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Prohibition for the Other Guy, Not for Me: Dry Spokane and the Symbolism of Temperance
(Title)

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In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree, Masters of Arts in Humanities: United States History, has been approved and accepted by the following:

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Prohibition for the Other Guy, Not For Me:

Dry Spokane and The Symbolism of Temperance

By

Edmund "Ned" Fadeley

A Thesis

Submitted to
Adams State College
in partial fulfillment of

M.A. in United States History

August, 2015

ABSTRACT

By

Edmund "Ned" Fadeley

In Washington State, the era of Prohibition spanned more than fifteen parched years. Beginning with the passage of the anti-saloon Initiative Number Three in 1914 and closing with the repeal of statewide Prohibition more than a full year before the 1933 ratification of the Twenty First Amendment, the Evergreen State's experience with de jure temperance continues to provide students of American history with fresh opportunities for reappraisal. Using the city of Spokane, the largest between Minneapolis and Seattle, as a lens through which to evaluate the legitimacy of popular memory's cynical appraisal of the nation's Dry years, one encounters two particular historical constructs of enduring salience. The fist pertains to motivation, the second to enforcement. To the former, the arc of Spokane's Prohibition era narrative adds a layer of regional nuance to the accepted veracity of Professor Joseph Gusfield's influential "status anxiety" thesis as a means to understand the popularity of a temperance movement very few individuals ever indented to adopt personally. That is, while voters in Spokane were indeed motivated by a desire to censure the behavioral norms of "the other," the maligned subgroup in this case being comprised of a very different socio-economic class than in the major metropolitan areas that so often serve as the backdrop for Prohibition era histories, they lacked wholesale the courage of their ostensibly Dry convictions. To the latter, a consideration of the distinctive patterns of the local enforcement of temperance-related violations reveals a disturbing link between status and prosecution evocative of contemporary anxieties over the relationship between disadvantaged sub-groups and law enforcement.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to express my appreciation first and foremost to my parents, Linda Canfield and Ray Fadeley. As two sides of the principled contrarian coin of American experience, they've provided their two sons from day one with a holistic education steeped in politics, music, literature, history, and most importantly, compassion. To my two professors, Dr. Crowther and Dr. Loosbrock, thank you for providing an anonymous high school history teacher in Eastern Washington with a rigorous course of study commensurate to anything I could find on a local college campus. Your commitment to your students combined with your singular understanding of American history and historiography has been inspirational from day one. To my beautiful, talented, and brilliant wife, words can't express what you mean to our little family. I know you don't like to hear it, but I remain convinced that you're both the most compelling writer and most universally competent human being I know. Rabu. To my kids, Whitman and Margot, thanks for the never-ending stream of unanswerable questions. Keep 'em coming! They keep your dad sharp. Thanks also to my brother, Gawain, who remains the most talented, well read, and perceptive person I know. I also remain convinced that you're the smartest person in the room – any room. The research librarians at the Eastern Washington Branch of the Washington State Archives, the Pacific Northwest Room at the Spokane Library, and the Inland Northwest Museum of Arts and Culture were unendingly patient, supportive, accommodating, and inspiring. For all you do for this community, thank you. Your work matters more than you know. To all my students over the years, thanks for reminding me every day that I remain, despite my best efforts, almost universally ignorant. Finally, thanks to my grandparents, who lived this history . . .righteously.

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Introduction: Prohibition as Proxy

From a contemporary historical vista, the landscape of the twentieth century unfolds along well-worn and comfortably familiar contours. Beginning with the at once simultaneously amorphous and comfortably delineated "Progressive Era," itself a response to the now hazy excesses that marked the waning decades of the nineteenth century, the procession is familiar to even the most apathetic students of American History. World War I, the Roaring Twenties, the Great Depression, the New Deal, WWII, the Peace Dividend, the Cold War, JFK, Civil Rights, Vietnam, Watergate, Malaise, the Reagan Revolution, Clinton, 9/11, the War on Terror. Critiques of these historical signposts might include: History as scenery; Periodization as collective memory. For the vast majority of American History students, the past consists of a static constellation of discreet historical episodes with origins and end points clearly fixed in the firmament of the past. Complexity and counter-narratives need not interfere with what suffices as a clear look backward.

Americans, not unlike all nationalities, prefer their historical narratives to be both strictly chronological and free from excessive nuance. Unlike Socrates, Americans seem to be operating under the assumption that the unexamined life is indeed worth living. Begin with a desirable end and work backwards toward a point of exceptional origin. Of course, this linear, simplistic, almost Whiggish narrative fails to account for the contingent and the unexpected, the twin handmaidens, as it were, of all lived experience of the past. This didactic nature may explain why few people are drawn to history. Take Prohibition for example. Its story can be told largely as a narrative of excessive moral

zeal and an overbearing state that was subsequently overwhelmed by market forces and organized crime. And while this familiar narrative reassures the student of American history that she has the story straight, she runs the risk of missing the forest for the trees, or in this case the everyday victims of America's most overtly paranoid, irrational, reactionary, and needlessly punitive experiment in legislating one special interest group's version of morality – Prohibition.

To be sure, it is a deceptively simple term for a movement that stubbornly resists historiographical attempts to definitively pin it down. Perhaps Richard Hofstadter, himself a public intellectual and historian who like Prohibition continues to defy easy categorization while posthumously serving as useful foil for both liberals and conservatives alike, put it best when he wrote in the 1955 monograph, *The Age of Reform,* that "the story of Prohibition will seem like a historical detour, a meaningless nuisance, an extraneous imposition upon the main course of history."[1] Among the general public, that very much seems to be the case. And while the recent successes of HBO's Prohibition period drama, "Boardwalk Empire," and Ken Burns 2011 documentary, "Prohibition," has brought much needed complexity and texture to the subject and its proper place in the collective national memory, the essence of the period as experienced by those who shaped it remains elusive – as does the experience and enduring relevance of those who found themselves on the wrong side of the Volstead Act.

There are several factors that contribute to this. First of all, the whole messy affair just seems, for lack of a better term, so un-American. To make a very complicated

story short, the United States is a nation obsessed with alcohol, a veritable "nation of drunkards," in the words of historian W. J. Rorabaugh whose 1979 monograph, *The Alcoholic Republic,* endeavors to identify and interpret the roots of twentieth century Prohibition in the vast body of temperance literature from the early to mid nineteenth century in order to fix its proper place as a continuation of earlier temperance movements.[2] In Washington State today the first thing one sees when walking into any major grocery store are the hundreds of square feet of shelf space devoted to the kaleidoscopic tableau of spirits distilled, bottled, branded and marketed to help those of legal drinking age "get organized," to borrow one of the more quaint sobriquets for intoxication from the pre-war American vernacular. There are, with no embellishment, literally hundreds of choices, from the most obscure microbrews, to dozens of bourbons, and every imaginable varietal of wine. Tuned as our modern sensibilities are to the ubiquity of alcohol in our advertising and daily lives the very idea that the United States could have ever voted by large majorities to legislate the substance into oblivion boggles the mind.

And yet, they did. When the 18th Amendment was ratified in January of 1919 thousands of Americans lost their jobs. In Spokane alone three major breweries and over two hundred saloons were forced to close up shop for good when the good citizens of Washington State passed the anti-saloon Initiative Number Three in November of 1914. All told, the impact of Prohibition at the federal level deprived the nation something in the neighborhood of $300 million dollars in tax revenue[3], a sum that represented 71 percent of all internal revenue and more than 30 percent of total revenue.[45]

In this light, perhaps the only thing more unbelievable than the death of John Barleycorn himself was the fact that a simple a single special interest group, in this case the Anti-Saloon League, backed by the evangelical inertia of what several scholars of the movement have termed the "old stock" protestant majority, was able to so totally check the power of entrenched business interests. Consider the power of the NRA and the various gun lobbies stalking the halls of Congress today. Even with a bottom-line calculus that some would argue values profits over lives, there's little our federal legislative apparatus can do to stem the violent tide of plastic, steel, and lead pouring down the assembly lines of our hallowed weapons manufacturers. The Second Amendment is sacrosanct. The right to drink, apparently not so much.

Secondly, Prohibition carries with it a tremendous opportunity cost. As seeds of the Great Depression were being sewn during the third decade of the twentieth century, America's most powerful special interest group was more concerned about the pernicious influence of the saloon, an institution that was as we shall see already quickly dying from natural causes, than the speculative financial chicanery taking place on Wall St. and countless other main streets from Portland, Maine to Portland, Oregon. Not to put too fine a point on it, but in retrospect is appears that the country's national priorities were nothing short of irrational during this strange episode of American history that saw Molly Hatchet's once radical dry-utopia become a de-jure reality.

Perhaps the editors of the *Spokane Labor World* put it best when they declared, in all caps, that "GOOD WAGES, SHORTER HOURS, BETTER CONDITIONS OF LABOR - NOT PROHIBITION - ARE THE THINGS THAT BUILD FOR A STRONGER, CLEANER PEOPLE."[6] Of course, for many progressive evangelicals it

appears that the immediate, material conditions of the working class mattered far less than the elimination of the morally corrupting influences of Demon Rum.

Finally, the historiography of Prohibition has remained largely static since the parameters of the field were established by scholars like Norman Clark, James Timberlake, and Joseph Gusfield in the mid-1960's. While it's tempting to speculate that this spasm of enduring scholarship was itself a product of the period in which it was produced, a period marked by pervasive academic revisionism and the challenging of traditional American values, that kind of historiographic examination will remain beyond the scope and sequence of this thesis. Instead, this study will, as all studies are, be beholden to the zeitgeist of the period in which it is being written, a period in which the questions of prohibition, punishment, and reform again find themselves at the fore of American public life.

At first glance, this might seem like an incongruous base from which to launch a comprehensive regional study of Prohibition in Spokane, Washington, but when one considers historian Thomas J. Noel's admonition in the forward to his award winning 1982 monograph on the role of the saloon in the history of Denver that "The dominant culture, of course, has long used drug laws to control subgroups and close their haunts – be they the Irish, Italians, and Germans targeted by Prohibitionists, or the Chinese who could be arrested after opium was outlawed, or the Hispanics and Indians using drugs of their choice,"[7] a synthesis begins to emerge. Although far removed from the geographic or intellectual centers of American life, Spokane provides a fascinating case study that lends itself nicely to examining the nuances of Prohibition while simultaneously confirming and expanding upon the existing historiography.

Chapter One: Towards a Dry Reality

On August 4th, 1889 Spokane Washington burned to the ground. Like many western boomtowns, the central business district was initially built in a hurry using cheap wooden framing and despite the fact that by the late 1880s more substantial brick and granite monuments to the region's burgeoning economic clout had been erected amongst the several dozen square blocks of wood-framed enterprises, conditions were ripe conflagration. Although the real cause may never be known, popular memory attributes the fatal spark to the kitchen of saloon opposite the Northern Pacific Railroad Depot.[1] What is known is that less than three hours after the initial combustion the fire had burned itself out. With nothing left to burn the great blaze of '89 subsided, leaving thirty-two square blocks in ruins and millions of dollars in damages.[2] It also provided the Gilded Age barons of the Inland Northwest with a tabula rasa on which to paint with broad strokes both the economic and politically progressive future of the Inland Northwest.

A young boy stands in the rubble of Spokane's downtown business district. Courtesy Northwest Museum of Arts and Culture/Eastern Washington State Historical Society, Spokane Washington

Backed by the Dutch *Hypotheebank*, an entity operating exclusively in Spokane thanks to the vision of an early "traveling Hollander" who saw the potential of the town while appraising railroad investments in 1886,[3] Spokane rebuilt quickly with an air of

economic hubris undergirded no doubt by an unshakable faith in the manifest destiny of westward-looking Americans. Noted Spokane historian John Fahey described the post-fire building boom as culminating in a city with "extravagant stone monuments" standing amongst "mud streets" which constituted a "stunning oasis to visitors who had seen only dusty, sleepy, little frame towns from train windows as they traveled across the Northwest."[4]

Although no less a personage than the famous Archduke Franz Ferdinand himself described Spokane with its "monotonous buildings" and streets displaying an "unusual amount of mud" as a locale reminiscent of "small localities in Asia Minor,"[5] by the dawn of the 1890s Spokane had quickly risen from the ashes to take its place as the hub of the Inland Empire, an unnapolgetically ill-defined geographic region bordered by the Canadian Rockies to the North, the Continental Divide to the East, the Snake and Columbia Rivers to the South, and the Cascades to the West. In terms of socio-cultural identify, Spokane, from its inception in the 1870's, was "the point where the Middle West entered an older Far West, where St. Paul and Chicago met Portland and San Francisco."[6] This identity, more Mid-Western than Far-Western, was to play a crucial role in determining the arc of Prohibition history and enforcement in the decades that followed.

Of particular note were the planned communities that radiated out from the city's reconstructed core along streetcar tendrils lined with Norwegian sugar maples and new construction. Connected by more than sixteen miles of street railways, elegant homes began to command the landscape between the vast stands of lodge pole pine that blanket the basalt hillsides of the city's lower south hill and the bluff overlooking the Spokane

River and its southern tributary "Hangman Creek." The name was given to the stream after Qualchan, a Yakima chieftain who helped lead a Native American war of resistance against illegal white encroachment in the 1850's, was hung by Colonel George Wright in September of 1858, just fifteen minutes after he entered the colonel's camp under a white flag.[7] Given the fact that Wright had ordered the slaughter of approximately 800 Native American horses just two weeks earlier as a justifiable means to end to the ongoing conflict, the illegal, summary execution of Qualchan is remembered as something of a fait accompli in the collective historical consciousness of the region rather than the cold-blooded murder that it actually was.[8] With an air of detached self-rightousness, Wright described the incident in his official report tusly: "Qual-chew (Qualchan) came to me at 9 this morning. At 9 1/4 he was hung."[9] At any rate, almost eight decades later, these neighborhoods would be home to the elite of Spokane's progressive, protestant, Republican vanguard. Based on the study of available arrest and prosecution records, they would also find themselves totally free to flaunt and violate with impunity the de jure Prohibition they worked so earnestly to codify over the first two decades of the twentieth century.

The scion of these old-line elites was Jay P. Graves, an Illinois transplant who positioned himself to profit handsomely from the misfortune of other speculators following the great Panic of 1873 and went on to develop some of Spokane's most iconic progressive-era neighborhoods.[10] Graves' biographer, historian John Fahey, writes of Graves and his ilk that "they agreed on the kind of city Spokane ought to be....a city that was beautiful as well as utilitarian."[11] This was as clear an evocation of the deeply

Progressive "City Beautiful" movement as was to be found in the United States at the time and yielded the grand boulevards, parks, and public green spaces which continue to define Spokane's most aesthetically prestigious neighborhoods even today. Fahey continues, writing that in the view of Graves and his allies in the local civic-financial firmament, "urban progress could be managed, physically and politically, to create a city that matched their vision."[12] And thanks to the acquisition of local dailies the *Spokesman* and the *Review* by fellow Progressive businessman William H. Cowles, they had by 1894 a forum for their vision. Cowles' paper, *The Spokesman Review,* described by Norman Clark, the veritable dean of Prohibition historians, as "virulently dry,"[13] would serve as the principle organ of pro-Prohibition sentiment in the years leading up to and during the dry years of the teens and twenties in which personal behavior, like urban progress, would be "managed, physically, and politically."

One element of the City Beautiful movement, and by proxy the much larger currents of Progressivism and Prohibition of which it was a piece, was the simple fact that like so much of what has been gilded over in our hagiography of our own collective experience, it was at its root a concerted effort to create wealth for those whose hands rested comfortably on the levers of power. "For the residential real estate

The contoured streets of the Olmsted Brothers work on J.P. Graves "Manito."
Courtesy Northwest Museum of Arts and Culture/Eastern Washington State Historical Society, Spokane Washington

developer," Fahey writes, the City Beautiful idea offered tangible benefits. Parks separated commercial from residential districts, raising values. . . .created traffic patterns that influenced land prices. . . (and) attracted home buyers."[14] In short, it made developers like Graves rich as Croesus.

Of all Graves' real estate holdings in Spokane, none provide an interpretive lens as sharply focused as that of Manito. The word itself is borrowed from the Nez Perce for "high ground"[15] and is now synonymous with Spokane's toniest residential neighborhoods. By 1908, Graves's Manito Park, its grounds and winding boulevards designed by the none other than the storied Olmsted brothers themselves and lined with more than five hundred Norwegian sugar maples, was beginning to take shape as the centerpiece of a neighborhood emblematic of both the full panoply of Progressive ideals and their concomitantly swollen profit margins. During the Dry Years it too would find itself free from Volstead-related prosecutions. All of which seems to contradict Fahey's claim that the rivalry "between respectable Northside working people and South Hill snobs who live in mansions, owned businesses, and exploited city government" was simply "imaginary," a "fantasy that has never died."[16]

There was not a single arrest in any of Graves' Manito or Rockwood Developments during Spokane's Dry years while in the "districts developed almost exclusively for families of day laborers and artisans" where contractors "built cheap frame four-room houses with dirt half-cellars" working class men and woman were regulary arrested, fined, and jailed for brewing just a few quarts of beer.[17]

The salience of all this of course is that by the early years of the twentieth century, two Spokanes had begun to emerge. Along tree-lined boulevards in developments financed by Progressive Brahmins like Jay Graves and his ilk, the elites of the Inland Northwest lived their lives in accordance with the loftiest ideals of their times, leading no less than the governor of Colorado to describe Spokane in 1906 as a literal "model city" in the pages of Harpers Weekly:

> Its great river and falls, its beautiful homes, lawns and trees, satisfy the love of scenic beauty. Its churches, schools, art and literary clubs provide the moral and intellectual sides. Its business men are young, enthusiastic and patriotic. Not satisfied to sit and wait for tribute, their capital and enterprise go out into tributary territory, where they plough virgin fields, dig canals, build railroads, transform the desert, mine gold, silver, copper and lead in the mountains. They are builders, creators, developers.[18]

This group of like-minded "builders, creators, developers" seemed to further share a conviction that they could control not only their physical and economic environment, but that they could "make Spokane the kind of city they chose. . . .prosperous and pleasant - the right kind of people, selected merchants and factories, quiet, green neighborhoods, and an unobtrusive municipal government with low taxes, adequate services, and no monkey business."[19] With this ethos in mind, it's not difficult to understand why the powers that be in what Fahey refers to as "elemental" Spokane would be moved to support temperance as vociferously as they did. Perhaps even less surprisingly, the sentiments expressed above when transposed against Spokane's unwavering, all-encompassing conservatism today seem to vindicate Faulkner's famous adage that "The past is never dead. It's not even past."

But down along the railroad tracks at the bottom of the river valley which follows the Cordilleran Purcell Trench west from Lake Coeur d'Alene to the basalt bluffs that mark the eastern terminus of the Columbia Plateau's vast scabland desert, a very different Spokane congealed around the norms of what historian Carlos Schwantes astutely and authoritatively termed the "Wageworkers Frontier." From the time the city of Spokane Falls was officially incorporated in 1881 to the end of that first decade, the population increased a staggering 6,000 percent – a rate never equaled by any of the Northwest's rival hubs, not Tacoma, not Seattle, not Portland, not Boise.[20] The reason for this breathtaking explosion in population is obvious: an entire population of workers migrated west to Spokane because they believed opportunity was at hand, their destiny manifest. Twenty-five of these working class migrants lured to Washington Territory from Pittsburgh in 1884 were described by the *Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph* in prose so purple it would make Horace Greeley blush:

> The party is made up wholly of young or middle-aged men, with their families; sober, steady and industrious people, who hope to find in a new and growing country better reward for their labor, and a chance to acquire something beyond a mere living. They are just the class of people to add to the prosperity of a new State, and such as Pittsburg can ill afford to lose.[21]

In droves they came. In 1900 alone 30,000 people passed through Spokane in what a Historian of the city describes as a "great wave."[22] Drawn by propaganda published by the railroads describing the Inland Northwest as offering to the "unemployed, and scantily paid working man of the East," a "home in a locality where comforts and conveniences combine to lighten labor's tasks. . . .where even the poor can suffer no deep distress."[23]

Never mind of course that gangs of frustrated, unemployed émigrés lashed out so violently against the Chinese immigrants with whom they were competing for jobs that martial law was imposed in Seattle in 1886, or that labor violence in Idaho's Silver Valley, just fifty miles east of Spokane and the source of much of the wealth undergirding the stately residences of Spokane's elitist neighborhoods, required direct federal intervention to stop a series of bombings, riots, and bloody reprisals from devolving into a full-blown labor war.[24]

Differing greatly from the ethnically heterogeneous working-class populations of Eastern and Midwestern cities, Spokane's early working-class was typically "white, male, native-born, and exceptionally literate." They were subdivided by the push and pull of labor demands and employment opportunities into two subgroups, "home guards" and "blanket stiffs."[25]

"Home guards," according to Schwantes, were the self-employed craftsmen and wageworkers who were eager to put down real, lasting roots in Spokane, "to raise their families, and to be proud of their contribution to the developing community. They were in Spokane and part of it."[26] As we shall see later, it is the central interpretive thesis of one of American Prohibition's preeminent scholars that this population of aspirational, quasi-middle class Americans motivated by what sociologist Joseph R. Gusfield would later term "status anxiety," who would bring Prohibition to Washington State long before the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment or the passage of the Volstead Act. To clarify, emerging demography and interactions across class lines served to exacerbate status anxiety of elites.

