

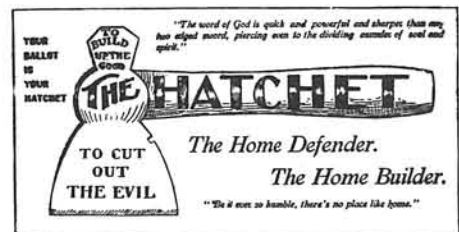
While in jail she began the publication of the newspaper which she called *The Smasher's Mail*. She published 13 numbers between March 9 and Dec. 1, 1901. Her



The first number of "The Smashers Mail" appeared in tabloid format, with twelve pages, on March 9, 1901.

erty" instead of "malicious destruction of property." Her screaming defiance as she was placed in a cell, came to be realized all too well: "You put me in here a cub, but I will go out a roaring lion, and I will make all hell howl!"

A writ of habeas corpus to the supreme court obtained her release on \$200 bond. The Judge and sheriff were accused of fraudulent tactics. Everyone was glad to get her out of jail and hoped the plague would go away.



THREE CENTS PER COPY 6 CENTS PER YEAR 33 CENTS PER YEAR

SATAN INCARNATE.



Satan The Instigator, The Liquor Traffic, The Method, The Republican Party, The Instrument, Result: Heaven Robbed And Hell Filled.

"I have sat in clouds and dreamt that I have seen and to me by my hand, and 'smashing' while in the air, and truly (either in words or in deed) or I desired of two righteous parties, (if included on page 16.)

In the autumn of 1905 Mrs. Nation began the publication of a new paper which she called "The Hatchet."

printer was a black by the name of Nick Chiles. He was a former slave who owned a printing establishment where an influential black newspaper, *The Plaindealer*, was published, a hotel and other Topeka real estate, including a joint. Carrie justified hiring him (he was the only one she could get to do it) by recalling that the Savior ate with Publicans and sinners "to do them good." She fired Chiles after 3 months and wrote a scurrilous piece about how he had robbed her, in *The Smasher's Mail*, which she now published herself in magazine format.

The colorful descriptions of the time of the assaults of these Godly Amazons on saloons, saloon-keepers and drunkards read like Keystone Kop movies. They cut a wide swath through the state. The events in Topeka were most momentous, however. By the time Carry and her cronies were finished with Topeka she had been beaten up several times by wives of saloon-keepers, to her apparent satisfaction, and had the populace and politicians in such an aroused state that efforts finally began to be made to enforce the law.

At this point Carry, who was now as great a national celebrity as William Jennings Bryan, whom she loathed, embarked on a national speaking tour. She was greeted everywhere by great crowds but the audiences for her lectures were relatively sparse. She began to sell souvenir hatchets and largely supported herself thereby for some time since the lecture tour was a financial failure.

She returned to Topeka in 1901 to lead a large but poorly organized band of temperance sympathizers, now composed of about as many men as women, on some of the most destructive forays yet conducted. She was arrested four times in one day. The end result was the closing of all joints and the enforcement of prohibition in Kansas. Carry Nation's greatest contribution had been publicity. The people and officials alike became painfully aware of the evils of drink and the prevalence of illegality.

She established and financed a home for the mothers, wives and children of drunkards in Kansas City, Kansas.

During the remaining years of her life Carry was both celebrity and curiosity. She traveled and lectured widely in this country

and Canada. She smashed and was arrested in most of the great cities, including Los Angeles. In the spring of 1903 she visited Los Angeles where she was arrested. She said that it was for advertising that her manager did. She was most impressed by two things in this area: the numerous cribs around the center of the city where, she wrote, the girls paid \$2 a night for a crib; and Pasadena, where some sympathizer placed a \$20 gold piece in her hand. She was unaccustomed to get even \$5 contributions.

Eight hundred Yale University students appealed to her by letter to lecture at Yale to save the students from demon rum. While there she was photographed with the students, holding aloft a glass of water. When the altered photograph appeared Carry and the students each held aloft a stein of beer. In Carry's other hand dangled a cigarette. An enlargement long hung, and may still do so, over the bar of the Yale Club in New York City.

