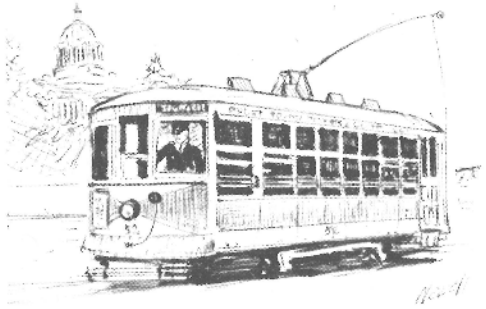
CHAPTER EIGHT
The Seventh Decade
1913-1923



The 13th legislature convened at Olympia on January 13, 1913, proving that whatever other faults they might have, its members were not superstitious. They gathered amid a dreary downpour of rain, but the capital city was doing its best to present a festive air. The Chamber of Commerce urged merchants to "keep their show windows in full brilliancy" at night and Manager Faulkner of the light and power company agreed to keep the street lights on until one o'clock in the morning.

On the morning of the 15th a special train from Tacoma and the regular train from Seattle and Tacoma disgorged 700 visitors at the Northern Pacific depot. The steamers *Magnolia* and *Verona,* on special excursion trips from Tacoma, got in late, but the *Nisqually* brought in 352 Seattle passengers, who formed ranks at Percival's dock and marched gaily through the Main street mud puddles behind a big silk banner of the Women's Wilson-Marshall League of Seattle.

At 1:30 in the afternoon the brass band met Governor Lister at the Mitchell hotel and serenaded him as he entered an automobile with his wife and two children. Another parade formed up behind the governor's automobile and the band, which led the way to the statehouse for the inaugural ceremonies. A crowd described by the *Recorder* as *"the largest gathering ever assembled in the capitol building"* looked on as Chief Justice H. D. Crow administered the oath of office to Ernest Lister as the eighth governor of the state of Washington. Immediately thereafter the new governor addressed the joint session of the house and senate, which had listened to Marion Hay's retiring message the same morning.

Hay had confined his message largely to a resume' of the state's flourishing condition under his administration, concluding that *"at no other time in the history of our commonwealth have the people been so happy, prosperous and contented."* He also urged a policy of frugality in government, warning that *"the state should never again incur the burden of a bonded debt."* He recommended a separate institution for delinquent juvenile girls, various changes in the myriad departments and commissions and election reforms including the abolition of the complicated second-choice vote and the authorization of absentee ballots.

The incoming governor led off with a strong warning against the progressive tendency of going to far too fast, cautioning the legislators to *"follow safe and sane lines; to follow public opinion rather than to rush in advance of it."*

He urged passage of the preferential presidential primary law, direct election of United States senators and asked for a nonpartisan election law for city and county offices. He also favored abolition of the straight party ballot, which required voters to select a partisan ballot at the polls.

In the interests of economy he recommended closure of two of the three normal schools, with education courses added to the curricula of the state university and college and seconded his predecessor's request for a girls' training school separate from the old reform school at Chehalis. He declared himself in favor of good roads, but felt that money already accumulated in the state fund and to be received during the coming biennium should be expended before any bond issues or increased taxes were considered to meet the demands of the new but highly vocal good roads lobby.

By evening the two late steamers had docked with an additional 500 visitors and the *Nisqually* was back with another full load of passengers on her second trip from Seattle and Tacoma.

Nearly 2,000 guests splashed their way to the new Temple of Justice for the inaugural ball honoring Governor Lister. There were more Democrats than the capital city had ever seen. The new building wasn't finished. The appropriation had run out and the stone facing hadn't been put in place. For several years the Temple of Justice would present a remarkably ugly facade of red brick and protruding structural steel. Temporary wooden floors and partitions had been built inside and it was brilliantly lighted and amply decorated with flags, bunting, flowers and greenery. Three orchestras played for dancers on all three floors. Mayor Mottman, who had insisted that he was going to appoint a surrogate to lead the grand march, gave in to tradition at the last moment and bravely escorted Mrs. Lister onto the floor, doing his best to ignore the fact that she towered over him by several inches. The parade, inauguration and grand ball were recorded on the celluloid newsreel film of Pathe weekly and subsequently viewed by moviegoers across the state.

It turned out so well that six more legislative dances were planned for the same location over the 60 days of the session.

WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOUSE

Everyone agreed that the legislature would never be the same again. The political activism of the forces of purity had eliminated most of the old-time politicians. There were more new faces in the chambers than had been seen in years . . . and two of them were feminine. After 70 years the Washington legislature had ceased to be a club for men only.

Neither Dr. Croaken or Mrs. Axtell made much impact on the legislature and both apparently agreed, by the time the session was over, that Senator Paulhamus was right when he said the capitol was no place for respectable ladies during the biennial gatherings of lawmakers and lobbyists.

The press poked a good deal of more or less gentle fun at the two lady politicians, the *Recorder* leading off with the comment that *"when Mrs. Dr. N. Jolidon Croake from Pierce county announced she voted for 'Taylor'* (the speaker) *after seconding the nomination of Corkery, only to switch suddenly, the house members and galleries ungallantly laughed at her confusion and declared it was 'just like a woman'."*

Women liberationists will note that, while Mrs. Croake was certainly not the first confused legislator in the state's history, there is no record of press comment to the affect that "it was just like a man."

In organizing the two houses the Bull Moose members voted with the Republicans to keep Democrats in their usual state of ineffective frustration. The senate also confirmed the appointments of some 30 Republican officeholders made by Hay before his retirement . . . an obvious slap in the face for Democrat Lister as he took office. Howard D. Taylor, the King county lumberman, was reelected speaker of the house and Pliny Allen president pro-tem of the senate. This was becoming increasingly an honorary title. In earlier days it had been customary for lieutenant governors to step aside frequently and let the elected president pro-tem preside, but with the coming of the direct primary came a new breed of lieutenant governor. Louis F. Hart, the Republican elected to the number two spot, kept a firm grip on the senatorial gavel.

The power behind the scenes in the house of representatives was a short, tough political wheeler-dealer who preferred to operate behind the scenes rather than in the public gaze. His influence was felt throughout the state political framework and was still growing. This was Representative Ed Sims of Port Townsend. Sims, who was serving his third term, was listed in the legislative directory as a fish packer, which he was, but his fortune and power were based on a less respectable trade. His firm of Sims and Levy had for many years operated the most successful crimping operation in the Pacific Northwest. Maintaining a large sailors' boarding house on Port Townsend's wide-open waterfront, the firm specialized in selling crews to the captains of outward-bound sailing ships, collecting a sizeable fee . . . the seamen called it blood money . . . for every body delivered aboard. Sims and Levy's "runners" were expert at the use of knockout drops and knockout punches in coaxing reluctant seamen aboard the more notorious hell ships. This less than respectable background didn't prevent Sims from being a civic leader in Port Townsend, where crimping was the town's leading industry, but it

prevented him from seeking statewide office and prompted him to remain in the shadows of the legislative chambers, from whence he directed the action and dispensed power, patronage and perquisites. First elected in 1909, Sims, as a third-termer, had considerable seniority to add to his dominant personality and political cunning. There were only 14 representatives who had served more than one term and two of these hadn't been in Olympia for years,* so there were, in effect, 70 freshmen among the 97 house members.

Ed Sims handled legislators much as his waterfront runners handled prospective sailors. First he offered them a drink and a bonus. If they didn't accept they usually ended up feeling as if they had been hit over the head by a belaying pin.

The members of the lower house were still suffering from an anti-femininist backlash, it would seem. Of the 73 house employees, only seven were women, while the senate, with a staff of 39, had 12 women on the payroll. Among the male house employees were Chief Clerk Charles R. Maybury and Reading Clerk W. J. (Wee) Coyle, a recent star quarterback on the University of Washington football team, both appointed for the first time. Maybury and Coyle would soon emerge as major political figures in their own right.

RUM, ROADBUILDING AND REFORM

The Anti-Saloon League — WCTU — Grange lobby was as determined as ever to get its program of graduated progress toward prohibition back in motion. The watered-down local option law of the previous session had been viewed as a defeat by the forces of purity and ASL Superintendent Doty had been recalled, succeeded by trained temperance promoter George C. Conger. Conger's cohorts were still ardent crusaders, but the shift in command had slowed their momentum somewhat. The state . . . and its politicians . . . seemed to be having second thoughts on the wet vs. dry issue. Everett, the largest city in the state to vote itself dry under the 1911 local option law, had voted itself wet again . . . this time with the woman vote. The electors were in apparent agreement with the *Labor Journal* that *"the speakeasy, blind pig and bootlegger have replaced saloons * * * Women are drinking * * * You can't have a dry island in a sea of booze."*

On the other hand, the number of dry rural counties had increased, the ASL claiming that 42 percent of the state's population inhabited saloonless territory.

George Cotterill, that stalwart champion of enforced purity and the most prominent prohibitionist in the state, was out of the senate, serving a term as mayor of Seattle. Hi Gill, colorful proponent of the open town policy, had been one of the first to fall victim to the new recall law. A campaign led by the gaunt, spellbinding Mark Matthews and the embattled women of his congregation had resulted in Gill's recall. (He claimed he had been "diselected") and Cotterill had been chosen as his replacement on the ensuing wave of short-lived civic purity.

The general ambivalence toward the anti-saloon issue in 1913 was demonstrated by the fact that neither outgoing Governor Hay nor incoming Governor Lister had mentioned the matter of local option in their addresses to the legislature. The legislature carefully followed their lead and avoided the subject almost completely.

There was plenty to keep the lawmakers occupied anyway.

They moved fast to make Washington one of the first states to ratify the amendment to the United States constitution providing for the direct election of U. S. senators. (The Wyoming legislature had already provided the majority ratification needed to make the federal income tax a part of the constitution, but nobody worried about it. It was only designed to raise an extra $100 million and citizens were assured that the tax on the average taxpayer would never exceed one percent of net income.)

They considered a minimum wage law for women, pondering an Illinois legislative survey which showed that starvation pay was forcing many women and girls into prostitution, but they were reassured by the calming words of Julius Rosenwald, president of Sears, Roebuck and company, which paid its 4,732 female employees an average of $9.12 a week. Mr. Rosenwald, after notifying the stockholders of a net profit of seven million dollars for 1911 and a surplus of $17 million,

*N. B. Brooks of Klickitat county, a 54-year-old attorney, had served a single term in the territorial legislature of 1883. George McCoy, Clarke county lumberman, had last served in 1899.

issued a further statement that "there is practically no connection between low wages and immorality in women" although "a girl earning small wages might use that as a subterfuge to account for her dereliction." He issued further assurance that "five dollars a week is enough for any woman living at home and eight dollars enough for one who supports herself." Since he was a millionaire, the legislators decided he must know what he was talking about and placed the proposed bill in the pending file along with the tougher anti-saloon measure.

They passed a version of the Iowa red light abatement law, which permitted buildings used for immoral purposes to be condemned and padlocked for six months.

They appropriated a record-breaking $22 million budget from all sources, including $92,000 for their own expenses, $200,000 for participation in the Panama-Pacific and San Diego expositions, four million dollars in capitol construction bonds secured by the capitol grant timber lands, and funds for separate deaf and blind schools and a separate girls' training school, but they killed a bill to raise their own pay from five to ten dollars a day while in session.

They authorized the use of voting machines in elections and wrangled long and bitterly over legislative redistricting. The rural delegations, which enjoyed a most disproportionate share of the seats, succeeded in killing King county Representative Victor Zednick's redistricting resolution by indefinite postponement. They salved their consciences by passing a congressional redistricting measure setting up five districts and eliminating the former at-large positions.

They created a department of agriculture and abolished the offices of horticultural commissioner, oil inspector, state veterinarian and food and dairy commissioner . . . and soberly pondered a bill on the sanitary and humane treatment of chickens.

They wasted the usual time over an unusual number of other trivial bills, 1,162 measures having been introduced . . . a record which stood until 1935. Of these, 208 were actually passed and sent to the governor, who had a large bottle of red ink waiting on his desk. There was a rambling debate over the adoption of a state flag, Representative Le Sourd of Island county, a civil war veteran, entered the fray against Representative Chamberlain, who feared that a state flag would "detract from the Stars and Stripes." Le Sourd delivered an oration, concluding with the stirring assurance that "every regiment, every corps, every division had its own flag, but above them all, with undimmed brightness waved 'Old Glory'."

The 1913 legislative session was viewed by its Republican leadership as a unique opportunity to distribute the contents of the pork barrel without having to assume the blame for increased taxes. It is axiomatic among statehouse politicians that six weeks after the legislature adjourns the voters forget all about it and focus their outrage on the governor . . . and the governor was a Democrat. Furthermore, the large number of Bull Moosers and Democrats in the legislative chambers provided an additional smokescreen for the regular Republicans.

The result was a 60-day running battle between the governor and the legislature on spending and taxes. Lister vetoed a $300,000 appropriation to rebuild Cheney normal school, which has been destroyed by fire in April of 1912. Both houses promptly overrode the veto. Lister retaliated by vetoing the $195,000 maintenance appropriation for the school and it was likewise overriden.

The legislature, urged on by the Good Roads Association, the automobile clubs and the rest of the burgeoning young highway lobby, was determined to put the state in the road building business in a big way. The highway tax levy was raised from a half mill to 1½ mills, which would raise an estimated million and a half dollars a year. Lister promptly vetoed it, saying he favored good roads but didn't think "present conditions justify such large expenditure at this time."

In a vote-swapping coalition, the good roads proponents joined forces with the champions of education to beat the Cheney normal veto, but it proved impossible to muster the full two-thirds needed to void the highway tax veto.

The good roads people viewed this as a double-cross and bitterness was rampant during the ensuing floor discussions. The next day the representatives employed a unique means to declare that the rhubarb in the house had never occurred. In a step unprecedented in the history of the legislature, they voted 56 to 40 to expunge from the record all reference to the previous actions on both the normal school and highway vetoes. This novel approach to the problem, advanced by the wily Sims, was a

masterpiece of political strategy. It would have required a two-thirds vote to suspend the rules for reconsideration of the effort to override the highway veto. The Republican leadership couldn't muster that kind of majority, but it could round up the simple majority needed to declare that none of the events of the previous day had really transpired.

Lister was understandably furious. *"By expunging from the record any action that has been taken by the legislature,"* he declared with considerable logic, *"they might go to the extent of expunging from the record action taken two or three weeks ago, so that until the last day of the session no one would be able to figure out what they have done or what they intend to do."*

Senator Henry M. White of Whatcom, a lawyer, agreed with Lister that a somewhat dangerous precedent had been set. He introduced a resolution to place the expunged house proceedings on the senate record. Democrats and some Bull Moose senators joined with him to make a fight of it, but after considerable debate the resolution lost by a vote of 24 to 14. For good measure, the senate majority then voted to expunge all reference to White's efforts from the senate record.

MRS. LISTER'S TWO MILLION DOLLAR DROP-KICK

Precedent continued to be shattered in the highway battle. By early March the good road forces had regrouped and produced a highway tax levy bill to provide more than $2 million for state highways and an appropriations bill to divide up the contents of the newly created pork barrel. Lister could not contain himself with a mere written veto message of the highway tax bill, which was the first of the two to reach his office. The *Recorder,* on March 8, chronicled the succeeding action as follows:

"Governor Ernest Lister was the central figure in one of the most dramatic scenes this forenoon ever enacted in the halls of the Washington legislature when he presented in person his veto of the public highways levy bill and hurled denunciations right and left. The senate was packed with its members and the members of the house which had adjourned in a body to attend the senate, while the galleries were filled with spectators. Interest had been brought to a high tension by the controversies of the past week or more and by the sensational incidents of last night when the officials of the house spent hours in trying to deliver the road appropriation bill passed yesterday, into the hands of the governor, only to have the $2,000,000 document, when finally left at the executive mansion kicked from the door and across the porch where it is still supposed to repose."

The latter reference was to the even more colorful reception of the appropriations bill, which had taken longer to draft than the tax measure. By the time all the horse trading and pork barrel politicking was concluding and the bill drafted, its sponsors faced a time crisis. If it were delivered to the governor on March 7 there would still be time to override his expected veto. If he didn't get it until the following morning he could just hold on to it, veto it after adjournment and there would be nothing the legislature could do about it for another two years.

When the bill passed the house late in the afternoon of March 7, Speaker Taylor detailed Chief Clerk Charles R. Maybury and Representative L. D. McArdle of the roads committee to deliver it to the governor at all costs.

Despite the thunder of the bill's railroading through house and senate, all the details weren't completed until well after the five o'clock closing hour for state offices. Evidently warned in advance, Lister and his secretary, C. C. Dill, locked up the executive offices at 5:20 after tacking up a new sign which read, *"Office hours, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m."* They then vanished from human ken. Maybury and McArdle were confronted by the locked door and the sign when they arrived, breathing heavily, at 6:20 p.m.

Maybury made frenzied calls to the mansion and got something of a runaround. The legislators were holding a return ball for the citizens of Olympia in the Temple of Justice that night and Maybury hurried there to seek out the opinion of an assistant attorney general as to the legal requirements for delivering a bill to the governor. He was given the curbstone opinion that all he had to do was get the bill inside the mansion.

He and McArdle raced back to the mansion, to which they had already been denied admission two or three times. The fatal hour of midnight was growing closer all the time and they were determined not to take no for an answer.

After repeated thunderous knocking on the front door, the two were confronted by Mrs.

Lister, a determined lady with quick reflexes. When she opened the door Maybury tossed the bill inside, but like a skilled soccer player, the first lady drop-kicked it back across the porch. Maybury and McArdle fled.

It was this episode which had constituted the last straw for the embattled chief executive. In the course of his veto message of the companion bill the next day he spoke heatedly of the affair, including the verbal blast transcribed by the *Recorder's* political writer:

"I want to say this right now; that if any gang of ruffians, hoodlums or window-tommies can go to the residence of the governor because it is a public building, any time of the day or night to compel him to be seen I am ready to leave that residence and move to a private house where I can at least during the nights have a few hours of privacy that every public citizen is entitled to. This is all I have to say about the matter."

The term "window-tommy" apparently piqued the curiosity of Speaker Taylor, who dropped in at the state library to look it up in the unabridged dictionary. When he had satisfied his curiosity he rose on a point of personal privilege and remarked that, although he had spent his youth on the range and in logging camps and though he had heard all the bad words known to man, he had never heard of window-tommy. Upon looking up its meaning he found that it "applied to prostitutes who entered rooms through windows for clandestine meetings and such rewards as might be." He felt that it was beneath the dignity of a governor to so refer to a member of the house of representatives and the chief clerk of that honorable body.

After the tumult and shouting died, it was apparent that Lister had achieved at least a partial victory in the dramatic episode of what became known in political circles as "the slipper bill." The *Standard,* still defiantly Democratic and with John Miller Murphy covering his last legislative session for it, reported on March 14:

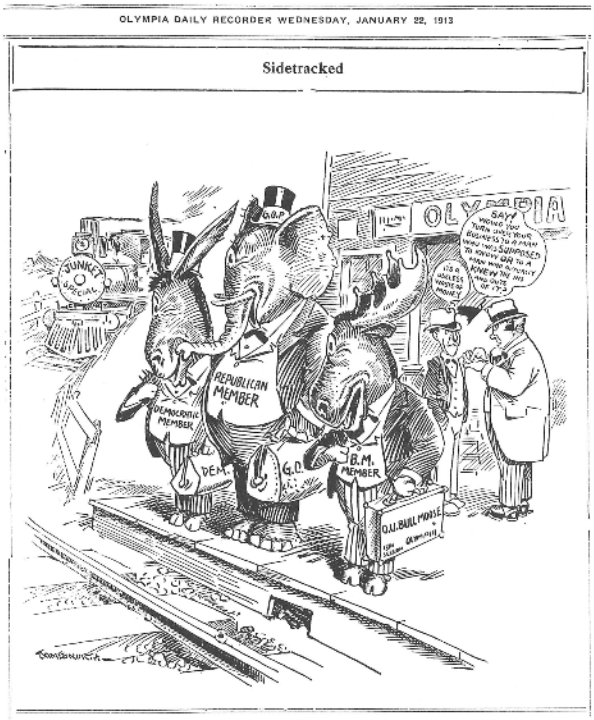
"The Taylor-Sims-McArdle-Nichols machine in the house and senate 'backed down' entirely in their program of extravagance advanced under the shield of good roads construction and behaved like 'good dogs' after Governor Lister's memorable attack upon the unwarranted expenditures they proposed, and last Monday and Tuesday passed a compromise road measure providing a 1¼ mill (first year) and 1 mill (second year) levy for state roads, which was immediately signed by the governor. This constituted a personal triumph for the governor and a saving to taxpayers of $2½ million."