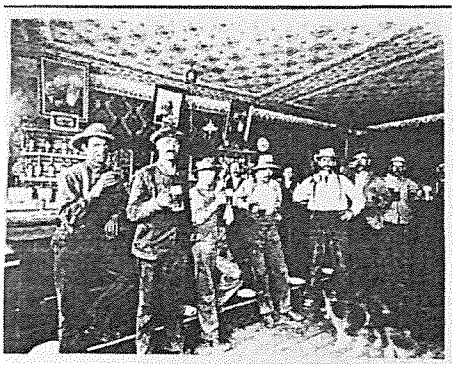
The "blanket stiff," on the other hand, was an entirely different animal. Perhaps not unlike the undocumented laborer of the twenty first century whose willingness to work for wages far below fair market value undergirds the profit margins of some of our largest corporations but whose unwelcome and increasingly large demographic presence in our midst serves as an enduring source of reactionary political demagoguery, the "blanket stiffs" of the early twentieth century Inland Northwest were simultaneously indispensable and intolerable to the Progressive elites of early Spokane. The question is, had they been able to cast their ballots in the in the great Dry referenda of 1914 and 1918 would Prohibition have come so early to Spokane? Or if historians are willing to pull up to an interpretative altitude capable of taking the entire nation into account, would greater nationwide enfranchisement have untracked the national drive towards Volstead enough to arrest its eventual implementation?

Setting those questions aside for the moment, these "blanket stiffs" moved through Spokane in great seasonal waves to toil in the hard rock mines of the Colville, Kootenay, and Coeur d'Alene countries, fell the timber of the vast forests radiating out to the North and East, work the great sawmills of the region, and harvest the ocean of grain grown in the fertile glacial loam of the Palouse to the South. Hundreds, if not thousands, of others even remained in the region after risking their lives to fight the "Big Burn" of 1910, a firestorm of cataclysmic proportion that consumed a swath of northern Rocky Mountain forest the size of Connecticut.

Unlike the "home guards," Spokane was only a stop on the unending itinerary of the migrant laborer. With no families to tether them to the kinds of prosaic, progressive lives being lived amongst the maturing maple trees of Graves' Manito, they called the

hotels and saloons clustered along the railroad tracks home. This concentration of "blanket stiffs" grew increasingly pronounced in the winter months when the mines and mills shut down for the winter. With the region's need for "the muscle of migratory labor" seasonally sated, the soup kitchens, boarding houses, employment agencies, saloons, and other sordid dens of iniquity of Downtown Spokane seethed with activity.[27]

While much work has been done on the galvanizing factor of ethnically homogeneous Democratic "machine politics" in the drive towards Prohibition in the urban metropoles of the East and Midwest, less understood is the extent to which the cultural norms of the "blanket stiffs" motivated Temperance crusaders in outlying regions such as the Inland Northwest.[28] Of these norms, perhaps Professor Thomas J. Noel's 1982 monograph, *The City and the Saloon: Denver 1858-1916*, paints the fullest picture. In Noel's able hands the humble saloon is restored to its rightful place, that is as the socio-cultural center of gravity for the waves of largely immigrant "blanket stiffs" as they headed west, manifestly, in search of economic opportunity. Like union halls, saloons had ethnic identities and, like union halls, served as employment centers, self-help societies, and political hubs. When viewed through this lens it is clear why those elites who looked upon the nascent American labor movement with a jaundiced eye would cast a similar gaze on the institution of the saloon.



"Blanket Stiffs" at the El Dorado Saloon, Spokane WA
Courtesy Northwest Museum of Arts and Culture/Eastern Washington State Historical Society, Spokane Washington

For the "blanket stiffs" of the Inland Northwest, saloons like Spokane's Balkan Hotel and Bar, Big Bend Bar, The Cobweb, the Diamond, the Eldorado, the Headlight, the Kronenberg Brothers, the North Pole, the Rizzi, Uncle Louis' Place, and the Vesuvius offered a wide range of goods, services, and activities – in addition to an ocean of beer, whiskey, and spirits. As Noel and Elliot West pointed out, the latter in his monograph *The Saloon on the Rocky Mountain Mining Frontier,* saloons were much more than the sacrilegious dens of iniquity depicted by the WCTU, the Anti-Saloon League (ASL), or the mouthpiece of Spokane's progressive-era elites, *The Spokesman Review.* According to the editors of the *American Issue,* or more likely one of the professional propagandists employed by the ASL who often penned the dry editorials that would run in local and national periodicals and newspapers, the saloon was,

> . . . .the storm center of crime; the devil's headquarters on earth; the school master of a broken Decalogue; the defiler of youth; the enemy of the home; the foe of peace; the deceiver of nations; the beast of sensuality; the past master of intrigue; the vagabond of poverty; the social vulture; the rendezvous of demagogues; the enlisting office of sin; the serpent of Eden; a ponderous second edition of hell, revised, enlarged and illuminated.[29]

Not unlike the dissatisfied "silent majority" today who commute home with nothing for company but the indignant, irate, and sanctimonious reactionary demagogues who ply their trade on the echo chamber of the AM radio dial, one can imagine men like Graves and the families affluent enough to call his leafy subdivisions home reading such editorials and feeling their blood pressure begin to rise as the "blanket stiffs" down by the

river went about their tawdry business under the red lanterns and billiard lights of the Balkan Hotel and Bar, the Eldorado (sic), and Vesuvius.

But was this the reality or just an example of overzealous demagoguery dissiminated by America's first great special-interest groups, the ASL? Well, according to the first historian to conduct a rigorous, systematic study of the league's tactics within the larger current of the Prohibition movement, the latter seems to ring most true. According to the work of Professor Peter Odegard, author of the seminal 1928 exegesis' the ASL, *Pressure Politics,* the League, "wrapped in the ample folds of the Protestant church[30]," worked to "set itself the task of creating, through the instrumentality of a powerful propaganda, an emotional abhorrence of the saloon and the liquor traffic."[31]

Again, clear parallels to the identity politics of today come into relief. For example, the visceral reaction amongst much of the electorate in response to the cypher of "Obamacare" is telling. Rather than objecting to any specific element of the Affordable Care Act, the self-professed enemies of "Obamacare," which are legion, see the issue in the same terms. That is, rather than rational, specific objections, opposition seems to stem from "emotional abhorrence." Assuredly therefore, Odegard's argument Prohibition should not be overlooked, nor should the role played by evangelical Christianity in the much larger currents of Progressive Reform.

In a similar vein, Harvard historian James Timberlake concluded in a chapter titled "The Religious Argument" from his 1970 monograph, *Prohibition and the Progressive Movement,* that the primary purpose of American Protestantism during the Progressive Era was "to save souls," and that "in intemperance it found a vice that made

this work difficult, if not impossible" and that "intemperance separated man from the love of God and prevented him from attaining salvation."[32] Thus the drive against the saloons became a proxy for the drive against all manner of sin. And in this fight the Protestant churches of Spokane were more than ready to join the crusade. Furthermore, there is no denying that the Progressive faith that society could be perfected by altering the social environment had a distinctly religious tinge to its legislative arc.

And yet, in the actual historic role of the saloon there exists some irony in the evangelical zeal of the ASL and their supporters. According to Noel, the saloon provided men like the "blanket stiffs" of Spokane in the waning years of the nineteenth and early years of the twentieth a place to eat, sleep, read, conduct personal banking, and even worship. In short, it provided those thousands of men who toiled in the region's mines, mills, and wheat fields something akin to a home when the nature of their work prevented them from establishing families and settling down in any one of the rapidly developing neighborhoods radiating out from Spokane's downtrodden urban core.

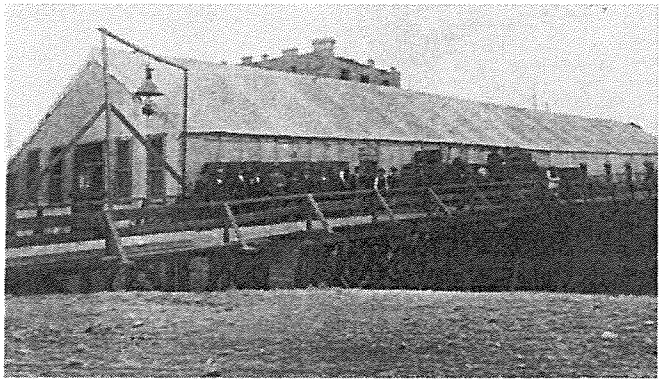
This multi-faceted saloon seemed to be the rule rather than the exception in Spokane, as well, and in the life of one of the town's most celebrated early saloon proprietors we can find evidence of a lived experience far less insidious than the "second edition of hell" alluded to above. Born in Frankfurt, Germany in 1888, Jacob "Dutch Jake" Goetz arrived in the Inland Northwest and immediately struck it rich by grub-staking a prospector who would be lucky enough to stumble upon two of the world's most valuable veins of lead and zinc in the valleys east of Coeur d'Alene. The find, eventually designated the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mine, netted "Dutch Jake" a cool

quarter million dollars which he immediately sank into the construction of the "Frankfurt Block," an electrified, four-story brick saloon designed and lavishly appointed to "challenge any such establishment in the west." No sooner had the plaster cured on the saloon's walls than Dutch Jake's luck ran out. Less than three weeks after his grand opening, the great Spokane Fire of the sweltering, tinder-dry August of 1889 reduced his dream palace to ashes. Undeterred, the opportunistic Frankfurter immediately established enough credit from a local lender to have a large circus tent rushed to Spokane by rail express from Portland. According to local legend, within hours of the big tents arrival in Spokane Dutch Jake and his partner were back in business[33] presiding over a canvas courtyard covering an entire city block. In local newspapers and on hand-painted signs around town the tent was billed as "the largest beer hall in the United States."[34] As the city rose from the ashes, thousands of early "blanket stiffs," dizzying in their ethnic diversity, blew into town like so much Russian thistle and under Dutch Jake's billowing tent "could be seen four or five hundred men every evening courting the goddess Fortuna, lured on by croupiers. White men, Negroes, Japs and Chinese stood as one great brother hood, trying to beat the man at his own game."[35]

In addition to the drinking, gambling, prostitution, and general moral lassitude in which the denizens of Dutch Jake's tent engaged, early Progressives in the city must have also been horrified by the racially and ethnically egalitarian nature of the tableau. In his 2002 and monograph of the American Progressive movement between 1870 and 1920, Professor Michael McGerr restores what he terms "the shield of segregation" to the centrality of the movement's history.[36] For the Progressives, desegregation of public

spaces was simply too dangerous to their vision of a staid, faultless middle class utopia to be tolerated. As Charles Brantley Aycock, the Progressive-Segregationist Governor of North Carolina, put it in 1901 of the importance of maintaining Jim Crow for the benefit of Southern Blacks, "we are willing to see you (blacks) grow into the highest citizenship of which you are capable, but to do this it is absolutely necessary that each race should remain distinct, and have a society of its own." An admonition with which he followed, ". . . inside your own race you can grow as large and broad and high as God permits. . ."[37]

Given the multitude of sins occurring under Dutch Jake's tent, it's no wonder that before long the concerned Protestant Middle Class of Spokane called upon the mayor, the chief of police, and the city council to do what they could to purge the city "of the dangerous classes," for they were a "clog in the wheel of progress and impart to the city an air of 'toughness' that repels many intending investors."[38] Of course, this melting pot of drifting laborers were far from a "clog in the wheel of progress." In fact, they were not only the lifeblood of the region's larger resource-extraction economy but the very men who were physically rebuilding Spokane's ruined core as quickly, cheaply, and efficiently as possible.



Dutch Jake's Massive Tent Saloon
Courtesy Northwest Museum of Arts and Culture/Eastern Washington State Historical Society, Spokane Washington

The same may be said of Dutch Jake himself who all records indicate was a far cry from the kind of leering, stereotypically predatory saloon purveyor depicted in the

political cartoons of the day. According to a 1970 retrospective on his life and times, Dutch Jake provided elemental Spokane with a much needed resource when in 1894 he opened the Coeur d'Alene Hotel, a three story brick and mortar edifice which contained a hotel, dance hall, saloon, casino, theater, Turkish bath and a flop house where a miner down on his luck could always count on a bed, a free meal, and perhaps most importantly, a train ticket back to the mines. Furthermore, on Sundays one of the Coeur d'Alene's main gambling rooms was opened to any minister wishing to hold services.[39]

If Dutch Jake was emblematic of the centrality of the saloon to the "Blanket Stiffs" of the Inland Northwest from the 1880's-on, James Durkin was at the center of the parallel trade, that of commercial liquor sales. So large does Jimmie Durkin loom in the lore of pre-Prohibition Spokane that as of this writing in December of 2014 a swanky new craft-cocktail gastropub called "Durkin's Liquor Bar" had just opened up downtown to rave reviews. Ironically, it is doubtful that Jimmie's original rough and ready blue collar customers would feel welcome in this consciously curated hipster mecca now bearing his name.

Jimmy Durkin's Flagship Liquor Store/Saloon
Courtesy Northwest Museum of Arts and Culture/Eastern Washington State Historical Society. Spokane Washington

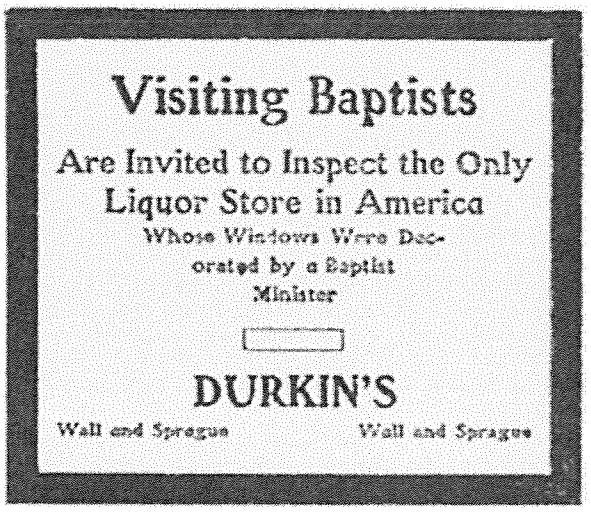
Durkin was also something of an early-twentieth century marketing genius. His practice of employing a "Swedish sign painter on the road day in and day out, with no

letup for seasons," whose sole responsibility of painting signs on smooth rock surfaces, barns, or any other object plainly visible to thirsty travelers on the arterials into Spokane advertising in stark red and white lettering that "Durkins for wines and liquors" was the place to be,[40] helped solidify Durkin's as Spokane's most profitable, enduring, and infamous booze palace. So pervasive were these hand-painted broadsides an old story goes that a surveyor had a difficult time keeping his horses in their traces after passing a large smooth boulder in the rough country outside of town. Apparently, the joke went, the horse was terrified by the sight of a rock without Jimmie Durkin's name on it.[41]

According to published accounts of Durkin's life, he was also something of an iconoclast, bucking as he did the stereotype of the rapacious saloon proprietor in exchange for the sobriquet, "the best man in the worst business in America."[42] Born in England of Irish stock in 1858, Durkin left his Brooklyn home at the age of twenty seven and headed west like so many of his brethren. For reasons that remain opaque, he ended up in Colville, Washington, a small town northwest of Spokane that was enjoying something of a silver boomlet when Durkin arrived in the spring of 1886. After undercutting his competitors in the booze business by taking advantage of wholesale freight rates from Spokane, he established himself as the preeminent liquor purveyor in northeastern Washington until the Panic of 1893 laid him low, not unlike his confederate in the business, Dutch Jake. Rising from metaphorical ashes rather than the literal kind which threatened Dutch Jake's fortune, Durkin was, in his own words, "able to salvage enough cash after the panic to figure better opportunities awaited my to the south, in Spokane as the Coeur d'Alene mining boom was in full progress."[43] Taking what was left

of his capital from the Colville boom he purchased a building downtown and established a two-story operation with liquor store and bar on the ground floor and apartments above. This "booze-bazaar," in the words of a contemporary admirer, wasn't "one of your high-class barrooms; just a joint that appeals the middle class. . . . A poor man's club."[44]

In 1907, when Durkin began filling his windows with fabulous displays of bottles and assorted gilded baubles, he found himself denounced from pulpits all over town. One particularly fervent Prohibitionist, the Reverend E. H. Braden, pastor at the "home guard" North Side Baptist Church, went so far as to challenge Durkin in the newspaper to allow him to have a go at decorating the windows as a sort of counter-balance to the sinful nature of the building's sine qua non. Durkin, recognizing a once in a lifetime advertising opportunity when he saw it, leapt at the challenge, offering the Rev. Braden unfettered access to all his windows in order denounce the "evils" of liquor.



Courtesy Northwest Museum of Arts and Culture/Eastern Washington State Historical Society, Spokane Washington

"You can use anything you want, advertise anything you want and I will not interfere," he told the Reverend. "I will pay for any material may need in dressing the windows. You have my word on that."[45] Sure enough, the minister took him up on the offer and in the next few days the eight glass windows took on a motif depicting the evils of the sinful liquor trade. The most famous

scene depicted a "lovely bride and her husband entering their new home. It carried a large sing, "This is the dream house John promised his bride." In the next window, the ravages of demon rum began to take their toll on the happy couple as a "woman worn with labor, two poorly clothed children at her side, leaning over a tub washboard. . . .with a baby in a dilapidated cradle nearby" occupied the center of the scene. Above her in red ink was the sobering warning to all tempted by John Barleycorn that "This is the dream house that John's bride ended up in."[46] The drinkers of Spokane, of course, lapped it up. And thanks to gimmicks like this, along with an ad he took out in the local papers announcing that "Visiting Baptists are invited to inspect the only liquor store in America whose windows were decorated by a Baptist Minister,"[47] Jimmie Durkin was able to rake in more than a million dollars in profits during his reign as the region's undisputed king of booze.

To the "blanket stiffs" of Spokane, however, he was much more. Emblematic of Noel's multifaceted saloonkeeper, Durkin provided the itinerant workingmen of the region with a host of invaluable services. From cashing checks, to providing room and board, Durkin took up the cause of the laborer. A staunch Bryanite, Durkin even ran for governor on a populist ticket and after his properties were shuttered following statewide Prohibition in 1915 he converted them to free workingman's halls.[48] Ultimately, it seems that both Durkin and Goetz appear in hindsight to be much more benign than their contemporary antagonists in the ASL would have had their partisans believe.

So what was it about this constellation of forces in Spokane and the rest of Washington State that would lead a staggering 94.6% of registered voters to participate in a single-issue off-year election in the autumn of 1914? To put this number in perspective, consider this: more Washingtonians voted to address the liquor question than voted in either the 1912 Presidential or Gubernatorial Elections. Depicted by such historiographical luminaries as Walter Lippmann, Richard Hofstadter, and Andrew Sinclair as primarily a contest between the values of the heterogeneous residents of urban America and the homogeneous silent, protestant majority of rural America, the battle over temperance and the moral identity of the state going forward was in actuality far more nuanced and therefore entirely more symbolic than the simple urban/rural dichotomy would have the student of American history believe. In reality, of the six Washington counties that returned wet majorities in the 1914 referendum on Initiative Measure Number 3, an anti-saloon measure that mandated the end of the manufacture and sale of liquor in Washington State on January 1, 1916 but not the sale of so-called " medicinal" liquor by pharmacists or the importation of liquor into the state by individuals for personal use, only three were urban by at least fifty percent.[49] Further underscoring the complexity of the issue is the fact that of the state's five largest urban centers in 1914, Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Everett, and Bellingham, only three voted against Initiative No.3 and of those three only one, Seattle, saw returns greater than sixty percent.[50] In light of this, how does one explain the dry voting in these cities and the dry victories in Everett and in Bellingham? Thankfully, Professor Clark has done much to answer this question. Writing in 1965 of the 1914 election, Clark asserts that the referendum was largely a symbolic election in which the values symbolized by the country trumped the

values symbolized by the cities, an Election Day reality that seems to remain prescient to this very day.

Published just two years before Clark's monograph, Sociologist Joseph Gusfield's groundbreaking 1963 work, *Symbolic Crusade: Status Politics and the American Temperance Movement*, offers a trenchant and enduringly accurate analysis of what exactly happened in Washington State in 1914 when more than ninety four percent of eligible voters turned out to send John Barleycorn to an early grave. In short, Gusfield argues that the Prohibition movement reflected deep and lasting class and status tensions in American society and that temperance sentiment, therefore, was a powerful proxy for middle-class values. Essentially, a dry vote was understood to be something of "an avenue into middle-class society open to socially marginal individuals who were anxious to identify themselves with this class."[51] Even if Spokane's lower middle-class "home guard" couldn't afford to live in the City-Beautiful subdivisions of J.P. Graves' sprawling South Hill boulevards, they could at least cast their lot with the values he represented and the *Spokesman Review* championed.

As Gusfield's research has generally shown, the votes that swept Prohibition into law were not galvanized solely by a desire to lift America's teeming underclass into a middle class Progressive utopia, to save anyone's soul, or even to remove the pernicious influence of the saloon. Instead, he believed that the temperance sentiment that drew a record number of Washington voters to the polls in the fall of 1914 was essentially aspirational. Clark leverages Gusfield's thesis when he writes in his own work that, "this sentiment was an avenue into middle-class society open to socially marginal individuals

who were anxious to identify themselves with this class. The appeal of the prohibition movement, he (Gusfield) says, was the appeal of assimilation into traditional American society."[52] To clarify, Gusfied held, in language still wholly relevant and insightful today, that "the more an issue represents a constellation of superimposed social forces, the more likely is it that the issue becomes one of sharpened group loyalties and compromise is less feasible."[53]

That is, in much the same way that contemporary debates over "Obamacare" or " Gun Control" serve as proxies for a whole host of political val and cultural priorities, one's self-identification as a "Dry Man" or a "Wet Man" in the first two decades of the twentieth century was a way of choosing sides in a culture war that seems eerily familiar. As an editor of *The American Issue* wrote in 1912, "The liquor issue is no longer one of 'wet' and 'dry' arguments. Henceforth it is to be a question of 'wet men' and 'dry' men.'"[54] In other words, the issue of Prohibition posed a question of cultural loyalty. A vote against the saloon, against liquor, was a vote against all that was foreign and superficially

THE RECRUITING SERGEANT FOR THE ARMY OF CRIME

This cartoon, depicting the saloon as a natural center for vice and crime, was widely used in Anti-Saloon League publications.