In 1908 Mrs. Nation toured England and Scotland at her own expense where she lectured in most of the leading cities. She also did a bit of smashing and was arrested there. She lectured by invitation at Cambridge University. There were many interesting occurrences and encounters which cannot be recounted here.

She returned finally to Oklahoma and then to Arkansas where she had purchased an attractive country property with profits which had accrued to her. She even started another newspaper, *The Hatchet*, to publicize her philosophy. Meantime, she began her autobiography in 1902 and it went through seven revisions by 1909.

In 1907 she had another revelation. "You don't kill a viper by cutting off its tail," she wrote, "you smash its head." Washington, D.C. was the head of the nation, so there she moved, along with her new publication, *The Hatchet*, the official organ of the Prohibition Federation, with a circulation of 15,000. This was a momentous and tempestuous period in her life and that of many of her national political opponents, including Theodore Roosevelt. He steadfastly refused to see her even though she invaded his office and denounced him as a cigarette and rum soaked

rummy on several occasions.

She finally returned to Arkansas. Her lecturing continued but became more senile. During a lecture in northern Arkansas Jan. 13, 1911 she hesitated, her eyes glazed, and she said, "I have done what I could," before she collapsed.

She lived for five months without becoming lucid again. She died June 2, 1911. She was buried beside her demented mother in Belton, Missouri. Her grave remained unmarked until 1924 when the Carry A. Nation Association erected a monument on which is inscribed:

Carry A. Nation
Faithful to the cause of Prohibition
"She hath done what she could."

Monthly Roundup continued...

NOVEMBER

Dr. James Hart, director of the Bancroft Library at the University of California, reviewed the early life of Hubert Howe Bancroft and the founding and operation of the Bancroft Library. Financially successful at a young age, Bancroft planned to write a simple guidebook on California. He acquired materials from as far away as Mexico and Spain, ranging from books to pamphlets. As his concept of the project expanded, he gathered the oral reminiscences of early pioneers, hiring scribes to take the words down, and he collected private papers and manuscripts. For the actual writing, Bancroft set up a "history factory" to write a history that took 39 volumes to fill. Bancroft supervised the project, wrote some of the books, and edited others. Since formulation of the project was his idea, he called the books his "Works." And he published them himself.

Beyond the *Works*, Bancroft offered his collection for sale to the University of California. After some dickering, the sale was completed in 1905, and the Bancroft Library was born. Since then it has grown quite a bit. The Library today is five times the size it was in 1905. There are 275,000 volumes, plus

manuscripts measured by tons rather than number of items. The papers of California governors, senators, authors and literary figures, businesses, Latin Americana, and even an important papyrus collection are in the Library's custody, as are 2 million pictures and microfilm materials.

Hart also described the Library's interest in Mark Twain — 3,000 letters, plus another 10,000 to him, some 600 manuscripts, and photographs and scrapbooks. The Twain papers are now being published, including unexpurgated editions of his writings.

DECEMBER

The final meeting of 1981 highlighted a number of year-end activities. Bob Clark accepted his grubstake certificate as an Associate Member; a generous collection was taken up in appreciation for Colette's services; and Bill Gunn, a guest from Australia, recited



Deputy Sheriff Bill Escherich, left, presenting an original painting by Burt Proctor to outgoing Sheriff Bill Hendricks at the December meeting.

an Australian cowboy ballad, "The Man from Snowy River."

The main speaker of the evening, Past Sheriff Doyce B. Nunis, Jr., spoke on "The Historians of Los Angeles." This wide-ranging topic covered authors of Los Angeles from Cabrillo to the present day. Nunis focused especially on the authors of multi-volume history-biography "mug books,"

among them James M. Guinn, the first person to write with a full commitment to accuracy and veracity; John S. McGroarty; and W. A. Spalding. Nunis described how Harris Newmark's famous *Sixty Years in Southern California* was masterfully edited by Perry Worden. Other authors of note included Henry D. Barrows, Boyle Workman, Horace Bell, and the authors of the centennial sketch of Los Angeles history, J. J. Warner, Benjamin Hayes, and J. P. Widney. W. W. Robinson, whose career spanned a time period from World War I to the 1960s, received special attention for his contributions to local history. Nunis concluded with the observation that a definitive history of Los Angeles remains to be written. The information for that history has only very recently begun to be assembled, in the very year that Los Angeles celebrated its 200th birthday.