Although the Republicans did their best to brand Lister as "the most extravagant governor in the state's history," the fact remained that his successful vetoes cut nearly five million dollars from the legislature's record budget and pruned 4¾ mills from the total state tax levy, which was still more than three mills over the previous levy. As a former member of the state board of control, Lister knew the inside workings of the bureaucracy as few governors have, either before or since, and there was additional belt-tightening in the departments under his control. The board of control itself hurriedly pruned $732,000 from its budget after Lister got through checking it out with a sharp pencil.

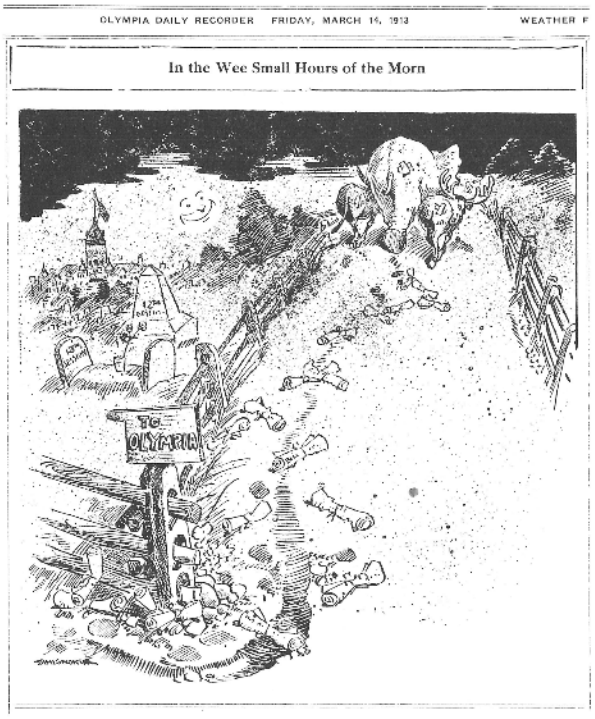
The half million dollar appropriation for completion of the Temple of Justice was among the bills vetoed. This so enraged the citizens of the capital city that the city council was urged to bring legal action against the Lister Construction company for allegedly having done an inferior job of paving several of the town's streets. Other communities were equally annoyed by Lister's efforts at economy, especially Vancouver, which had been counting on a state-financed bridge across the Columbia. That, too, had been redlined.

By March 13, the next to the last day of the session, the legislators were as tired of it all as the governor. They had paper screens placed over the chamber clocks and stayed in session until three o'clock in the morning in an effort to avoid the last-minute rush. Their good intentions were thwarted by Senator Hutchinson, who was miffed at the failure of his pet bills to pass and demanded reading in full of all bills being considered. He had brought a brown bag dinner and settled down stubbornly at his desk to enjoy his proxy filibuster. President Hart ordered three clerks to read bills simultaneously and, amid a verbal tempest, the members slipped out for dinner and failed to return. The house continued doggedly to the bitter end, the *Recorder* noting that *"the two women members remained on duty until the last."*

The issue of March 14 reported that *"with a final burst of good spirits and cheer, singing, marching and merriment, the 13th legislature of the state of Washington adjourned* sine die *at 4:47 this morning."*



Republicans, Democrats and Bull Moosers were alike taken to task in this 1913 *Recorder* cartoon critical of the bi-partisan legislative proclivity for junketing about the state instead of staying in Olympia and tending to business.



Age-old legislative habit of procrastinating until last minute and adjourning in confusion and early hours of the morning was portrayed in this 1913 *Recorder* cartoon.

The house, which had stuck to business the previous night, had time on its hands and staged an impromptu third house session. The *Recorder* noted that *"there were a number of ladies on the floor,"* adding that, *"whether from this reason or because the custom is dying out, there was lack of the exuberance and rough and tumble scenes usually marking the final hours of the session."*

A piano was wheeled into the chambers. Governor and Mrs. Lister and their children, Florence and John, visited the house, joined the community singing and somewhat healed the rift between the executive and legislative branches of state government.

MAYOR MOTTMAN MAKES WAVES

The city administration of Mayor Mottman did not relax its policy of civic purity while the legislators were in town. The police force, expanded to five patrolmen and a chief since the restricted district had been closed, carried on periodic raids on "flat houses of ill repute" tied up along the Water street fill and on various hotels and rooming houses where commercialized sin was tolerated. The mayor had summoned the saloon owners to a meeting just prior to the session and warned them that no "hanky-panky" would be permitted and, before the year was over, they were presented with a new ordinance requiring the closure of all saloons and pool halls by 11 p.m. As the new law went into effect, Governor Lister was issuing a proclamation establishing "Purity Sunday" in honor of the International Purity Conference then meeting in Minneapolis. The conference was dedicated to fighting "the white slave traffic" and to a "higher and better standard of morality among the masses."

The sudden shift in the moral climate of the town and the region in general was apparently too much for the stout defender of the restricted district and its denizens, Gordon Mackay. Late in the year he was charged by Ed Henderson with having raised a $4.70 check to $470. Mrs. Mackay requested a sanity hearing for her husband, which was held before John R.

Mitchell, now a superior court judge, and four local physicians. Dr. Thomas Peppard who was, strangely enough, a veterinarian, testified that he had had a terrible time trying to dress a cut over Mackay's eye caused by a fall. The attorney had refused to sit still and had finally dashed to the bathroom and grabbed a bottle of carbolic acid. Other witnesses said Mackay frequently fell asleep while they were talking to him in his office and Mrs. Mackay testified rather vaguely that he was "taking pills." The board declared that while the former council-man editor was undoubtedly behaving in a peculiar manner he wasn't legally insane. Soon afterward he was convicted of forgery and given a one-year jail sentence. He thereafter disappeared from the annals of the town in which he had been such a prominent and controversial figure.

An added metropolitan touch was given the town when Bronson and LaGue Motor company took delivery of the first of a small fleet of real taxis, complete with meter and outside compartment for the driver. These were considered to be much more "high-toned" than the ordinary touring cars operated as for-hire autos by the livery stables and garages.

Both the county sheriff and police department had been equipped with motorcycles and peace officers were no longer entirely helpless against the speed demons of the motorized set. The *Washington Standard* reported in its issue of April 11 that nine Olympia auto owners, including Judge Emmet N. Parker of the supreme court, had been arrested for speeding by Special Officer Taliferro. Judge Giles fined each $9.80 (including costs) and was not sympathetic to their angry complaints that if they stayed within the 12 mile an hour speed limit they lost momentum on the Main and 4th street hills and couldn't make it over the top.

Governor Lister was equally unsympathetic. At a speech in Seattle the *Recorder* quoted him regarding *"the danger of the automobile and the joy ride. It is a curse and should be stopped. More delinquents result from joy rides and the roadhouse evil, I believe, than from any other source. I will do anything possible to help local authorities in closing roadhouses and suppressing the joy riding evil."*

City government, which usually operated blandly with its major decisions made in advance in the Elks Club or the back room of the Smokehouse, burst upon the public eye in 1913 with Mayor Mottman at the helm. Mottman, a civic gadfly for progress linked with economy, provided continuing copy for the local reporters. If they failed to take advantage of it he purchased large display advertisements to make his views known.

The mayor was particularly critical of anything he considered to be false economy. He pointed out that the city had, in recent months, paid $20,000 in damage suits, mostly to people who had fallen from or through the many still unmodernized wooden widewalks. "That," he concluded, "would build a long sidewalk."

Mottman's major project for 1913 was municipal ownership of the long controversial city water works and he personally introduced an ordinance authorizing a $150,000 municipal bond election to finance the change. The downtown establishment and the local press . . . even the *Standard,* which had failed Mottman's election as a badly needed stimulant to life in the capital city . . . were unanimous in their violent opposition to the proposal. The mayor countered the journalistic hostility by having printed at his own expense a lengthy circular which he distributed all over town. Ignoring the old political adage that nobody ever won a fight with a newspaper, he devoted a full paragraph to a double broadside against the *Olympian* and *Recorder:*

"I am sorry the Perkins press has not enough patriotism for Olympia to supprt this meritorious proposition, but I am not surprised that the Olympian *and* Recorder *are knocking municipal ownership. They have never supported anything for the real benefit of Olympia because they are owned in Tacoma. The fact that the* Olympian, Recorder *and* Standard *are against me ought to remove all doubt that I am on the right track."*

The Perkins twins charged that Mayor Mottman had hired Ed Henderson, Bush Baker, Eugene Horton and Sidney Rankin to circulate his waterworks petition at the outrageous cost to the city of $76.50. A counter-petition was drawn up by the business men, bearing the signatures of such establishment leaders as C. J. Lord, C. H. Springer, Guy Winstanley, W. A. Weller, George Draham, Dr. Ingham, A. H. Christopher, Frank Kenney, Millar Lemon, George Mills, Charles Dufault and H. B. McElroy.

Despite the furor downtown, the voters of the community proved once again that they had plenty of apathy to go around. Only 1,036

electors bothered to go to the polls and the majority of them favored the Mottman plan. His triumph was marred by the fact that the water company filed a $50,000 libel suit against him for statements he had made about the quality of their product during the campaign. These had included a charge that the city water supply "courses through an open ditch past the China gardens and every time it rains we drink drainage surface water." The mayor had further claimed that the Chinese market gardeners' pigs and ducks used the municipal water supply to wade and wallow in, that the water mains were full of dead ends which served as collecting points for stagnant and evil smelling liquid, and that worms and maggots kept flowing from the taps with the water.

Although the mayor's attorney, P. M. Troy, flourished a bottle of bug-filled city water under the noses of the jury, they declared the chief executive guilty after deliberating for 10 hours. They awarded the company damages of one dollar.

In a classic example of Mayor Mottman's determined character, he eventually fought the case all the way to the state supreme court, which upheld the one dollar judgment. The legal costs exceeded the amount of the damages by several hundred times at that point.

Things remained otherwise placid in the capital city until the 14th legislature got down to business on the first Tuesday of January, 1915, faced with an initiative to the legislature passed by the voters the previous fall.

In other areas of the community's intellectual pursuits, the Benedictine fathers at St. Martins College were having a huge brick main building constructed to replace that institution's original wood frame building. This was fortunate for Olympia's future as a center of higher education, for in December the old Olympia Collegiate Institute building, occupied by Pacific Lutheran Seminary was badly damaged by a fire. The church subsequently merged the Olympia school with its new Pacific Lutheran College in Tacoma and abandoned the East Bay site.

A tightening money market and indications of another of the periodic economic slumps made it impossible to dispose of the municipal water bonds and, despite the mayor's efforts to interest local capital in their purchase . . . he pledged $5,000 worth himself . . . the project was shelved. Unfortunately, the same problem plagued efforts to sell the bonds authorized by the legislature to begin construction of a long-awaited new capitol building on the hill. Those blueprints were also filed away for the future.

More active Olympians continued to enjoy their leisure time with railroad excursions to Moclips, launch parties on the bay, clambakes at Priest Point park and automobile trips over the expanding network of passable gravel roads.

There was something for even the youngest citizens. The Perkins papers staged a subscription contest for the small fry with a Shetland pony and handsome pony cart as first prize. Dr. Redpath's little daughter Catherine became the envy of her contemporaries when she drove off with the pony and cart. Beautiful baby contests had become a popular part of most civic celebrations. At the big baby show of the previous year Theodore Bordeaux had been named the prettiest three-year-old boy and Louise Schmidt the prettiest girl. John Lynch and Louise Hollopeter took the honors as prettiest two-year-olds, Carl Reder and Vernice Churchill prettiest six-month-olds and Catherine and Beverly Ritner prettiest twins.

There was an old-fashioned impromptu celebration at 11 a.m. on October 10 when two taps on the fire bell signaled the joining of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans in the Panama canal as the Gamboa dam was blown up to complete the cut. The street cars stopped and rang their gongs, the various factories tied down their whistles, automobilists sounded their horns, school and church bells rang, firemen ran their apparatus from the barn and clanged the gongs, adults and children cheered and the local dogs, excited by all the commotion, barked and howled. Delivery wagon horses caught the spirit of the hour and ran away in all directions. It was all very exciting and satisfying and boosters predicted that Olympia would once again become a seaport of more than local importance.

1914

The year 1914 was marked by growing threat of war in Europe, increasingly hard times at home and political warfare waged over the first major crop of initiatives from the seed of direct legislation authorized by the 1911 legislature.

THE SEVEN SISTERS

Seven initiatives, which were promptly labeled "the seven sisters" were filed with Secretary of State I. M. Howell on January 30 by Miss Lucy Case of Seattle and state Grange Master C. B. Kegley on behalf of the Grange and Anti-Saloon League. The initiatives would abolish the state bureau of inspection and tax commission, incorporating their functions in the public service commission, establish a "blue sky" law to regulate stock sales, amend the industrial insurance law to provide up to $100 for immediate "first aid" treatment for injured workers, abolish all commercial employment agencies, set up a fish code, eliminate pork barrel road legislation by requiring that all funds be distributed by a highway director and commission rather than the legislature and setting up a standing ½ mill highway levy and, finally, a statewide dry law drawn up by Superintendent Conger of the Anti-Saloon League.

Two other initiatives were filed separately, one establishing the eight-hour day for all workers of both sexes; the other permitting convicts to live in minimum security honor camps and work on road construction at a modest wage. Two referenda were filed, to establish a teachers' pension fund and authorize an irrigation project in the Quincy valley of eastern Washington. An amendment to the constitution was proposed permitting aliens to own land in the state.

A well-financed and highly vocal combination of business and industrial leaders was quickly organized to fight all nine initiatives, apparently on the theory that any change was bad. The "Stop-Look-Listen League," assigned to defeat the eight-hour law, published an interesting article by Ed Sims which claimed that the proposed measure would constitute *"unjust discrimination against workers."* He based this conclusion on the argument that workers were, in fact, enterpreneurs who sold their time and skills on the open market. Since the new law would prohibit them from selling more than eight hours labor per day it was, in Mr. Sims' opinion, *"the most tyrannical legislation ever suggested in this state"* and would, if passed, *"make the working man a slave."* The tender feelings of Representative Sims, who had become wealthy selling human beings to shipmasters for the purpose of working a 24-hour day at $20 a month, was touching to those who knew him. The fish packing industry presented equally cogent reasons for voting against the fish bill, which would have controlled its looting of the state's marine resources and the liquor interests pointed out the economic disaster which would follow passage of the strengthened dry law.

Initiative 3, the anti-saloon measure, was just as ardently promoted by the godly, who viewed it as the next step toward total prohibition although their official party line was still "We're against saloons; not drinkers." The new law would permit sale of liquor by druggists if prescribed by a doctor or requested by a clergyman, "or in case of extreme illness where delay might be dangerous to the patient." It also permitted individuals to place out-of-state mail orders for rather generous quantities of potables if accompanied by monthly authorization slips issued by county auditors, but it would outlaw all saloons everywhere in the state.

UNEMPLOYMENT, INFLATION AND WAR

Olympians of 1914, in common with Americans in general, were faced with problems remarkably similar of those of today . . . growing unemployment coupled with wartime inflation and high cost of living, a tight money market and high interest rates. Mayor Mottman's administration re-established the town woodpile at Priest Point park and offered unemployed heads of families $1.25 a day as woodcutters. The product of their labor was sold to more affluent citizens for $4.50 a cord.

By July the papers were full of examples of skyrocketing prices resulting from the outbreak of the war in Europe. Automobile tires were up 20 percent and flour up 45¢ a barrel. By early August it was reported in the *Olympian* that sugar prices had advanced 50¢ that day after a rise of 70¢ the day before . . . to $8.50 for a hundred-pound sack. Canned salmon was up $1.40 a case and no end appeared to be in sight.

By October, at the instigation of the Women's Club, Women's Educational Club and Eenati, Mayor Mottman had issued an appeal for contributions to the Red Cross "for the relief of the wounded on the European battlefields and Belgium refugees." Contribution points were established at 11 retail stores.

East 4th Street, circa 1913, with "benzine buggies" beginning to compete with the Olympia-Tumwater trolley.

Even as a gala "subway dance" was being filmed for the Acme theater on newly paved 7th street above the Northern Pacific's completed concrete tunnel, the Oregon Washington Railway and Navigation company was completing its new branch line grade into town to link up with Dr. Carlyon's industrial belt line railroad on Jefferson street.

Fred Stocking and P. M. Troy were completing a handsome new two-story office building on the site of the pioneer Columbia hall and, with a fine sense of history, named it the Columbia building. A new apartment hotel was going up beside it and up at 14th and Main, R. M. Fouts, a Seattle builder, had completed the city's first "completely modern apartment house." The last of the gleaming white gas kitchen ranges were connected up early in November and soon thereafter the Capital Apartments were opened for public inspection. An orchestra played in the basement ballroom and old-timers marveled at the 20th century efficiency of the adjoining underground garage for the convenience of automobile-owning tenants. The populace had hardly accustomed itself to the presence of such a sophisticated and luxurious apartment house when Fouts announced that he was planning "a fine modern fire-proof Class A six-story 120-room hotel at the corner of 6th and Franklin," which would be a 20th century improvement on the vanished Hotel Olympia. By the end of the year Fouts had acquired the proposed hotel site in the swap with Millard Lemon, who took over the Capital Apartments as part of the deal. The hotel had in the meantime grown to seven stories and 126 rooms; the cost of its construction from $100,000 to $125,000.

The handsome new yellow brick Carnegie public library was dedicated in ceremonies attended by more than 300 citizens. Joseph Wohleb, the rising young architect who had designed the structure, handed the key to the Reverend D. A. Thompson, chairman of the library board, who passed it to Mayor Mottman. His Honor passed it, like a political hot potato, to Miss Janet Moore, president of the

library board, who kept it. Only a few years before the city library had been an adjunct to the public comfort station, the toilet attendant doubling as librarian. The presence of the state library had made the city fathers reluctant to spend money on another facility, but the new state librarian, J. M. Hitt, tired of having his premises overrun by noisy school children and dozing vagrants, had blasted the capital city for having the worst library of any town in the state. His challenge to civic pride had been nobly responded to.

TIME TO RETRENCH

Members, lobbyists, employees and would-be employees of the 14th legislature of 1915 arrived at the capital city amid rain and gusty winds and splashed their way to various bars for something to ward off the chill. The usual cheer was lacking, however, for unless the courts reversed the dry law of 1914, every saloon and bar would close its doors on December 31 and succeeding legislatures would presumably convene in an atmosphere of cold and arid morality.

Die-hard wets arrived determined to somehow avert such a tragedy. A so-called "hotel men's initiative" to the legislature was drawn up in advance, ready to be presented to the lawmakers. It would permit the sale of liquor in the larger hotels and the continued operation of breweries to supply the out-of-state trade. Another would authorize operation of saloons during daylight hours and under more stringent regulation. Senator William Ray was clutching a bill which would repeal the dry initiative entirely.

Governor Lister, in his message to the legislature, dampened the hopes of the wets by announcing that he would veto any efforts to change the dry initiative. He further urged a constitutional convention to revise the judicial districts and eliminate at least 10 superior court judges. He advocated a unicameral legislature of 25 members . . . five from each congressional district . . . with biennial sessions extended to 90 days. He urged the establishment of tuition fees at the university, retrenchment in all taxing districts and a firm check on any additional bond issues. He also reiterated his proposals for non-partisan county and city elections, the abolishment of the party preference requirements in voting, the direct election of U.S. senators, preferential primaries and the abolition of the tax commission. And he asked for funds to enforce the prohibition law, which would become effective at midnight on December 31.

"In recent years there has been an alarming increase in the cost of government," he concluded. "It is time to retrench."