Odegard, *Pressure Politics*, 42

resistant to the white Anglo-Saxon Protestant ideals of the dominant Progressive middleclass. Or in the terms of an academic sociologist, "Within the context of Populist antipathy to urban and Catholic communities, the saloon appeared as the symbol of a culture which was alien to the ascetic character of American values. Anything which supported one culture necessarily threatened the other."[55] Again, the editor of *The American Issue*: "The Anglo-Saxon stock is the best improved, hardiest and fittest…if we are to preserve this nation and the Anglo-Saxon type we must abolish saloons."[56]

And yet, despite this apparent analytical clarity, troublesome questions remain. Here's what is known. In 1914, 361,048 Washingtonians went to the polls to settle the liquor question. Of those votes, 189,840 were dry. 171,208 were wet. By a margin of 18,632 votes, therefore, Washington was set to go as dry as a Wenatchee August afternoon on January 1st, 1916.[57] Again, according to the pioneering work of Professor Clark these votes were not to be found in the rural counties ringing Spokane and the Seattle-Tacoma metroplex, but in the aspirational middle class majority, the "homeguards," living in the state's five largest cities. While this thesis finds itself on sound academic footing based on the work of Professor Gusfield, his empirical conclusions appear to be ripe for reappraisal.

In defending his assertion that "the dry appeal to the urban middle class had yielded the 18,632 votes which brought the state-wide dry victory,"[58] Clark analyzes the election returns from the five Spokane wards. He then attempts to extrapolate, based on each ward's percentage of dry votes, some kind of barometer for "Dry Sentiment." The

metric he employs in this study is the ratio of dwellings to families. As he puts it himself, "at this level, the ratio of dwellings to families measures something more than the population density of the unit; it becomes a sharp index to social status itself."[59]

In theory, this approach seems to make all the sense in the world. However, a closer examination of the socio-economic demography of the wards themselves seems to expose some flaws in this approach. Take for example his analysis of Spokane's 5th ward. According to Clark, this area of Spokane was "as upper-middle" as Spokane could go in 1910," a district where the "Orientals and illiterates (here) were probably servants of the wealthy."[60] The problem is, there were no wealthy folks in Spokane's 5th Ward. In fact, the 5th Ward's center of economic and cultural gravity was Hillyard, so-named for the man who brought the Great Northern Railroad to Eastern Washington, James J. Hill, and from its very founding a neighborhood synonymous in the minds of generations of Spokanites with "skid road."[61]

Over the years Hillyard has been called many things by the folks who have blown through, called it home, and left it behind, but never was it "upper-middle." To the contrary, by 1916 many of the neighborhoods 4,000 residents were immigrant laborers, including large numbers of Italians and Japanese[62] who were brought in to break a general strike in 1904 and again in 1911 to break a machinists' strike. So much for "servants of the wealthy," at least in the traditional sense, any latent Marxism notwithstanding of course. In the case of the former, the Japanese were actually housed in converted boxcars for the duration of the struggle.[63] Although this evidence is largely anecdotal, it makes the point that Clark's depictions of the city wards in support of his

thesis fall short of any kind of interpretive certainty. Furthermore, he cites statistics from the 1910 census showing that only twenty-seven "Indians and Orientals" and just two hundred and eight "Foreign-Born Italians" could be found within the borders of the Fifth Ward. Clearly, something is amiss. What's missing are people. That is to say, despite the obvious appeal of Clark's synthetic analysis there is more to the story. Rather than seeking the provenance of the eighteen thousand-plus swing votes, perhaps the better question to ask is who failed to vote.

Remember, Washington went dry in 1914 by a margin of roughly 18,500 votes. Had our anecdotal Japanese in Hillyard or the waves of "Blanket Stiffs" passing through Spokane, or Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, or Bellingham for that matter, been able to vote in the autumn of 1914 one wonders if Washington State would have instead chosen to to forestall the coming of National Prohibition rather than be in the vanguard. And while this line of inquiry would certainly have ultimately been rendered moot by the ratification of the 18th Amendment in January of 1919, it is nonetheless vital in the larger context of the national drive towards Prohibition if for no other reason than the idea that the same question, posed in every state, might reveal that the entire national edifice of democratically achieved temperance was made possible only by the simultaneous disenfranchisement of those who would ultimately suffer under the socioeconomically discriminative reality of Volstead Act enforcement and the unique identity politics of Gusfield's overanxious Protestant middle class.

Of course, this approach could also be used to critically reappraise much historic legislation. Perhaps the closest analogue would be the imposition of state-level Jim Crow

statutes in the wake of such landmark Supreme Court decisions as *United States vs. Cruikshank* and *Plessy vs. Ferguson.* In the unreconstructed and unrepentant South, just as in the Progressive Inland Northwest, the dominant class imposed its values through a process that was inherently undemocratic. Even more damming is the reality that those denied the franchise in the first place were the same unfortunate Americans who were made to pay the price when virtually overnight behaviors that had been part of the daily fabric of life for millennia became crimes.

While Professor Clark's invaluable, if somewhat flawed, analysis of the forces that brought Prohibition to Washington State in 1914 remains the most valuable regional study, Professor Mary Ehrlander of the University of Alaska has recently attempted to reconcile the paradoxical nature of Alaska's decision to "go dry" by a margin of nearly two-thirds in their own 1916 referendum on the liquor question.[64] Her work not only details a parallel experience to that of Washington State during the period in question but also provides valuable insight into the forces which coalesced to enshrine the spirit of temperance into the legal codes of America's two most northwestern territories.

Like all scholarship on the subject, Professor Ehrlander zeroes in on the link between women's suffrage and temperance. In 1910 the all-male electorate granted the right to vote to the women of the state. In 1914 the vast majority of those same women would help push Initiative Number Three over the top.[65] In Alaska the same held true as "women activists...affected the outcome as much through campaigning and convincing both women and men to vote dry as much through their votes."[66]

Additionally, she found that the passage of Alaska's bone-dry initiative was motivated in large part by a desire of the upper-middle class to impose on minority communities, both in terms of race and socioeconomic status, norms of behavior they themselves had no intention of adopting. "Enforcement of prohibition was disproportionately directed at Alaska natives," she notes. Continuing that in white communities juries were reluctant to convict in alcohol cases due to the simple fact that despite the two-thirds majority "Alaskans continued to view producing and consuming alcohol as relatively harmless activities."[67] Confronted again with the paradox at the heart of Prohibition, one is reminded once more of the sagacity of Professor Noel's assertion that the electoral majority "has long used drug laws to control subgroups and close their haunts."[68]

With the interpretive contours of the phenomena thus established, the narrative of how Prohibition came to Spokane is relatively straightforward. In 1909 the state's legislature debated a "local option" bill introduced by legislators working in cooperation with the Anti-Saloon league of Washington that would permit voting units, whether these would be counties, cities, or even townships was still up for debate, to go "Dry." Over the course of the debate many municipalities and legislative districts sent representatives to lobby the legislature. Of these, none were as outrageous as the "Local Option Special," a train chartered by Spokane's "leading lights"[69] from the business and professional world, those selfsame founders of "Elemental Spokane," who called the tony boulevards of J.P. Grave's Manito home, and led by local members of the clergy with none other than Billy Sunday himself at the tip of the spear.

Sunday had arrived in Spokane just a short time before to deliver his infamous "booze sermon," replete with hysterical histrionics and his trademark smashing of a sacrificial chair, to an estimated audience of 10,000 strong.[70] The enormous Elmer Gantry-esque tabernacle built for the occasion also produced a petition bearing the signatures of 8,000 of Spokane's most committed Prohibitionists that the "Local Option Special" hand-delivered to the floor of the Washington State House of Representatives. Having delivered their precious cargo, Billy Sunday and his rolling revival thundered eastward back across the Columbia Plateau to Spokane where another crowd of 10,000 strong waited with baited breath for the return of their bone-dry savior. Upon their arrival, the *Spokesman Review* breathlessly noted without a trace of sarcasm that, "the conductor in charge of the dining car reported that not an order for alcoholic drinks had been taken during the trip. . . .a record for the dining car service."[71] Forgoing respite, Sunday headed directly to his tabernacle where he delivered the following stem-winder to a rapt audience of true believers:

> You men now have a chance to show your manhood, in the name of your pure mother, in the name of your wife and the pure, innocent children that climb up in your lap and put their arms around your neck.. . . I want every man to say, 'God, you can count on me to protect my wife, my mother, my children and the manhood of America.' . . . I beseech you to make a fight for the women who wait tonight until the saloons spew out their husbands and their sons, and send them home maudlin, brutish, devilish, vomiting, stinking, blear-eyed bloated-faced drunkards![72]

A week later, Billy Sunday completed his whirlwind revival with a final farewell to another audience close to 10,000 people who sent him packing with a "thank offering" of something in the neighborhood of $10,000, "a national record."[73] In addition to the ten

grand, Sunday also benefitted from close to $15,000 in public funds "for the expense of the revival, including the building of the tabernacle, the greatest structure of its kind ever erected in the northwest."[74]Despite these gaudy numbers however, the legislature remained unmoved and passed in the spring of 1909 a moderate local option anti-saloon bill that resulted by the close of the year in 35 dry localities and 129 shuttered saloons.[75]

Following a disappointing turnout on the subsequent countywide local option vote the local chapter of the WCTU brought in most "intemperate of all temperance lecturers"[76], Carry Nation. The *Spokesman Review* announced Ms. Nation's impending arrival by printing an epigram the axe-wielding zealot herself had prepared for local newspapers during her continual circumnavigation of the sinful United States:

> The saloons have subdued every nation but Carry.
> The police are nothing but barking dogs for the saloons.
> I'm a fighter, or to put it more plainly, a militant. Any
> man who uses liquor or tobacco is possessed of the Devil
> If God gives me an inspiration to smash in Spokane,
> the saloon keepers better watch out. Hatchets and
> stones are plentiful in Spokane.[77]

Despite the fact that the Carry Nation who arrived in Spokane that Spring was clearly on the wane and within a year of her death, her visit continued to build on the momentum built by Billy Sunday and prepared the ground for the ASL and WCTU's eventual1914 electoral triumph.

In March of 1913 the United States Congress, led in the voting by representatives from what Professor Timberlake termed "those areas where the old-stock middle classes were strongest," namely the South, Midwest, and Far West,[78] passed over President Taft's veto the Webb-Kenyon Act, a congressional interpretation of the Commerce Clause of the United States Constitution which gave Congress the exclusive right to regulate

interstate commerce by saying: "Any shipment or transportation of alcoholic beverages from one state into another in violation of that state's laws is prohibited." According to Professor Timberlake, this was a "major milestone" that "marked the transition of the reform from the local and state levels to the domain of national politics."[79] It was a clarion call to the anti-saloon forces nationwide announcing open season on demon-rum. In Washington state, the Anti-Saloon League was ready to answer the call with the submission to the voters of Initiative Measure Number 3, a bill which was designed to " hit the liquor traffic, not the drinker" as it allowed those with the means to import into the state "a generous supply of beverages for his own use."[80] As Clark puts it, "like the local option law, Number 3 forced its critics to defend the institution of the saloon."[81] And this is precisely the point. It was not Professor Timberlake's "old-stock" Protestant middle class to be sure, but rather the "blanket stiffs" who were in Spokane to sell their labor to whichever industry was interested and not to put down roots. Possessing the financial wherewithal to import their liquor from Canada, as opposed to the laborers whose only access to alcohol was the saloon, those who were fortunate enough to count themselves a member of the city's "home guard" were clearly voting in the spirit of the old 18th Amendment adage, "Prohibition for the other guy, not for me," when they cast their lots with Initiative Number 3.

If all of this sounds familiar, it should. Just as those today who are able to secure their recreational drugs via more discreet channels than those who are forced to satisfy their appetites for chemical escapism down on the street corner are able to avoid daily

run-ins with the authorities tasked with enforcing our nation's schizophrenic drug laws, so too were the imbibers of the Prohibition Era who were able to get their booze outside of the saloon.

Through this lens the rather stark relationship between Prohibition and class-conflict is laid bare. In voting for Initiative Number 3, the electorate cast its lot based on socio-economic aspiration. Concomitantly, they moved to legally censure the norms of an underclass it both despised and relied upon for cheap, readily available labor. Whatever the specific constellation of forces was that prompted this vote, Washington State went dry on January 1st, 1916.

Chapter Two: From Anti-Saloon to Bone Dry

Before Washington State could begin her official dalliance with legal temperance there was one last hurdle to clear - the year 1915 itself. In the drafting of Initiative Measure Number 3 the ASL and their allies in Olympia provided their flock and those poor wayward souls employed by the liquor trade more than a year to drain their collective kegs. Not until the stroke of midnight on January 1st, 1916 would the buying, selling, or production of beer and liquor be an illegal offense. In Spokane, the ASL wasted little time in transitioning from campaign to enforcement. Less than a week after the passage of the dry initiative the group's leader informed the local press that, "the next thing will be the creation of an organization which will see that the law the committee has helped to pass loses no effectiveness in the hands of incompetent or willfully derelict officials." He went on to clarify that "under this law, we have, as citizens, the right to employ attorneys, to take out warrants. . . . and generally to oversee the performance of the statute," before concluding, conclusively, "there will be no chances taken that the law does not operate in Spokane or the state." [1]

Thus, by New Year's Eve 1915 a veritable citizen's army of militant Drys was ready for battle. In Yakima, located south and east of Spokane in the agricultural heart of the state, or "irrigation belt" as it was known at the time, one dry leader remarked on New Year's Eve of the impending battle that he was happy to see the wets tie one on one last time as he and his fellow Drys planned "to go to bed early and be ready at daylight on

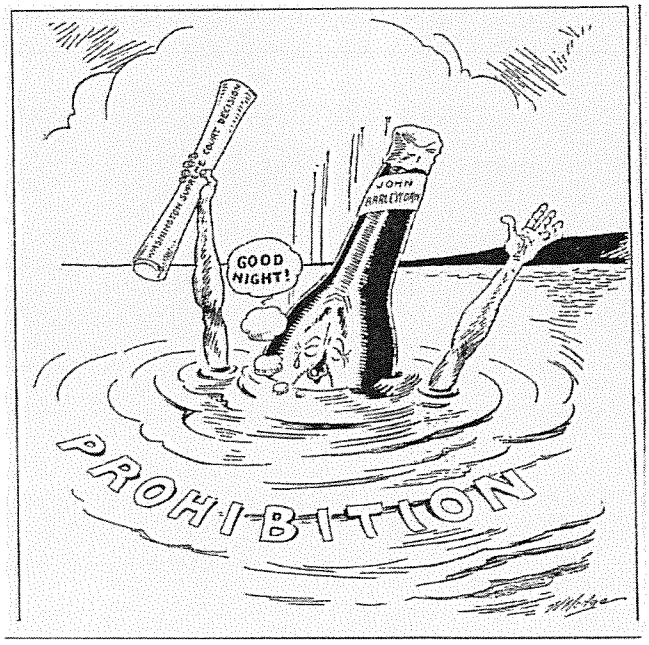
January 1 to back up the officials in the rigid enforcement of the law they have promised to uphold."[2]

For the militant Drys at least, day one of statewide prohibition was shaping up to be something of an opening salvo in a war for the very souls of the state's citizens. In perusing the local newspapers of the time it is clear why such militancy was the norm. War was in air. While the unrelenting march of Washington into the dry column of states merited a few front-page column inches, the marching of the Kaiser's soldiers across the battlefields of Europe dominated the headlines. If the Drys were preparing to go to war over booze, their antagonists, resigned as they were to the reality of prohibition, were pursuing a "preparedness" of their own. In Portland, Oregon, another Northwest locale that had voted to go dry more than a year before, The *Spokesman Review* reported that drug stores had even sold completely out of pure ethyl alcohol by years end. The story was the same in Spokane as the owner of the Owl Store and Pharmacy told local reporters that he'd been sold out of all medicinal alcohol for more than a week before New Years rolled around. In the state legislature the duly elected representatives of each group were also prepared to duke it out as 1915 dragged on. What Professor Clark almost derisively refers to as the "Liquor Interest," in reality an

Spokesman Review, December 31st, 1915

association of restaurateurs, hoteliers, saloon owners, and brewers who were fighting for their economic lives, used the initiative process that had only recently left them on the outside of the progressive mainstream looking in to marshal something of a counter attack. Initiative Number 18, drawn for the legislature in 1915, would have amended the recently enacted Prohibition law to allow the sale of liquor in hotels. Once delivered to the Olympia, however, it was immediately cast into legislative purgatory and would not see the light of day again until the state constitution mandated that it go before the people in the general election of 1916.[3]

For the wets in the legislature who hoped to amend or even repeal Number 3, the Governor informed them in no uncertain terms that their efforts would be rendered moot by an immediate stroke of his veto pen. That left only the state Supreme Court standing between the people of Washington and their experiment with Prohibition. On December 11th, 1915, the court overturned a lower court's injunction against the constitutionally of Number 3, ruling that the initiative's handling of the relevant "property rights" were not sufficiently involved to warrant an injunction." The *Spokesman Review* reported this decision with its characteristic tone of thinly veiled smugness, no doubt chuffed by the



Spokesman Review, December 11th, 1915

vindication of their official editorial stance. "1200 saloons in Washington, or as many of them as are still open, will go out of business. . . . all breweries, and the 8000 or more men engaged in the liquor business will seek new employment," the *Spokesman* tersely noted. In other words, tough luck suckers. Almost as a footnote, the paper goes on to mention that the state tax revenues from liquor will fall by $1,000,000.[4]

Out of the entire constellation of incentives and motivations undergirding American's dalliance with Prohibition between the middle of the teens and the early thirties, perhaps none is as difficult to square with the political reality of the twenty first century than the economic subtext of the whole experiment. Not only would local, state, and federal treasuries lose one of their primary sources of revenue, but a vote for Prohibition, in any of its various guises, was a vote inimical to an entire industry and the men and woman it employed. Ironically, the reason for this opacity is clear should the student of American history be willing to suspend their insistence that all discreet historical events serve as analogues for one another. That is to say, the simple fact of the matter is that the collective unconsciousness of the progressive-era mind is a universe unto itself. In its prerogatives, justifications, methods, and ultimately in its myopic shortsightedness in regards to the proper place of alcohol in American society, it remains singular and as such beyond any formulaic attempts to square it with what is true of American life today.

At any rate, as the booze doomsday clock ticked down to zero the saloon men and liquor retailers from Astoria to Omak began to close up shop for good. Adding to their indignation were the scores of "souvenir hunters" who descended on their places of business and began "stripping the drink palaces with a wanton enthusiasm."[5] Wanton

enthusiasm is also an apt description of way the citizens of Spokane descended on the county auditor's office in search personal "import permits." Remember, Number 3 was at its heart an anti-saloon measure, not an anti-drink measure, and as such allowed an individual to import from a wet state, in this case Montana more often than not, two quarts of hard liquor or twelve quarts of high percentage beer every twenty days.

And import they did. Keeping with the Progressive duality of the era, Spokane, as it was for much of the United States in the early days of legal temperance, seemed to be proclaiming loudly and drunkenly that it was "prohibition for the other guy, not for me."[6] Indeed, by the Spring of 1916 the county auditor warned a group of local clergymen who had no doubt been anticipating a commensurate spirit of temperance to accompany the wholesale indignation undergirding Number 3 that he had issued thirty-four thousand permits for a county containing only forty-thousand registered voters.[7] These statistics seem to hammer home yet again the inescapable fact that Prohibition in Spokane followed the same troubling, if not downright cynical, contours as it did throughout the United States. In Alaska, the citizens voted dry to keep booze from the indigenes.[8] In the South, the white protestant majority voted dry to keep liquor from African Americans.[9] And in Chicago and New York the historiography all points to a similar relationship between the ascendance of the dry cause and the anxiety of the old-line protestant majority over the perceived recalcitrance of certain European ethnic groups to shed the last vestiges of their continental identities and swath themselves in the Stars and Stripes. Status anxiety, it appears, was a national affliction in the decade leading up to the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Returning once more to the perceptive insight of Professor Noel, in Spokane as it was for the rest of the United States prohibition was a straightforward means by which a dominant culture used drug laws to control subgroups, in this case the itinerant "blanket stiffs," and close their haunts.[10]

It is with some irony, therefore, that in the December 28th, 1916 edition of the *Spokane Daily Chronicle* one finds a headline calling out from page two that "HERE'S CHANCE FOR "THE UNEMPLOYED" – More need for Men in Idaho Woods Than Ever Before, Says Contractor."[11] In the context of Prohibition, the symbolism of temperance in Spokane is clear: We'll take every ounce of labor you got, just stay out of our nice little community when it's quitting time.

Of course, all of that was still very much in the future when the clock struck midnight on January 31st, 1915. Two days prior to the coming of the great drought, Spokane County prosecutor J.B. White warned that no quarter would be issued for violation of the Number 3. According to published reports, he planned to enforce the " prohibition edict" with the same severity he went after incidents of larceny or highway robbery.[12] And with that warning the saloon keepers and liquor wholesalers began the final fire sale of what was left of their stocks to the upstanding, ostensibly temperance-minded citizens of Spokane. The scene must have been nothing short of surreal as a line of new "motorized" taxicabs bursting at the seams with crates of surplus liquor clogged the arterials out of downtown. One account even tells of a man heading home on foot towing behind him his son's red wagon packed to the gills with crates of rye.