Corral Chips

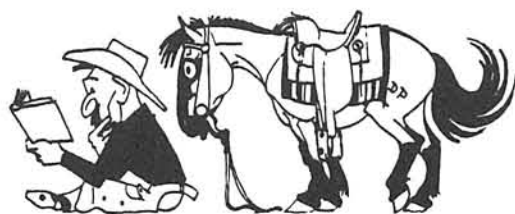
Doyce Nunis receives a Certificate of Commendation from Mayor Tom Bradley for his service on the Executive Committee and as chair of the History Committee for Los Angeles 200 in celebrating the city's Bicentennial. . . C.M. *John S. Ferguson, Jr.*, is the featured speaker at the September meeting of the Pacific Mineral Society. His topic is "The Great Diamond Hoax — as Looked at by a Geologist, 100 years later" . . . *Ray Wood* is commissioned to prepare for publication a roster of all plaques dedicated to Jedediah S. Smith throughout the western states. Ray reports that California leads all

other states with a dozen plaques; runner-up state is South Dakota, with two . . . C.M. *Robert Stragnell, M.D.*, is currently researching the history of Los Angeles' first and "finest" hotel, the Bella Union, and would welcome any help . . . C.M. *Gene Bear* co-authors *Who's Who in Country & Western Music*, published by the Black Stallion Country Press . . .

Dwight Cushman attends the recent Triennial Congress of the Society of Mayflower Descendants in Plymouth, Massachusetts. He was guest speaker in the First Parish Church of Plymouth on September 13, the 375th anniversary of the founding of the church which was organized in Scrooby, Nottinghamshire, England, back in 1606. . . C.M. *Ed Crigler*, Tallyman for the John G. Neihardt Corral in Columbia, Missouri, reports that his Corral holds a two-day rendezvous in the restored Hotel Dauphine, in the old river town of Bonnots Mill, Missouri, October 10-11. The hotel was bought and restored by the Corral's deputy sheriff, Dr. Robert Bregant of Jefferson City, and it is now in the National Register of Historic Places . . .

Tony Kroll is featured in the Pasadena *Star-News* on his designing and engraving the personal bookplate of Pope John Paul II . . . *Martin Ridge* is elected to the Council of the Western History Association. At the WHA's Annual Conference, held in San Antonio October 14-17, are Corral members *Bill Burkhart*, *Art Clark*, *George Geiger*, *Elwood Holland*, *Doyce Nunis*, and *Rod Paul*; A.M. *Bob Clark*; and C.M.'s *Don Bufkin*, *John M. Carroll*, *Jeff Dykes*, *Russell Elliott*, *Erl Ellis*, *Mary Gormly*, *Father Barry Hagan*, *Mike Harrison*, and *Bruce Walton*. Hope we got them all! . . .

A.M. *Victor Plukas* gives a talk on the "Los Angeles Zoo," with historical slides, to the Santa Clarita Valley Historical Society in Newhall, on September 16 . . . C.M. *C. Woodrow Wilson*, scholarship chairman of the Glendale Elks Lodge, presents the lodge's annual scholarships to Los Angeles area high school students. . . *Abe Hoffman* writes the Foreword to *The San Fernando Valley: Past and Present*, by Lawrence C. Jorgensen, published by Pacific Rim Research . . .



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

Hawaii's Royal Prime Minister: The Life and Times of Walter Murray Gibson, by Paul Bailey. Illustrations, notes, bibliography, and index. Hastings House, New York, 1980. 315 pp. \$13.95.

Human history has certainly known no dearth of colorful characters, but Walter Murray Gibson must rank among the most flamboyant and enigmatic of them all. Part scoundrel, part visionary, spellbinding speaker and wily politician, this remarkable man fashioned a globe-spinning career so varied and so unique that it reads more like fabrication than fact.

As a twenty-one year old widower, Walter Gibson left the dreary backwoods of South Carolina — and his three young children, whom he entrusted to his less than enthusiastic in-laws — for the more pulsating world of travel and commerce. After a short tenure as a steamship captain, he set himself up as a commission merchant in New York; invented the "Gibson Goldwasher," a useless piece of machinery he pawned off on gullible gold seekers headed for California; and ultimately had himself appointed Consul General for Guatemala, San Salvador, and Costa Rica, an office he achieved as a result of calculated hobnobbing with diplomatic missions, a penchant for mastering foreign languages, and for his ambitious, ingratiating ways. But this was only the beginning of this man's bizarre exploits.