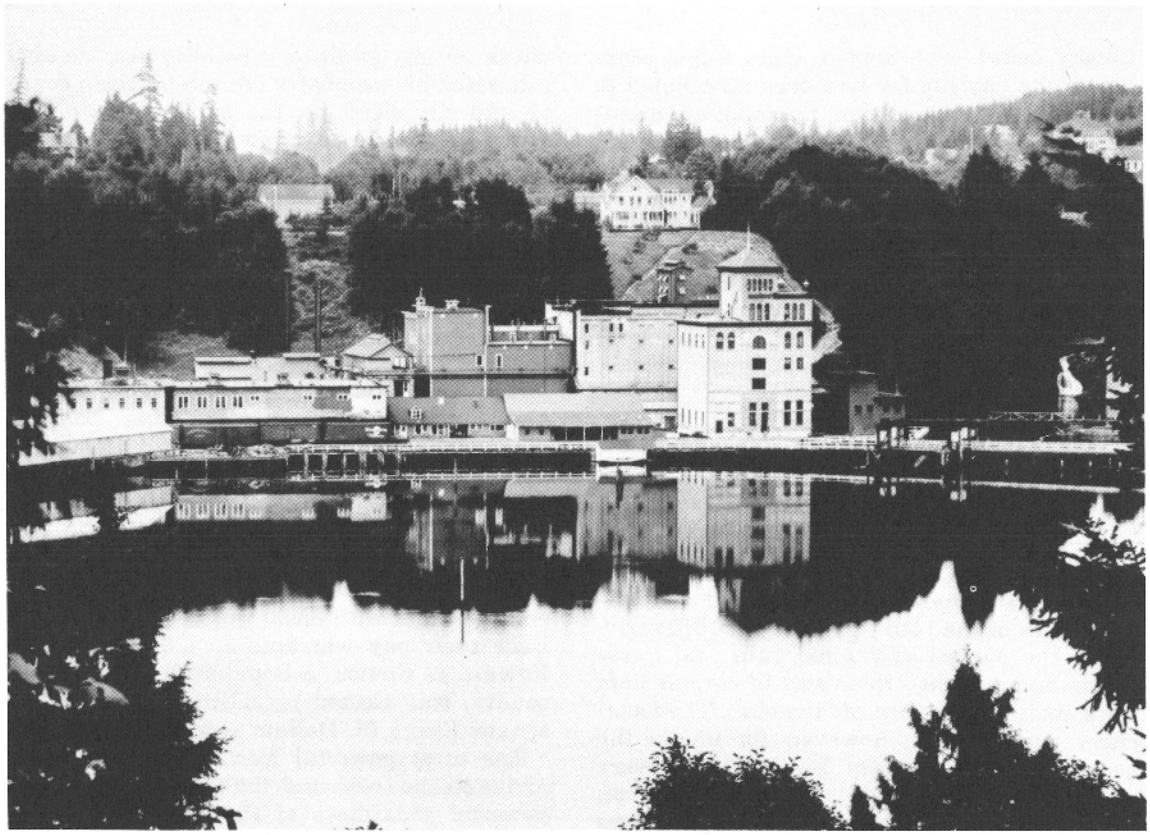
Both houses had convened the previous day and quickly organized, thereafter passing senate bills 1 and 2 appropriating $90,000 for legislative expenses and $15,000 for printing. Former Speaker Taylor had been elected to the senate and was replaced by W. W. Conner, Skagit county Republican. Charles Maybury was reelected chief clerk and ordered to provide each member with $5.00 worth of stamps and issue their pay warrants on a weekly basis. Edward L. French, a Republican from Clarke county, was elected president pro-tem of the senate; Frank M. Dallam secretary.

The most powerful freshman legislator to arrive on the scene and, indeed, one of the most powerful regardless of seniority, was Mark Reed, scion of the wealthy Mason county Simpson Timber company empire and second generation Washington political figure. Reed had cut his teeth on politics and knew how to wheel and deal around the capitol. He was Ed Sims' kind of man and the two joined forces to plot the course of government for the coming biennium. In later years, capitol newsman Bob Cummings asked Reed if it were true that he and Sims controlled the 1915 legislature.

"Hell, no," Reed answered. "Ed and I didn't *control* the legislature. We *were* the legislature."

Another freshman representative who would be much heard from over the next two decades was 50-year-old "Colonel" Roland H. Hartley, Everett mill owner and hard-nosed conservative Republican.

After listening to the pleas of wet lobbyists to heed the tremendous financial loss which would result from the closure of the state's saloons, breweries and hop farms, the legislators placed their initiative in cold storage in commmittee. They also turned down a request for a special election, which meant that the measures wouldn't appear on the



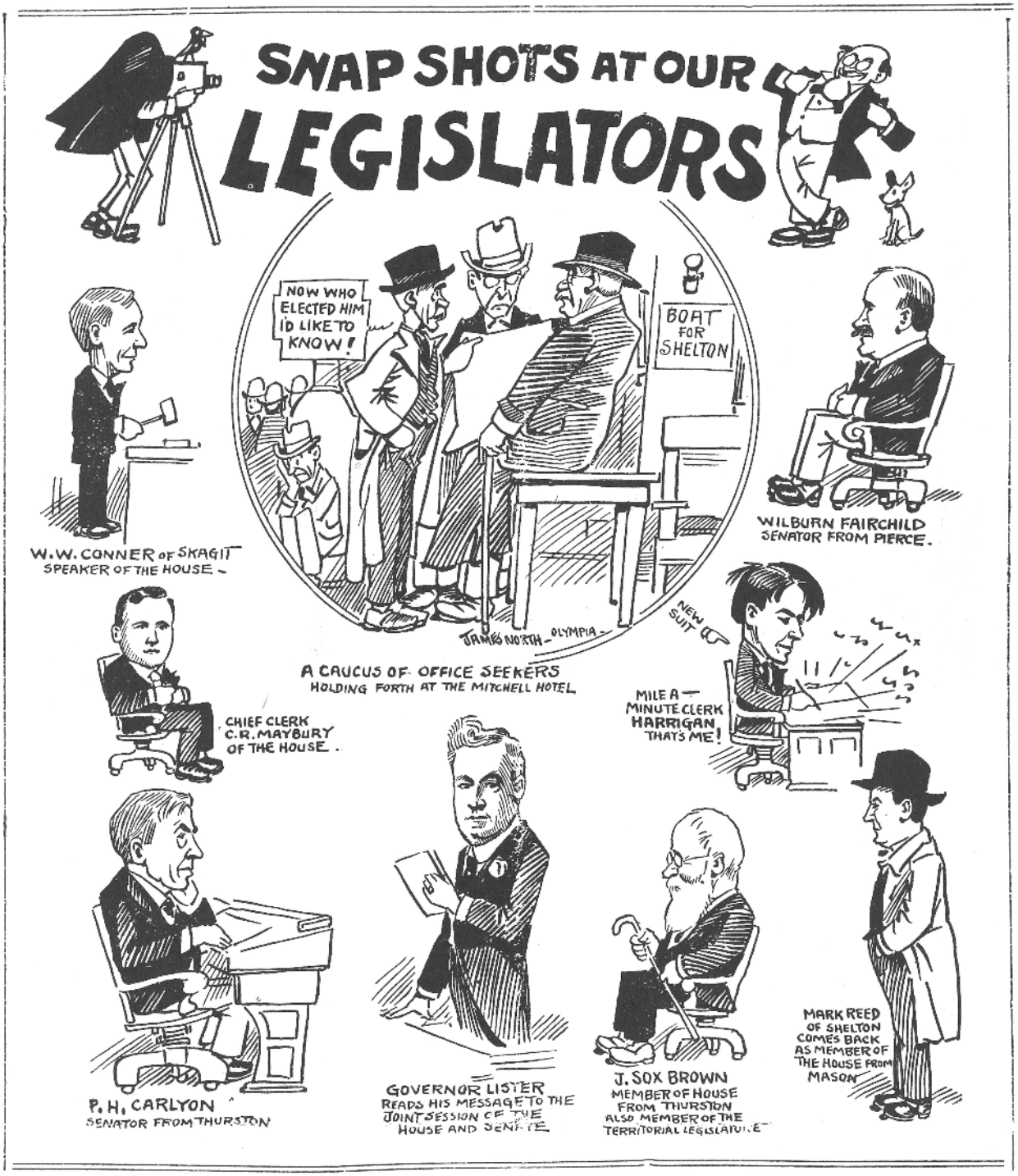
TRANQUIL TUMWATER and the old Olympia brewery just before prohibition put it out of business. Lower Tumwater Falls, at the right, flowed into the salt tide-water of Deschutes inlet.

ballot until November, 1916 . . . almost a year after the dry law went into effect.

The ASL and Grange lobbyists had shouted that the wet initiative "would make every hotel a saloon, a den of vice and a brothel." As customary when an issue became too emotionally hot to handle, the lawmakers decided upon a course of caution, passing the buck to the voters at a future election.

As a last resort the Olympia Brewing company began preparing a legal suit to invalidate the prohibition initiative on the grounds that the original initiative and referendum amendment proposal had been unconstitutional because people had been required to vote on both together and weren't allowed to choose between the initiative and the referendum; that improper notification of the election had been given, the initiative was discriminatory, the prohibition against Washington breweries manufacturing their product for sale outside the state was an illegal interference with interstate commerce, etc.

The State Federation of Labor, County Assessors' association, Sheriff's association, Purebred Livestock association and Parent Teachers association were all having their state conventions in Olympia and the town was overrun with beer and liquor lobbyists, WCTU ladies, ASL and Grange zealots and Methodists and Presbyterian preachers. In desperation the house revived the ancient battle to keep lobbyists from taking over their chambers, passing a rule that any lobbyist caught plying his trade on the house floor would be stripped of his admission card. For good measure, the speaker ordered house employees not to lobby on pain of instant dismissal. Representative Clark G. Black of Garfield county, a crusty fiscal conservative, complained, "It's unfair. There are so many of them. Let them get busy at *something.*"



The *Olympian* takes an informal look at the Legislature of 1915.

The house observed another historic tradition by becoming embroiled in a battle with the press. The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* legislative reporter, J. W. Gilbert, had picked up an interesting rumor in the halls of the state. The report duly appeared on the *P. I.*'s front page, charging that the efforts of Representative McArdle and Zednick to abolish the tax commission and reorganize the land and equalization boards were prompted by promised jobs in the land commissioner's expanded office.*

McArdle, in high dudgeon, demanded that Gilbert take the floor and "explain his untruthful and baseless statement." He said he had noticed that some members of the press had been taken on the Democratic payroll after the last session, and concluded with the righteous cry, "I came here as a *Republican*; not to play cheap politics!"

Gilbert replied that "It was something of common report" and pointed out that the *P. I.* was only one of several morning papers which had carried the story. Democrat Ben Hill rose to ask why the representatives of the other papers hadn't been put on the legislative carpet, but was quickly stifled by Ed Sims, who told him, "Republicans don't need any suggestions for reforms from Democrats."

The McArdle-Zednick bill promptly passed both house and senate, with amendments including an emergency clause to place the changes in effect immediately. Lister just as promptly line vetoed the abolition of the tax commission on the grounds that the proposed sharing of tax responsibilities by the secretary of state and public service commission would confuse the county assessors, who were strongly opposed to the change.

Both houses then passed the bill in its entirety over the governor's veto and within two days the new land board, composed of Land Commissioner Clark Savage, Treasurer Edward Meath and Secretary of State Howell, had held its first meeting.

The traditional bugaboo of legislative redistricting kept the legislators locked in combat until the cow county delegations succeeded in knocking down a King county bill which would have given the three largest counties, King, Spokane and Pierce 25 of the 42 senate seats and 47 of the 97 in the house. The battle ended with the constitutional requirement for periodic reapportionment again ignored.

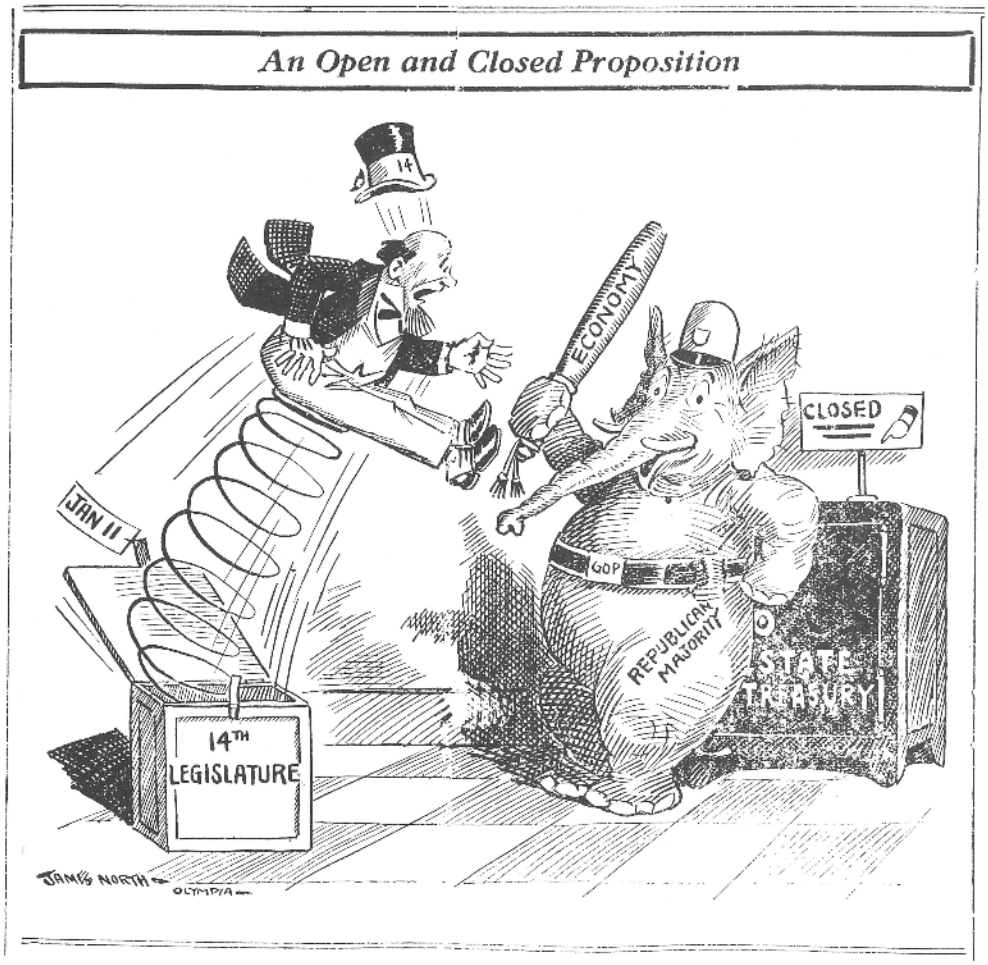
The plaintive cries of the railroad against automobile competition were joined by the state's street railway lines, which were reeling under the onslaught of a new automotive phenomenon, the jitney. Owners of cars, many of whom had been thrown out of work by the prevailing recession, took to operating along the street car routes picking up passengers at five cents a head. Jitney was a popular slang term for a nickel, hence the name of the street cars' new competition. The jitney operators were unlicensed, unregulated and untaxed, which put them in an enviable position compared to the traction companies. Passengers who were injured had little chance of collecting damages.

A bill proposing a requirement that jitney operators be required to post a $5,000 bond prompted Thurston county's bewhiskered J. Sox Brown to his only burst of oratory that session. White beard quivering with indignation, the ancient warrior proclaimed that the measure was "unfair to the common people and backed by corporate interests." The Ford owners in his community "do a little cross-country business," he said, closing with the ominous warning that "Rochester will rise up in righteous indignation if you pass this bill."

Apparently appalled at the thought, the legislators compromised on a $2,500 bond and made the law applicable only to first class cities, which Rochester certainly was not. Lister vetoed the watered-down bill; it was passed over his veto on the last day of the session.

Most of the governor's veto attempts suffered the same fate, although they got a legislative version of the defeated first aid initiative to him too late and he had the satisfaction of redlining it after the session ended, on the grounds that it was too costly and impractical for small employers. The last bill signed before his ten day limit expired was a $12,000 appropriation for additional expenses of the legislature. He took advantage of the occasion to point out "the undue extravagance of the legislature." It had actually spent $94,382, which was second only to the $116,000 cost of the 1909 session. Its total biennial budget

*McArdle landed a state job within the year and remained on the public payroll for many years, but his initial employment was as a deputy to the state auditor rather than the land commissioner.



Olympia *Recorder* cartoon fostered myth that Republican legislators of 1915 would protect the state treasury from Democratic Governor Lister.

appropriation from all sources, somewhat over $26 million, was the highest so far in the state's history. This included a new capitol fund appropriation to complete the Temple of Justice and to purchase land between the capitol grounds and Main street to provide a suitable entrance. Lister let this one become law without his signature.

Superintendent Conger utilized a campaign tactic employed with great success by certain candidates for major statewide office in later years. He branded all those opposed to his cause as agents of the devil . . . himself and his supporters as soldiers of the Lord. A favorite tactic was to trumpet loudly from time to time that he had been offered magnificent bribes to get the initiative withdrawn, although, like the self-proclaimed political good guys of today, he offered no documentary evidence to back his charges of corruption among his opponents.

Conger's campaign was a model of efficiency. The Presbyterians raised $15,000 for the cause in the three coast states and Idaho. The Methodists put 700 preachers in the field to orate against the evils of drink. The Anti-Saloon League organized the state into

precincts of 150 families each, assigning a captain and 10 canvassers to register and propagandize the voters in each precinct. In October, with the campaign reaching a crescendo, the national headquarters sent out a flying squad to organize parades, band concerts, torchlight rallies and billboard advertising.

The Anti-Prohibition Association countered by hiring that ace propagandist and former *Post-Intelligencer* editor, Erastus Brainerd as their chief flak. The state's breweries financed full-page advertisements in most of the newspapers proclaiming *"Moderation but not Prohibition."*

The Reverend Matthews, who had been engaged in noisy hand-to-hand combat with the devil for years, trumpeted that Satan would be at the polls and claimed that fraudulent registrations were being made and people who had been occupants of cemeteries for years would be voting wet in November. The ASL hired Burns detectives to check the registration lists and the indominatable ladies of the WCTU posted signs in every precinct warning that a $5.00 bribe to cast an illegal vote would probably result in "a trip to the pen."

There was considerable evidence that the forces of decency weren't too particular about choosing their supporters either. Of the 112,182 signatures collected on their petitions, 42,000 were thrown out by the secretary of state's checkers and the supreme court heard testimony regarding forged names. But only 32,000 valid signatures were required in those days, and Initiative 3 was certified for the ballot.

A further hassle arose when the secretary of state announced that he was going to have to charge $200 a page to those who wished to place their views in the state's first voters' pamphlet, commonly referred to in 1914 as "the argument book." There were angished cries that some of the interested parties couldn't afford such an exhorbitant fee, but the supreme court ruled that Secretary Howell was required by the legislature to make the charge. The court also threw out two of the initiatives . . . and the fish bill . . . on the grounds that they didn't have enough valid signatures. Of the survivors, only the anti-saloon law and the measure abolishing employment agencies survived at the polls. The massively financed campaign of business and industry had convinced workers that long hours weren't a hardship but a privilege, that they didn't really need immediate medical attention if they were smashed up on the job and that control of fly-by-night stock promoters would be an infringement on the American way of life. They were also sure they didn't want convicts competing with honest laborers for jobs on the state highways. The teachers' retirement fund, Quincy irrigation and alien land measures were all resoundingly defeated.

The statewide vote on the dry initiative was 174,748 to 160,000, a majority of slightly over 14,000. This was the largest total vote cast for any candidate or issue in the state's history, although it appeared on an off-year election ballot. The strong feelings of the electorate were further illustrated by the fact that 40,000 more people voted on the dry initiative than cast their votes for governor. Only six counties, Thurston, King, Pierce, Jefferson, Garfield and Mason, voted wet, although the state's three largest cities, Seattle, Spokane and Tacoma were against the measure by rather substantial percentages. Everett did another flipflop and voted dry, along with Bellingham. The new dry law would take effect on January 1, 1916.

NOW, ABOUT THAT FORKED TONGUE

And, as if Governor Lister didn't have enough problems already, the Northwest Indians chose his administration to start demanding that at least one portion of Governor Stevens' treaties be honored . . . the part about their right to hunt and fish in all their usual and accustomed places.

Jack James and Joe Peters of the Nisqually tribe, arrested for killing a deer out of season, were hailed before Olympia justice of the peace Walter Crosby. They asked for conviction in order to appeal the case to the supreme court. U. S. District Attorney Clay Allen was sympathetic, declaring that he would fight the case all the way to the United States supreme court if necessary. Two of the participants in the Medicine creek treaty testified in the case, Hazzard Stevens and Jim Yelout, Nisqually chief, whose father had been one of the signers of the treaty.

Stevens said it was his understanding and that of the Indians that they were given

unlimited rights to hunt and fish. *"I don't think the whites, now that the Indians are rapidly dwindling and unable to put up a fight, should back up on the agreement made more than sixty years ago,"* Stevens declared. *"It is a matter of right and wrong. The treaty is specific in giving the Indians the right to hunt and fish wherever they want to."**

Chief Yelout's testimony was similar in context if not in language: *"Governor Stevens he say Injuns give white man all their lands; the timber. Injun say can have lands and timber, all they want is the* muck-a-muck (food). *Governor Stevens he say that all right. Injuns can have all fish, all clams, all deer and bear and grouse and elk; all game they want any time. No have to pay license like man from Europe."***

It was the opening skirmish in a resumption of the fight for survival led by Leschi in 1856 and continuing to the present day.

WHAT'S GOOD FOR THE LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY . . .

There had, of course, been less sensational developments in Olympia in 1915.

The Olympia Light and Power company, locked in its periodic conflict with the city council and mayor regarding the paving of the car tracks on the newly-paved streets, which now extended to the city limits, found time to be innovative. Early in the year it became a pioneer in traction company street car-bus service when it announced an auto feeder service from the end of the car line on the east side to Lacey and the Boulevard road. At first the operation was maintained by ordinary touring cars, but by April the *Olympian* was able to announce that *"one of the finest little auto busses will make its initial run for the Olympia Light and Power company on the Lacey extension route tomorrow morning. The ten-passenger body is on an Overland chassis and has a 35-horsepower engine. 'O. L. & P. Co.' is neatly painted along both sides of the body."*

The company also offered to provide all local businesses with electric display signs free of charge, amortizing the costs entirely through the increased use of power. A considerable number of them took advantage of this bargain and the downtown section was brightened if not beautified by the latest electronic advancement. It was probably a fortunate development at the time, for Mayor Mottman, still an ardent partisan of frugality in government, had come to the conclusion that the power company was charging too much to keep the street lights on until the customary hour of 11 p.m. C. B. Mann, who was planning to run for mayor in the December election, called Mottman's economy move "a suicidal course . . . an insult to the state which has established its capital here."

The council eventually mustered its courage and overrode the mayor's blackout order. Mottman countered with the charge that power company Superintendent Faulkner "has carried the city council or mayor . . . or both . . . around in his pocket like a watch charm for 25 years." Faulkner, in a concilatory mood, offered to turn the street lights back on until September without charge, but it didn't do much good. A shingle mill upstream from the power house built a dam and the flow over Tumwater falls temporarily diminished to a trickle. Lights dimmed to a flicker and street cars couldn't make it up the hill until the mill pond filled up and the waters of the Deschutes again flowed over the falls. By that time the power company had agreed to a new street lighting contract at a nearly 50 percent reduction over the old rate, but Mottman was not lulled into a false sense of security. He announced that he was going to run for another term because "to withdraw now would be cowardly. I must straighten up the city's water and light proposition." He charged that the power company planned to back candidates for all city offices on both tickets in order to defeat him. Faulkner described the mayor's expose' as "malicious misstatement," but Mottman didn't bother to reply. He was busy addressing the PTA and setting them straight on the role of parents and teachers alike. "High schools are a failure if they don't teach a trade," he told them. "Fifty percent of the parents don't govern their children. Children should obey. You ought to use the stick when it's needed."

LAND SAKES! WHAT NEXT?

While its chief executive preached the old-fashioned virtues of frugality, hard work and discipline, Olympia took a further step toward the age of flight and jet set frivolity. Aviator G. W. Stromer had come to town in February to

* *Morning Olympian,* July 28 and August 1, 1915.

lobby for an aviation corps in the state militia. He had arrived in his "hydro-airplane," which he moored at the city float and offered to place at the service of state officials for trial flights. Governor Lister passed up the chance to be the state's first flying governor, explaining that "the legislature keeps me up in the air enough as it is."

Representative Reuben Fleet of Montesano, who later became a pioneer of the airline industry, made a flight, as did several of the other more daring legislators. Between official flights, Stromer offered cut-rate sightseeing flights to Olympia citizens. Mrs. C. Nommensen, wife of a local jeweler, became the first Olympia woman to make an aerial flight. Mrs. Mowell and Mrs. Ingham were waiting in line, but by the time Mrs. Nommensen's flight ended it was getting dark and the aviator had to head back for Tacoma. He had gotten lost on the way down and been forced to land at the shoreside village of Vaughan to ask directions. He didn't want to take any chances on getting back.

Mrs. Nommensen declared herself as delighted with her experience, but it was felt that she had suffered some sort of temporary brain damage from the altitude when she added that she hoped some day to ride in an airplane all the way to San Francisco.

The wireless telephone was also declared a success when a message was flashed to the Olympia office of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company from the east coast by way of San Francisco and Seattle. Many thought that the company's Olympia manager, Robert Daragh, was suffering from the same kind of delusions as Mrs. Nommensen when he declared that "it will soon be possible to talk around the world by a system of relays."

The home radio was still far enough in the future that wireless enthusiast Daragh hadn't yet envisioned it. Olympia baseball fans flocked to the *Olympian-Recorder* building at 3rd and Main to hear the telegraph reports on the world series between the Boston Red Sox and Philadelphia Nationals shouted by megaphone from a second story window. Boston won the series. The excitement of the series was scarcely equalled by the enthusiasm at the Carlyon park diamond when slugger Pete Flagstead, described by the *Olympian* as "a virtual Ty Cobb," led the Olympia Senators to victory in the Southwest Washington minor league.

The war in Europe still seemed far distant, although the increasingly aggressive German U-boat campaign was awakening American resentment which became steadily deeper following the torpedoing of the first American merchant vessel, the full-rigged ship *Wm. P. Frye* in March. Indignation reached a new high following the torpedoing of the Cunard liner *Lusitania* later in the year, and patriotism kept pace with indignation. On July 14 the legendary Liberty Bell, en route from Philadelphia to the San Francisco Panama-Pacific exposition, arrived at Olympia by special train and was placed on exhibition at the Northern Pacific yards. Superintendent Faulkner had the street lights turned on for the first time in four months and a crowd of 15,000 welcomed the symbol of American independence. Three bands joined in the national anthem while, according to the *Olympian, "hats were tossed in the air and patriotism reigned in every heart."* The crowd was described as the largest in Olympia history and the *Olympian* reporter seemed on the verge of sentimental tears as he recorded that *"pretty maidens stand in line to press their fair lips to the bell's metallic form."*

That lone-time mainstay of the town's industrial economy, the brewery, was closing down its production of famed Olympia beer while its officers cast about for other means of utilizing its plant. The Olympia Dairy Products company was organized, with Adolph Schmidt as president, for the cold storage of eggs and dairy products. Later in the year the Fruju Fruit Products company was formed to produce fruit beverages. After some experimentation with other flavors, the firm concentrated on "Appleju." Its label carried the traditional "It's the Water" trademark, and there were rumors that unless the contents were stored in a cool place, fermentation might take place, producing an illegally alcoholic beverage. Appleju should have caught on, but it didn't, and before long the big Tumwater brewery locked its doors to wait out the long drought which beset the state and nation.

Any tendency on the part of Olympians to grow complacent was taken care of by the *Douglas County Press,* a Waterville Democratic weekly, which reported rumors of a new effort to move the capital to "a more central location." Owners of a new land development at Three-Tree Point between Seat-

tle and Tacoma were said to be drafting a referendum for the 1916 election which would move the seat of government to their as yet unborn community *"as part of a selling scheme on a monstrous scale."*

Citizens of the current capital city viewed the scheme as monstrous indeed, and kept a wary eye on the 1916 ballot. The referendum did not appear upon it.

The new year of 1916 arrived amidst scenes of mixed revelry and melancholy. The *Recorder* of January 1 noted that *"a white blanket of snow fell upon the streets last night emblematic of the new state of purity."* The 17 Olympia saloons had entertained capacity crowds at their own wakes. By midnight their remaining stocks had vanished. Thirsty citizens had been buying up cases of potables for months and storing them against the coming drought. At dawn on January 1, wreaths of black crepe were seen on the locked doors of most of the saloons, *"in tribute to the death of Bacchus, who passed away with the dying of the year 1915."*

The *Recorder's* obituary on the rosy-cheeked god of conviviality was, in the words of Mark Twain, "somewhat exaggerated," although there was considerable evidence at the time that the city and state had, indeed, gone dry.

The *Recorder* story pointed out that *"almost every keg and bottle were drained dry and there are not over two cases and a barrel left at the brewery and Seattle and Tacoma wholesalers are sold out."*

The saloons might be gone forever, at least in their traditional form, but the flow of alcoholic beverages had not been dammed. Out-of-state mail order liquor houses had begun advertising their postpaid wares in Washington newspapers even before the dry law took effect and the little orange liquor import permits from the county auditors' offices became extremely popular. Thurston county Auditor Annie Gaston reported by mid-March that permit requests were averaging seven a day and the demand increased steadily as hoarded stocks were depleted. Seattleites purchased 18,000 permits in August alone, while Spokane, with 44,000 registered voters, accounted for 34,000 permits during the year.

In an emergency situation, one's friendly neighborhood doctor was authorized to issue a prescription for a bottle of drug store whiskey, provided he added detailed directions for the self-administration of the medication. Before the year was over, Police Chief Caton, who kept a Bible on his desk at the police station and had run for congress on the Prohibition party ticket, was complaining about the number of such prescriptions being filled in Olympia drug stores. No less than 123 prescription bottles had been sold in the week ending October 7, he said, adding with some sarcasm that there must be an epidemic of some kind in town. He added that a couple of local practitioners were getting rich on booze prescriptions at from 50¢ to a dollar each. Dr. Partlow challenged the chief to name names, which he did. His survey was duly published in the *Olympian:* Dr. Riley, 35; Dr. Mustard, 26; Dr. H. W. Partlow, 16; Dr. K. L. Partlow, 11; Dr. Pettit, 8; Dr. Story, 5; Dr. Murphy, 4; Drs. Beach and Roberts, 2 each, and Drs. Bridgford, Longaker and Redpath, one each.

By December old Dr. Riley, a pioneer physician who believed, with "Old Bacchus," ship's surgeon of Captain Bligh's *Bounty,* that enough rum would cure anything, tried Chief Caton's patience too far when a very drunk logger was picked up with no less than two quarts of Doc Riley's prescription booze in his possession. The logger was fined $50 and costs in police court and Dr. Riley was arrested for being too free with his prescriptions. City Attorney George Bigelow, who brought the charges against the doctor, was lectured in the courtroom by the defendant, who told him, according to the *Olympian, "Whiskey is good for everything and the only real cure. Take a little whiskey and put some hot water in it and a little lemon and honey and it's mighty good for you. Try some some time . . . get a prescription."*

Bigelow, like Caton a teetotaller, was not amused by the old doctor's homely advice, but the justice court jury of six male admirers of old Doc Riley was. After hearing his explanation of why he led the prescription-issuing list . . . "I have a bigger trade than the other doctors do" . . . they found him not guilty.

Despite such liberality, the demand for liquor exceeded the supply. By the end of the year moonshine whiskey of doubtful quality was selling for as much as $5 00 a quart. Many of the saloons reopened as 'soft drink shops," most of them thinly disguised speakeasies. Enterprising hoodlums were quick to scent the potential profits and highjacking and violence

began to take their places as integral parts of the dry years.

Out-of-town newspapers frequently pointed to the capital city as a center of the illegal booze industry, carrying lurid stories of "blind pigs" bootleg liquor and other evasions of the dry laws. Prosecutor George Yantis and Chief Caton protested that there was no truth to the reports . . . that "there is almost no drunkenness in Olympia." The chief, on March 2, claimed that his department had made only one drunk arrest since January 1, compared to 41 in the last month of 1915. He added over-optimistically that he expected no drunkenness at all when the hoarded stocks of liquor were used up.

Things started picking up soon after Chief Caton's hopeful forecast. Officer LeBarre, a former cowboy who had gained fame as the first Olympia policeman to lasso troublesome drunks, roped and brought in a logger who had been quaffing from a bottle of Jamaica ginger. The logger was soon followed by a local laborer who had consumed a half gallon of cider which turned out to be hard. "I never had cider effect me that way before," he told Justice Crosby as he was sent off to jail to sit out a $14 fine. He was soon joined by Raleigh George, who had absentmindedly consumed his whole bottle of prescription whiskey at a single sitting. Two more miscreants were picked up for ignoring their doctor's neatly-lettered prescription instructions . . . "take one teaspoonful in hot water before retiring."

BETTER SHOES THAN BOOZE

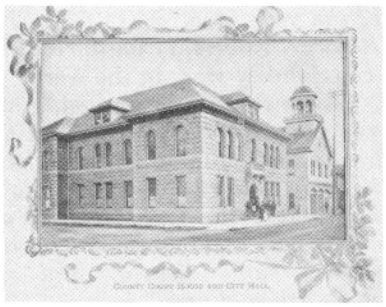
By the Fourth of July, when loggers from the outlying camps traditionally arrived in town to celebrate, the number of jailed drunks became a drain on the police budget and they were ordered to work eight hours a day on the Priest Point park woodpile. Those who complied continued to get three meals a day. Malingerers got only one.

Wet forces hoped that the many problems which beset the enforcement of the dry law would change public opinion and pave the way for initiative measures to open things up again, or at least permit civilized drinking on a limited basis.

The dries did not let their victory result in over-confidence. They continued a propaganda barrage, focused mainly on the alleged benefits of enforced abstinence. They claimed that drunk arrests were down 65 percent in Spokane and 80 percent in Walla Walla; that government costs had been reduced markedly, tax delinquencies had been cut 50 percent, bills were being paid on time and bank deposits were up. George Cotterill, retired as mayor of Seattle by Hi Gill, who had come back as an advocate of civic purity, had been appointed to the highway commission. He reported that not a single new convict had entered the penitentiary since the dry law went into effect; that as a result of the convict shortage it had become necessary to hire outside labor to convert large rocks into small ones for surfacing the state highways.

Even the doughty Alden J. Blethen of the Seattle *Times* became convinced that prohibition was good for business. Conceding that *"my paper fought its damndest against prohibition,"* he had decided that *"it's better to buy shoes than booze."*

Members of the scientific community added their voices to the dry chorus. Much publicity was given to laboratory evidence that alcohol



County courthouse and Columbia Hall.

The (Captain Nathaniel) Crosby House, Tumwater.

was a poison, producing brain damage and defective children and contributing to crime, prostitution and poverty. Many scientists publicly gave up drinking and a considerable number of laymen followed suit, much as in the case of cigarettes following the surgeon-general's reports of the 1960s.

The wets managed to get two of their measures on the ballot; one to permit in-state breweries to manufacture beer for direct sale to customers and a new version of the "hotelmen's bill" permitting sale of liquor by larger hotels which had dining facilities. Another, which would have repealed the dry law entirely, failed to attract enough signatures to qualify.

Although most of the economic benefits claimed by the dries were more the result of the newly-opened Panama canal and the growing wartime economy, most people attributed them to prohibition and it became increasingly evident throughout the year that the spirit of temperance was stronger than it had ever been before. Even Seattle's Mayor Gill, the long-time advocate of a wide open town, had become as objectionably pious as a reformed prostitute. He personally led his cops in raids on premises suspected of harboring illicit booze and manfully swung an ax to demolish everything in sight whether evidence was unearthed or not. Ignoring constitutional niceties in regard to illegal search and seizure, Gill's dry squad even burst into the mansions of such establishment leaders as William Boeing and D. E. Skinner, confiscating hoarded stocks of excellent wine and liquors. Both Boeing, who was building airplanes in a small way, and Skinner, who was building ships in a large way, threatened to move their homes and businesses to a more civilized state.

In Olympia, Mayor Mottman resisted any impulse to similarly gain revenge on his old enemies of the business establishment, but Chief Caton and his men vied with Sheriff McCorkle and Prosecutor Yantis in ferreting out and raiding dens of alcoholic iniquity. McCorkle and Yantis scored first, on February 28, and gained the distinction of making the first prohibition raid in the town's history, although the *Olympian* reported that *"the leader of Yantis's raid was a gumshoe person who has been sleuthing here for several weeks"* and that Chief Caton *"was also along."*

The Taylor brothers' former Oxford saloon, now a bowling alley, pool room and dispensary of soft drinks was the first to be raided. It yielded a pint of whiskey and "part of a quart of ginger brandy." A room above the water company office at 3rd and Columbia was next on the agenda. The raiders emerged with two dozen empty whiskey bottles.

Prosecutor Yantis spoke in ringing tones to the crowd which had assembled to watch the forces of purity in action. "I am going to enforce the law," he said.

ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY

Despite the sensational affairs at home, the local papers of 1916 increasingly headlined the warlike events in Europe and Mexico. General "Black Jack" Pershing had been dispatched south of the border to put an end to the depradations of bandit Pancho Villa and the 2nd Regiment of the Washington National Guard was with him. As in later wars, the headlines were often misleading. On April 1 the Olympia dailies proclaimed, "BEATEN BANDIT HIDES IN TERROR," but three days later their story had changed to "VILLA FOOLS PURSUERS . . . SEND MORE TROOPS TO PERSHING."

The terrors of a new technological warfare were splashed across the front pages during those spring days of 1916 . . . "ZEPPS RAID ENGLAND: KILL 28: WOUND 44" . . . "WAR IMMINENT! PRESIDENT TELLS CONGRESS SUB CAMPAIGN MUST STOP" . . . "11TH BRITISH BATTLESHIP SUNK!"

By September the new wartime economy was sweeping away the hard times as the United States girded to make itself "the Arsenal of Democracy." The Olympia Shipbuilding company was formed, with E. R. Ward of Seattle as president and local business leaders J. L. Peters, C. J. Lord and P. H. Carlyon as officers. A five block area on the new fill north of the Standard Oil plant was taken over and work was rushed on launching ways and plant buildings. By mid-November the keel of the 250-foot auxiliary schooner for Norwegian owners had been laid. A month later 400 men were working day and night shifts to frame the first ship and the keel of a second had been laid.

The change in the status of working men was dramatic. In January 31 jobless men were living at the city jail. Food and blankets were

contributed by the more fortunate citizens and the men earned their keep by clearing snow from the streets or doing odd jobs. By fall the new shipyards and war-related industries were springing up throughout the Puget Sound basin and jobs could be had for the asking . . . and at premium pay.

Olympia labor unions, which hadn't been a very potent force in the town's limited industrial community, began to feel their oats. Six hundred members of the local labor organizations formed the Home Labor League, with master carpenter A. J. Phillips as president, "to see that home labor gets the local jobs."

Another long-delayed promise of increased prosperity was made good in January when the first train of the Union Pacific's Oregon, Washington Railway and Navigation company came clanging into the yards at 4th and Jefferson. The new brick station wasn't completed, but a large crowd was on hand and about a hundred passengers, including Chamber of Commerce officials and other civic dignitaries, jammed themselves aboard the day coach behind the baggage car and locomotive for the 7½-mile trip to Chambers prairie and the junction with the Tacoma-Portland main line. Doc Carlyon, whose industrial fill and belt line railway had provided the potential traffic to bring the new line to town, made a speech and broke a bottle over the locomotive pilot, christening it "Olympia Booster Train No. 1."

Two passenger trains were subsequently scheduled each way daily over the new short line, which reached the downtown depot from the south rather than from the north over the original Union Pacific grade of the 1890s. The dredgers had deposited some of their spoil along the edge of the old right of way, filling in a couple of tidal coves and making possible the completion of East Bay drive to Priest Point park.

Another civic celebration was staged, two weeks after the departure of the inaugural train, to dedicate the new depot. Mayor Mottman formally welcomed the railroad on behalf of the city and Governor Lister predicted that the Northern Pacific would soon replace its original wooden station with a more pretentious structure.*

*He was partly right, but his timing was off. It took the NP about fifty years to get the job done.

A month after the Union Pacific arrived the Northern Pacific abandoned the Port Townsend Southern branch line to Tenino. The prairie right of way, surveyed and cleared by the volunteer labor of Olympia citizens nearly a half century before, reverted to brush and pasture land and the brave little Olympia-Tenino railroad soon faded from memory.

It seemed for a while that even the tidal estuary along which the Olympia-Tenino line had meandered from Tumwater to Olympia might soon disappear. Doc Carlyon, the civic visionary, unveiled a plan to dam the Deschutes waterway at the site of the 4th street bridge and create a fresh water lake and park to reflect the future buildings of the hilltop capitol group at all stages of the tide. Carlyon's proposal included a tree-lined boulevard along the old railroad right of way on the west shore and an "auto hotel" on the forested slope across fromthe capitol grounds.

The city fathers embraced the Carlyon plan fervently. Not only would it provide the town with a lakeside park in the city center; it would solve the problem of that pesky draw-span on the 4th street bridge. The state land commissioner and capitol commission also viewed the Capitol Lake proposal favorably, but there were voices of dissent. The Olympia Light and Power company feared the damming of the waterway would reduce the power output of Tumwater falls and the brewery wanted to continue to ship Appleju by water. The argument was settled by the state attorney general, who ruled that Land Commissioner Savidge didn't have the authority to vacate a part of the Deschutes waterway to build a lake.

FRUSTRATIONS OF A FRUGAL MAYOR

Carlyon's Capitol Lake project was filed away for several more decades and the city council received notice from the army engineers that it was going to have to build a new draw-bridge across the waterway.