Of the night itself, the city's two daily newspapers paint radically different pictures. *The Spokesman Review,* owing no doubt to its identity as the official Progressive mouthpiece of the city's intrinsically conservative upper class, described the revelry as nothing short of orderly. According to the paper, "when the whistles began to blow at midnight…the last minute tipplers filed peacefully out of the saloons upon request and stood on the sidewalk to toast the new year, many of them with their ultimate glass of beer still in their hands." Belaying the socio-economic underpinning of the phenomenon, the *Spokesman* simply notes in passing that "in the restaurants the celebrations lasted considerably longer, for no attempt was made by officials to prevent the drinking after midnight o drinks bought before 12 o'clock."[13]

The more populist *Spokane Daily Chronicle,* which only days before had published an editorial reminding its readers that the state's experiment with prohibition would only succeed if they themselves were able keep from turning on one another, depicted a far more unsettled scene. Evocative of contemporary images of policeman backed by army surplus MRAPS and brandishing army surplus tactical assault rifles slowly marching down urban avenues in military formation, the *Chronicle* reported that soldiers from Fort George Wright, an army barracks left over from the days of the Yakima War, were tasked by local authorities to assist in clearing the saloons and streets in what was to be the final hour of old Spokane.[14]

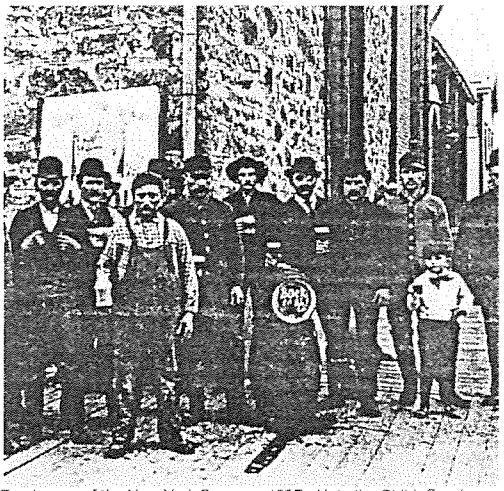
The timing could not have been more ironic. For just as Spokane's great experiment with Prohibition was getting underway, the "vile" institution that had galvanized the local population in support of such a blatantly reactionary reform was

already dying of natural causes. The saloon, which had served as a proxy for any host of societal ills, was already quickly going the way of the dodo when the clock struck midnight on January 1st, 1916. Thus, from the very outset Prohibition was a self-defeating, anachronistic remedy for an affliction that no longer existed. To clarify, had the anti-saloon Number 3 not become law in 1916 there is little chance that there would have been any saloons left to close by the dawning of the next decade. It was an antiquated institution whose time had simply come. Furthermore, the Great War had sucked up any surplus labor prone to drinking the day away under the pressed tin-ceilings of the old-time saloon and the recently opened Panama Canal had ushered in something of economic boomlet to the regional economy of the greater Pacific Northwest. By 1916, the simple fact was that there were fewer drunks on the streets, fewer arrests, less violence, no more saloon bosses of city wards, and no liquor interests manipulating legislatures. As a result there was simply "less municipal and state expense in protecting society from the backwash of alcohol."[15]

Another way to think about this is that the "blanket stiffs" as a distinct demographic were disappearing. As American society matured into the kind of mass-culture familiar to her citizens today, the transient working class was being swept up into something of an all-encompassing, nascent middle class held together for the first time by cultural norms that transcended any class or ethnic consciousness. Bill Bryson's recent work, *One Summer: America 1927,* does a brilliant job of asserting the veracity of this interpretive thesis as does Historian David Kyvig's seminal *Daily Life in the United States, 1920-1940,* a work which posits that the inter-war period was the specific crucible that birthed the normative hallmarks of daily life that define passage through the

collective American experience. Specifically, the technology of the progressive age - movies, automobiles, the radio, and motion pictures all combined to provide workingmen with something of a ladder into a respectable middle class existence. Tellingly, between 1914 and 1918 automobile registration in Washington State jumped over three hundred percent.[16]

All of this belies one simply fact. If Number 3 killed the saloon in 1916 it remained dead because the symbol of class identity it had provided to the "blanket stiffs" of the Inland Northwest no longer served a social need. Which is precisely what makes any honest analysis of American Prohibition necessarily one of tragedy. This is an issue that will be further explored in the third chapter of this thesis, but it bears noting here. All the lives negatively affected by incarceration or financial hardship as a direct result of the tangled web of incentives woven by Prohibition in all its multifaceted guises were, according to the anti-saloon spirit of Number 3 at least, nothing short of senseless collateral damage in a war that was already over by the time the first shots had been fired.



Employees of the New York Brewery, 1897. Note the Child. Courtesy Northwest Museum of Arts and Culture/Eastern Washington State Historical Society, Spokane Washington

And yet, something strange happened in 1916. The anti-saloon movement moved even further to the right and by year's end had evolved an entirely different animal. Two pro-liquor bills appeared on state ballots in the fall of 1916. The first was the aforementioned Hotelmen's Bill, which would have permitted the sale of

intoxicating beverages in certain places of lodging. The second, the Brewer's Bill, was at its heart a jobs program that would have allowed Washington State breweries to have remained open to provide individuals with their allotted twelve quarts every twenty days. As it stood, folks had to have their brew shipped in from out of state, which they did by the trainload. From a contemporary analytical perspective, the brewer's bill in particular stands out as a reasonable compromise. It would do nothing to undermine the stated anti-saloon nature of Number 3 while having the added benefit of keeping local dollars and tax revenues in the state while simultaneously keeping those employed by the brewing industry off the dole. From and a law enforcement standpoint, it would have had the added benefit of undercutting the burgeoning moonshining and bootlegging rackets that were spreading like wildfire throughout the state and in a preview of the violence to come to Puget Sound in the twenties had already left a pair of bullet-riddles corpses in the warehouse of a major rum running operation.[17]

To the voters of 1916, however, both bills were absolute non-starters. The Hotelmen's Bill was crushed by more than 220,000 votes. The Brewer's Bill met a similar fate, going down 245,399 to 98,843.[18] What's even more surprising is that the pro-liquor oases of 1914, Spokane and Seattle, both had gone dry in just two short years. Certainly, the early positive returns on the ramifications of Number 3 contributed to the total drought at the polls. To this end, Clark cites statistics claiming that Spokane police reported a 67 percent decline in arrests for public drunkenness between January and October, 1916.[19] Costs for running the county were also down, as were the number of convicts entering state prison. The best news of all came from the banks where deposits were up and personal bankruptcies down.[20] Of course, all of this begs the question on

causation versus correlation, particularly in light of the Great War/Panama Canal boomlet alluded to above. To the voters of the time however, the symbolism was clear: Prohibition was an unalloyed and unqualified success.

In addition to the statistics, the bone-dry position received another boost from a national scientific community that was wading into matters of Progressive-era public policy like never before. This is an argument thoroughly outlined by Professor Timberlake, who concludes that "even more than religion, science had prepared the public mind for complete prohibition" based on a deluge of articles, many funded by the ASL and WCTCU, in various local and national periodicals and dailies.[21] Bear in mind of course that this was the same scientific community that would in short-order sanction eugenics as a legitimate discipline in its efforts to assist our civic institutions in forging a Progressive utopia.

1915 also saw the ramping up of the National Preparedness Program as the United States began, subconsciously or otherwise, to gird themselves for inevitable entry into World War One. Again, it's striking to peruse the local newspapers of the era and consistently find the debate over Prohibition flanked by dire news from seemingly every nook and cranny of the European theater. To contemporary students of the period the linkage of war preparedness and Prohibition may seem incongruous, but to the folks who experienced this peculiar juxtaposition of events in real time the bedfellows were not nearly as strange. The coupling of the emotions of self-sacrifice in regards to booze and national sacrifice in regards to the coming war walked hand in hand. With that, dominos began to fall. In 1916 Oregon ended its permit system and went bone dry. By 1917 Arizona and West Virginia had taken similar action. And in January of 1917 the

Supreme Court upheld the Constitutionality of the 1913 Webb-Kenyon Act, a statute which held that states with anti-drink measures were indeed authorized to bar the importation of intoxicating beverages from their wet neighbors. In essence, a dry Congress, put in place in no small part by the brilliant electioneering of ASL President Wayne Wheeler, effectively abrogated the right to regulate the interstate commerce of liquor and beer to the states themselves.

According to Clark, this was signal the so-called "bone-drys" had been waiting for. They wasted little time and by the early Spring of 1917 had introduced a measure aimed at ending the permit system for everyone save clergymen and druggists. This put the legislature in an interesting, if somewhat demagogic, position. Would they subvert the spirit of the narrowly defined anti-saloon Number 3 or pander to the whims of the ASL special interests? The answer, unsurprisingly, proved to be the latter. On February 19th, Governor Lister signed a bill that prohibited the citizens of the state from possessing or consuming intoxicating beverages, in their own homes or anywhere else for that matter. The only thing that could stop this total drought would be another citizen's initiative. By the end of the summer the referendum petitions had gathered enough signatures to force the issue onto the ballot the following November. In 1918 then the voters would have their say. Washington State would either remain wet by permit or go bone-dry by law.

Of course, by that point national events had already decided the issue for all intents and purposes. The Reed-Randall Bone Dry Act passed both houses of Congress in 1917 and forbade any and all interstate shipments of alcoholic beverages into any state that had a dry law whether or not these states also had permit systems in place.

By 1917 the state Supreme Court had also revealed itself to be in the bone-dry camp when it ruled against a Tacoma man that his conviction for making wine for his own consumption was consistent with the language of Number 3 and thus constitutional. In Seattle the mayor pandered to dry sentiment by unleashing axe-wielding "Dry Squads" who, extralegally of course, would make a great show of smashing their way into homes or businesses where booze was being consumed illegally and in the spirit of Molly Hatchet begin demolishing the place.[22] Although this was an affront to the spirit of due process the mayor knew exactly what he was doing. The citizens, who by this point had decisively equated anything but absolute temperance with moral decay, drank it up. Never mind of course that the business of bootlegging and rum-running had virtually transformed Seattle overnight into the hub of one of the nation's most profitable black markets. From "Prohibition for the other guy, not for me" the citizens of Washington state seemed to have moved to the much more radical, if unavoidable corollary, "Punishment for the other guy, not for me."

The final nail in the coffin of the wet cause came in May when Congress moved to dry up the military just one month after President Wilson went before Congress to declare war on Germany. From that point forward it was a crime to serve liquor to servicemen under any circumstances. To the good, aspirationally middle class citizens of America the subtext was as clear as Kentucky moonshine: if the hundreds of thousands of brave boys in uniform, numbers that would swell into the millions by war's end, could go without liquor, so could they. In this way the intoxicating elixir of nationalistic solidarity found itself muddled with the heady progressive-era idealism of temperance to produce the optimal conditions, indeed the only possible conditions, necessary for national

Prohibition to become a reality. While the 18th Amendment wouldn't be ratified by the requisite thirty-six states until January of 1919, thereby making bone-dry Prohibition the law of the land the following year, Washington had its rendezvous with her dry destiny set for November of 1918. Unfortunately for the citizens of the state, so too did the great Influenza Pandemic of 1918.

The flue absolutely hammered Spokane County. After first popping up in Boston on September 5th, the strain had drifted west to Eastern Washington by the first of October and by the seventh Washington State had been added to the rapidly expanding list of states suffering from a statistical epidemic. By October 10th, the *Spokesman Review* was already depicting scenes that would not have been out of place in fourteenth century Europe as terrified folks burned sulfur on their kitchen stoves and lit bonfires in the yards of some of the afflicted.[23] Schools, theaters, amusement parks, dance halls, churches, and Sunday schools were all shuttered. Public gatherings of all kinds were also prohibited. Department stores closed, jury trials were suspended and the Spokane Stock Exchange, such as it was, was forced to close. Even funerals and weddings were held to strict limits concerning the number of permissible guests. Essentially, you could have enough folks gather to serve as pallbearers, but that was it. Clairvoyants were arrested for holding séances and the owner of the Pastime Pool Room was arrested and carted off to jail for failing to close his establishment, and not, it should be noted, for the contraband booze he was no doubt selling under the table. Hotels were converted to triage centers as the situation deteriorated so seriously that a concerned group of citizens on November 14th petitioned county officials to release their amble store of confiscated whiskey to flu sufferers in order "to help their recovery." Given the fact that the state had

only the week before voted itself bone dry the Superior Court Judge ruled against the motion. The paper noted wryly, "flu victims would have to suffer soberly."[24] In the final tally, Spokane averaged a shocking twelve to fifteen flu fatalities a day from October through January.[25]

Thus, as casualty lists from the Western Front filled the newspapers in advance of Armistice Day and the influenza pandemic spread through Spokane County like wildfire less than half the number of voters that had participated in the 1916 general election headed to the polls to vote the state bone-dry by a nearly two-to-one margin. And although the vote was largely symbolic by this point thanks national developments regarding Prohibition, the salience was nonetheless clear. What had begun as an old-line Protestant reaction to the perceived threat of the old-time saloon, a threat which would have been subsumed by a nascent mass culture regardless of Number 3, had metastasized over the course of four short years into an entirely new beast altogether, a discreet historical movement galvanized by the singular miasma of the particular zeitgeist of the late-teens: "self-sacrifice, dedication, moral unity, frustration, intolerance, and fear."[26]

Chapter Four: The Rumrunner's Paradise

In the New Year's Eve 1915 edition of the *Spokane Daily Chronicle* an editorial appeared under the headline, "How to Make the Prohibition Law a Genuine Boon to the City and State." The piece was drafted in an attempt to answer the two questions front and center in the minds of its readers: One, how and to what extent would the law be enforced? And two, how would it affect business?

In response to the first questions, the editorial board offered the following:

> Regarding the first question it may be said the new law will be enforced just exactly the as well as the people of the state want it enforced. If they want its enforcement thorough, if they want to be consistent and honorable the matter and to stand by what they have written, to earn for the state a reputation as a law-abiding commonwealth, the law furnishes them ample tools.[1]

While this statement may have been true in the abstract, the subsequent moral arc of societal norms and Prohibition enforcement would prove to be anything but consistent and honorable. In one illustrative example, a young Spokanite returned home when his World War I hitch was over only to be rousted and harassed on the Milwaukee Road railroad platform while in still in his Navy blues by a plain clothes police officer looking to shake-down Prohibition violators in order to fill the coffers of the city's police department in much the same way the Ferguson Police Department of the early twenty first century used street level rips of the local African American population as a straight revenue stream. Of course, the difference between a navy veteran still in his uniform and the citizens of Ferguson only serves to reinforce the corrosive effect America's counter-

productive and regressive anti-drug measure have had, and will continue to have, on the nation's body politic. Having been found wanting of any contraband, the sailor remembered:

> That was in [*sic*] introduction to the search and seizure prohibition policy that was in effect in Spokane. When I left Spokane for the Navy in 1917, the town was already experiencing its first year in [*sic*] statewide prohibition. However, it was sort of an "inconvenient" prohibition that the people were being introduced to, rather than a compete nationwide, shutdown that made liquor a criminal offense.[2]

Even at this early juncture the answer to the first question seemed clear. Enforcement would be predatory, capricious, and conducted without any apparent regard for due process.

In response to the second rhetorical query, the board opined:

> Prohibition will help legitimate business and make a more prosperous community. It will do this by eliminating nearly all of a wasteful expenditure which has amounted to millions annually in this community alone. . . . it will not merely cancel these expenditures, but will divert them to other channels, enlarging trade, improving credits and giving employment to more persons.[3]

Given the prevailing optimism of the era in regards to the extent to which de jure Progressive reforms could in fact lead to de facto reforms both within individuals and within the community as a whole, this optimistic boosterism seems perfectly appropriate. Or was it perfectly naïve? As noted above, it's impossible to separate the Panama Canal/WW1 expansion of the regional economy and the peace-dividend that inexorably followed from any tangible benefits which accrued to the Inland Northwest as a result of Prohibition, so that element of their predictive thesis will remain necessarily beyond the scope of historical scholarship to verify or refute. The second point made by the editorial

staff of the *Daily Chronicle,* on the hand, beggars belief. Prohibition did nothing to cancel the expenditures of a thirsty community in need of refreshment; it merely served to redirect them *away* from transactions under the purview of the government's ability to tax. Canadian liquor exports surged, the black market exploded, and before long the region was positively lousy with rumrunners, bootleggers, and moonshiners. The demands of the marketplace were obviously central to this outcome, but the very geography of the region also conspired against the Drys to ensure that Spokane remained as wet as the river coursing through its core.

The city of Spokane extends primarily east to west along the bottom of a glacial valley dredged over the course of millennia from the basalt bedrock by the unyielding friction of the southern tendrils of the epoch defining Cordilleran Ice Sheet. When the great glaciers retreated north for the last time they left behind a river valley bordered on the west by the channeled scablands of the Columbia River Plateau, the south by the fertile rolling hills of the Palouse, the east by lakes Coeur d'Alene and Pend Oreille, themselves backed by the mountains beyond mountains of the Cabinets, Bitterroots, Purcells, and Clearwater ranges, and the north by the physical boundary of the vast forests of the Selkirk Range and the political boundary of the Canadian Border. And just as the mountain streams ringing the Spokane Valley fed the river from which the largest city between Minneapolis and Seattle derives its name, so too did the illegal alcohol sate its thirsty residents.

Considering the statistic that more than one hundred and eighty thousand Washingtonians drove their new automobiles north to British Columbia in search of refreshments in one year alone,[4] a consideration of the cross-border relationship between

the United States and Canada through the lens of Prohibition and its inherent political and cultural symbolism merits consideration. Central Washington University's Dr. Stephen Timothy Moore's 2000 PhD dissertation, *Bootlegging and the Borderlands: Canadians, Americans, and the Prohibition-Era Northwest*, on the subject of Prohibition in the Pacific Northwest and the paradoxical relationship it engendered between peoples on both sides of the forty-ninth parallel, people who had been peacefully and productively co-existing long before the Eighteenth Amendment and a myopic dry political plurality south of the border made a mess of things, is the most authoritative and insightful source on this particular niche of Prohibition historiography. According to Moore's study, prohibition suddenly and decisively altered the relationship among peoples along the border of the United States and Canada. They had co-existed peacefully and as a result, students of Northwest Regional History, US-Canadian Relations, Prohibition, and the Interwar Period, would be wise to make room on their bookshelves for this meticulously researched, effectively argued, tersely written, and thought-provoking monograph that should fit nicely alongside works by Clark, Kyvig, and Gusfield.

Moore's approach also does the student of history a service by framing the phenomena of American Prohibition in an international context. In this light, it's certainly no stretch to point out that Uncle Sam doesn't look so good. In contrast to the Canadian approach to the temperance question in the years between the outbreak of WW1 and the onset of the Great Depression, an approach defined by its pragmatism and rejection of political dogma, America's impetuous ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment and the passage of the farcically ineffective and morally sclerotic Volstead Act seem like the actions of a mentally unstable polity deluded into thinking that

somehow the legislation of morality was not only possible, but appropriate. What's even more damning is that this perspective was obvious to most Canadians as early as 1921, the same year British Columbians, including – in the face of conventional wisdom on the issue - a majority of female voters, repealed their own failed experiment with Prohibition in exchange for the much more effective system of governmental monopoly of distribution.[5] Thus, just as British Columbians were sobering up following a four-year puritanical bender made possible by the Progressive excesses of the Great War, Americans were gearing up for one hell of a binge.

Compared to Canadian political culture, of which Moore acerbically observes as being "much less utopian than its American counterpart and without any expectation that its politicians would legislate the millennium," Americans' collective predilection to believe that "their souls can be saved by prohibitory laws," as one anonymous Canadian letter writer put it in January of 1929, seems wholly at odds with human nature. As this same anonymous letter writer concluded in praise of his fellow Canucks, "We do not believe there can be salvation by legislation for anyone, anywhere, any time."[6]

Indulging in a few more digressive observations pertaining to Canadian incredulity regarding American Prohibition before delving more fully into the cross-border relationship, two sentiments merit consideration. The first was penned by an editor of the Quebecois newspaper *Le Canada* who mocked America's system of constitution federalism in submitting to his readers that the "Statue of Liberty would be better placed at the entrance of the Saint Lawrence River than in the Port of New York" owing to the fact that "true liberty" gives "the greatest authority to each province and does not require any to submit to the influence of others."[7] Even more damning was the

1927 observation of the *Victoria Daily Colonist*, eerily evocative of contemporary life in the United States vis-à-vis our perpetual War on Drugs, presented here in block quotes without comment.

> According to the American Bar Association,
> Cook's County, Illinois has more criminals in
> her penitentiary than we have in all the penitentiaries
> of the Dominion of Canada. If this is the record
> of dry Chicago, let us thank God we live in wet
> British Columbia, where we do not, like the U.S.A.,
> Have to build armored cars to transfer a little money
> or merchandise from one place to another.[8]

The essential question at the heart of this approach is essentially a regional one. Specifically, what made the relationship between Americans and Canadians in the Northwest during prohibition so different from that east of the Rockies? The answer is to be found in the "unique relationship shared by Canadians and Americans in this region who, by geographic necessity, often had more in common with their counterparts north or south of the border than they did with their respective sovereignties to the east."[9] Constrained by geography and united by their quasi-colonial status in regards the respective nation states, the people of the Northwest had naturally forged since the earliest days of the white settlement a political economy inimical to the concept of a "border." In so doing however, they also established the conditions necessary for the paradox of trans-national regional relations during the era of state-level[1] and federal Prohibition. To this point, Moore establishes that "the central paradox of Prohibition in the Pacific Northwest is that the very heritage that had enabled a smuggling economy prior to prohibition also advocated Canadian and American cooperation in the later enforcement against illicit liquor traffic."[10] To clarify, the same cross-border

relationships which led to hundreds of thousands of thirsty tourists crossing the border in search of quality Canadian rye and thousands of entrepreneurial Canadian smugglers to cross the border in search of customers, was the selfsame mechanism which permitted the trans-national enforcement and reform of the liquor laws and illegal liquor trade which had, by the late 1920's, become a cancer infecting the body politic on both sides of a border hacked inexactly through the woods along the forty-ninth parallel.

The "cultural residue"[11] of the region's early history was infinitely more powerful than the various law enforcement mechanisms Volsteadism itself leading to the creation of something of a "Smuggler's Paradise"[12] in the trans-national Pacific North West, a region which also saw labor movements, news, culture, and trade pass seamlessly across a border that meant more on maps than it did to those living there. "Even before the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment, the Canadian-American Northwest had grown and developed in ways that would make enforcing national prohibition difficult at best," writes Moore, before positing that "smuggling had grafted itself not only into the daily life of the Northwest's inhabitants, but into its politics as well."[13] Because of this reality, it's not difficult to understand why Canadians, both at the dominion and provincial levels, were so reluctant to assist the American authorities in damning the river of booze flowing south to the draught-stricken residents of Washington, Idaho, and Montana.