Thinking that Guatemala and the other banana republics needed a navy, Gibson bought an old schooner as the first vessel of his proclaimed "Centralian Navy," but barely escaped the attempted confiscation of his ship by Brazilian authorities when his crew became involved in a drunken brawl that ended in a fatal knifing. Gibson then set sail for Sumatra, where the Dutch imprisoned him for treasonous incitement of the natives and almost executed him.

Returning to America, the undaunted Gibson hit the lecture circuit with stories of his harrowing Sumatra sojourn, wormed his way into the confidence of the Latter-day Saints, and was dispatched by the Mormons as a missionary to Japan. He never got farther than Honolulu, however. Instead, thanks to the impressive credentials and letters of recommendation bestowed on him by Brigham Young, he set up his own little feudal kingdom on the island of Lanai and dubbed himself "Chief President of the Islands of the Sea," a reference to his long-standing dream of uniting all the Pacific peoples into the kingdom of Oceania.

Excommunicated by the Mormon Church for selling ecclesiastical offices and otherwise perverting the mission with which he was entrusted by Brigham Young, Gibson continued his Hawaiian career over the ensuing years as rancher, plantation owner, newspaper publisher, politician, and legislator, ultimately becoming Prime Minister and confidant to King Kalakaua.

At the age of sixty-five, Gibson died in exile in San Francisco after being forced at bayonet point to leave his beloved Hawaii by the powerful *haole* element, who blamed him almost exclusively for the scandals and the economic problems that plagued his uneasy tenure as Prime Minister.

Paul Bailey tells the fascinating story of Walter Murray Gibson with the skill and verve we have come to expect from this gifted author. He also maintains an impeccable fairness in the treatment of his controversial subject, leaving it to the reader to decide whether Gibson was the most self-serving son of a bitch ever washed up on Hawaii's shore — as his enemies unhesitatingly maintained — or a visionary and dedicated genius

who cared passionately for the welfare of his adopted island homeland.

I suggest you read this engrossing book, meet the enigmatic and intriguing Walter Murray Gibson, and render your own judgment.

— Tony Lehman

Ray Allen Billington, *Land of Savagery, Land of Promise: The European Image of the American Frontier in the Nineteenth Century*. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1981. Pp. xv, 364. \$18.95.

Ray Billington was in harness to the last day of his life. It is a measure of his scholarship and reputation that *Land of Savagery, Land of Promise*, written when most scholars his age would offer books reflecting the accumulated knowledge of their lifetimes, offers us an original, fresh investigation of an overlooked topic. Truly, Billington was always in the vanguard of research. So many topics in Western history have been overworked and overdone; Billington's assessment of the European view of the American frontier is original, informative, and entertaining — three bright reasons for reading and owning a copy.

Billington readily acknowledged the assistance given him in preparing the book. Stories of the West found enthusiastic audiences throughout Europe, and novels dating back to the early 19th century can be found in Norwegian, German, French, Hungarian, and other languages. A grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities provided research assistance, and the topic itself seemed to invite friendly correspondence and help from European scholars.

Europeans have long seen the American West pretty much the way we see ourselves in a fun house mirror; the image is there, but distortions stretch reality, making the image at times ludicrous, ugly, or dramatic, but seldom accurate. So it was with Europe's novelists who found the West a fertile subject for imaginative fiction. The newness of this frontier called for objective observation; what it received were gory novels, sensational captivity narratives, and jaundiced reports

from cynical travelers. For example, in Europe's view the Indians went from a state of nature to savage creatures to noble savages. Billington traces how the "image-makers" dealt with the contradictions of good and bad Indians, the fertile agricultural land and the dangerous wilderness, the Code of the West and the excessive violence. The West attracted and repelled, and it is this dichotomy that gives Billington's book its bifurcated title.