City government faced other frustrating problems, Mayor Mottman in particular facing the old political truth that the citizens favor government economy in principal but become annoyed when it inconveniences them. Even the steadfast mayor felt some doubts about the

wisdom of having blacked out the street lights when he was grazed by an automobile while crossing 4th street from his store in the gloom of night.

More trouble beset him when he changed the current procedure for raising the 4th street draw span. The city hall janitor had been assigned the additional duty of bridge tender and was paid an additional $30 a month for rushing to the span when a tugboat whistled.The mayor, in the interests of municipal frugality, assigned the bridge-tending duties to the police department . . . without increase in pay. When the next boat whistled for the draw, Officer McReavey dashed to the bridge and set the rickety machinery in motion. The span rose ponderously, the tug started under . . . and something slipped. The span descended again, knocked the smokestack off the tug and ground to a lop-sided stop, the motor smoking and the whole mechanism hopelessly jammed.

This was the culmination of a frustrating year for Chief Caton. He had puttered about town tacking up "No Spitting" signs on telephone poles. He had issued orders to his force to blaze away with their revolvers when they encountered a stray dog which could run faster than they could. Since a well-conditioned turtle could outrun the average Olympia policeman,* there was a great deal of gunfire. The chief had even occupied himself in providing the town's first automotive traffic signals. He painted the manhole covers white on downtown street intersections and ordered the local motorists to go around them in the manner of racing yachts rounding marker buoys. He even inaugurated the taking of thumb prints of booked prisoners for the national crime clearing house at Leavenworth penitentiary. But all his busy work was forgotten in the public downfall of Officer McReavey and the 4th street draw-span.

*The *Recorder* of May 1 described a case in point when William Thompson, *"an old man with rheumatism,"* suspected of having stolen brass from local junk yards, escaped from Officer LaBarre, dashed up alleys, through the Bolster and Barnes feed store and down Water street to a dock, from which he jumped 16 feet into the Deschutes waterway. The tide happened to be out at the time and the force of his leap drove him into the mud up to his waist, giving Officer LaBarre time to come puffing up and haul him out with a rope. It was the opinion of the *Recorder* that *"LaBarre did well for a portly man."*

The fire department didn't escape the mayor's pruning knife either. The purchase of the new auto fire trucks had so depleted the firefighting budget that no new fire hose had been purchased since 1909. In mid-June the Capital City Iron Works caught fire and the mechanized fire department responded quickly. Hose was laid from the nearest hydrants . . . and immediately burst. The process was repeated several times until a single line was found that would hold. One of the engines was sent back to the station to bring a second line. It was coupled up and burst in three places as soon as pressure was applied. The firemen were drenched and furious and devoted themselves to denunciations of the mayor, the fire having been extinguished by company equipment.

The morale of the smoke-eaters was further depressed in August when they were summoned to a blaze at the home of Chester Chatfield, a salesman for the Olympia Knitting Mills. The hose broke five times, a few drops of water drizzling from the nozzles while hundreds of gallons sprayed the firemen and spectators and flowed down the gutters. The fire department spent five minutes in further caucus regarding the pernurious mayor while more hose was brought from the fire station and the fire at the Chatfield house raged out of control.

Mottman threw up his hands, pushed through an ordinance to equip the fire department with 1,500 feet of new hose and 86 new fire hydrants, recommended construction of a new concrete bridge across the Deschutes waterway and announced that he was retiring from public life. Jesse T. Mills filed on the Republican ticket and swept the Smokehouse gang back into power over Charles Talcott and the Citizens party. Like practically every other candidate for office in 1916, the former sheriff promised to stamp out the bootleggers.

HOW DRY WE ARE

Aspirants for policital office at all levels vied with one another to be the dryest. Former Governor McBridge tried hard to overcome his past saloon support by campaigning loudly against both wet initiatives, but the Democrats insisted on harping on his past record. His

major opponent for the Republican nomination, "Colonel" Roland Hartley, toured the state by atuomobile, ignoring the wet vs. dry issue and concentrating on the anti-union open shop issue. As a leader of the Everett industrial establishment, he was a veteran strike-buster and had helped organize the vigilante force which had specialized in beating members of the IWW half to death and running them out of town. The battle had culminated in a confrontation at the city dock when a steamboat load of Wobbly "free speech marchers" tried to land in defiance of the orders of Snohomish county Sheriff Donald McRae. Wobblies and vigilantes died in the ensuing hail of bullets as the "Everett Massacre" took its place in Northwest history, and Roland Hartley's attitude toward organized labor moved about as far to the right as it was possible to get.

McBride beat Hartley and seven other candidates for the Republican nomination. Lister won the Democratic nomination from his only opponent, W. E. Cass, by an overwhelming 28,620 votes to 3,794. The two nominees then stumped the state in campaigns largely devoted to their total opposition to alcohol in any form. When Lister proclaimed that he had never in his life taken a drink of intoxicating liquor, the *Olympian* observed that *"when Lister was paving 4th street he had his headquarters in the Oxford bar."*

*"He's English,"** the writer explained, *"and thus partial to highballs in a tall glass,"* although he conceded that *"he never reached a state of talkativeness or near inebriation."*

Woodrow Wilson was returned victoriously to office on the campaign slogan "He Kept Us Out of War," carrying Washington by more than 21,000 votes over Republican Charles Evans Hughes. Lister was returned for a second term* by a margin of nearly 14,000 over McBride and C. C. Dill was returned to congress, but all other offices, along with a majority of the legislature, went to the Republicans.

All initiatives were defeated, the brewers' bill by 146,000; the hotel men's bill by an overhwlming 215,000. The voters also elected the dryest contingent of legislators in the state's history.

The heat generated by the wet-dry campaign of 1916 was dramatized when Tom O'Leary, successful candidate for Thurston county prosecuting attorney, sued the publisher of the Tenino *Journal* for printing a photo of some of his political supporters sharing a bottle of whiskey.

The cause of enforced temperance was clearly victorious in Washington. Even the traditionally wet cities of Seattle and Spokane had voted dry on the 1916 amendments. The old-fashioned saloon had, in fact, outlived its function in society as the poor man's club. With the onset of wartime prosperity, workingmen were buying silk shirts and Fords and moving into the middle class. The automobile, the motion picture theater and, in a few years, the radio, provided spare-time entertainment and relaxation, and the former patrons of Olympia's 17 vanished saloons didn't miss them as much as they had expected to.

1917

The 15th legislature began to assemble, as usual, in early January of 1917 amid "slush" and snow, although its members had escaped the worst blizzard of the 20th century, which had dumped three feet of snow on the captial city in February of 1916. For the first time in many sessions no pre-legislative caucus was held, patronage committees having been appointed to fill staff positions, theoretically at least on the basis of ability and experience. All clerks, it was announced, would have to be qualified stenographers and typists would be required to prove that they could actually type. It sounded businesslike and logical, but the new job specifications simply couldn't be met by many of the legislators political and personal favorites. A bitter patronage fight broke out in the house within 24 hours and committee assignments were held up until some compromises were worked out.

*Lister, born in Halifax, England, in 1870, was the only governor of Washington state of foreign birth. Two territorial governors, Pickering and Salomon, were naturalized citizens. Lister had come to Tacoma with his family at the age of 14, was elected to the city council at the age of 23 and appointed chairman of the state board of control by Governor Rogers four years later.

*It is interesting to note that only two non-Republicans, Rogers and Lister, were elected governor in the 43 years from statehood in 1889 to 1932. The only governors elected to second terms during that period were Populist Rogers and Democrat Lister.

Governor Lister was incommunicado, locked in his office working on his message to the legislature. His inaccessibility further widened the gulf between the executive and legislative branches of state government as leading Republican senators and representatives who called to offer support for executive request bills were turned away. Although it wasn't generally known yet, the governor's once robust health had broken down under the strain of office and of campaigning as a Democrat in a solidly Republican state. The responsibilities of the chief executive had increased tremendously during his years in office. The time was past when a Washington governor could lead a quiet life in the quiet capital city, riding the street car home from his office in time to milk the family cow. Edmond Meany described the change in his *Governors of Washington,* published by the University of Washington in 1913:

"The extra gubernatorial duties have reached a climax in Gov. Lister's term. Eastern conferences of all the governors, Western conferences of groups of them, two expositions in California, the open Columbia river celebrations and other occasions have called him out of state. Within the state events have frequently arranged themselves seemingly in chains so that the governor makes a tour with functions in the morning, afternoon and evening for a week at a time. His friends marvel that he is able to keep his health and his good nature throughout the never-ending strain. He is still in the prime of life. There is every probability that he will continue for years an energetic, robust and useful citizen of the state he loves after his release from the burdens of public office."

Professor Meany's usually reliable gift of prophecy was faulty in this case.

Since his little book was written, the gathering clouds of war had further complicated the governor's life as the state geared for the worldwide conflict which seemed increasingly inevitable. It seems probable that he was gathering his strength for the coming legislative ordeal rather than locking himself up simply to concentrate on his literary efforts.

Both houses met shortly after noon on January 8. Guy E. Kelley of Pierce was quickly and unanimously elected speaker of the house after the call to order by Chief Clerk Maybury. Senator Nichols of King was just as quickly elected president pro-tem after Lieutenant Governor Hart banged the opening gavel and advised the new senators to vote no on any bills they didn't understand. "Many think we have enough laws now," he explained.

NO PLACE FOR A GENTLEMAN

The senators took note of the current direction of the wind of public opinion by passing a joint memorial to congress asking for a national prohibition amendment even before they approved the bill appropriating funds for their own expenses. Despite the businesslike beginning, the 15th legislature ended up spending just under $200,000, which was almost twice as much as any other in the state's history to date.

A truce was declared in the running battle with the press, a third floor room in the capitol being fitted up with telephones and typewriters for the convenience of the state's political correspondents. This created some muttering among the few remaining old-line politicians and the complaints increased when the second biggest committee room in the building was converted to a "ladies card room" for the wives of senators. With 51 senate and 57 house committees, according to the *Recorder, "scurrying about the state capitol in wild desperation seeking some place to light,"* there was considerable feeling that the senatorial wives had gotten more than their share of the available space. The press became similarly outraged when it was discovered that the taxpayers had been hit for the costs of furnishing and decorating the room, including a French mirror, $5.00; three card tables, $9.00; six oak rockers, $24.70; two fine oak tables, $27; two Wilton rugs, $65: 12 folding chairs, $12; and four yards of cretonne (price unspecified).

What with all the hanging of cretonne, lack of bourbon and cigars and pampering of the press, prohibitionists and females, old-line Senator Linck Davis, defeated in the previous year's primaries, may have been right when he grumbled that "the legislature is no longer a place for a gentleman anyway."

It was not exactly a haven for women either. Only one lady legislator, Representative Ina P. Williams of North Yakima, appeared for the 1917 session. A 41-year-old Republican and mother of five children, Mrs. Williams had

been left an orphan at the age of 10; had begun earning her own living as a school teacher at the age of 15. She held her own well in her male-dominated environment. When a male colleague asked her, "Where are your children?" she replied "Where are yours?"

"Home with my wife, of course," he huffed.

"Mine are home with my husband," Mrs. Williams told him, no doubt enjoying the feminine prerogative of getting in the last word.

ECONOMY, MORALITY AND PATRIOTISM

Governor Lister addressed the legislature on January 10, pointing out that the state treasury contained a million dollar surplus despite the fact that he had inherited a sizeable deficit when he took office. He urged the retirement of all outstanding bonds as quickly as possible, the holding of the line on highway taxes to one mill and the passage of an absolute prohibition measure similar to those recently approved by the legislatures of Oregon and Idaho.

The legislature went through motions of attempting to rid itself of the clinging embrace of lobbyists. Lieutenant Governor Hart observed with uncharacteristic naivete that they weren't really needed because copies of all bills would be mailed to any interested party upon request. Senator Phipps of the rules committee was quoted by the *Recorder* as making an even more outspoken speech on the subject:

"Corporations and other interests who pay agents $200 to $300 a session to keep informed on bills introduced and presumably to retard or expedite legislation at their will, are simply wasting their money, for these lobbyists have absolutely no influence with us whatever and they are generally discredited. They are grafters pure and simple."

No doubt the more sensitive of the lobbyists winced at the attacks on their professional ethics and effectiveness and the more effective must have resented Senator Phipps' charge that they were either pure or simple, which they certainly were not.

The number of lobbyists was not noticeably diminished by the efforts of the senate, either then or subsequently.

There were the usual number of personal encounters in the chambers, one of the more spectacular involving Senators Ed Brown of Whatcom and Howard Taylor of King. An altercation prompted by a Brown bill to require the muzzling of all dogs in areas where rabies existed, moved Taylor to strike his colleague "a stinging blow on the face which was plainly heard throughout the chamber." Brown, who was recovering from a broken leg, retaliated by whacking Senator Taylor about his head and shoulders with his cane until the combatants were separated by other senators.

There were the usual weekend junkets to the livelier and larger cities of the Sound. Joshua Green, president of the Puget Sound Navigation company, which had established a virtual monopoly on the steamboat business, dispatched his fine steel steamer *Sioux* to Percival's dock to transport 300 legislators, state officials and political hangers-on to the annual Lincoln day banquet in Seattle. Cannon fire was heard in Olympia for the first time in years when the *Sioux* fired thunderous salutes on entering and leaving the harbor.

There were the usual trivial bills, including a last-ditch effort by the Pierce county delegation to get the name of Mt. Rainier changed to Mt. Tacoma. The first venture into tourist promotion was made with a $45,000 appropriation for a joint advertising campaign with Oregon and British Columbia. Three hundred Centralia boosters descended on the lawmakers wearing large tags which proclaimed "We Want a State Normal School at Centralia." A bill by Victor Zednick requiring military training in all high schools was defeated, but a military reserve act was passed, permitting Pierce county to donate a large tract of land near American Lake to the federal government for the establishment of a new army post. A bank deposit guarantee bill was approved, along with a measure prescribing a single moral standard for both sexes. The increasing war hysteria prompted passage of a regressive criminal syndicalism law, which was described by its sponsors as "designed to end IWW riots."

Governor Lister enraged the legislators by vetoing an additional $10,000 appropriation for their last week in session. They quickly passed it over his veto and retaliated by ordering an investigation of his personal and political friend, State Printer Frank M. Lamborn. Lister had asked for an investigation of the state auditor's office. This was turned down by the lawmakers, but they appropriated $43,000 to investigate practically every other department of state government. Lister vetoed

that bill after the session had adjourned. He also redlined measures eliminating osteopaths from the state medical board and creating a state board of chiropractic, requiring regulation of jitneys in second and third class cities, and eliminated some of the more obvious pork barrel segments of the omnibus appropriations bill. Another one million dollar appropriation to complete the Temple of Justice and begin construction of the capitol group became law without his signature.

But prohibition and capital punishment were the overwhelming issue of the 1917 session.

House bill 4, introduced by Representative W. C. Elliott in the opening days of the session, was a bone dry prohibition measure advocated by the Grange and the WCTU. It would end the mail order permit system except for clergymen and druggists and eager members vied with one another in offering amendments to dry up even these meageer sources of supply.

Superintendent Conger of the Anti-Saloon League had opposed the introduction of the bone dry law. His time table still called for a more gradual attack on Demon Rum and he feared the Elliott bill was so radical that it might result in a public opinion backlash. Although he couldn't very well fight it openly, he made no secret of his lack of enthusiasm. When Speaker Kelley invited him to take the podium during debate on the bill, he declined politely and remained in the gallery.

House bill 3 passed overwhelmingly . . . 75 to 18 in the house; 46 to three in the senate. Most of the opposition, Such as it was, came from those who felt the people should be given the final say on the matter by referendum. Lister promptly signed the prohibition law, surrounded by WCTU ladies, Grangers, ASL officials who had decided to get in on the act at the last minute, and the dryest of the dry legislators.

The state would, presumably, go bone dry 90 days after the adjournment of the legislature.

The remaining devotees of Bacchus managed to stave off the evil day by procuring 23,000 valid signatures on a referendum petition submitting the prohibition issue to the people, but their victory was a hollow one. The federal government had already prohibited mail shipments of liquor into states with dry laws, regardless of whether or not a permit system was authorized and the ardently dry state supreme court, disregarding the referendum, upheld the conviction of a Tacoma Italian who had been caught making a few gallons of wine for his own use.

RETURN OF THE GALLOWS

The matter of repealing the Goss bill* of 1913, which had abolished section 12, page 78 of the laws of 1854 prescribing capital punishment for murder in the first degree, was brought to the attention of the legislators in a much more dramatic manner than the prohibition issue.

The quiet of the capital city and the equanimity of the statehouse were simultaneously shattered at 1:30 p.m. on the afternoon of February 1, 1917. A black-haired giant in workman's clothing strode into the office of the industrial insurance commission as the legislature was about to reconvene after lunch.

The office employees sighed and shook their heads as they recognized John Van Dell, a six-foot-three, 206-pound logger, who had been haunting the office and making a nuisance of himself for days. Six months earlier, while working in the woods at Bordeaux, he had been struck by a broken haul-back line and hurled 20 feet into the underbrush, landing on his back. He was taken to St. Peters hospital, from which he had only recently been discharged. He filed for industrial insurance compensation of $30 a month, claiming that he had been totally disabled. Dr. J. W. Mowell, the commission surgeon, reported the logger's injuries as "superficial" and he was offered a final payment of $50 as full settlement of his claim.

Van Dell had been waiting at the office when it opened that morning. He buttonholed Commissioner E. W. Olson when he arrived, but the commissioner brushed him off with the comment that the case had been closed and couldn't be reopened. Van Dell was then heard to utter a statement which was to be more widely quoted than any oratory of the legislators down the hall and would grimly affect the lives . . . and deaths . . . of 58 convicted murderers over the next 47 years:

"By God, the state of Washington will take care of me all the rest of my life!"

Following a later unsuccessful attempt to enter Olson's private office, the big logger left

*Representative Francis P. Goss, King county journalist, had first introduced his bill substituting life imprisonment for hanging at the 1911 session. Similar bills had failed to pass in 1897, 1899, 1901 and 1907. The reform-minded legislators of 1913 passed the Goss bill after one of the most heated legislative debates in history.

the capitol, cut across Sylvester park and strode down Main street to Mills and Cowles hardware store, where he bought a 38-caliber revolver and a box of ammunition. He then walked back up Main street to Harbst's soft drink and card rooms, where he unwrapped and loaded the weapon; then returned to the capitol. He arrived at ten minutes to one and was again denied admission to Olson's office. Again he left, but returned 20 minutes later, moving grimly toward the closed door of the commissioner's office.

"You can't get in there. Mr. Olson is in conference," commission secretary Percy Gilbert told him. Van Dell ignored the secretary and thrust aside a stenographer, Ruby Lenherr, who was blocking his path. He flung open the office door. Olson was talking on the telephone, his back to the door. With him was J. E. Leonard, a former state senator.

"Hello, old timer," Van Dell said pleasantly. Then he fired three shots at point blank range. Two of the bullets struck the commissioner in the head and he slumped over his desk, killed almost instantly. Leonard, too shocked to move, was not injured.

Van Dell then turned and walked quietly from the office, out of the building, and went directly to the sheriff's office in the Thurston county court house on east 4th street. "Better lock me up quick," he told a startled deputy sheriff. "I just killed Olson, the insurance commissioner. He tried to starve me, damn him, and I fixed him." Deputy McCorkle was unbelieving until the huge logger handed him the revolver, the price tag still affixed to the trigger guard and a thin wisp of smoke still curling from the muzzle.

During the ensuing excitement at the state capitol, the fateful words of Van Dell were given wide publicity and the obvious connotation . . . "By God, the State of Washington will care for me all the rest of my life" obviously meant "You can't hang me, so now the taxpayers are going to have to support me."

In vain Van Dell insisted that his statement to Commissioner Olson had not been meant as a cynical death threat. "I couldn't work and I wouldn't beg," he said. "I only meant if they wouldn't pay my claim I'd have to go to the poor house and be supported the rest of my life." The impulse to buy the gun and kill Olson had come suddenly, he said. "It was as if a rope had been tied around my neck. It dragged me to buy the gun. Nothing could have stopped me that morning. I never thought about whether the state could hang me or not."

No one paid attention to the words of the self-confessed murderer. The *Morning Olympian* editorialized, *"If the law of the state provided capital punishment for murderers, the crimes would be fewer."* Other newspapers throughout the state made similar editorial pronouncements. Senator Cox of Walla Walla, the day after the crime, announced that he would introduce a bill reinstating the death penalty.