As is so often the case, beyond this "cultural residue" was the more significant factor of money – lots and lots of money. Simply put, Prohibition and Volsteadism were just too profitable for Canadians during what local scholars refer to the "Halcyon Days" of Rumrunning, roughly 1919-1927, for any serious leader, political, economic, or otherwise, to consider helping the Americans enforce their fool's errand. Here is a quick

anecdotal example of how central booze tourism was to the provincial economy. In 1922 drivers in British Columbia began driving on the right side of the road for the first time to accommodate the more than 180,000 Americans, half of them probably drunk in the first place, streaming northward in search of a good time.[14]

Following the repeal of Prohibition American leaders also headed north of the border in search something they couldn't find in the United States, namely a progressive approach to liquor control. The basic structure of the Washington State Liquor Control Board, a public-monopoly initially pledged to relative temperance and the elimination of organized crime from the liquor business through low prices that served the people of Washington from 1932 to 2011 and is now in charge of recreational marijuana, was itself based on the BC system of liquor distribution.[15] Regardless, it was clear by middle of the 1920s that there was very little Canadian support at any level for assisting their southern neighbors with Prohibition.

By the end of the decade, however, the flip side of the aforementioned paradox had intruded into the "Smugglers Paradise" and turned the "Halcyon Days of Rummrunning," into a "dangerous, almost literal, abyss that threatened the fabric of British Columbian Society."[16] As Rumrunner Edmund Fahey put it in his 1972 memoir, "Prohibition was the cradle which reared the most heinous crime wave in the history of the United States of America."[17] By the end of the 1920s this wave had swept up into BC. Large-scale liquor exporters like Consolidated Liquors and Joseph Kennedy, Ltd. had inundated provincial politics with dirty money while the inevitable violence that accompanied Prohibition-era crime had left long slicks of blood along the surface of Puget Sound. In other words, Prohibition had ceased being solely an American problem.

Again, professor Moore: "While many Canadians maintained that it was none of the Dominion's business whether exporters violated American law, it could no longer be said that liquor exports did nothing to hurt Canada. The revenue Canadians thought they were receiving from the liquor traffic was instead diverted to the pockets of bootleggers and rumrunners – hardly the beneficiaries most envisioned when they argued against cooperation with the United States."[18]

This is where the flip side of Moore's conceptual paradox comes into play. The cross-border ties that had made Prohibition impossible to enforce were now leveraged in the spirit of cross-border cooperation to bring an end to the corruption and lawlessness that threatened to subsume both Washington State and the Province of British Columbia. In 1928 the B.C. government was able to shut down the export houses which had been providing American markets with as much liquor as they could drink following the passage of a modified liquor export bill in Ottawa. Prior to 1928 the provinces were powerless to interfere with the export houses, which were under dominion (federal) control. At any rate, by 1930 the rest of Canada got around to prohibiting the export of liquor to the United States. Of course, it goes without saying that there's much more to the story – and Professor Moore does a masterful job of telling it. His contribution to the field of Prohibition-era historiography is invaluable as students of the period seek a deeper understanding of how different regions experienced the phenomena. Furthermore, in casting an international light on a subject too-often pigeonholed as capital-A "American History" he not only establishes another crack in the crumbling edifice of American exceptionalism but provides the American reader with an introspective

opportunity to consider what it means to be a citizen in a nation with a long, sordid history of attempting to legislate morality, consequences be damned.

One of the challenges of attempting to distill Prohibition history into something intellectually palatable is the dearth of primary source manuscripts pertaining to the lurid business of rumrunning. While frustrating to the historian, it is understandable why those who participated a thriving black market engendered by the patchwork of state and federal statutes pertaining to de jure temperance would have been hesitant to sit down and bang out what would have amounted to a confession of crimes committed. Thankfully, Edmund Fahey felt no such compunction when he published in 1972 his memoir of the aforementioned "halcyon" days of smuggling in the Inland Northwest, *Rum Road to Spokane.*

According to Google Maps the driving distance between Spokane and Atlantic City is 2,605.1 miles. When reading Edmund "Butch" Fahey's autobiographical account of his years running "rum," vernacular in this instance for all hard alcohol, down from British Columbia in the early 1920's while concurrently watching HBO's bombastic, although not entirely ahistorical,[19] drama "Boardwalk Empire" the distance seems even greater. While quasi-mythological gangster supervillians like Lucky Luciano, Arnold Rothstein, and Al Capone were busy painting the familiar canvas of American history with blood-stained brushes, rumrunners like Butch Fahey were sanguinely going about their business smuggling contraband across an imaginary line drawn through the vast stands of ponderosa pine along the forty-ninth parallel.

If there's a theme to be found running throughout *Rum Road to Spokane,* "honor amongst thieves" might suffice. Much like the career of the Puget Sound's most

infamous rumrummer, Roy Olmstead, Fahey's experiences lack many of the sordid details we've come to associate with the holy-trinity of Prohibition-era crime, bootlegging, moonshining, and smuggling. Instead, the autobiography depicts something of a lost world in terms of criminal enterprise, a world comprised of honest men who eschewed violence, cutthroat competition, and any kind of collateral damage, men who saw themselves as criminals in name only. Not surprisingly perhaps given the rise of organized crime during the period, a span of thirteen years which historian Daniel Okrent posits in his award winning history of Prohibition were almost solely responsible for the ascension of organized crime in the United States, it was to be a decidedly short-lived world. Although Fahey left the rumrunning trade of his own volition rather than being pushed out by organized crime, by the time he returned to Montana in the mid-twenties the writing was on the wall.

Described in the book's introduction as "the Golden age of Rumrunning" by University of Montana historian William B. Evans, Fahey's retelling of his own life between 1923 and 1927 is something more akin to Dick & Jane than the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. It has, in the words of Professor Evans, "a certain charm, and evokes characteristics which we all like to believe are truly American: individual initiative, overcoming obstacles through hard work and shrewd planning, etc." It was also an underdog story, as Evans likens Fahey's operation's relationship to the big syndicates to those of the "country store to Sears Roebuck, the local machine shop to International Harvester, the owner of a state-chartered bank to J. Pierpont Morgan."[20] In starker terms, Fahey himself writes after lamenting that the control of the trans-border liquor racket "further to the east" was becoming increasingly dominated by the big crime syndicates by

the time he got out of the game in 1925 that "Smuggling rum in those regions died so that gangland might flourish."[21] He even goes so far as to note that, "Looking back, my most enjoyable experience during the smuggling days was the occasion when I threw a wrench into a scheme to organize our runners in a crime syndicate like the one set up in Chicago." [22] The book's most vitriolic passages are also directed at the "crooked, ruthless, gangster element" that had transformed his "private adventure…into the dirty racket that soon after financed the wholesale smuggling of narcotics."[23]

As for the memoir itself, it's essentially a collection of the author's most memorable trans-border runs spiked with reminders to the reader of his own unassailable commitment to fair play. In 1923 while working for a smelter in Anaconda, Montana, Fahey's stepfather passed away unexpectedly and left him his Spokane area roadhouse. Planning initially to sell the business and return to Montana, Fahey instead decided to make a go of it and soon found himself bringing prodigious loads of booze into Spokane from the export houses north of the border. Over the course of the narrative we're introduced to his one-armed driver Ray as well as the fully panoply of crooked border agents, cops, and county sheriffs.

In some of the book's more nuanced passages Fahey also describes the collaboration between the rumrunners and the Native Americans settled on the Colville Indian Reservation, conveniently located halfway between Spokane and Canada. Not only did the natives allow the smugglers to cache their booze on their reservation and use their houses to lie low while hiding from the law, all for a fee of course, but they also accompanied Fahey and his confederates on several runs in order to avoid paying export

duties on other commodities found north of the border, including the legendary Hudson Bay Four Point Blankets.[24]

Fahey also makes clear the extent to which the support of the local population made his enterprise possible. Essentially, successful rumrunners were able to elude the border patrol and local police by sticking to the back roads, establishing extensive networks of personal connections on both sides of the border, and caching their loads on the farms of citizens both sympathetic to their line of work and interested in a cut of the money.[25]

While at first glance this might seem to contradict the voting patterns of both Stevens and Ferry Counties, the two rural border districts through which Fahey passed en route to his suppliers in British Columbia were both reliably Dry,[26] in terms of support for Washington's own 1914 anti-saloon temperance initiative, a closer examination seems to reinforce one of the emerging understandings about the true nature of Prohibition. It wasn't really about the booze. Certainly, some extreme members of the ASL and the WCTU thought that alcoholic abstinence was a worthy end unto itself, but for Wayne Wheeler, the politicians in his pocket, and the voters of rural northeastern Washington, Prohibition was a calculated, laser-guided salvo in an ongoing culture war being waged against the ethnic enclaves and political machines of urban America and the scapegoated "blanket stiffs" of Spokane, "the Hub of the Inland Empire."

With this in mind, it is understandable why the Dry residents of Stevens and Ferry counties would be more than happy to assist "Butch" Fahey evade law enforcement en route to delivering thousands of "barrels" of beer to the thirsty citizens of Spokane and points beyond. According to Fahey, beer was much more lucrative than booze as it was

more difficult to procure and deliver while it was still fresh. Also, the term "barrel" is something of a misnomer as it was actually transported in "three burlap sacks, each containing twenty-four quarts of beer done up compactly."[27]

A successful Rumrunner also knew how to achieve the twin goals of staying out of jail and firmly in the black by planning his route and scheduling his precise itinerary according to the bribability of officers along the way. To this end, according to Fahey winning a district supervisor's cooperation was key:

> The officer in charge of a certain area was the only individual with whom these shady dealings could be transacted. He detailed the men under him and knew their whereabouts at any given time. The regular patrolman never knew what section of the district he would be ordered to cover. . . .In the pay-off arrangement everything depended upon minutes, a good car, and durable tires. The bribed officer designated a certain road and time for jumping the line. Within a set time, the runner had to be clear of the officer's district. If for any reason he was detained beyond the set time, he was absolutely on his own, regardless of the pay-off.[28]

In Spokane, on the other hand, an overzealous officer of the peace suffered consequences if he interrupted an established network between bootlegging and law enforcement. Former police officer Hubert Hoover recalled in an interview conducted in the mid-nineties that folks would get mighty upset if local cops busted the "wrong" bootlegger. "If you pinched a bootlegger, everybody screamed," Hoover asserted. "Now if you pinched the other guy's bootlegger, that was fine." Not that it mattered much. "You could get it anywhere's [sic]. It was a mockery."[29]

The citizens that frequented Fahey's roadhouse in search of fresh beer and fine spirits are also an important piece of this puzzle if sense is to be made of the contradictions inherent in Prohibition. Fahey writes that, "At the roadhouse our drinking

clientele was composed almost entirely of people of high repute throughout the surrounding area. Industrialists, bankers, railroad executives and men of the various professions were frequent guests. Makers of the laws…members of Congress…a Federal Judge…and the very lawmen who should have been apprehending us, all enjoyed their drinks quite openly."[30] Again, this superficial contradiction underlines the essential nature of Prohibition. It wasn't for the affluent or the cultural majority; it was for the other guy. Not unlike the contemporary discrepancy between the sentencing guidelines for crack vs. powder cocaine prior to the 2010 Fair Sentencing Act, Prohibition both at the state and federal levels was as much a political-cultural statement than a viable attempt at de-facto reform.

Edmund Fahey's *Rum Road to Spokane* belongs on the shelf of any student of prohibition, serious or otherwise. For the historian it provides anecdotal, ground-level evidence of many of the macro-trends associated with the period; for the general reader the colorful tales of twelve-cylinder Buicks outfitted with custom tires carrying fifty cases of whiskey across a train trestle in the snow will keep the pages turning.

Canadian liquor also arrived in Spokane via airborne rumrunners. Thomas Edgerton Moar, a World War I veteran, managed to acquire a Curtiss Jenny biplane after the war from a federal government who was disposing of surplus aircraft by disassembling, then crating and shipping them complete with instructions for reassembly. During Prohibition, Moar along with a number of other Spokane-area pilots got into the business of smuggling contraband down from British Columbia with the help of the Doukhobors, a colony of religious dissenters from Russia who had set up a loose community of farms just north of the border. These farms became natural cache points

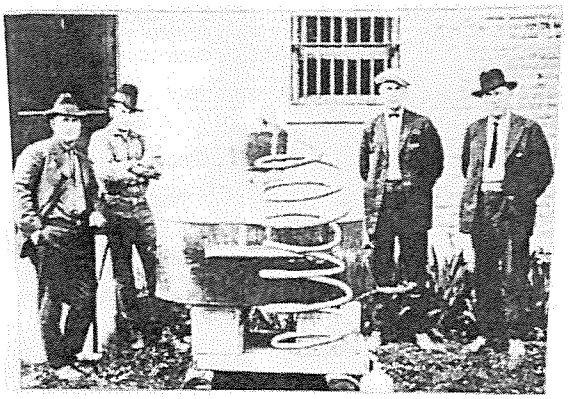
and makeshift runways for booze flowing south by both car and plane. According to Moar, the airborne rumrunners would fly at night, guided to a landing spot in a pasture or field by Doukhobors signaling with their car's headlights. And while Moar claims that he was merely a mechanic who would fly north and south under the cover of darkness to repair planes damaged by the rough landings on rutted fields, his recollections of the airborne whiskey trade reinforces the assertion that Spokane was something of a rumrunner's paradise.[31]

The arbitrary nature of Volstead-era enforcement evoked by Fahey's memoir gains further relief from the tragic story of Ludwig, "Go Get 'Em," Johnsen, a former Stevens County Sherriff turned Federal Prohibition Agent who found himself on the wrong end of a liquor raid somewhere in the wild country east of Lake Chelan in late July of 1928. Johnsen served as sheriff of Stevens County, located north and east of Spokane and extending all the way to the Canadian Border, from 1922 to 1926 before failing to earn reelection on account of his strict application of the relevant Prohibition statutes. It is not a stretch to glean from Fahey's memoir or Professor Moore's work on bootlegging and the borderlands that the attitude in the rural areas north of Spokane towards federal-level Prohibition enforcement was something less than supportive. Of course, what continues to be problematic to the historian in this regard is the fact that these same people voted in 1914 and 1918 to add Washington to the list of Dry states. Again, the apparent hypocrisy of Hofstader's so-called "Age of Reform" rears its ugly head. While Gusfield's theory of "status anxiety" is germane here, perhaps we should look to literature for a more concise explanation of the stubbornly perplexing question of the meaning of Prohibition. First published in 1922, Sinclair Lewis' *Babbit*[32] sensationalized the reading

public with its satirical portrayal, or perhaps more accurately, the "evisceration," of America's simultaneously sanctimonious and wholly amoral dominant upper middle class, continues to provide the student of Prohibition with a useful interpretive lens and, one might add, would be a better choice than *Gatsby* for high school English students forced to contemplate the enduring relevance of the zeitgeist of the 1920s to their own twenty-first century lives.

According to the University of Missouri's Dr. Kate Drowne's 2005 monograph, *Spirits of Defiance: National Prohibition & Jazz Age Literature, 1920-1933*[33], the first book to examine how American writers responded to the cultural sea change of the 18th amendment, the character of Babbitt "maintains a fascinating, and probably common, philosophical position regarding Prohibition and drinking."[34] The narrator of the novel informs the reader that, "Babbitt was virtuous. He advocated, though he did not practise [*sic*] the prohibition of alcohol" in the same way that "he praised, though he did not obey the laws against motor-speeding."[35] Like the aforementioned residents of Stevens County or Edmund Fahey's nameless white collar customers, it would appear that Babbitt believed in Prohibition exclusively for the benefit of other people, or as Lewis himself spun it, "it's a mighty beneficial thing of the poor zob that hasn't got any will-power," but for upstanding middle class protestants like Babbitt and his ilk, Prohibition was nothing more than an annoying, yet self-imposed, "infringement of personal liberty."[36] For Babbitt, and the elites he personified, what mattered was the outward show of propriety and sobriety, a self-righteous veneer of morality and entitlement that separated the Babbitt of the work from "them," the Blanket Stiffs of the Inland Northwest.

Leaving the interpretive salience of *Babbit* behind for the time being and returning to Stevens County one encounters the potential for explosive violence lurking just below the surface of whatever veneer remained. As "Go Get 'Em" Johnsen's daughter recalled in 2005 piece for a local historical magazine, "During Prohibition, many old timers took pride in putting one over on the "feds." And sometimes-local lawmen would turn a blind eye to the moonshine activity – and sometimes the lawmen joined the operation or took a payoff."[37] In July of 1928 Johnsen and two fellow agents traveled to an area east of Chelan, where it had been reported that the new sheriff of that county, remembering that Johnsen himself had lost his bid for re-election due to his unwillingness to turn a blind eye to the burgeoning black market trade of illegal alcohol, "personal liberty" be damned, was operating a still. According to an article written by his daughter and newspaper reports from shortly after the incident occurred, Johnsen and his fellow agents were met at the site by the sheriff and his deputy. When the smoke from the encounter had cleared, Johnsen's body lay riddled in the dust with thirteen bullet holes. He would not survive. According to the Sheriff Wheeler and Deputy Hand, who were exonerated after two trials, Johnsen and his fellow agents ambushed him after he and his deputy had only minutes earlier scared off a gang of bootleggers and confiscated their still. After



Confiscated Still. Stevens County. Sheriff "Go Get 'Em" Johnsen is on the far left. Photo Courtesy of Laura A. Harders, Nostalgia Magazine.

almost ninety years the explanation remains dubious. What comes into focus however, is something that was clear to reporters even in the midst of the Dry Years:

> This deplorable incident illustrates the folly of the multiplicity of prohibition enforcement regulations and argues eloquently for the adoption of a policy making one body of officials responsible. The sheriff should either be made the prohibition enforcement agent of his county and held strictly responsible for conditions, or he should be relieved of the necessity to work along these lines.[38]

Two observations merit consideration here. One, the examples of Edmund Fahey, the trans-national liquor economy, and the murder of Agent Johnsen all conspire to undermine the almost endearingly naïve *Spokane Daily Chronicle* editorial from New Year's Eve of 1915; and two, that in addition to suffering from a fatal naïveté the editorial board was also sadly mistaken about the law furnishing the region "ample tools" with which to forge a Dry community. From overlapping jurisdictions, to non-compliant law enforcement agents, a border so vast and porous that it remains today more a sieve than a barrier, and a distinct topography almost preternaturally ill-suited to keeping booze out Spokane, it appears from a twenty-first century promontory that Prohibition in all its multifaceted guises was doomed to fail, in terms of both morality and effective enforcement, in the eastern half of the Evergreen State.

A question worth asking of course, but one that will remain beyond the limited purview of this study is whether or not the architects of National Prohibition cynically knew this to be the case as they manipulated the acolytes of the Anti-Saloon League all the way to the bank. This was certainly the thesis of Fletcher Dobyn's largely forgotten 1940 monograph on the subject, *The Amazing Story of Repeal,*[39] a work that holds as its

central thesis that Prohibition was doomed to fail from the jump due not only to the Treasury Department's central and inherently toothless role in the enforcement of the Volstead Act but to the fact that the very same oligarchs who financed the Washington machine made a concerted effort to get the 18th Amendment repealed in the hopes that it would be a precursor for rolling back the 16th, as well.[40]

Finally, no formal study of the phenomena of Prohibition in Spokane would be complete without a proper consideration of the role played by the moonshiners who ringed the foothills to east of town. Anchored by Mica Peak just south of the river as it punches through the Idaho-Washington border, this chain of peaks form something of a horseshoe without a center. Between 1915 and 1932 they would have flanked a valley dotted by the scattered townships of Otis Orchards, Opportunity, and Greenacres, who shipped produce, fruit, and livestock west to the economic hub of the city of Spokane along the rail lines that tied the region together like roughhewn sutures.

Today of course, exurban sprawl has filled in the canvas and left a nearly unbroken line of RV dealerships, shopping malls, office parks, and housing developments straddling either side of I-90 in the valley between Spokane and Coeur d'Alene. But the memories of "Mica Moon" remain. Not unlike the caustic burn left in one's throat after a healthy pull from a mason jar of high-test corn whiskey, the historical residue of the Mica Peak Moonshine "syndicate" remains in the stories told to grandchildren and tall tales swapped amongst old friends at the tired, low-slung bars strung throughout the municipal Frankenstein identified on contemporary maps as the City of Spokane Valley. To clarify, Mica Peak and its surrounds are to Spokane what Appalachia is to the eastern United States. And in an apparent validation of David Hackett Fischer's "Borderlands" sub-

thesis from his persistently influential 1989 work, *Albion's Seed: Four British Folkways in America,*[41] they were also both populated with southerners. According to the curators of the Spokane Valley Heritage Museum many of the first families of Mica Peak, the Andersons, Marlows, and Nances, were part of what the *Spokane Daily Chronicle* referred to in November of 1913 as "colony of North Carolina mountaineers."[42]

The date there is significant as it comes a full year before Initiative Number Three was passed by the voters of the state from an article retelling a sordid tale of a "Moonshine still, revenge, drunken debauch," surrounding a "Mica Peak tragedy." The paper continues, noting that "the killing is the culmination of a series of acts by Nance, his brother and other members of the colony which terrorized the people of Rockford and Freeman and vicinity for two years."[43] Certainly, when voters went to the poles a year later to close the saloons they were motivated by concerns quite distant from the collateral damage done to members of a "North Carolina Colony" in the hills east of town, but to students of American history today interested in parsing the symbolism of Prohibition these events matter.

This will be a topic that will be a point of emphasis in the next chapter, but the fact that the families of Mica Peak were in the business of distilling their own spirits prior to the ratification of the 18th Amendment matters to the extent that it seems to suggest that Prohibition fell upon the small-time moonshiners of eastern Spokane County and refute the commonly held misconception that new criminal enterprise sprung up to take advantage of the nexus between public appetites and a virtually unenforceable statute. Or as Spokanite Jay Kalez put it in his 1972 memoir-general history, *Saga of a Western*

Town. . . Spokane: A Collection of Factual Incidents and Anecdotes Relating to the Pioneer Past of the West's Most Friendly City:"[44]

> "With statewide prohibition, however, descending on the state of Washington in 1916, the locale of the hill folks took on a new importance. Moonshining in hidden mountain stills became a sort of backwoods industry. The law enforcement people suddenly began identifying the sources of illegal liquor by locale. In the quality category, Mica Peak moonshine began to rate in a class by itself.