Billington ranged over the centuries, savoring the impressions of Europeans from Columbus's time down to the present day and Western novels, films, and cults (are the Westerners are cult?). Almost all the European writers of Western fiction shared one characteristic: they never visited the West in person. This gave rise to some fascinating and totally erroneous descriptions of geography, flora and fauna, and ethnology — none of which stopped such disparate figures as Adolf Hitler and Albert Einstein from enjoying Karl May's novels!

There is one limitation to be noted. The study deals with European images; Billington states that preliminary correspondence revealed little on the American frontier in South America, Australia, Asia, or Africa. There would seem to be room here for further study, especially for the 20th century. But such efforts would have to go far to match Billington's for readability and enthusiasm.

—Abraham Hoffman

Arcadia, Where Ranch and City Meet, by Pat McAdam and Sandy Snider, Friends of the Arcadia Public Library, Arcadia, 1981, 200 pages, bibliography, index, endpapers, dust jacket, \$30.

I admit at the outset to a strong personal bias about this book. I think it is beautiful. Over the years many books have been published about communities in Southern California, including several about Arcadia and the people who created and developed it. This volume, however, must rank as one of the better efforts of the genre in terms of popular appeal.

The authors, Pat McAdam, reference libra-

rian at the Arcadia Public Library, and Sandy Snider, historian at the Los Angeles State and County Arboretum, have lovingly compiled a pictorial history of Arcadia's past which many might think impossible given the paucity of physical evidence of that past extant today. Modern Arcadia is essentially a creature of the post World War II era. Previously it was agricultural in nature, given to wide open spaces and ranch buildings. What physical artifacts and scenes there are or were, are faithfully recorded here.

The text clearly summarizes the decades since the time of the first Indians through Reid, Wolfskill, Baldwin and the others, up to 1980. A chronology of each time period is also presented. The selected bibliography provides a key for further scholarly interest.

Two Los Angeles Corral members, Donald Duke and Andy Dagosta also had a special hand in the production of this book. Don was responsible for book design and graphics while Andy provided the beautiful jacket design.

Special mention should be made of the publisher — The Friends of the Arcadia Public Library. This was their first such effort. They are to be commended for helping to preserve such a fine record of one of the southland's beautiful communities.

— Jerry Selmer

Legends of the Yosemite Miwok, La Pena, Frank, and Craig D. Bates, compilers. Illustrated by Harry Fonseca. Yosemite National Park: Yosemite Natural History Assoc., 1981. 56 pp., \$24.95.

Hearty thanks to the Yosemite Natural History Association for sponsoring a beautifully packaged collection of charming tales. The design, typography and illustrations in this work alone warrant high praise. The fourteen pen and crayon drawings by Harry Fonseca, each occupying a full page and reproduced in full color, are striking and attractive examples of contemporary Native American art. The wide margins, two color text printing, quality binding and marvelous

sense of internal continuity are gratifying to the book lover.

The sixteen legends are not new to the scholar and collector in this field. Each has appeared in a previous publication. However, the works from which they are drawn are each long out-of-print, and difficult to obtain. Their reprinting is warranted. The introduction by Mr. La Pena sets the tone for the collection, but does not illuminate the text. It perhaps would have been appropriate to allow a bit more space to the nature of Miwok culture, but the work does not suffer unduly without it.

A bibliography, colophon and short biographies of the three contributors are included. This book would make a most handsome addition to the library of the collector and is a bargain at this price.

— Robert Clark

California's Spanish Place Names, by Barbara and Rudy Marinacci. Presidio Press, San Rafael, 1980, 268 pages, \$6.95.

During the 1950s the University of California Press published a volume entitled *California Place Names* by Erwin Gudde. I use this book constantly checking the why of city names, dates when a place was founded, and who might have set the town up. Unfortunately my copy is nearly worn out and the book is long out of print.

This new paperback is more or less the same thing, however, not in alphabetical order such as the Gudde work. *California's Spanish Place Names* actually goes beyond the Gudde work in that the authors explain the Spanish names, how the names are used such as lakes, cities, streets, and metropolitan names. Actually the authors tell you what the names mean and how the name got there.

For those who took Spanish in high school, this book will be a good refresher course as many of the names are familiar and during the years the meaning has become clouded. Westerners who write and research will find the story behind the name handy.

— Art Brush