On March 13, while the Van Dell murder trial was still in progress, the ubiquitous ex-senator, Leonard, the eye-witness to the Olson shooting, was eating his lunch in a cafeteria across Sylvester Park from the statehouse. A young man entered the restaurant and ordered a roast beef sandwich and milk. Senator Leonard noted approvingly that the young man was extremely polite to the waitress who served him. Then a passerby stopped to look at the menu posted on the cafeteria window and the polite young man appeared to go berserk, leaping to his feet, cursing and waving his arms violently. Senator Leonard, his nerves still unsteady, suggested that somebody call the police and Sergeant Benjamin Peck responded. The agitated young man met him at the door, displayed a long-barreled 38 caliber revolver and gesturing toward the back of the restaurant, told the police sergeant, "The man you want is back there."

There ensued another Keystone Cops episode with elements of slap-stick comedy in contrast to the shocking tragedy of the Olson murder, but at the time it seemed not at all funny to numerous people, including Governor Ernest Lister of the state of Washington. It was another major factor in the public outcry which was to re-erect the gallows at the state penitentiary.

Sergeant Peck was joined at the restaurant by recently appointed Police Chief Harry Cusack and the two officers then engaged in what the *Morning Olympian* described as a "pursuit" of the armed man, who nimbly dodged a Tumwater-bound street car on Main street and crossed Sylvester park toward the statehouse. The pursuit was apparently a slow and stately one, for the strange young man paused at the capitol entrance to engage in conversation with State Treasurer W. W. Sherman, then proceeded to the office of Governor Lister. Leveling his long-barrelled revolver at

Irvin W. Zigaus, the governor's private secretary, he said, "I am a Mason and I want to have this out with the governor and the first one to try to stop me will get it."

He backed toward the open door of the governor's private office, where Lister was in conference with State Adjutant General Maurice Thompson. Understandably gun-shy, they took one look at the intruder's formidable weapon and vacated the office simultaneously and at a much higher rate of speed than was being displayed by the Olympia police, who were still presumably engaged in the "pursuit," but were nowhere in sight. The governor beat the general to the state auditor's office by several lengths and locked himself with the state archives in the auditor's vault.

Hearing the commotion, Chief Clerk Maybury of the house of representatives and his assistant, A. W. Calder, armed themselves with golf clubs and approached the governor's office. The gunman was leaning from a window of the office talking to an Olympia businessman, Charles Dufault. "I won't come down," he explained, "because I would be crucified or burned at the stake like Jesus Christ. They want to make a Roman holiday out of me." Eventually the three men convinced him that he should throw down his gun and surrender to the police officers, who had at last arrived on the scene. This he did, and he was later identified as Charles Lorenz Wagner, 33, who coincidentally had been employed at the same Bordeaux logging camp as Van Dell.

Wagner was committed to the hospital for the insane on March 17, the same day that John Van Dell was sentenced to life imprisonment at the penitentiary.

Three other apparently demented individuals, probably attracted by the recent publicity regarding the insurance commission scandals, invaded the statehouse and added to the nervousness of legislators, state officials and employees during the course of the 15th session.

Governor Lister, still smarting from the indignity of being *"closeted in a vault"* as the *Olympian* tactfully put it, and claiming that he had received threatening letters from the Wobblies, announced publicly that "state officials can expect but little if any protection from the police authorities of Olympia." He demanded a special capitol police force to protect state officials upon whom, according to the governor and the news media, open season appeared to have been declared.

The legislature, which was not then accustomed to going into overtime, adjourned in mid-March without having reinstated capital punishment, but its members did not, during the interim, forget the gunplay which had taken place so uncomfortably close to their chambers. It was a foregone conclusion that the gallows would be re-erected at Walla Walla as soon as a bill could be drafted and submitted to the next session.

Sine die adjournment was accomplished at 5:00 a.m. on the morning of March 9 after a last-minute deadlock over the removal of a $4,000 pension for Mrs. Olson from the supplemental appropriation bill. While the conference committee wrangled, the *Recorder* recorded, *"Legislators with nothing to do but sit and wait got noisy, indulged in horseplay, shouted and sang and paraded in lockstep to the tune of 'John Brown's Body', the house members through the senate and the senators through the house."*

House members of the conference committee refused to reinstate the pension. Senate members were just as determined that it should be. Just before 4:00 a.m. two of the three committee members from the house gave in, but the full membership refused to accept their capitulation. It was then the senate's turn to surrender. After indulging in a series of eulogies to the late insurance commissioner, its members voted to leave his widow pensionless.

Even without Mrs. Olson's $4,000, the legislature managed to set another record appropriation of $6,789,000 from the general fund and a total from all funds of $30,800,000.

PLUGGING THE LEAKS

The reorganized Olympia police department may not have done the greatest job in the world of protecting public officials, but it was doing its best to make good on the mayor's pledge to enforce the dry law. Chief Harry L. Cusack, who fired all but one of ex-Chief Caton's force, took a page from the book of Seattle Mayor Hi Gill and directed a series of surprise raids on hotel rooms, private abodes and places of entertainment. Legislators who voted dry and drank wet lived in constant fear that, even

though they couldn't be arrested for liquor violations during the session, their names might appear in the public press, blasting their political careers forever. Chief Cusack's men even raided a meeting of the Washington Education Association lobby in the hotel room of the Franklin county school superintendent. They caught the educators drinking something, but they weren't sure whether it was booze or Appleju. The police decided to leave the matter to the discretion of the mayor and he decided to pretend that it had never happened.

Nobody was safe from the aroused forces of total abstinence, as Dr. Story was to discover when he was arrested for prescribing a bottle of drugstore whiskey for one Dan Dunbar without bothering to write the usual directions to take a spoonful in hot water before retiring. A six-man jury of the doctor's friends and patients, including Robert Blankenship, Bill Klambush, W. S. Wotton, and C. W. Maynard, quickly found him not guilty, but newly-elected Prosecutor O'Leary, apparently determined to correct the wet image created by the libelous photo in the Tenino *Journal,* brought new charges in Judge John R. Mitchell's superior court. The predominantly female jury brought in a guilty verdict and the judge assessed a $100 fine, which the good doctor paid with indignant reluctance. He suspected that the prosecutor had been set upon him by a professional colleague who was nearer the top of the list of prescription-issuers and relations between the two physicians remained strained thereafter.

WAR IS A GLORIOUS EXPERIENCE . . . FOR THE HOME GUARD

The rush toward full participation in the European war brought with it a full measure of bigotry and intolerance along with a spirit of dedication and self sacrifice. Booze became not only immoral but unpatriotic as it was pointed out that its production diverted grain, money and manpower from the national defense effort.

The resumption of unrestricted submarine warfare by Germany in January had prompted President Wilson to ask congress for authority to arm American merchant vessels, but his effort was blocked by the filibuster of a small group of "willful men," which included Washington Senator Wesley Jones. Super-patriotic Spokane civic organizations issued resolutions of censure and Jones recanted. Following the April 6 declaration of war he was the first to speak in favor of Wilson's proposed draft.

His colleague, Senator Poindexter, probably best typified the less endearing aspects of the new spirit of reactionary jingoism. Elected as a liberal reform candidate, he made a sudden right turn after the outbreak of hostilities, declaring that "war is a glorious experience and a great character builder." He also came to the conclusion that labor unions, particularly in Washington, were part of the "anarchist conspiracy" and introduced a bill to make all strikes illegal. He remained an ultra-conservative throughout his subsequent career, alienating all his old progressive backers, particuarly when it was discovered that he was the recipient of an $80,000 campaign fund raised by big business. William Boeing had contributed $1,000, making Poindexter the first Washington politician to be tainted with Boeing Airplane company money. After Warren G. Harding's election as president, Poindexter became a prominent member of his informal cabinet of hard-drinking cronies and was rewarded with an appointment as minister to Peru.

Washington's lone Democratic congressman, C. C. Dill, was the only one who remained true to his principles. He was a member of the tiny minority in congress which voted against the war resolution. He further enraged such over-age patriots as Senator Poindexter by suggesting that the names of all the pro-war members of congress should be turned over to the recruiting offices as volunteers. His constituents at home screamed for his recall and he was rewarded for his profile in courage by being temporarily retired from political life in the following year's election.

In Olympia, as in the nation as a whole, the World War I years became a glorious opportunity for busybodies, snoopers, frustrated fascists and the self-righteous to bask in the glow of patriotism and public approval.

The day after the declaration of war 40 men had signed up for Captain W. B. Marsh's home guard company and mustered at the "armory" in the Elks building (the old Woodruff block) on lower Main street. All were determined to

defend the town to the death after listening to the captain's warning that "the capital of the state is always the center of attack in war." Within a month a half dozen other home guard companies, including the uniformed orders of the local lodges, were drilling on vacant lots all over town. W. J. Cook of Tumwater, a veteran of the Cuban, Puerto Rican and Philippine campaigns, was searching for 30 or 40 horses with the intent of forming a home guard cavalry troop.

By August the proliferating home guard units were getting in each other's way and there was a move toward consolidation. Even attorney Tom Vance, a leading voice of local patriotism, admitted that "the organization up to date has been more or less farcical." After much arguing and a public meeting sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce, a single "official" company was authorized, captained by E. A. McClarty. The local citizens were given the patriotic privilege of chipping in for uniforms and the fund was over-subscribed the first day.

Soon afterward a youth described by the *Olympian* as a *"pink-capped scoffer"* found the maneuvers of the guard company funnier than a Charlie Chaplin comedy as they marched down Main street in their new uniforms. He kept pace with the hometown warriors, mocking Captain McClarty's martial commands in a falsetto voice. The captain brought his company to a halt at 4th and Main and marched across the street to confront the heckler. "Do you consider this drill to be anything to laugh at?" he demanded.

The misguided youth stifled his guffaws and responded, "It's a joke."

The captain put an end to the conversation with a well-aimed left hook to the young man's jaw. Gazing sternly at the recumbent figure, he proclaimed, "The Olympia home guards are not a joke and do not intend to be so considered in any sense of the word."

The *Olympian* wrapped up its military communique with the opinion that the heckler *"had received his just deserts"* and that *"he was chastened so that he apologized for his conduct."*

Thus was the first blow for Democracy struck in Washington's capital city.

There was less martial spirit among those who received draft numbers after the local registration board was formed in May with Sheriff Gifford, Auditor Gaston and Dr. Partlow as its members. On June 6 the citizenry, with the exception of the prospective draftees, celebrated Registration Day. Six hundred registrants, looking apprehensive, marched to the capitol behind the brass band, the home guard and veterans of the civil and Spanish-American wars. They were addressed by lawyer Vance, who told them, "You are not making a sacrifice; you are enjoying the privilege of defending your country."

Some of the potential draftees looked unconvinced, but the home guard cheered loudly.

SHAME ON THE SLACKERS!

Those who failed to register for the draft were "slackers" and open season was declared on them. Some 25 members of the business community, all safely exempt from the draft, met at the Elks club and formed a vigilance committee to help Prosecutor O'Leary track down those cowardly youths who refused to "do their bit."

"Pro-German" soon became another popular hate phrase. Anyone who was un-American enough to voice a preference for peace over war was considered a pro-German, and that included Congressman Dill. Herman Meyer, a used furniture dealer and Socialist, refused to contribute to a Chamber of Commerce fund drive for the establishment of a servicemen's center designed to "make the Sammies happy."* Meyer said the "Sammies" were always welcome at the Socialist hall and anyway, he wasn't in sympathy with the war, which he belived to have been "started in the interests of a few parasites."

The community was aghast at this heresy. The Perkins press heralded the outrage with screamer headlines, the County Council on Defense urged similar public disgrace for all "agitators" and there was talk of a special committee on disloyalty. The Methodist

*An effort was being made at this stage of the war to popularize the nauseatingly cute pet name "Sammy" for the citizen soldiers of the new army. Presumably it was derived from Uncle Sam. Fortunately it failed to catch on and the more incomprehensible but somewhat less objectionable "doughboy" soon replaced it.

Episcopal brotherhood issued a long resolution supporting the war and denouncing "disloyalty."

Spy scares vied with pacifist-baiting for public popularity. A few days after America's entry into the war Mrs. W. A. January and the J. D. Kinseys reported an airplane "flying at high speed low over their Bush prairie homes." The mysterious aircraft had, they said, been sighted almost daily for a week, its occupants singing "My Old Kentucky Home." There was conjecture as to whether the rendition of this popular American folk ballad was a ruse to cover up the pro-German proclivities of the airmen or a pre-arranged signal to henchmen on the ground.

Further fears of an imminent attack by the Central powers upon Olympia were engendered by another mysterious and never-explained event described as follows by the *Recorder* of June 6:

"Sneaking around at night, some unidentified person has placed mysterious marks on nearly every house in Olympia. One woman says she rubbed the mark off three times yesterday and each time it returned. One man says he saw a woman dressed in a blue tailored suit marking his door. He caught up with her as she left and accused her, but she flatly denied having done so. Most of the marks are in the forms of circles with lines of crosses through them and B or C above or encircled."

This was followed, in August, by the *Washington Standard*'s grim warning that *"sinister influences are at work in this county,"* it having been established that *"Von Alvensleben, the German spy arrested in Seattle was in Olympia earlier, busying himself on some mysterious mission."*

As the war fever increased, patriotic business men, observing the law of supply and demand, raised the price of American flags by 100 percent. Liberty bonds were hawked by increasingly high-pressure methods. Senator Piles added his voice to the cries of Washington's congressional hawks when he came to town and told the citizens at a mass meeting that "we will be cowards and poltroons if we do not over-subscribe the Liberty Loan." Olympians duly over-subscribed their quota by $102,000.

The public library was collecting books and magazines for soldiers and a box was placed in the Kneeland hotel lobby for the deposit of old kid gloves to be made into aviators' jackets. Olympia women were urged to knit their way to victory by producing sweaters and other warm garments for the troops. Meatless days were proclaimed, with the slogan, "Be ashamed to eat what the soldier needs!" Two ounces of bread was ruled the maximum serving at restaurants and anybody who took more than a "pinch" of sugar in his coffee was likely to be publicly branded a pro-German by some self-appointed guardian of patriotism.

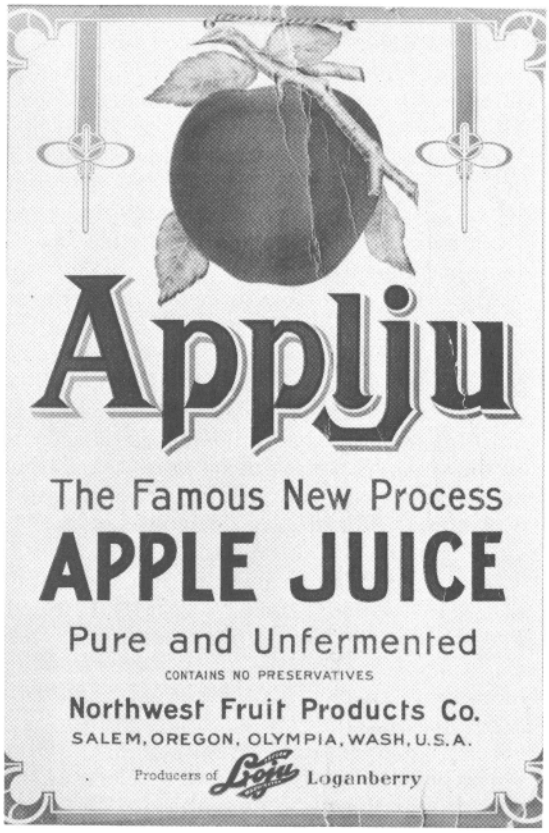
The police department had to give up its time-honored high helmets when home front heroes decided they resembled the headgear of the hellish Hun and took to throwing rocks at them, and somebody set fire to the bandstand in Sylvester park, presumably because its spiked pergola roof also bore a fancied resemblance to Kaiser Bill's helmet.

Women flocked to join Miss Florence Lister's Red Cross first aid classes and to sign the National League of Woman's Service volunteer forms. The women's commiteee of the National Council of Defense had charged that more than half of the women of the United States were "flappers," defined by the commitee as "women who do not work." No decent Olympia woman wanted to be classified as a flapper, which was the feminine equivalent of a slacker.

Employees of the Olympia National bank were engaged in growing potatoes on a vacant lot at 15th and Main, while Perkins press staff members planted a victory garden adjacent to the newspaper plant at 3rd and Main. Local business leaders freely offered their vacant properties for more such patriotic vegetable patches, but showed no more inclination to personally grub in the dirt of Olympia than to volunteer for service in the trenches of France.

SHARING THE PROFITS

The Carlyon fill hummed with increased shipbuilding activity as the Sloan Ship Yard company, armed with contracts for four ocean'going motorships for Australian owners, began construction of a plant adjacent to the established Olympia Shipbuilding company yards. On July 13, the first of the Olympia Shipbuilding vessels, the 292-foot auxiliary schooner *Wergeland* was launched at a civic celebration which featured a band concert and free Appleju.

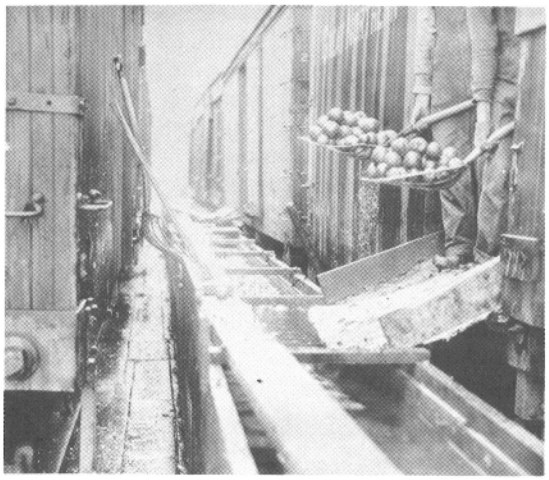


Prohibition substitute for Olympia beer failed to achieve the popularity of the real thing.

The shipyard workers were willing to march in the numerous patriotic parades with the home guards and the Grand Army of the Republic, but they also wanted a share of the wartime cost-plus profits. By mid-summer the first of a series of periodic strikes for higher pay began to slow down production at the local yards.

Workers in other fields, eyeing the lucrative shipyard jobs, became increasingly annoying to the business community as they demanded wage increases. Car men led the chorus with an ultimatum to the street car company that they would either have to get a 5¢ an hour raise . . . to 28¢ an hour . . . or they would march from the carbarn to the Carlyon fill and go to work at the shipyards. The company capitulated, but began experimental operation of one-man "pay-as-you-enter" cars, which eliminated the conductor from the rear platform.

City employees quickly followed the lead of the motormen and conductors, demanding . . . and getting . . . a $10 a month raise. Word spread to the loggers in the surrounding woods



NOBLE EXPERIMENT: Unloading carloads of apples at the Olympia Brewing company's Tumwater plant for production of "Appleju" during early prohibition days.

and they, too, began demanding higher pay, an outrage attributed by many to the work of IWW agitators. Soon the workers in local sawmills were talking bravely of an eight-hour day and a minimum wage of $3.00. Those whose demands weren't met followed the shipyard workers' lead and went on strike. Telephone girls, aware that the Olympia Canning company was working around the clock and hiring hundreds of female employees, walked out in October when the company refused their demand for a daily pay scale of from $1.50 to $2.75, with union recognition. The company said it would break the strike and never, never recognize a labor union, but communications became chaotic in the capital city for some time.

Six local newsboys employed by the Tacoma *Tribune* became inspired by the new defiance of their elders and staged a strike of their own when the publisher ruled that they must sell *Tribunes* only, at 3¢ a copy, instead of with another newspaper for a total of 5¢.

The Olympia Brewing company, now doing business as the Northwest Fruit Products company announced that it had pressed a million gallons of Appleju during the first year of prohibition, but it didn't say how much it had sold. In the fall Leopold Schmidt the younger, viewing the failure of the last wet initiative, announced sadly that "prohibition is a sickness that will have to run its course" and authorized the sale of the brewery's beautiful horse'drawn beer wagon to E. L. Blaine of the

state public service commission. There were nostalgic tears in Tumwater when it was learned that Mr. Blaine had shipped the symbol of grandeur to his ranch in Grandview . . . to haul prunes to market.

Old-timers also sighed sadly when the ancient New England Hotel, which had entertained Governor Stevens upon his arrival over the Cowlitz trail . . . and hundreds of territorial politicans in later years . . . was declared beyond repair and demolished.

FREE SPEECH MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO HEALTH

Militant patriotism reached new heights in 1918 as American troops began to take their places in the trenches of France. The county council of defense and the Minute Women, commanded by Mrs. Mowell, observed the coming of the new year with the announcement of "a campaign against pro-German liars. The *Recorder* headlined the news, warning grimly that *"the names of some of the kaiser's liars have been obtained"* and that they were to be either *"cleaned out of the county or interned socially."*

Early in February the council brought charges against South Bay school teacher Charles R. Carr before Josephine Corliss Preston, who had taken office the previous year as the state's first female superintendent of public instruction. Young Carr was charged with making "seditious statements" and the council wanted his teaching certificate revoked.