In addition to the interpretive value of the Mica Peak lens, the historical record reads like script from a History Channel miniseries on the wild times and dangerous characters of Prohibition-Era Spokane. As Kalez remembers it:

> The name that captivated me most, however, was the brand name for one alcoholic beverage identified as "Mica Moonshine". . . which wasn't so bad if you discounted the first drink. A cube of sugar usually helped that first swallow. I also learned that the Mica Peak product was the volume output from the surrounding foothills east of Spokane with their high-timbered ridges extending from Mt. Baldy or Mr. Spokane on east, then south to Signal Point, Big Rock and Mica Peak.[45]

In addition to camouflaging and painting their still to order to evade local authorities, the Mica Peak moonshiners also took advantage of some sloppy surveying to avoid Johnny Law. According to Kalez, the Federal State Line Survey that had come through a generation before had used section corner markers of two-inch steel pipes capped with chiseled north and south directional markers to indicate the border between Washington and Idaho. The State Survey, on the other hand, used tree blazes which left a gap between the competing border lines of about forty feet at various points along the state line, such as it was. The moonshiners exploited this gap every chance they got. One of

their tricks, if confronted by Washington law enforcement and a search warrant in the no-man's land where they intentionally set up their stills, was to cordially remind the officers that they had no jurisdiction in Idaho, which based on whichever set of markers proved advantageous to Moonshiners, was where they were clearly operating. Of course, if the Idaho law showed up they'd simply flip the script and point out to the bewildered officers of the peace that they had no jurisdictional authority over stills in Washington State. Kalez also tells the tale of a "certain moonshiner" whose product was competitive with "Mica Moon" that bought himself a dairy ranch and proceeded to deliver to the creameries in Spokane a very different kind of milk. According to local lore, this same " Moonshine Rancher" also employed some out of work miners from Wallace, ID to put a tunnel back into the hill behind his barn in order to set up "one of the most elaborate stills in the country."[46]

In 1927, a group of county officeholders found themselves unable to resist the allure of the Mica Peak market. According to newspaper reports of the time, County Commissioner of Public Safety Charles W. Hedger, who according to the aforementioned Officer Hoover was responsible for defining which bootleggers were fair game for law enforcement and which were to be left alone, and seventeen others, mostly Greek and Eastern European proprietors of downtown clubs, coffee shops, and cafes, took part in a conspiracy which had its genesis in 1925 to violate the Volstead Act as well as state statutes by manufacturing, selling, and maintaining places for the sale of liquor produced by a large still on Mica Peak. Indicative of the endemic corruption which plagued both the Spokane County Sherriff's Office and the city's police department during the era,

Hedger's involvement in the operation was only uncovered after he had moved to have several vice squad officers transferred to different beats for what can only be described as being too good at their jobs. In other words, their efficiency in uncovering and arresting Volstead violators led those who were investing in Commissioner Hedger's concurrent protection rackets to demand a change in the street level enforcement personnel. After all, protection is only worth its price if right people are on the take. Perhaps even more damning to the legacy of Spokane's thin blue line during the era was the fact that Hedger was never even tried, let alone convicted. The corruption, it appears, ran so deep that he was merely asked to resign and transferred to the Public Utilities Department.[47]

Given the connotation with bloodshed that popular memory associates with southern moonshiners it's not surprising that the transplanted Carolina Regulators on Mica Peak found themselves with blood on their hands on more than one occasion. In late September, 1927, Everett Marlow, who had been arrested coming down the mountain with ten gallons of Mica Moon in his car the previous June by federal Treasury officials,[48] killed his father, Joe, with a shotgun after a "drunken brawl." According to published accounts, Everett acted in self-defense when he "attempted to shoot a knife from his father's hand. Both were drunk and his father had threatened to kill him with a long-bladed knife."[49] A year earlier, Joe himself, "crazed by moonshine whiskey," attempted to stab his wife with a butcher knife but failed "when she out-distanced him in a footrace of nearly half a mile up the mountainside."[50]

And in a bloody invocation to a decade of violence and misfortune for the Marlows of Mica Peak, Everett's younger brother, Bill, took his own life in 1917 down Freeman, a small town just south of the family's property.

Cadillac Sheriff's car with confiscated Mica Peak Still outside the Courthouse. 1925 Courtesy Northwest Museum of Arts and Culture/Eastern Washington State Historical Society, Spokane Washington

Even as late as May of 1932, just five months before the state voted to repeal Prohibition statutes that had been on the books since 1914, the residents of Mica Peak were still being targeted by the relevant authorities. A *Spokane Chronicle* clipping tells the tale of fifty-three year old Mary Marlow being lodged in city jail for offering to sell thirty gallons of Mica Peak moonshine to a pair of federal agents. Of course, with the Great Depression in full swing, who could blame a couple of nameless Volstead agents for wanting to take one last shot before last call came on the Eighteenth Amendment.[51]

Spokane, as it turns out, was awfully wet during the de jure dry years between 1914 and 1933. Certainly, geography, economic opportunity, and cultural norms contributed to this reality, but perhaps Ockham's razor is applicable here. That it, the simplest answer is most likely correct. Spokane remained decidedly wet during Prohibition because its citizens liked to drink, an assertion that further bolsters the thesis first attributed to Professor Gusfield. That is to say, from 1914 on the prevalent attitude

in Spokane, if not the rest of the nation was something torn straight from the pages of *Babbitt*: Prohibition for the other guy, not for me.

Chapter Four: Victims of Volstead

Trent Alley, long since plowed under to make room for regional branches of national banks, office buildings, and a sea of parking lots between Spokane Falls Boulevard and Main Street just west of Browne, was the place to go for a drink before the Dry years and remained the place to go during them. As a local historian described it twenty years ago:

> Downtown Spokane crawls with the ghosts of
> those days, when gambling, drinking and prostitution
> roared into the early morning hours, seven nights a week.
> In a time when the nation mandated a curb on partying,
> the record shows that Spokane seemed to party even
> hardier than before.[1]

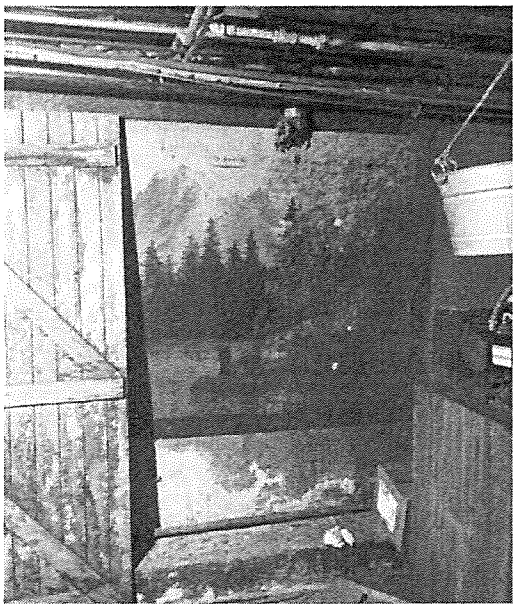
Indeed. So thirsty were the residents of Spokane that even the former chief of police in the late forties and early fifties, Clyde Phelps, remarked from the measured vantage point of his ninth decade on earth that, "My own personal opinion is that people drank during Prohibition who would have never drank if it was legal."[2] Including, apparently, even those tasked with enforcing the law. A nineteen sixty-eight monograph on the history of Spokane retells the story of Mate Hammond, a city engineer during the Prohibition years who had an office in the basement of the old city hall building. When stills were confiscated, which was not an infrequent event, or liquor casks seized they were stored in a room next to Hammond's office. Hammond, sensing an opportunity, allegedly drilled a hole through the wall and tapped into the booze that was being held as evidence, but the quality of the "Mica Moon" next door wasn't up to old Mate's high standards as he was

eventually fired for having the gall to actually rebuild a still of his own high design right in the basement of city hall.[3]

Trent Alley had always been a rowdy neighborhood. Situated adjacent to the Great Northern Railway Station, the alley had always been something of a dedicated red-light district for the "blanket stiffs" going to work in the mines and timber stands of North Idaho and northeastern Washington. Or more accurately, for those coming back to town either flush with cash or down on their luck, broken, busted, and looking for a drink. Of course, the "home guard" of Spokane, those redoubtable "Babbits" in the suburban neighborhoods north and south of the River that were springing up almost as quickly as the timber in the surrounding forests was coming down, who cast their lot with the elites of J.P. Graves' Manito Boulevard Elites when the slippery slope to Prohibition was first established by the vagaries of electoral politics in the autumn of nineteen fourteen, were also drawn to the seedy allure of Trent Alley. "There used to be a place along the alley where you could walk along and drop your money down a hole," remembered Sy Huppins, future owner of the town's oldest and most prestigious electronics store. "A hand would reach up and give you a drink."[4]

Based on the handwritten notes of a 1927 criminal investigation of a Greek coffee shop and several firsthand accounts published in secondary sources more than fifty years after the repeal of the Prohbition, a clear picture begins to emerge of how Spokane speakeasies operated. Most commercial speaks were run out of coffee shops, lunch counters, and pool halls. Someone looking for a drink would simply walk into one these establishments and indicate either through hand signal or just by directly asking the

proprietor that they were looking for a drink. In some of the tonier establishments the customer would let one of the black waiters know what they were after. Next, the signal would be relayed to one of the "bottlemen" or "bootjacks" either seated at the bar or hovering on the street just outside. Remember, the etymology of the term "bootlegger" is based on a term given to smugglers in the reign of King George III who would hide contraband items in their large sea-boots to foil the efforts of the King's coastguardsman.[5] At any rate, this system benefitted both the bottlemen and the owners of the speakeasy. If law enforcement, local or federal, did happen to raid a particular establishment the bottlemen could simply disperse into the local population while the proprietor of the establishment denied all knowledge of any such criminal act. If the officers involved had gone through the trouble to set up an undercover operation, however, all bets were off.[6]



Speakeasy Mural. Basement of Atticus Coffee and Gifts, 222 N Howard St. Spokane, WA 99201. Photo by the Author.

The basement speaks, often located below more formal dining establishments for the white collar " home guard," were something else entirely. These gin joints were considerably more "dressed up," with hand painted murals adorning many of the walls to make them acceptable places to spend an evening working towards the bottom of a bottle. These murals can still be seen today under the floorboards of a busy

bohemian coffee shop and on the lower level walls of Spokane's hippest and most historically cognizant new gastropub, Durkin's Liquor Bar.

Of course, what the diners and imbibers at this newest iteration of Durkin's fail to realize as they nibble on their bone marrow appetizers and delicately sip twelve dollar hand crafted Manhattans is that Prohibition, which by now has become more of an aesthetic motif to be bought and sold than a persistent reminder of the consequences of tragically demagogic policy, succeeded primarily in turning ordinary citizens into overnight criminals and in so doing sent countless scores of Americans to jail, the poorhouse, or an early grave.

While the decade is usually referred to as "The Roaring Twenties" it was anything but in Eastern Washington. This is true for much of the United States. The windfall profits enjoyed by the financial, real estate, and automobile sectors of the national economy were not gains spread evenly over the map by some kind of benevolent invisible hand, but rather distinctly regional in nature. As World War I veteran and former Spokane Police officer remembers it:

> "We veterans were told that we would find a big welcome door mat in front of every entrance that we get (sic) our jobs back. (t)he mat was missing and nearly a million veterans were on the soup lines. (t)he war contracts were cancelled. (s)hip yards closed, (T)he I.W.W.'s were giving the lumber camps hell, there no (sic) work, and we did not have money then like now, we were broke."[7]

For all the similarities between such national and local contours, the Pacific Northwest, as it remains today, was a region very much apart from national experience. Of course, as historians like David M. Kennedy and David E. Kyvig have taught us there was simply

no uniformity of lived experience between the World Wars. Regions, industries, races, ethnicities, and socioeconomic classes all experienced the two decades differently. For Washington State, the salient point is that while the deprivations of the thirties certainly marked a new low, the fall from grace was not nearly as precipitous as for those who were riding high on the fatted calf of the apocryphal "Roaring Twenties." As historian Carlos Schwantes notes, the fact is that although the Great Depression which "began on the heels of the stock market crash in the fall of 1929 crippled the Pacific Northwest economy and dominated everyday life for a decade", the lengthy "malaise was mitigated.....by the fact that *most of the region had never really prospered during the 1920s,* (italics added) and thus residents typically had not indulged in the "two-cars-in-every-garage" kind of optimism common in more affluent states."[8] As a new exhibit housed in the Spokane Public Library and curated by the Washington State Historical Society on the story of Washington during the Great Depression puts it, the sudden national decline set off by the events of "Black Thursday", 1929 seemed a world away for most residents of the Pacific Northwest. Instead, it must have seemed like just another piece of bad economic news for a region in which "times had been tough since the end of WW1".[9]

If the 1920's were a decade characterized by strong industries like automobiles, chemicals, construction, and banking, and sick industries, like railroads, timber, and agriculture, it's clear that the economic health of the Evergreen State was already terminal by the time the Great Depression ramped up in earnest following the great crash of 1929. While Washington was somewhat buoyed by the industrial littoral of Puget Sound, Inland Northwest states like Idaho that were almost solely dependent on agriculture and timber

suffered terribly during the period. Considering that close to half of Idaho's population in nineteen thirty depended directly on agriculture for a living, it's no surprise that, according to Schwantes, "the average income of Idahoans plunged by 50 percent between 1929 and 1932." Things were no better south of the Columbia River as the economic decline of 1929 to 1932 "brought 90 percent of the timber companies (in Oregon) to the verge of bankruptcy." If more evidence of the economic desperation that gripped the region is needed, consider the fact that arsonists were known to have "ignited forest fires and then sought to earn money putting them out."[10] In conclusion, the experience of the Inland Northwest, with Spokane as its hub, at least on a macroeconomic level can be most succinctly be summarized as a movement from bad to worse.

This economic reality provides some insightful context when considering the nature of "criminality" during Prohibition. The decision to become a bootlegger, rumrunner, or even a small time speakeasy operator in a locality like Spokane was not motivated by any larger criminal ambitions despite the very real linkage between Prohibition and organized crimes in larger metropolitan centers like Chicago, Detroit, New York, or most famously in Atlantic City. Instead, they were decisions born of economic necessity. Again, the connection to the contemporary socio-economic reality of the War on Drugs is obvious. Just as hunger makes the best sauce, the constrictions of poverty can serve to make even the most egregious criminal transgressions simultaneously banal and palatable. All the more reason to return to the furious indignation of the November 1914 *Spokane Labor* who urged local voters to demand the following instead of a cynically reactionary prohibition of alcohol: GOOD WAGES,

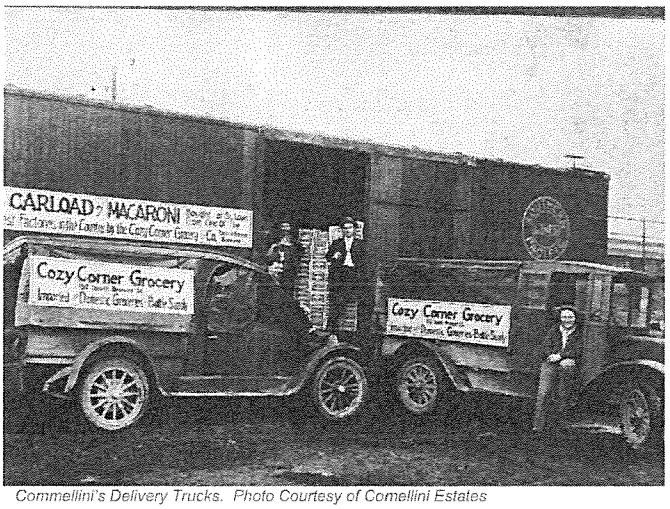
SHORTER HOURS, BETTER CONDITIONS OF LABOR - NOT PROHIBITION - ARE THE THINGS THAT BUILD FOR A STRONGER, CLEANER PEOPLE."[11] In other words, a failure to treat the disease because the demonizing of the symptoms makes political hay is a recipe for injustice. Just ask the poor woman who was arrested, fined, and jailed for selling beer out of old tomato cans to thirsty duffers at Spokane's Downriver Golf Course in the late twenties.[12]

There was also a distinctly ethnic tinge to determining who the victims of Volstead would be during Prohibition era Spokane. While the Greek-American community bore the brunt of the city's overtures of enforcement, it was an Italian American businessman who more often than not turns up at the center of Spokane-area Prohibition history.

Born in the small Tuscan village of Stafolli in 1891, Albert Commellini, like so many opportunistic young men before him, crossed the Atlantic alone at the age of thirteen bound for Chicago. After working for a time as a water boy in the vast rail yards of the Windy City, Albert looked west, his destiny like that of "Dutch" Jake and Jimmy Durkin before him seemingly manifest. While it's not clear what exactly drew him to Spokane, the historical record does indicate that by the time he landed in Eastern Washington he had moved up the chain of command from water boy to recruiter as the railroads, mines, timber yards, and National Forrest Service leaned heavily on the seemingly inexhaustible pool of southern European labor. Based on the reminiscences of his grandson, Commellini also served in World War I following an enlistment in Spokane. Upon his return he found work as a truck driver for one of the lumber camps north of Spokane. Although no hard evidence exists as Commellini was famous for

avoiding any sort of paper trail that could lead to an indictment, his grandson believes that during these long drives north and south on the rutted logging roads of North Eastern Washington Commellini began to envision a place for himself and his entrepreneurial ambitions inside the lucrative world of bootlegging, rumrunning, and moonshining. It's not difficult to imagine Commellini dreaming of better days as Edmund Fahey's Studebaker "Whiskey Six," packed to the gills with cases of bonded Canadian rye and burlap sacks full of glacier fresh British Columbia beer, came flying southbound past his flatbed logging truck, slogging its way north for another load of timber. It's at this point, sometime in the early twenties according to his grandson, that Commellini began caching both booze and the raw materials needed for distilling alcohol in commercial quantities at a spring just beyond the city's northern border. Following the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment in the early thirties these springs would become home to Commellini Junction, a boarding house and restaurant with a dedicated city bus stop for direct service straight from downtown. So popular was the nightspot north of town that legend has it even Joe DiMaggio himself was turned away after showing up without a reservation. There are also persistent rumors of a connection to Frank Capone's own cosa nostra and continued smuggling of Canadian booze well into the thirties, but Commellini's grandson, Robert Seghetti, is rightfully dismissive of these rumors. It's true that Frank Capone did make a 1936 visit to Spokane in order to inspect a property of Albert's that he was considering purchasing, but the incentive for large-scale bootlegging operations after the repeal of Prohibition just isn't there.

The capital for what would one day become Commellini Junction, now home to Commellini Estates, a private dining club and event venue run by Albert's great-granddaughter, was accumulated during Spokane's dry years, a decade that for Commellini would prove to be more profitable than anything he could have dreamed up on those long, lonely drives in his flatbed. From an Italian import market that he opened in the early twenties, Albert was able to traffic in the raw materials of moonshine, namely sugar, all acquired from Canada owing no doubt to connections he made in during his logging days. When asked by a reporter for the local daily what he did with all that sugar, the "Bootlegger King" replied demurely that he "makes a lot of real good pies." "King" Commellini was also able to build upon his support in the immigrant community to secure a term as a county Sherriff, a period during which his own deputies would simply redistribute seized booze from out the back of his eponymous grocery delivery vans. With the profits from his booze rackets and the import business Albert opened the Ambassador Club, a sprawling, opulent nightclub on the city's east side. The Ambassador was a palace, boasting two with two huge terrazzo floors, a movie theater and fifteen private dining rooms. Adding to the mystique of King Commellini was the fact that the Ambassador, along with his palatial gothic revival speakeasy mansion on Spokane's southeastern border, both burned to the ground in 1937[13].



Commellini's Delivery Trucks. Photo Courtesy of Comellini Estates

With the suspicious fires, the nightclub, and the most importantly the Italian heritage, Commellini plays to familiar stereotypes pertaining to Prohibition and the genesis of American organized crime. There is a critical difference here, however, should be noted. Rather than moving into and preying upon Spokane's appetite for vice, Commellini had already spent most of his adult life in Spokane when the Dry Years came. His foray into the relative underworld responsible for keeping the good people of Spokane in their cups during the late teens and twenties was an opportunistic, entrepreneurial endeavor borne of the kind of up-by-your-bootstraps individualism central to America's own mythogenesis. It plays better to cast Commellini as Spokane's first and only true mob boss, but good history is more nuanced than that. Times were tough in the Spokane of the 1920s. Albert Commellini saw an opportunity and he took it. No more, no less.

While Spokane's Greek community lacked the kind of visible figurehead Commellini provided its Italian counterpart, their role in the story history of Prohibition era Spokane is arguably more vital and instructive. Having initially come west with the railroads along with droves of other Southern European immigrants like young Albert Comellinni, the Greek community soon established itself in two complementary sectors of the regional economy, agriculture and the hospitality trades. In addition to substantial acreage tied up in vegetable farming out in the Spokane Valley, the Greek community had by the time Prohibition rolled around established a few square blocks downtown known affectionately as "Little Greek Town."[14] It was during these years that the Greeks would gather in *kaffeneion,* coffee houses, to share gossip and news, play cards, debate the heated geopolitics of the day, and take refuge in the solidarity of their homogeneous

ethnic community. The Athens Café, formerly located downtown on the corner of main and Washington, became the center of this Hellenic universe. As one early observer remembered, "the air . . . was choked with clouds of smoke rising from cigarettes[15], pipes, and cigars. Through the haze one could see the dim figures of card players or hear the authoritative voices of would be statesmen discussing every subject under the sun." In addition to the Athens, local Greeks also fed the "blanket stiffs" and "homeguard" alike from the kitchens of Coffee Ann's Café, the upscale Metropolitan Café, the Coney Island, the Soda Shop, the Ice Cream Shop, and the Howard Café. In time, many of these locales would also serve as a network of speaks that provided the citizens of Spokane with a place to catch a drink and the young Greek community with a consistent source of revenue during a decade that was quickly becoming an unwelcome prelude to the Great Depression to follow.

In several interviews conducted with senior members of Spokane's Greek Orthodox Church the relationship between the early community and the milieu of Prohibition era legislation and enforcement came into focus. "To be honest," remarked Eleni Shumacher, "this parish was built by vice. During the Prohibition years much of the initial capital for the construction of the Parish Hall Chapel came from, shall we say, extra-legal sources!"[16] Another member of the congregation, Nick Damascus, offered a more contemplative analysis when he asserted that, "The Hellenic spirit was not and is not puritanical. It is opportunistic, community oriented, tolerant, and antithetic to legislating morality."[17] Certainly, Nick's father and uncles were living proof of this ethic. Arriving in Missoula, Montana in 1902 the Damascus brothers eventually settled in Spokane around the same time as Albert Commellini. By the 1920s they had parlayed

the profits from their popular Coffee Ann's Café and partnered with relatives in the Western Washington carnival business to open an amusement park located east of Spokane along the shores of Liberty Lake, an aptly named body of water located at the northeastern base of the notorious Mica Peak.

In attempting to legislate morality for selfish ends born of the dominant, Protestant majority's self-delusion of status anxiety, Prohibition and its enforcement not only made criminals out of ordinary citizens but imposed on communities a system of justice in which socio-economic status and ethnicity, not criminal behavior per se, determined whether who would be fined, imprisoned, or worse.

By 1928 bone-dry Prohibition had been the law of the land in Washington State for exactly a decade. And while it's unfortunate that the only complete annual prosecuting attorney's docket for cases relating to Prohibition in Spokane County in the holdings of the Washington State Archives is for that single year,[18] we can infer that the pattern of enforcement that had emerged after a decade was illustrative of the general arc of the period in question. That is to say, while it's impossible to draw absolute conclusions from a single year's worth of arrests and prosecutions the pattern that does emerge is not without valid interpretive value. With that small caveat in mind, it turns out there is much to be gleaned about the true nature of a law and the forces responsible for its creation by studying how it was applied.

In 1928 there were 134 investigations of Volstead Act violations in Spokane County. These could also be considered violations of Washington State's 1908 "Bone Dry" Referendum No. 10, but since the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act gave states and municipalities the right to concurrent enforcement, the term "Volstead Act

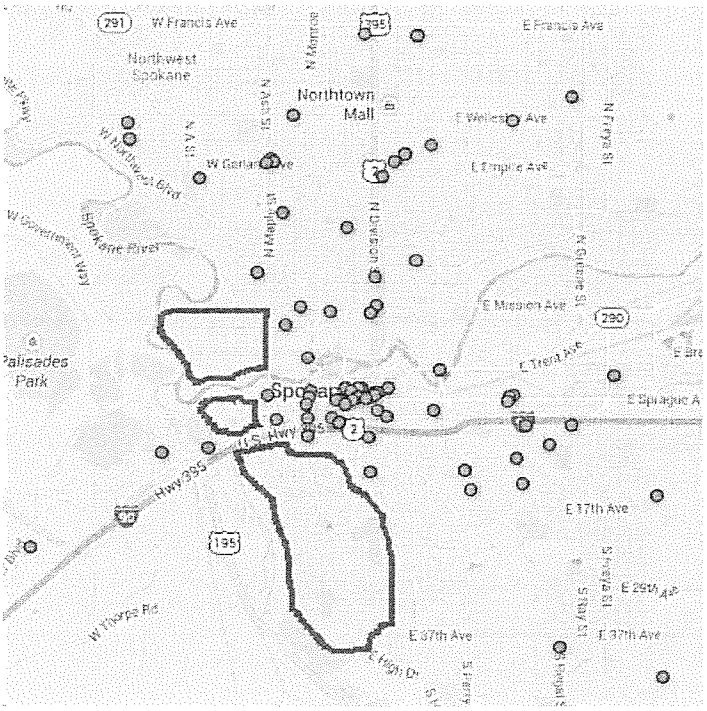
Violations" will be used for the sake of clarity. At any rate, of those, 110 went to trial and all but a handful resulted in convictions. Based on the sentences themselves, it could be argued that at least by 1928 liquor was essentially "legal by fine" in Spokane County. Certainly, detectives seized and often times destroyed the tools of the bootlegging trade like stills, barrels of mash, copper wire, and the like, but of the 110 convictions only 30 resulted in jail time with sentences ranging from a few days in the county lock up to five years in the state pen at Wall Walla for bootlegging and running an illegal speakeasy. All of the defendants, however, were fined for their participation in the illicit liquor trade.

Of some note, the female defendants appeared to incur disproportionately harsh sentences in the courtroom of Judge Mann. Without more information it's impossible to speculate as to why, but it was a trend worth noting.

The most salient trend to emerge, however, pertains to the socio-economic geography of the data as it provides support for the intertwined theses of Timberlake, Gusfied, and Clark. In Map 1 each dot represents an arrest with a corresponding prosecution.[19] Even a quick glance reveals that the neighborhoods west of downtown on both sides of the river – those areas outlined in red – escaped without a single arrest or prosecution. Well, if Gusfield, Timberlake, and Clark were right about Prohibition being the product of a distinct class-consciousness pitting aspirational "Dry Men" against lower class "Wet Men," it appears that enforcement of Prohibition followed similar contours. The areas in red, far from being bone-dry on the ground, were simply home to Spokane's upper-middle and upper classes, the selfsame old-line Protestants whose moral indignation and reactionary sanctimony were responsible for Prohibition in the first place. What's more is that according to work done by Norman Clark on the relationship

between social class and support for the 1914 anti-saloon initiative in the City of Spokane, the areas in red on Map 1 were also home to the city's strongest Dry majorities. It's not surprising therefore that the areas that voted wet in 1914 were also home to the highest concentration of arrests and prosecutions on Map. 1.

Of course, it could be that those west side neighborhoods that voted dry in 1914 and escaped law enforcement in 1928 were actually dry. Perhaps no liquor was being consumed in the brick bungalows and Tudor revival mansions ringing the maple lined boulevards of Spokane's South Hill. Perhaps the upper crust of Spokane did indeed possess the courage of their professed convictions. In reality, of course, this was not the case. Instead it seems that Prohibition in Spokane was much the same as it was anywhere else in the United States – for the other guy.



Map 1. Washington State Archives, Eastern Regional Branch Appendix 1

Fahey's 1972 memoir[20] provides the missing link between those red areas on the map and Professor Timberlake's assertion that those who actively supported of Prohibition and its enforcement would have to "try to enforce the law through measures that smacked of tyranny." In this case two separate systems of justice evolved around a

law "that they themselves would not often obey."[21] According to Fahey, "at the roadhouse our drinking clientele was composed almost entirely of people of high repute throughout the surrounding area. Industrialists, bankers, railroad executives, and men of the various professions were frequent guests." He continues, "Makers of the laws in Washington, D.C, members of Congress, a federal judge, lesser judges, and the very lawmen who should have been apprehending us, all enjoyed their drinks quite openly."[22] And to which neighborhoods did these pillars of the community return with their cases of Canadian rye? Certainly not those where local law enforcement was busy destroying stills, smashing barrels of homebrew, or locking people up for having their friends over for a drink. No, they headed home to the neighborhoods ringed in red on the map above, safe in the knowledge that with status came immunity.

At this point the laughing off of America's first disastrous experiment with Prohibition must end. For those that had their lives destroyed by an unenforceable law whose most ardent supporters remained beyond its enforcement there was little to laugh about. Consider the case of Dan and Sam Salinas, two Greek brothers who supplemented their income during the Prohibition era by selling shots of whiskey from behind the bar at their family's coffee shop just north of the Spokane River. According to case files held by the Washington State Archives,[23] the brothers found themselves the target of an undercover sting operation by local law enforcement – in 1930. The date in this case is significant as by this point public support for Prohibition was at an all-time low with state repeal just two short years away. Despite this, the Salinas brothers along with their Greek employees, John Colonos and James Raftes, and their black employee, Tupper Brown, were taken down by federal agents for selling nickel shots from a half-pint of

whiskey. In their sworn deposition the federal agents described the operation as a "nigger. . . . sitting over at the table. He would walk over and open his shirt and take out a bottle and hand it to the bartender. The bartender would then pour the shots."[24]

It's said that there are no victimless crimes. In this case, a fitting and necessary corollary is that prosecutions are not victimless, either; this is especially true when they are premised on class, race, and ethnicity. On the night of April 17th, 1939 following a pursuit by state officers of the alcohol tax unit empowered by the 1934 creation of Washington's Liquor Control Board after the repeal of statewide and national Prohibition in 1932 and 1933, respectively, Dan Salinas burst into a secluded cabin in the dirty Dishman Hills south of town and snapped. When the smoke from his revolver had cleared, two victims lay wounded on the floor of the cabin alongside three corpses – including the body of Salinas himself, dead of a self-inflicted gunshot wound. After years of trying, Prohibition had finally nabbed Dan Salinas. According to local newspaper coverage, "the shooting hinged upon ramification of the little Greek's attempts to thwart the Dry laws."[25]

At this point we're left with a question: what can we learn about the Prohibition era from the enforcement of its laws in Spokane, Washington? The enduringly disquieting nature of the answer is certainly a reason why the subject is treated as something akin to a familiar joke in both classrooms and in our collective public memory. Better to let sleeping dogs and historical half-truths lie rather than give an honest accounting of the balance sheet. How many lives were lost, families fractured, livelihoods compromised, or futures erased by our insistence over the course of the first two decades of the twentieth century that morality be legislated, not out of any true

altruism but out of a diffuse, underlying anxiety about the threat posed by "the other" to the dominant position of a particular group and a pattern of enforcement which codified the transgressions of elites while demonizing those on the outside of the regional mainstream looking in? What should the proper mixture of shame and recrimination be when one considers that the saloon culture that galvanized voters to pass Initiative Number Three in 1914 Washington was already on its death bed by, soon to be replaced by an assimilationist mass culture built on consumerism, the radio, motion pictures, automobiles, and shared prosperity? Again, here's the redoubtable professor Gusfield:

> But in what sense can a legal norm, which was probably unenforceable, be the goal of a reform movement? If the drinking behavior which the movement sought to end occurred in communities in which the Temperance advocates were unlikely to live and the laws were not likely to be enforced, what was the rationale for the movement? *We have shown that Prohibition had become a symbol of cultural domination or loss*. If the Prohibitionists won, it was also *a victory of the rural, Protestant American over the secular, urban, and non-Protestant immigrant. It was the triumph of respectability over its opposite*. It quieted the fear that the abstainer's culture was not really the criterion by which respectability was judged in the dominant areas of the total society.[26]

Certainly, the lived experiences of the citizens of Spokane, Washington seem to validate Dr. Gusfield's thesis. Even more troubling than viewing Prohibition through this lens is the thought experiment that superimposes this same sociological-historical framework on the prohibition of drugs in our own time. In this case the theoretical balance sheet alluded to above is sure to disturb even the most committed foot soldier in America's War on Drugs.

What is accomplished by the act of prohibition exactly? Certainly, human appetites insure that prohibited substances will find their way to market and into the lives

of those who for whatever reason choose to use them. Could it be instead that de facto prohibition is instead a means of prohibiting a minority group from making inroads into the privileged socio-economic sphere of the majority? Further research is clearly needed on the connection between the impetuses and enforcement patterns of America's experiments with the prohibition of alcohol and the prohibition of certain illicit drugs before a conclusive answer can be reached. For some historians however, the hypothesis is obvious. As Thomas Noel puts it in his preface to the 1996 reprint of *The City and the Saloon,* "The dominant culture, of course, has long used drug laws to control subgroups and close their haunts – be they Irish, Italians, and Germans targeted by Prohibitionists, or the Chinese who could be arrested after opium was outlawed, or the Hispanics and Indians using drugs of their choice."[27] In this light, the once familiar shape of the Prohibition era begins to take on a disturbing new form. Perhaps responsible students of American history owe it to themselves to commit IT to memory. The words of the singular historian Marc Bloc, murdered in the Holocaust, seem especially apt here. "Misunderstanding of the present," wrote Bloch, "is the inevitable consequence of ignorance of the past."[28]

Conclusion: Distilling the Salience of Dry Spokane

Paul Ziegman opened the Tinbender Distillery in Downtown Spokane earlier this winter. Unbeknownst to him at the time was the fact that his initiative marked the opening of the first legal distillery to open in Downtown Spokane in over a hundred years. Not since prior to the passage of 1914's Initiative Number Three had a person combined heat, yeast, water, and grain to produce distilled spirits in the rough rectangle between the bend of the Spokane River, the basalt cliffs south of town, and the high Columbia Plateau to the West. Like most of those Spokanites who violated Volstead during the Prohibition Era, he was drawn to the business because he saw an entrepreneurial opening, a chance to improve his lot in life through self-reliance and a commitment to his craft. While our popular history may be drunk on stereotypical, hyperbolic nostalgia for gangsters toting Tommy Guns and engineering continent-spanning criminal syndicates, the lived experience in Eastern Washington tells a very different story. The impetus for Dry legislation in Washington was always galvanized by a regional zeitgeist apart from the reactionary politics of the anti-immigration Protestant majorities of the nation's eastern seaboard and major metropolitan hubs. This difference provides the student of history with an opportunity to push Professor Gusfield's enduringly trenchant analyses of the symbolic nature of Prohibition into new interpretive spaces, both theoretical and geographic. Furthermore, the experience of Spokane during the roughly eighteen years of de jure Prohibition offers contemporary historians an opportunity to learn from the distinctly classist nature of Prohibition enforcement and in so doing further illuminate a troubling connection between ethnicity, race, socio-economic status and the selective, ne predatory, application of the law that

continues to bring disquiet to communities which feel singled out by a legal system premised on but not capable of embodying in practice the sacred concept that true justice must be truly blind.

To the first point, popular support for the initial passage of the anti-saloon Initiative Number Three in 1914 and the subsequent passage of the bone dry Referendum Number Ten in 1918 were motivated not by the standard anti-immigrant reactionary demagoguery so often associated with the triumph of Dry sentiment in the late teens and twenties, a movement memorably eviscerated by Richard Hofstadter in his *Age of Reform,* but a more nuanced form of "status anxiety," a term first coined by Joseph Gusfield in his permanently relevant 1963 work, *Symbolic Crusade* and further developed by Norman Clark's twin studies of Prohibition in the Pacific Northwest, *The Dry Years* and *Deliver Us From Evil.* As a quartet, these four works provide a satisfying interpretive framework of both the period and the phenomena in question.

On the other hand, the experience of Spokane during this period seems to challenge elements of this standard thesis. Into this void we have seen that it was the presence of large waves of itinerant laborers passing through the railroad hub of Spokane to destinations in the rich wheat lands of the Palouse, the pine forests of Northeastern Washington and Northern Idaho, and the bonanza mineral veins of Idaho's Silver Valley. The presence of these "blanket stiffs," to borrow historian Carlos Schwantes' insightful neologism, in the overflowing saloons and flop houses of Downtown Spokane sufficiently galvanized Hofstader and Clark's old-line Protestant majority, a group in Spokane that Schwantes refers to as the "homeguard," to support a series of Dry reforms they themselves had no intention of abiding. Adding insult to injury, it should be pointed out that the exploited labor of these very same "blanket stiffs" underwrote the swollen profit margins of the region's outwardly Progressive scions. First we'll grow wealthy off your labor, then we'll fan the flames of anxiety to close your haunts and shut you out of town, the

history seems to suggest. The story of Prohibition era Spokane in this sense seems to add another level of interpretive nuance to the field and in so doing implies that local and regional histories of period can only add to the understanding of one of the twentieth centuries most frustratingly opaque episodes.

While Daniel Kyvig, and perhaps even more accessibly Bill Bryson, have persuaded those curious enough to ask the question in the first place that the nineteen twenties were the decade in which modern America coalesced around behavioral and cultural norms familiar to her citizens even today, there seems to be another, disquieting, commonality shared between the past and the present which gains a measure of relief through the lens of Prohibition-era Spokane. To clarify, there are a number of vexing parallels between the selective enforcement of Prohibition era liquor code violations at both the local and federal levels in Eastern Washington and the enforcement of similar statutes today. These parallels seem to suggest that the perception of contemporary injustice in terms of the persecution of certain minority groups, whether they be racial, ethnic, or classist, is something that has been plaguing the United States at least since the advent of her "modern" iteration. Much like the disparate political forces that brought the great drought to the Evergreen State in the mid-teens, the lessons gleaned from the regional enforcement of Volsteadism point towards the historiographic efficacy of similar approaches in other historically marginalized locations.

Just as the production of single malt American whiskey, or in the case of Spokane's Tinbender Distillery, a potent eighty proof palliative dubbed "Ruckus White Whiskey," requires a dedicated process of fermentation before the still can be fired up and the resulting alcoholic vapors caught, cooled, condensed, and drawn off as clean, new whiskey, an intellectual agitation of the available historiography combined with fresh appraisals of available primary sources can

produce exciting new mashes ripe for distillation. Certainly, such is the case of Dry Spokane and the symbolism of temperance.

APENDIX I:

Prohibition Enforcement in Spokane - 1928

2123 W Falls Ave, Spokane, WA	McHenry, Roberts, Ms. Pearl Conn, and Ms. Regina Ellis	Small ammount of moonshine whiskey	$50 bond for all parties. All bonds forfeited
312 S. Fiske, Spokane, W	Barton	10 gallon keg with 8 gallons of moonshine whiskey	$250 fine, 90 day suspended sentenc
1403 S Havana St, Spokane W	Johnso	1 complete still, 1 gallon of moonshine whiskey, 10 gallon keg of moonshine whiskey, 1 pressure tank, 25 50-gallon barrels, 2 30-gallon barrels, 45 1-gallon jugs, 1250 gallons of mash, and 30 galllons of moonshine.	$500 fine and 6 months suspended sentenc
2014 E Wellesley Ave, Spokane WA	Ms. Neffi	80 pints of home brew beer	30 days counnty jail suspended
408 W Cleveland Ave, Spokane WA	Compion, Ms.Evans (AKA Mrs. Compion),	10 empty quart beer bottles and a money bag with $24.83	$1000 bonds and 30 day suspended sentence
408 E LaCrosse Ave, Spokane W	No arrest	5 quarts of home brew destroyed	
20720 N Perry Rd, Colber W	Neushie	12 gallons of beer mas	$50 fine
4444 E 43rd Ave, Spokane W	Mr. and Mrs. Hubenthal,	12 bottles of homebrew, 11 bottles of homebrew in cache	90 days in countty jail for M. Hubenthal Mrs. Tibbits fined
3709 E Ferry Ave, Spokane W	Mr. and Mrs. Tibbits, Ms. Ruth Phillips	200 quarts of homebrew, 10 gallons of homebrew mash	$250, all parties recieved 60 day suspended sentences
706 E Riverside, Spokane WA	McGafney, Ms. Bertha White	1/2 pint of moonshine whiske	30 days county jail for McGafney, 10 days for Bertha
408 E LaCrosse	Riggins and Zacker	8 quarts homebrew, several dozen empy quart bottles	$250 fine and 6 months in jail, 5 months suspended
12 E Pacific Ave, Spokane WA	Mr. and Mrs. Davis	2 pints of moonshine whiskey	Mr. Davis fined $25, Mrs. Davis fined $250 and 30 days in jail
1622 Walton Ave, Spokane WA	Anderson	30 gallons of beer mash	$100 fine

2625 Hartson Ave, Spokane WA	Sleckert, Johnson, Alton, and Ms. Geraldine Baldwin	90 quarts of homebrew and brewing gear	$250 and $500 fines, 3 months in jail for Sleckert
110 N Division, Spokane WA		2/3 gallon of moonshine	
3918 N Maple, Spokane WA	Goodchild	Still, 230 quarts of homebrew, 29 gallons of moonshine whiskey, 300 gallons of mash	1-5 years in the state prison at Walla Walla
524 W Sprague,	Anderson and Laskis	40 pints of moonshine whiskey, 2 quarts of Corby's Rye, 1 bottle of Gordon's gin	$250, 60 day suspended sentence
999 W Riverside AVE, Spokane WA	Asbury	41 gallons of moonshine whiskey, 4 10-gallon kegs	6 months jail, 5 months suspended
221 S Stevens, Spokane WA	Frazer	2 gallons of moonshine whiskey, 2 pints of moonshine whiskey	Aquitted by jury
6106 N Wiscomb, Spokane WA	Jones, McBean, and Meikle	1 bottle gin, 1 bottle rye	Fined $150
7530 W Greenwood RD, Spokane WA	Cook, Smith, and Newlands "The Colonial Tavern"	Glasses of whiskey, 1 pint bottle of whiskey, 1 quart bottle of whiskey	Each fined $25
11908 E Burnett Rd, Mead WA	Parker and Smith "Ye Old Mill - A Chicken Dinner House"	1 pint of brandy, 1 pint of whiskey	Each fined $25
306 N Bowdish, Spokane WA	Murray amd Ms. Rodgers "Pinecroft's Terrace"	100 gallon still, 1,000 gallons of mash	Fined $500, 90 days suspended sentence
3828 W Longfellow Ave, Spokane WA	Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Hardman, Robinson, Simonson	40 gallons of beer, 2 20-gallon kegs, 2 pints of moonshine whiskey, glasses, pretzels, Canada Dry, grape juice "spiked with moonshine whiskey", and 136 bottles of homebrew beer	Mr. Cox, 1 - 5 years at the state prison at Walla Walla, Mrs. Cox, 2 - 5 years at Walla Walla
102 N Division, Spokane WA	Lambert	1 pint of whiskey, 1 crate of whiskey flasks, 1 crate of half-pint whiskey flasks	1 - 5 years at the state prison at Walla Walla
2113 N Oak, Spokane WA	Gibson, Ole	2 2-gallon jugs of moonshine whiskey	$50 fine
24 W Sinto, Spokane WA	No arrests	17 bottles of homebrew, 5 gallons of beer mash	