Carr introduced evidence that he "had always prayed for the president and the United States at prayer meetings," had worked for the Red Cross and YMCA and organized pig, poultry and garden clubs, although he admitted that he might have publicly described the current conflict as "an unholy and unrighteous war for commercial purposes." Tom O'Leary and Mrs. Fred Agatz testified that they had, in fact, personally heard the teacher make "anti-war statements" at a Liberty Loan meeting in the South Bay school.

The public inquisition was held in the senate chamber before an audience of several hundred, including 20 children brought by Carr as witnesses. According to the *Recorder* they *"capered about the gallery and occupied the president's chair and desk,"* which probably didn't strengthen their teacher's case. Although 95 percent of the South Bay school parents had signed a petition supporting Carr, the document was ignored as lawyer Vance delivered an eloquent and patriotic speech demolishing the teacher's defense as "a deathbed repentance."

Mrs. Preston forthwith revoked Carr's certificate for "unpatriotic and un-American remarks," following this up with an order to all public schools to stop teaching German.

Soon afterward a local resident with the unfortunate name of John Kaiser was accosted on the street by Chief Cusack, who asked him if he had been born in Germany. Kaiser said he was a naturalized American citizen and advised the chief to mind his own business. He was immediately thrown in jail. "Campfire Bill," a local character described by the *Recorder* as *"delighting in liquor and iconoclasm,"* wandered to Tacoma and was likewsie jailed *"for making injudicious utterances against the government."*

C. H. Goodpasture, a candidate for the Olympia school board in the spring election, was branded as a traitor by unnamed Red Cross workers, who complained that he had refused to contribute to any of their constant fund drives and that "he has no bonds or thrift stamps." His opponent, W. W. Manier, proved that he had contributed to and joined every patriotic organization in town. Manier garnered 800 votes to Goodpasture's 68.

Mr. Vance reached new heights of Americanism at a patriotic meeting in the house chamber sponsored by the local carpenters' union. He not only established once and for all the righteousness of the American revolution, War of 1812, Civil and Spanish-American wars, but was even able to defend the Mexican war as "a glorious struggle to free Texas and secure our southern border." He concluded with the pronouncement that "all pacifists are traitors." The audience responded with cheers and the county council of defense with the appointment of a committee to censor all pacifist motion pictures and literature.

By mid-October, with the fourth Liberty Loan drive under way, most Olympians had been drained of most of their ready cash by the continual round of fund drives for a myriad of worthy patriotic causes. Strong means were found necessary to stimulate the lagging

enthusiasm of prospective bond buyers. Full page advertisements were run in the local papers advising citizens to *"either buy bonds or forever stand before the world as a pro-Hun."* The Perkins papers also began running a *"Slacker List"* front page center in every issue. At first the actual names of the non-buyers were deleted, although the culprits could usually be identified, as in the case of the local dentist who had *"traded his Buick for a new six-cylinder auto last spring,"* but had claimed he couldn't afford to buy the $500 worth of bonds the committee had decided upon as his quota.

The papers subsequently named names, including those of Thomas Ismay, a confectioner near the log cabin station of the Olympia-Tumwater car line and Goodpasture, the defeated candidate for the school board. Those scheduled for subsequent publicity surrendered at the last moment and found means to buy some bonds.

Housewives, in addition to coping with the increasingly high cost of living . . . beef was up to 15¢ a pound; bacon to 31¢ . . . were saving fruit pits and nut shells for gas mask filters, making surgical dressings, serving doughnuts and coffee to soldiers at the Camp Lewis Hostess House . . . and knitting. Especially knitting. During the first two months of the year Mrs. Robert Prickman completed 75 sweaters; far ahead of her nearest competitor, Mrs. Fred Guyot, who had turned out 22. Mrs. A. E. Bigelow, Mrs. D. J. Larison and Mrs. George Talcott were racing for the sock-knitting championship. A woman who wasn't knitting was considered as unpatriotic as a man who wasn't buying liberty bonds.

Land Commissioner Benson, in a burst of enthusiasm, presented the ladies of the Red Cross with four lambs, which were pastured on the statehouse lawn, hopefully to flourish and provide still more wool for the knitting needles of American womanhood. The idea seemed reasonable, but the lambs created unexpected problems. The Red Cross ladies made pets of them and complained bitterly that the state had failed to provide roofs for their pens during the rainy season. Acting Governor Hart responded with a promise to order Benson to issue umbrellas to the lambs. When the lambs gained 66 pounds during their first month and became full-fledged sheep, Commissioner Benson emerged from seclusion and demanded to know, "Who said it wouldn't work?"

He retreated again when he received a petition from a number of statehouse employees demanding, "for the sake of suffering humanity, the removal of those musical sheep." The constant blatting, they said, was driving them out of their minds and the banishment of the woolly beasts would "save the state the expense of a lot of new boarders at Steilacoom," the site of the Western Washington state hospital for the insane. Benson explained that local children had been feeding the sheep cookies and popcorn, causing them to "blat continually when not fed." He gave in to public pressure at this point and sold the flock, turning over the profits to the Red Cross.

The Red Cross chapter was also the recipient of the big Tumwater Clubhouse, which was presented to it by Peter G. Schmidt and Joseph R. Speckart of the Olympia Brewing company. This example of large-scale patriotism prompted the *Olympian* to quote from *"a letter of Leopold Schmidt prior to his death in September, 1914, which proves he was against the Kaiser even then."*

CONCRETE AND BRICKS

Although work was halted on the recently authorized completion of the Temple of Justice and the first office building of the capitol group, due to high costs and a shortage of skilled labor, the excavation was begun at the corner of 6th and Washington for the erection of the long-awaited new hotel, to be built of concrete and faced with brick. Upon its completion it was to be operated by H. M. Pierce, who had managed the Mitchell hotel since 1908, and his two sons, John, currently an ensign in the navy, and Thad, who was manager of the Hotel Puget at Port Gamble. A downtown landmark, beloved of generations of small boys, gave way to progress as hotel construction began. The huge old cherry tree on the corner, which had been the pride and joy of Captain Sam Willey when his home was located there, was chopped down at the ripe age of 50 years.

The same contractor who was doing the preliminary work at the hotel site was also putting the finishing touches on the impressive new brick and concrete William Winlock Miller high school on Main street just north of the

stylish Capital apartments. The original high school building had been taken over by the state with the expansion of the new capitol grounds. It had been intended to refit it as a temporary office building, but on the evening of July 1 it caught fire and was completely gutted. Low water pressure and the lack of a pumper engine made it impossible to control the blaze and a high wind swept firebrands across the south end residential area, setting fire to numerous houses. High school classes were held in temporary quarters until late December, when the student body assembled at the new building across Main street.

Another progressive proposal aimed primarily at solving the ancient problem of the west 4th street bridge generated bitter controversy within the civic leadership. The city council proposed a $300,000 bond issue to construct a new concrete span and pave parts of the Tacoma and Tenino highways. Doc Carlyon, still thinking big, advocated a $600,000 bond issue to make additional road and street improvements, including the grading and paving of the west 4th street hill. Attorney Funk insisted that "for $12,000 you could put in a cheap wooden drawbridge that would answer the purpose." Secretary Kenney of the brewing company didn't want to spend any money at all. Any construction during wartime would, he insisted, be "unpatriotic." He further quoted William G. McAdoo, secretary of the treasury, to back his stand.

Walter McDowell, a west side resident, replied heatedly that "McAdoo is in no position to tell how bad a new west side bridge and county paving is needed."

Funk sprang to the defense of Kenney and economy. "You knew the hill was there," he told the westsiders, "now you want the city to give you a nice easy grade." Ex-Police Chief Caton, also a west side resident, delivered a religious blow to Kenny and Funk with the pronouncement that 'you would criticize God the almighty for putting the hill there."

As usual, Doc Carlyon got his way and the $600,000 bond issue was duly passed by a majority of 70 votes.

The firm of Morrow and Blackman, anticipating the improved highways, inaugurated the first Olympia-Tacoma auto freight line, operating their single truck daily from the Rose-Nepple garage.

Despite the continuing signs of modernity, Olympia managed to retain a degree of its traditional bucolic charm. The *Olympian* took note of a couple of examples during the year. In mid-January "a middle aged gentleman of rural appearance" attempted to mail several letters in one of the city's fire alarm boxes at the corner of 4th and Main. Apprised of his error by amused bystanders, he rushed down the street toward the fire station a block away, waving his arms and shouting at the firemen, who had the Seagrave cranked and half way up the block before he could get them stopped. Soon afterward a newly-rich eastern Washington cattle farmer arrived in town with a large bankroll and set out to see the sights of the capital city. He expressed the opinion to a statehouse janitor that the octagon-towered stone structure was "a real beauty." The janitor jokingly offered to sell it to the cattleman, who immediately began peeling bills of large denomination from his roll to make the down payment. The janitor had considerable difficulty explaining that it was all a joke.

By early fall a deadly influenza epidemic was sweeping the Northwest. Dr. Kincaid urged the wearing of gauze "flu masks," public meetings were banned and the schools were closed but the disease continued to take its toll, especially of the very young and the very old.

Those who were not yet infected forgot the flu and threw away their masks on November 8 when a false report of an armistice ending the war raced across the nation. The town abandoned itself to the premature victory celebration. Automobile owners salvaged old radiators and other scrap iron from the ruins of the burned high school, attached them to their vehicles and raced up and down the streets madly honking their horns. Factory whistles shrilled, school bells clanged and there was a major run on drug store supplies of a popular brand of "stomach bitters" which had an alcoholic content of 25 percent.

The real armistice, three days later, came as something of an anti-climax. It came too late for some, including Mrs. C. C. Cater, who had received word on November 3 of the death of her son, Ira, who had left high school and his job as an usher at the Rex theater to enlist in the infantry. He had died at a field hospital in France on October 16 of wounds received in action on the western front.

Governor Lister, who had been forced to remain for some time in a Chicago hospital while returning from a trip to the national capital, was back in town, but not living in the mansion. Legislators, who were smarting under continuing charges of extravagance, had been firing periodic counter-barrages of criticism at the governor practically since he had moved into the big red brick house on the hill. He was accused of having a garage built at state expense and without legislative approval, of using Filipino convicts from the state penitentiary as house servants and of having charged five gallons of oysters to the taxpayers for a state dinner. In high dudgeon, the chief executive had packed up and moved across Main street to the Capital apartments, leaving the governor's mansion vacant. A number of local youths broke in and began systematically looting the rugs and furnishings, but the plot was fortunately discovered before they could arrange transportation for the final removal of the neatly stacked haul.

1919

The legislators returned to the capital city on January 12, amid rain, wind and flu masks and without a single bar to provide a drop to ward off the chill. Rumors were prevalent, however, that a number of the statesmen had brought their own bars with them in their suitcases. Three members checked into St. Peters hospital before session opened, joining Representative Charles W. Gorham, state printer under Governor Mead and a legislator since 1917, who suffered a stroke on the floor of the house.

The survivors convened on January 14, electing Don Carlyon president pro-tem of the senate and Fred A. Adams of Spokane speaker of the house. Joint resolutions were then dispatched to congress requesting adoption of the nationwide woman suffrage amendment and a change in the name of the Panama canal to Roosevelt canal. The national Volstead act was also ratified on the first day without opposition.* Two days later a total of 36 state legislatures had approved the nationwide prohibition measure and the Noble Experiment was scheduled to go into full effect one year hence. As a matter of fact, the country went officially dry in July of 1919 when the war prohibition act banned all manufacture of beer and wine until demobilization was completed.

POST-WAR PROBLEMS

In his message to the legislature on January 15, Lister urged a program of public works to provide jobs for returning veterans, with particular emphasis on the Columbia basin irrigation projects. He branded the acts of the IWW as disloyal and cautioned that there was still need to guard against anarchy and sedition. He asked for a $100,000 emergency appropriation to cope with the influenza epidemic and $50,000 to erect a monument to the war dead on the new capitol grounds. He continued to defy the highway lobby, objecting strongly to Carlyon's proposal for a $30 million highway bond issue, pointing out that it would cost $11 million in interest by the time the bonds were retired. He did, however, recommend a lesser speedup of road projects as another means of finding jobs for the 50,000 Washington men who had been in uniform and the thousands more who were being laid off from shipyards and war industries.

The lawmakers displayed their patriotism by passing a criminal anarchy law which banned "all seditious banners and emblems" and made

*This was the first legislative session of which I have a personal recollection. At the age of five, I was taken to the capitol by my father to witness the historic ratification ceremonies. In the corridor outside the chambers I was fascinated by the sight of several gentlemen wearing long overcoats which nearly reached the floor. Quite regularly, other gentlemen would emerge from the legislative halls and hand money to the overcoated ones. Although the transactions were quick and cautious, I was able to observe that cloth loops were sewed inside the overcoats and each loop contained a small bottle filled with an amber liquid. The bottles were exchanged for the currency. When I asked my father what was happening he explained, "Those are our senators and representatives getting drunk enough to vote in prohibition."

it a crime to "flaunt the red flag" or to carry the red membership card of the IWW, a tougher criminal syndicalism law and a sabotage statute. The senate, however, turned down Senator George B. Lamping's bill to provide a modest state bonus to returning war veterans. The American Legion, in its formative stages, had not yet become an effective lobbying force for veterans, but the Seattle Elks lodge issued a resolution to "condemn and denounce as slackers and as men to be classed with the bolshevik and IWW element the members of the senate who voted aginst the soldiers' bonus." The Olympia Elks quickly held an indignation meeting to which brethren of the legislature were invited, to likewise condemn the action.

A major bone of contention in the senate was a proposed new divorce law, recommended by a committee of superior court judges. It would remove "personal indignities rendering life burdensome" as a cause, this, according to the judges, being the bases for two-thirds of the state's divorce cases. Senator Rockwell of King delivered a passionate oration for an amendment to also strike "incurable chronic mania and dementia after 10 years," claiming that the clause was put in the present divorce law by "a man who was in this legislature and who wanted to divorce his poor, stricken wife and marry his hired girl."

Senator Hall of Whitman got in a blow against one of his pet peeves by offering an amendment to include among the grounds for divorce, "when a wife leaves her husband and children and becomes a lobbyist at the legislature."

He was relatively safe in making this male chauvinist statement, for no woman had yet penetrated the masculine stronghold of the state senate. The single lady representative that session was Mrs. Frances Haskell of Pierce, who proved herself a good fellow on opening day by moving to suspend the rule against smoking on the floor of the house, and then relapsed into the silence befitting a freshman legislator and a woman.

By February all the items vetoed from the 1917 appropriations bill were restored, including $43,700 for the state bureau of inspection, a $6,000 salary for the state law librarian, $9,000 for the maintenance of the governor's mansion and $1,500 for the department of labor.

The house debated a bill by Representative Bassett of Spokane to establish a state constabulary of four companies, each with 45 privates, officers and specialists. The state Federation of Labor waged an all-out fight against the measure, using the Pennsylvania state constabulary as a horrible example of strike-breaking brutality, which had placed it in the same relationship to union labor as the cossacks to Russian peasants. The representatives decided to postpone action until a less objectionable plan for a state police force could be worked out.

A bill introduced by Senator W. Lon Johnson to restore the death penalty for capital crimes was passed, although not without some opposition and much discussion. Senator French wanted a remarkable amendment added to imprison the condemned at hard labor for one year, the governor to then fix the execution date and decide whether the gallows or the electric chair should be utilized. French felt this might prevent the execution of innocent persons, but it was agreed by the majority that it was somewhat cruel and unusual. Senator Johnson argued that the restoration of capital punishment "will be a big deterrent to murder, which is increasing rapidly in the state." The bill passed the senate 26 to 12 and sent to the house on the same day that an Olympia shipyard worker named Norman Burnette took his wife and two small boys on an automobile picnic excursion to Hawks Prairie. He was equipped with a gun and a shovel as well as a picnic basket and after lunch he brutally murdered his family, burying his wife and one son in shallow graves, the smallest child in a hollow under a tree root. The publicity didn't help the advocates of mercy, but Representative Shattuck of Kitsap put up a good fight. He said he had heard it argued that the death penalty was approved in the Book of Genesis, but that Christ had brought a different law. Thompson of Lewis, also a student of the Scriptures, rose to observe that "Christ on the cross did not condemn the capital punishment of the two thieves."

Shattuck disagreed and, according to the *Olympian, "Uproar followed, with Speaker Adams pounding his gavel and demanding order."* When peace was restored the capital punishment bill was passed by a 75 to 18 vote. Hart, who was acting governor at the time, announced immediately, "I will take great pleasure in signing it."

The sixteenth legislature passed other bills authorizing the manufacture of metal license plates at the penitentiary, establishing a licen-

sing board to certify "drugless healers" and a Columbia basin survey commission, and a new motor code which required rear license plate lights and banned "glaring headlights." The $50,000 for a war memorial was approved, along with a $3.5 million capitol appropriations bill to begin construction of the new legislative building. Appropriations from all funds reached a new grand total of just under $50 million.

A LOAD THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN SHARED

On January 31 Governor Lister did not appear at his office in the statehouse. It was announced that he was resting at home under the care of Dr. Ingham, who issued a reassuring bulletin, attributing the governor's condition to overwork and "blood pressure." By February 4 he was still confined to his bed at the Capital Apartments and rumors were prevalent that he had "abdicated," but he let it be known that this was not the case. He had asked Attorney General W. V. Tanner and Dr. Henry Suzzallo, president of the University of Washington,* to take care of things for him at the executive office, but was signing bills and conducting business from his bed.

The Seattle general strike, which had failed to paralyze the city as had been predicted, *was* scaring the daylights out of people, who viewed it as the first step in the take-over of the nation by the dreaded "Radicals." Although ambitious Ole Hanson, currently mayor of Seattle, was beginning to see visions of the presidency as he issued pronouncements that "the seat of government is still in city hall" and that "any man who attempts to take over the control of municipal government will be shot at sight," the problems of the strike placed added strain on the governor.

On February 13 Louis Hart took over as acting governor and Carlyon as president of the senate, while Lister was transferred by ambulance to the state hospital at Steilacoom, where he was placed under the care of his old family doctor and close friend, hospital Superintendent W. M. Kellar. Two days later he was brought home, apparently much improved, and consented to reoccupy the mansion. The legislature, which had done so much to raise the governor's blood pressure, immediately appropriated $5,000 to finance a sea voyage for his health. The sea voyage was never made. Instead, Lister was transferred in the late spring to Swedish hospital in Seattle, where he died at 8:35 a.m. on June 14 from what physicians diagnosed as "a cardio-vascular-renal disease." The next day he would have been 49 years of age.

Like the state's only other two-term governor in the first three decades of its history, Lister died in office, but he had established the record for the longest term of service of any governor so far . . . nearly six and a half years, or 18 months longer than that of his old friend John Rogers.

Lister, the youngest man yet elected governor of the state, was noted for his physical strength and robust health, but he had broken under the strain of the sudden precipitation of his office into a complicated 20th century. The office still functioned much as it had in the halcyon days of 1889. With a staff of a couple of secretaries and a stenographer and faced with a politically hostile legislature and state elected officials, Lister had been forced to do the job himself.

Republican Louis F. Hart drove to the Temple of Justice at 10 o'clock on the morning of June 15 and received the oath of office from Chief Justice O. R. Holcomb of the state supreme court. Then he issued a proclamation in which he said of Lister, "He attempted to carry a load that should have been shared by others, and one which was too much for even his wonderful strength."

*Dr. Suzzallo, a native of San Jose, California, was appointed to the presidency of the university following years of political, religious and philosophical bickering which had embroiled the institution since the days of Governor Rogers and resulted in frequent turn-over of presidents. Even Professor Meany became embroiled in the political in-fighting and barely survived a strong effort by Rogers to have him fired. Dr. Franklin Kane, Suzzalo's immediate predecessor, was fired by the board of regents in 1913 against the wishes of Lister. In the resulting showdown, an entirely new board was appointed by the governor and Suzzallo was employed after a long search for a top-flight administrator, which Suzzallo was. He gained nationwide prominence during the war years as an arbiter of labor disputes and was much in demand as a public speaker, having the ability, it was said, "to make speeches all day long without repeating himself" and could "talk to experts in any field and inform them of things they had not known in their specialties."