1410 E 13th, Spokane WA	Clarence Hillard and Francis Myers	114 quarts of homebrew	$250 fine, 60 days suspended
Morgan Acres Park, Spokane WA	Ms. Leslie Buchman	1 gallon jug of sugar alcohol, 5 gallon can of sugar alcohol, 3 imperial quarts of imitation Corby's rye, 9 quarts of "synthetic" gin, 3 gallons of prune wine, labels, corks, caps, and wrappers	$500 fine and 6 months in the county jail - reduced to 5 if fines are paid
721 W Trent, Spokane WA	Ragsdale	6 full pints of moonshine whiskey, 1/2 pint of moonshine whiskey	$200 fine and 30 day suspended sentence
1324 E 10th Ave, Spokane WA 2108 E Riverside, Spokane WA	Hagland and Ms. Maud Brown	19 gallons of moonshine whiskey, 1 complete still, 5 10-gallon empty kegs, 800 gallons of mash	$500 fine and 90 days in county jail, 60 days suspended
1021 E Pacific Ave, Spokane WA	Mathews and Schroder	25 quarts of homebrew, 1/2 gallon of moonshine whiskey	$50 fine
325 S Stone, Spokane WA	Paul and Virginia Shephard	2 gallon jugs of moonshine whiskey, 2 pint bottles of moonshine whiskey, 16 empty jugs	$250 fine, 6 months in county jail, 2 months suspended
508 W Havermale Ave, Spokane WA	Ronge and Mrs. Helen Ronge, Miller	2 1/2-pints f moonshine whiskey bought by "undercover man," 1 pitcher that had contained moonshine whiskey	Mrs. Ronge fined $350, 60 days in county jail suspended
46 W 5th Ave, Spokane WA	Monte	45 quarts of homebrew beer, 25 gallons of wine, 5 sacks of empty bottles, 2 30-gallon barrels, 4 wooden buckets, 40 gallons of beer mash destroyed on place	$50 fine
6108 N Normandy St, Spokane WA	No arrests	1 complete still, 1 pressure tank, 1 air pump, 2 gasoline cans, 2 pressure burners, 14 gallons of moonshine whiskey, 5 50-gallon	

		barrels	
4717 N Adams St, Spokane WA	Wilson and Wilson	8 quarts of homebrew, 2 20-gallon jars, 1 capper, 72 quarts of homebrew destroyed on place	$50 fine
2217 N Standard St, Spokane WA	Boni	30 gallons of moonshine whiskey	$300 fine, 6 months suspeneded sentence
718 E Rich Ave, Spokane WA	Heppen	36 quarts of homebrew, 10 gallons of beer mash destroyed on place	30 days county jail suspended
20 E 60th Ave, Spokane WA	Adams	46 quarts of home brew beer, 7 pints of home brew beer, 3 empty bottles, 1 10-gallon crock	$50 fine
2146 E 8th Ave, Spokane WA	Harris	125 pints of homebrew	$25 fine
237 W Riverside, Spokane WA	Pozega, Petrovich, McMillian	Empty pint, 1/2 pint bottles, 1 box of corks	Pozega and McMillian 1 to 5 years at Walla Walla State Prison
2523 W Hartson Ave, Spokane WA	Ms. Helen Roch, Mr. Roch, Ms. Trene Allison, Ms. Harriett Freeman	5 quarts of homebrew	Allison and Freeman turned over to juvenile courts, Mr. Roch case was dismissed, Ms. Roch was fined $250 and given a 6 months suspended sentence.
528 E 2nd Ave	Ms. Geneve Rego, Ms. Emma Melrose, Joe McDowning	2 full bottles of homebrew in stove, 3 glasses on tray - "ready to serve"	Joe McDowning released on $50 bond, Geneve Rego released on $1500 and given 1 to 5 years at Walla Walla, suspended
1015 S Grand Blvd, Spokane WA	Mrs. Lilly Reed and Ms. Birdie Reed	2 quarts of homebrew, 1 plater, 6 serving glasses, glass pitcher	Mrs. Lilly Reed $250 fine and 30 days in county jail, Ms. Birdie Reed fined $400 and given 4 months in county jail
214 S Walnut, Spokane WA	Ms. Alice McGaffney and Mr. McGaffney	1 pint of moonshine whiskey, 1 gallon jug part full of wine, 1 pint of beer mash, 8 gallons of beer mash destroyed on place	$150 each
123 E 2nd Ave, Spokane WA	No arrests	8 gallons of beer mash destroyed	

3928 N Ash, Spokane WA	Corey	36 quarts of homebrew beer	90 days county jail, suspended
11014 S Marietta St, Mica WA	Ward	1 gallon jug containing small ammount of moonshine whiskey	3 days in county jail
17 E Mission Ave, Spokane WA	Mrs. J. H. Hendley	10 bottles of homebrew, 10 gallons of mash destroyed on place	$25 fine
1615 W Clark, Spokane WA	No arrests	12 quarts of home brew beer, 8 pines of home brew beer, 1/2 gallon jug of wine	
19308 S Choctaw Rd, Cheney WA	Bianchi, Galligani, Stragia, Lesini, Curry	1 complete still, 6 1-gallon jugs of moonshine whiskey, 18 sacks of corn sugar, one large tent,	Stragia fined $500 and 4 months in county jail, Bianchi, Galligani, and Lesini each fined $100. Curry released
702 N Dick Rd, Spokane WA	Wyatt	55 quarts of homebrew, 10 gallons of beer mash destroyed	Wyatt released
3100 N Cedar, Spokane WA	Mrs. Hale Britton	130 quarts of homebrew, 175 empty quart bottles, 20 gallons of beer mash destroyed on place	#250 and 90 days in county jail
1224 N Cedar, Spokane WA	Burton	24 quarts of homebrew, 1 gallon moonshine whiskey, 2 8-gallon stone jars, 14 gallons of beer mash destroyed	$25 fine and 90 days in county jail suspended
33625 N Arlington LN, Deer Park WA	Anest	2 50-gallon barrels of moonshine whiskey, 5 10-gallon kegs of moonshine whiskey, 620 gallons of moonshine whiskey in kegs and barrels destroyed on place	$500 fine and 60 days in county jail
3834 W Hoffman Ave, Spokane WA	Mr. and Mrs. Hunsley	12 quarts of home brew beer	Mrs. Hunsley fined $25, Mr. Hunsley released
3900 S Regal, Spokane WA	Webber	13 quarts of homebrew beer	$10 fine
2013 N Division, Spokane WA	Mason	32 quarts of homebrew, 96 empty quart bottles, 1 bottle capper, 15 gallons homebrew	$25 fine

		mash destroyed	
8815 W Curtis Rd, Cheney WA	Barnes	40 gallon still, 2 gallons of moonshine whiskey, 1 pressure tank, 3 pressure burners, 200 gallons of mash destroyed on place, 4 50-gallon barrels destroyed	$250 fine
35 E Kiernan Ave, Spokane WA	Moller	3 dozen quarts of homebrew, 2 serving pitchers, serving glasses, 38 gallons of beer mash destroyed	1 to 5 years at Walla Walla State Prison
1023 W 2nd Ave, Spokane WA	Ms. Agnes Herveld	2 pints of moonshine whiskey, 1 sack of empty pint flasks	90 days county jail, suspended
1006 W 5th Ave, Spokane WA	Masterson	1 complete still, 5-gallon keg of moonshine whiskey, 1 gallon jug part full of moonshine whiskey, 3 50-gallon barrels, and several kegs	$100 fine for still, $50 fine for liquor
213 E Garland, Spokane WA	Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Zelma Derrick, Wilson, Davison, Brown, and Swan	2 quarts of Blue Ribbon Canadian beer, 1 quart bottle of beer, 1 serving tray, 6 serving glasses, 1 had bag, 1 pitcher containing small amount of moonshine whiskey, 1 quart bottle containing small amount of gin	Rogers, Davidson, and Zelma Derrich each fined $50
7213 E 44th, Spokane WA	Huguenis	24 200-gallon barrels, 15 50-gallon barrels, 1400 gallons of mash destroyed on place	$50 fine and 30 days in county jail, suspended
310 W Sprague, Spokane WA	Joe Vukich, John Manos	1 pint of mooonhsine whiskey bought with marked money, 2 silver dollars out of cash register, 1 bunch of keys	Vukich fined $500 and given 6 month suspended sentence, Manos fined $250 and given 90 days suspended sentence
606 W 2nd Ave, Spokane WA	Christ Panouis, Bouchos, and John Stamos	1 pint moonshine whiskey bought with marked money, 2 silver dollars out of cash register, 2 full	Panouis not guilty, Bouchos fined $500, Stamos fined $250, each given suspended jail

		cases of empty pint bottles, 2 cases about half full of empty pint bottles	sentences
1020 W 1st Ave, Spokane WA	Wold	1 pint of moonshine whiskey, 2 silver dollars out of cash register	$500 and 6 months suspended
408 E LaCrosse Ave, Spokane WA	Riggins, Zacker, McMillan, McIntyre, McGroskey, Watkins	17 quarts of homebrew, bunch of keys, 2 pitchers, 8 glasses, 12 cases of empty quarty beer bottles	McIntryre, McGroskey, and Watkins 15 days county jail each, McMillan fined $500 and given 90 days in county jail, Zacker and Riggins fined $250 and given 90 days in county jail
219 W Main Ave, Spokane WA	Heime	1/1 pint of moonshine whiskey bought with marked money, several empty pint bottles, 1 gallon jug	$250 fine and 30 days in county jail
1417 N Howard St, Spokane WA	Mrs. Boehl	30 quarts of home brew beer	$50 fine
307 W Main Ave, Spokane WA	George Callas	1 pint moonshine whiskey bought with marked money, 5 gallons of moonshine wiskey, 18 pints of moonshine whiskey, 2 1/2-pints of moonshine whiskey, 1 quart of moonshine whiskey	$250 fine, 6 months suspended sentence
1517 N Madison St, Spokane WA	Roy E. Burk	6 gallons of beer mash destroyed on place	No charges filed
235 W Main Ave, Spokane WA	Stoyanac, Rubertt	1 pint of moonshine whiskey bought with marked money, 2 pints of moonshine whiskey in room 11, 12 pints of moonshine whiskey in room 28	Both released on bond, $750 for Stoyanac and $50 for Rubertt
337 W Trent Ave, Spokane WA	Matson and Mermi	1 pint of moonshine whiskey bought with marked money	Released on $1500 bond and found not guilty
11 N Browne St, Spokane WA	No arrests	1/4 pint of moonshine whiskey in room 50	
411 S Jefferson	Ruby and Oliver Richards		No prosecution/ Case dismissed due

			to lack of witness cooperation
West 325 Trent Ave, Spokane WA	Peggy Newll and Dick Arnholt	7 pints of moonshine whiskey, 1 gallon jug of moonshine whiskey in room 17	Peggy Newell released on bond, Dick Arnholt fined $50
24211 E Elder Rd, Rockford WA	Graham, Wilson	1 gallon jug part full of moonshine whiskey, 1 bottle full of moonshine whiskey	Graham fined $1000 and given 30 days, suspended
219 N Washington, Spokane WA	Loving, Tracy, and Leary	2 silver dollars marked money, 6 small bottles of moonshine taken off the person of Harry Loving, and 1 pint bottle of moonshine bought with marked money	Loving, Tracy, and Leary, 1 to 5 years at Walla Walla
720 N Monroe, Spokane WA	No arrests	Small ammount of moonshine in pint bottle	No arrests
2215 E South Altamont Blvd, Spokane WA	Holister, McLean	10 gallons of moonshine whiskey, 1 complete still, 2 sacks of corn, 2 sacks of rye, 2 10-gallon kegs, 1 5-gallon keg, 3 tubs, 4 50-gallon barrels, 1 8-gallon jar, 2 pressure tanks, 1 air pump, 600 gallons of mash destroyed on place, 2 500-gallon vats destroyed on place	Hollister fined $500 and given 4 months in County Jail, McLean fined $500 and given 6 months in County Jail
233 Main Ave, Spokane WA	Mr. and Mrs. Randall	1 pint bottle of moonshine whiskey, 1 small box of Americana Canabis bought with marked money, 1 part can of Americana Canabis	James Randall 1 to 5 years at Monroe State Prison, Mrs. Alice Randall 60 days in County Jail, suspended
100 E Riverside Ave, Spokane	John Doe Mexican	1/2 pint of moonshine whiskey bought with marked money	60 days county jail, suspended
3004 E Queen Ave, Spokane WA	McGeary, King, White	Tea pot containing moonshine whiskey, 2 serving glasses, several empty pint whiskey bottles, 3 empty gallon jugs	McGeary found not guilty, King fined $25, Edward White to juvenile court
8 N Stevens St,	Roberts, McCance,	1/2 pint bottle part	Duke Roberts found

Spokane WA	Bowman	full of moonshine whiskey, 4 empty pint bottles, 1 gallon jug that had contained moonshine whiskey, 1 small funnel	not guilty, McCance and Bowman fined $50 each and given 90 days, suspended
4027 W Hallett Rd, Spokane WA	Murphy	1 complete still, 1 gallon jug of moonshine whiskey, 1 10-gallon keg destroyed on place, 1 50-gallon barrel destroyed on place, 1 gallon jug of moonshine whiskey destroyed on place	30 days in county jail
1806 W 26th Ave	No arrests	100 gallons of mash destroyed on place	No arrests
403 W 1st Ave, Spokane WA	George and Nick Arris	1 suitcase containing 27.5 pints of moonshine whiskey, 30 pints of moonshine whiskey, 1 gallon jug 1/2 full of moonshine whiskey, 3 quarts Three Star Hennessy Whiskey, 1 quart bottle part full of Corby Rye	George arris not guilty, Nick Arris bound over to Superior Court
2203 S. Ball Rd, Spokane WA	Horner, Jacobs, Lawrence, Ms. Jean Gibson, and Ryan	1 gallon jug part full of moonshine whiskey, 1 quart bottle part full of whiskey	Russell Lawrence 60 days in County Jail, Horner fined $250, Jacobs not guilty, Ryan fined $50
1021 E Pacific Ave, Spokane WA	Mathews, Schroder	25 quarts of homebrew beer, 1/2 gallon of moonshine whiskey	Mathews and Shroder each fined $50
2018 E Riverside Ave, Spokane WA	Miller	3 bottles of homebrew beer, 1 capper, 12 gallons of beer mash destroyed on place	Miller released
2008 E Sprague Ave, Spokane WA	Scarrpellie	1 complete still, 1/2 gallon of moonshine whiskey, 2 empty 10-gallon kegs	Fined $75 for liquor in possession, fined $100 for still in possession
1324 E 10th Ave, Spokane WA	Hagland, Ms. Maud Brown	19 gallons of moonshine whiskey, 1 complete still, 5 10-gallon empty jugs,3 burners, 1 pressure tank, 3 gas drums, 1 sack corn,	Hagland fined $500 and given 30 days in County Jail, Maude Brown given 10 days in county suspened on "Drunk" charge

721 W Trent Ave, Spokane WA	Ragsdale	1 sack corn sugar, 15 50-gallon barrels, 800 gallons of mash destroyed on place 6 full pints of moonshine whiskey, 1/2 pint of moonshine whiskey, 1 pint bottle 1/2 full of moonshine whiskey	Fined $200
2717 W Kiernan Ave, Spokane WA	Mrs. A.J. Warrell, S. J. Elian	2 dozen bottles of homebrew, 1 5-gallon jar, 1 2-gallon jar, 1 bottle capper, destroyed 7 gallons of beer mash on place	Fined the court costs of $3.50 each
1410 E 13th Ave, Spokane WA	Hillard, Myers	114 quarts of home brew beer	Hillard fined $250, Myers case dismissed
24 W Sinto Ave, Spokane WA	No arrests	17 bottles of home brew, 5 gallons of beer mash destroyed on place	No arrests
2113 N Oak St, Spokane WA	Gibson	2 1-gallon jugs of moonshine whiskey	Fined $50
102 N Division St, Spokane WA	Lambert	1 pint bottle of moonshine whiskey bought with marked money, 1 crate of pint whiskey flasks, 1 crate of 1/2 pint whiskey flasks, 1 sack of empty 1/2 gallon jugs	1 to 5 years at Walla Walla
3828 W Longfellow Ave, Spokane WA	Cox, Ms. Cox, Hardman, Robinson, Simonson	1 pint bottle of moonshine whiskey, 1 pint bottle part full of moonshine whiskey, 12 whiskey glasses, 1 pint bottle containing peach cordial, 3 empty pint bottles, 1 bottle Canada Dry, 1 gallon jug 1/2 full of grape juice spiked with moonshine whiskey, 1 beer pitcher with 4 serving glasses, 3.5 gallons of grape juice, 1 carton of pretzels, 136 bottles of homebrew, 2	Hardman, Robinson, and Simonson released. Mr. Cox 1 to 5 years at Walla Walla. Mrs. Cox 2 to 5 years at Walla Walla, suspened

		cartons of empty beer bottles, 40 gallons of beer mash destroyed on place, 2 20-gallon kegs destroyed on place 1 100-gallon still, 2 sacks cane sugar, 2 sacks corn sugar, 2 burners, 1 pressure tank, 1 air pump, 25 50-gallon barrels, 2 10-gallon kegs, 40 lbs Fleishman Yeast, 1000 gallons of mash destroyed on place	Murray fined $500, Ms. Rodgers given 90 days in County Jail, suspended
11410 E Indiana, Spokane WA	Murray and Ms. Laura Rodgers		
14015 N Dartford Dr, Spokane WA	Parker, Smith	1 pint bottle part full of brandy, 1/2 pint bottle part full of moonshine whiskey	Smith released, Parker fined $25
6106 N Wiscomb St, Spokane WA	Jones, McBean, Meikle	1 bottle part full of gin, 1 bottle part full of rye whiskey, several serving glasses, 1 box ginger ale, 1 box silver spray	Jones fined $150, McBean fined $25, Meikle released
10900 W Electric Ave, Spokane WA	Cook, Smith, Newlands	Several glasses of whiskey, 1 pint bottle part full of whiskey, 1 quart bottle part full of whiskey	Newlands and Smith fined $25, Cook found not guilty
221 S Stevens, Spokane WA	Frazer	2 1-gallon jugs of moonshine whiskey, 2 pints of moonshine whiskey, 1 lantern	Frazer found not guilty
524 W Sprague Ave, Spokane WA	Anderson, Laskis	40 pints of moonshine whiskey, 2 quarts of Corby's Rye, 1 bottle part full of Gordon's Gin, 1 gallon jug part full of moonshine, 1 sack full of empty gallon jugs	Anderson fined $250, Laskis case dismissed by Pros Attorney
20215 E Mission Ave, Greenacres WA	Asburry	41 gallons of moonshine whiskey, destroyed 4 10-gallon kegs, 15 empty 1 gallon class jugs	Fined $250, 6 months in County Jail, 5 suspended
3918 N Maple St, Spokane WA	Goodchild	1 complete stil, 1 pressure tank + pump, 3 gasoline burners, 8 50-gallon	Goodchiled sentenced to 1 to 5 years at Walla Walla

		barrels, 1 30-gallon barrel, 1 wash tub, 2 buckets, 1 electric heater, 1 bottle capper, 50 feet of garden hose, 230 quarts of homebrew, 29 gallons of moonshine whiskey, 300 gallons of mash destroyed on place	
110 N Division St, Spokane WA	No arrests	2/3 gallon of moonshine whiskey	No arrests

ENDNOTES

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[68] Noel, *The City and the Saloon,* xi
[69] *The Spokesman Review,* February 1st, 1909
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[79] Timberlake, *Politics and the Progressive Movement,* 159
[80] Clark, *The Dry Years,* 108
[81] Ibid.

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[2] *Spokane Daily Chronicle,* December 31st, 1915
[3] Clark, *The Dry Years,* 138
[4] *The Spokesman Review,* December 11th, 1915
[5] Clark, *The Dry Years,* 129
[6] Okrent, *Last Call: the Rise and Fall of Prohibition, 50*
[7] *The Spokesman Review,* April 9th, 1916
[8] Erhalnder, "The Paradox of Alaska's 1916 Alcohol Referendum."
[9] See Okrent, *Last Call,* Chapter Six "*Dry-Drys, Wet-Drys, and Hyphens.*"
[10] Noel. *The City and the Saloon: Denver, 1858-1916,* xi
[11] *Spokane Daily Chronicle,* December 28th, 1915
[12] *Spokane Daily Chronicle,* December 31st, 1971
[13] *The Spokesman Review,* January 1st, 1916
[14] *Spokane Daily Chronicle,* January 1st, 1916.
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[16] "Report of the Secretary of State," *Washington State Public Documents,* 1915-1918, pp. 6-7
[17] Clark, *The Dry Years,* 132
[18] Clark, *The Dry Years,* 135
[19] *The Spokesman Review,* October 8th, 1916
[20] Clark, *The Dry Years,* 132

[21] Timberlake, *Prohibition and the Progressive Movement,* Chapter 2.
[22] Clark, *The Dry Years,* Chapter 9.
[23] *The Spokesman Review,* October 8th, 1918
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[25] Kenneth Knoll, "When the Plague Hit Spokane." *The Pacific Northwesterner,* Vol. 33, No. 1., 1989
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[15] Ibid, 211
[16] Ibid, 146
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[24] Ibid, 9
[25] Ibid, 44
[26] Clark, *The Dry Years,* 116

[27] Fahey, *Rum Road to Spokane,* 8

[28] Fahey, *Rum Road to Spokane,* 49

[29] Qtd in, Patrick Heald, "The Lawless Years," *Pacific Northwest Inlander*, July 6, 1994.
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[31] Brian Shute, "Rum Running During the Prohibition Era, *Nostalgia Magazine,* Vol. 13, No. 1 (January-February, 2011)
[32] Sinclair Lewis. *Babbitt.* Bantam Classic. New York: Bantam Books, 1998.
[33] Kathleen Drowne, *Spirits of Defiance: National Prohibition and Jazz Age Literature, 1920-1933* (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 2005)
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[37] Laura Harders, "Midnight Prohibition Shootout," *Nostalgia Magazine*, Vol. 17, No. 3 (May-June 2005, 20-24)
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