On July 28 the last of a dozen wooden Ferris-type freighters built by the Sloan yard for the U. S. Emergency Fleet Corporation, the *Dacula,* was christened by Miss Ruth Peters and duly launched to take its place with hundreds of similar hulls which were never destined to sail the seas. Two unfinished hulls remained on the ways at the Sloan shipyard, but the wartime shipbuilding boom was ended. Workers, used to wartime wages, were unwilling to face the fact that the nation was facing a post-war economic slump. Strikes continued to plague the nation and the Northwest. The widely publicized Seattle general strike made the biggest headlines, but pickets were walking everywhere. National strikes tied up the railroad, steel, telegraph, electrical and coal mining industries. Even in Olympia, where labor militancy was less evident than in more industrialized cities of the area, 1919 was a year of strikes.

The local bakers walked off the job, demanding raises from $42 to $53 a week. Telephone operators tried again. Some of them were still getting $2.00 a day after seven years on the job and they demanded $4.00 a day after three years service. Building laborers delivered an ultimatum on a $5.50 per day miminum scale and the piledriver crew working on the east 4th street bridge walked out on strike for $8.00 a day. All paving work on the new Pacific highway was shut down by labor disputes and in November Governor Hart ordered Adjutant General H. J. Moss to place the 3rd regiment of Washington national guard on standby alert to prevent violence and property damage in a statewide coal strike. Even the pay of city employees was up 20 percent . . . $150 a month for the fire and police chiefs, $132 for firemen and $120 for policemen.

It was feared that the continuing rash of strikes would seriously delay a number of major construction jobs scheduled for the capital city following the relaxation of wartime restrictions on materials and labor. The contract had been let to complete the marble interior and sandstone exterior of the Temple of Justice at a cost of $283,267 . . . nearly 250 percent above the architect's pre-war estimate. The Elks lodge had successfully raised $75,000 to build an impressive three-story brick lodge building next door to the Mitchell Hotel on Main street. An all-out drive, similar to that which had raised the money to build the legendary Hotel Olympia nearly three decades earlier, lifted the new hotel project from the doldrums and work was resumed at the corner

LOUIS F. HART, 10th governor, kept tight rein on state spending.

of 6th and Washington. The Olympia Hotel Building company was capitalized by local stock subscriptions, with J. L. Peters as president, C. J. Lord, treasurer; C. H. Springer, vice president; L. B. Faulkner, secretary; and trustees P. M. Troy, Millard Lemon, Peter Schmidt, Harry Van Arsdale and Thad Pierce. Inflation had raised the original cost estimates by 300 percent . . . to $300,000.

A new organization, the American Legion, had established its local post, named for Alfred William Leach, who had served with Battery D, 6th Field Artillery and was killed in action on the Argonne five weeks before the armistice was signed. The ex-doughboys were occupying space in the old Elks building, but they too were busily raising funds for a new building of their own.

EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY

The year was not without its amusements. The public was titillated by the trial of Ruth Garrison, a sexy 18-year-old redhead who had allegedly poisoned Grace Storrs, the wife of her

paramour, in the restaurant of a Seattle department store. Women, including a few from Olympia, were tramped in the rush to get seats in the courtroom. Leading society matrons pulled hair and cursed like fishwives in the battle for seats, but they later chose a delegation to call on Colonel Blethen of the *Times* with a request that he stop publication of the names of those who suffered minor injuries in the melee. They explained that they didn't want their husbands to know that they had been involved in such a sordid affair. Pretty Ruth was declared mentally irresponsible and placed in the insane ward at the state penitentiary, but this was not the last that would be heard of her.

Prison authorities subsequently discovered that male inmate workers in the laundry had tunneled through the wall to the laundry room of the women's section and were engaging in illicit sex with the female convicts. One young prisoner was caught in the act with Ruth and the outraged warden dispatched a telegram to the governor asking him to rescind the young man's probation, which was being processed at Olympia.

Hart asked his new secretary, Hollis B. Fultz, why the parole was being held up. Fultz explained what the prospective parolee had been doing in his spare time. The crusty chief executive, who was Washington's only tobacco-chewing governor, fixed his secretary with a disgusted look, ejected a large wad into the executive cuspidor and roared, "Hell, man, any young feller that's spent over two years in the pen and wouldn't tunnel through a wall to get at Ruth Garrison wouldn't *deserve* to get a parole."

He then took the papers from the bottom of the pile, signed them vigorously and handed them back to Fultz.

POST-WAR PROGRESS

There were, of course, more respectable forms of recreation and civic celebration to be enjoyed. On June 27 a 30-block parade, the longest in the city's history, made its way to Priest Point park, where three steers were barbecued to feed and honor the returning service men of Thurston county. The parade, which included scores of patriotically decorated floats, was led by the fire department's latest pride and joy, a 70-horsepower White combination, pumper, chemical and hose wagon, carrying, according to the *Olympian, "six of the city's prettiest girls."* The mining town of Tono declared a holiday and chartered a special OWR & N train to convey the entire population to the celebration. Major General William H. Johnson of the 91st Division addressed the crowd, after which dances were held in the Red Cross and Central halls and all men in uniform were admitted to the movies free.

The Ellison-White Chautauqua again set up its giant tent across from the new capitol grounds on Main street, bringing culture and such national figures as William Jennings Bryan to town. Local society was likewise delighted by the dance recital of Mrs. Edward Platt Gardner's class on the lawn of the A. A. Phillips home. Mrs. Gardner's "little fairies," dressed in fluffy white costumes, performed to the music of Miss Marjorie Holcomb on the mandolin and Mrs. Roy Huggett on the piano. The performers included such winsome tots as Arleta Satterlee, Charlotte Huggett, Elizabeth Kevin, Mary Lasher, Jean Mustard, Claire Nulton, Clara Louise Schmidt, Virginia Rowe, Mary Lindley, Edna McCaughan and the red-headed Clem twins, Frances and Florence.

The town's first public kindergarten was established at the Christian church, providing the rudiments of education to a class of 37 toddlers, including Richard Phillips, Stanley Lilian, David Dahlquest, Harry Lewis, Albert Hart, Julia Eaton, Elizabeth Standford and Virginia Isom. The first Boy Scout troop was organized at the home of Norman Funk, with Smith Troy elected its first scribe.

That heroic figure, the street car conductor, began to disappear from the city streets with the arrival of a fleet of seven of the ultra-modern Burney "one-man safety cars" as the Puget Sound Power and Light company took over the operations of the pioneer Olympia Light and Power company, tied in the capital city to its power grid and began phasing out the old power plant at Tumwater falls. The new street cars, designed as the traction companys' ultimate weapon against the automobile, were highly efficient and equipped with air brakes and folding steps which would emerge only when the car was at a full stop. They were entirely enclosed and people could no longer hang from the open platforms or entertain their fellow passengers and passers-by doing pratfalls from still moving cars. But another bit of romance was lost when the old open "wind-scoopers" stopped making their summer

runs to the baseball grounds at Carlyon park, which were being crowded out, in any event, by the modern bungalows of the recently platted Carlyon addition.

The drinking driver had also established himself as one of the real hazards of the highways. At 3 o'clock on a July morning a carload of celebrants missed the turn at 5th and Adams, crashed through the fence of the OWR & N railyards and demolished itself against a steel freight car. One girl was seriously injured and police noted "the odor of liquor" in the wrecked car.

These sad events failed to curb the exuberance of local motorists and the *Recorder* noted late in the year that *"Speed cop Peterson continues to arrest 'scorchers' on the city streets."*

Prompted perhaps by the increasing harvest of the automobile, the Sisters of Charity announced plans to build a new concrete and brick hospital in the near future to replace the old wooden structure of the 1880's.

And the county replaced its old outside jail behind the courthouse with a new escape-proof dungeon in the building's basement.

The automobile also brought an end to the 66-year era of the passenger steamboat at Olympia. The *Nisqually* had operated profitably during the war when train service was curtailed and gasoline scarce, and even the old *Greyhound* had returned briefly to service. Early in March, Mark Reed, who owned the Shelton steamer *S. G. Simpson,* purchased all the other shareholders' stock in the Olympia-Tacoma Navigation company and tried to make the racy *Nisqually* show a profit, but it just wasn't possible. Reed finally gave the steamer free and clear to her old skipper, Captain Fred Willson, who took her to the Columbia river to try and make a living on the Portland-Astoria run. For a few months the little *Magnolia* struggled to maintain the down-Sound steamboat service, but by 1920 water passenger service to the upper Sound, inaugurated in 1853 by the little *Fairy,* had ended. Reed kept the *Simpson* on the Shelton run for awhile longer, but she soon gave up also and was relegated to a freight run between Shelton and Tacoma.

THE ROARING TWENTIES

The decade of the Roaring 20's was ushered into the capital city amid the falsetto recriminations of Washington's militant women who charged that equal suffrage was being sabotaged, and Governor Hart was in the crossfire. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, was firing broadsides at him from national headquarters claiming that male chauvinist legislators had convinced him that he should drag his feet in calling a special session to ratify the suffrage amendment, which had passed congress the previous year. Emma Smith DeVoe was zeroing in on the embattled chief executive at closer range. Hart said he couldn't call a special session because he had to go to Washington, D.C., to promote irrigation projects for the state. This put the heat on Secretary of State Howell, who would be acting governor in Hart's absence. Auditor Clausen entered the fray with a declaration that if Howell called a special session he wouldn't pay the legislators.

Hart and Howell had a "mysterious consultation" in the first week of January and it was suspected that they had worked out a technique for passing the buck. Hart would go to Washington, D.C., and tell Mrs. Catt that a special session was up to Howell. Howell would stay in Olympia and tell Mrs. DeVoe that only Hart could call the session. A further complication was added when Mrs. G. Kilbeth of New York, president of the National Association *Opposed* to Woman Suffrage, began firing off telegrams to Hart urging him not to call the session.

On March 2 the governor gave up and called a special session for 20 days hence to consider the suffrage amendment and provide emergency funds for state institutions of higher education, which were filling up with returned service men. He did not, however, attempt to extract a pledge from the legislators that they would limit the session to these topics.*

If Hart had needed further proof of the problems that could be created by dedicated women, he received it from state School Superintendent Josephine Corliss Preston.

*The state constitution provides that only the governor can convene the legislature in extraordinary session, but it does not give him the power to limit the deliberations or the length of time to be spent on them, which explains why most governors have been markedly reluctant to thus assemble the lawmakers.

When she heard about the special session she issued a proclamation from New York, where she was attending a convention of the National Education Association, calling for an assemblage of all county and city superintendents and all high school principals at Olympia on March 22. The governor was horrified at the thought of a mass meeting of public school officials when the legislatuve convened. He fired off a plaintive telegram to Chicago for Mrs. Preston, who was on her way home by train:

"Nothing is anticipated which can in any way affect public schools. Can you defer state conference to March 29? In interests of general public I beg you to assist us in holding the work of the legislature within reasonable bounds."

Mrs. Preston was determined that the special session *should* do something affecting the public schools and she wired a defiant message to the governor:

"The crisis in education in our state makes a conference of teachers, superintendents and principals imperative if anything other than ratification is to be considered by the legislature. I am sure you will join me in presenting the needs of our schools to the honorable body in their true light."

When she arrived home on March 13 she dispatched a more conciliatory message to the executive office, congratulating Hart for calling the session to ratify woman suffrage and compromising on a March 20 to 22 meeting time for the forces of education. The governor was well aware that they would be buttonholing legislators when they convened and, according to the *Recorder,* he *"appeared slightly pained"* when he received Mrs. Preston's latest missive.

On March 16 Mrs. Preston and W. F. Geiger, chairman of the teachers' committee, met with Hart, the chairmen of the legislative appropriations committees, house and senate leaders and others, described by the *Recorder* only as *"several other brave men."* The governor tried to soothe the superintendent by informing her that the extraordinary session was only supposed to consider emergency matters and the public school situation just wasn't that emergent.

He didn't get very far. Mrs. Preston and Mr. Geiger informed him that the only difference between the college and public school crises was the fact that "Public school teachers haven't threatened to quit and close down the system as the University of Washington professors have." They pointed out further that teachers were leaving the classrooms in droves, unable to subsist on the average public school teacher's pay of $900 a year . . . compared to the $3,000 to $5,000 sinecures of the university instructors.

By the time the legislature convened, Hart had apparently been somewhat brain-washed by the educators. After pointing out a million dollar treasury deficit and urging rigid economy rather than more taxes, he conceded that "public school conditions are almost as deplorable as those of the colleges, with teachers quitting by the hundreds," but he left the lawmakers with the succinct advice regarding the special session to "keep it short and don't pass any appropriations bills." He suggested committees to study the educational proglems of the state and report to the 1921 regular session, but his principle emphasis was on government reorganization.

He pointed out to the legislators the multiplicity of state departments, boards and commissions which had popped out, like bureaucratic mushrooms, since 1889, "adding numerous hitherto unknown governmental functions." He reminded them that, while they had been adding new bureaucracies for the past 30 years, they had made only one effort to organizing or consolidating them. The result had been an increase in the per capita cost of state government from $4.70 in 1890 to $21.81 in 1920, while the assessed valuation of property had increased only three percent in the past six years. He declared that the property tax had "reached the line between taxation and confiscation" and that the state "does not require greater appropriations as much as it needs the exercise of a sensible rigid economy in all departments." To achieve more efficient and less costly state government he proposed to have drafted a bill completely reorganizing the basic governmental structure for submission to the 1921 session.

The legislature quickly ratified the national woman suffrage amendment, becoming the 26th to do so, the 12th to vote ratification unanimously and the 28th to convene in special session for the purpose. It appropriated funds to keep the colleges operating for the balance of the biennium, appointed a committee to study the common school crisis and adjourned *sine die* at 4:45 a.m. on March 24 after another heated inter-house battle over the veterans' bonus bill. The senate had passed it with an emergency clause, which would make

it effective immediately, but the house insisted on a referendum to the people. The senators finally receded from their position, earing the house would kill the bill entirely by indefinite postponement, and the referendum was approved for the fall ballot.

The legislature had been in special session just two days and had spent a modest $8,700.

Hart spent the interim between the special and regular sessions stumping the state on behalf of his governmental reorganizational proposal. He hammered away on the theme of escalating state taxes, telling audiences that the levy had more than doubled in eight years . . . from 5.3 mills in 1912 to 10.44 mills in 1920 . . . and that the legislature had contributed to the current $49 million per biennium cost of government* by, in its last four sessions, creating 20 new boards and commissions with 76 members, many with duplicating functions and all "without system or proper placing of responsibility."

Citizens of Willapa Harbor were given a first-hand lesson in the blessings of bureaucratic consumer protection when the state public service commission ordered the Willapa Electric company to raise its electrical rate from 40¢ a month minimum to $1.00 and to install meters, on the grounds that the private utility was facing financial ruin. The company protested that it was making plenty of money and both its stockholders and customers were happy, but the state bureau was adamant. The company would either raise its rates 150 percent or lose its certificate.

Another political bone of contention during 1920 was Referendum 1, sponsored by Senator Carlyon, which would authorize a multi-million dollar bond issue for a major program of paving the state's major highways. The measure was specific as to the kind of paving to be used. Anything except Portland cement was banned. Representatives of the asphaltic paving industry muttered darkly that this was the greatest rip-off in the state's history; that Carlyon and certain other legislative power brokers would share a 5¢ a sack payoff from the cement industry for every grain of their product used in surfacing the state highways. The state Good Roads Association shrugged off the innuendos and voted 234 to 37 to support the Carlyon road bill, but the people turned it down at the polls in November. As might be expected, Doc Carlyon considered his pet measure to be only slightly wounded, not dead, and he was determined to nurse it back to full health and vigor.

*For those readers who like to make comparisons, it may be pointed out that the record budget of the 1919-1921 biennium was approximately eight percent of the current state budget.

CAMPAIGN 1920

No less than six candidates for governor filed against Hart on the Republican ticket in 1920 . . . George Lamping, author of the veterans' bonus bill, the determined Roland Hartley, John Stringer, E. T. Coman, John A. Gellatly and the state's first female gubernatorial candidate, Anna MacEachern of Seattle. Judge Black, still convinced that Ernest Lister had robbed him of his chance at the governorship, filed for the Democratic nomination, along with three relatively unknown candidates.

Lamping's campaign by automobile of southwest Washington ended in disaster when his car was hit by a falling tree a few miles west of Olympia. He was taken to St. Peter's hospital, where surgeons sewed one of his ears back on, rejoined the tendons in high right hand and otherwise patched him up. He was on his feet again by September, but Hartley, who was also embarked on a whirlwind automobile campaign, was a good many laps ahead by that time. He showed up at Sylvester park in Olympia with a male quartet of University of Washington students, who entertained the voters. Hartley then made a speech vociferously denying that he was an enemy of organized labor, although he made it plain that he denied the right of labor organizations "to interfere with or prevent any man from working for whomsoever he pleases at any wage satisfactory to him whether he belongs to a labor union or not." He promised economy in government and the reduction of state boards and commissions, but Hart had firmly established that issue as his own and, as incumbent, was getting much more publicity for his views.

The 1920 campaign also brought a personable young politician from New York to Olympia. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, assistant

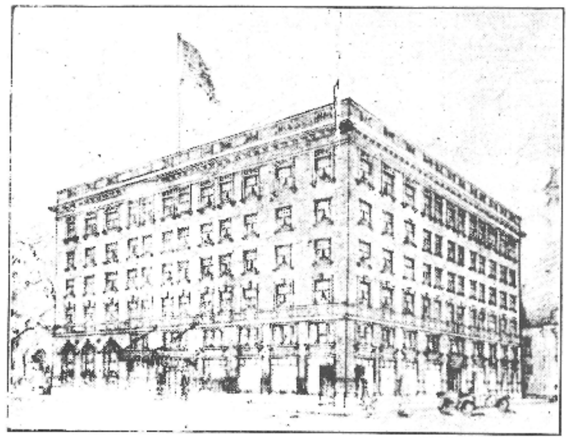
secretary of the navy under Wilson and vice-presidential running mate of Democratic presidential nominee James M. Cox, spoke to a modest crowd of about a thousand people at Sylvester park on the morning of August 21. He emphasized the need for reclamation of arid lands in the west and voiced strong support for Wilson's League of Nations, before turning the platform over to all the Democratic candidates for governor, who were traveling with him on his special train. The *Recorder* noted that *"his good natured smile and pleasing personality made a favorable impression of Mr. Roosevelt as an individual regardless of his political policies,"* but seemed to share the general opinion of the state's press that he was a nice enough young fellow who lacked the aggressiveness and force of character to get very far in politics.

Roosevelt's impact on the voters of Washington supported the belief that he wasn't very effective. Republican Herbert Hoover swept the state by the biggest majority in its history. Hart, who had easily taken the nomination from Hartley and his other opponents, beat Democratic nominee Black by nearly 22,000 votes. Wee Coyle, former football star and legislative clerk, was elected lieutenant governor by a similarly healthy majority, while the five Republican congressmen were all returned to office. The soldiers' bonus bill was approved by a better than two to one majority, but aside from those who were war veterans, it was another bad year for the Democrats.

The December municipal election came as an anti-climax. Colorful and controversial George Mottman had renounced politics forever and was concentrating on the operation of his department store. His Citizens party had lapsed back into futility and the Republican ticket, backed by the powers of the Elks club and the Smokehouse, had no difficulty in electing its mayorality candidate, C. H. Bowen, over D. R. Hester by a vote of 611 to 107.

OLYMPIA, WASH. SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1919.

OLYMPIA'S NEW $300,000 HOTEL



With excavation work started for the foundation of Olympia's new $300,000 six-story hotel under a contract calling for the completion of the building by May 1, 1920, J. G. Day, superintendent of construction for the H. L. Stevens company, of Chicago, architects for the building, yesterday announced the details of the plans and arrangements for the structure.

Located at the corner of Sixth and Washington streets, the hotel will occupy the entire site, 120 by 120 feet, with entrances on both streets, the main entrance being on Sixth street. The structure will be of reinforced concrete with the enclosing walls of brick and eight-inch hollow tile. On the street sides the walls will be of selected light face brick. The lower floor will be trimmed with terra cotta space 80 by 88 feet. Adjoining the main dining hall will be three private dining rooms, each 12 by 36 feet, with folding doors opening into the main dining rooms. The lobby and main dining room will be two stories in height, ceilings of decorative plaster, the sides with walnut wainscoting. In the lobby will be the hotel office, telephone booths, cigar and news stands, check rooms, vault and the usual conveniences of a modern hotel. A large fire place will add to the attractiveness of the lobby.

A marble stairway leads from the lobby to the second floor. The mezzanine floor is provided with a promenade 50 by 70 feet, overlooking the lobby and main dining room with a well opening to the lobby of 25 by 40 feet. On the mezzanine floor will rooms will be equipped with telephone service and hot and cold water. The woodwork in the rooms will be finished in silver grey stain with papered walls to match the finishing. An enclosed fire escape with openings to the alley will make all rooms accessible to a safe exit in case of fire, while the main stairway will be enclosed in a fire tower. In all the hotel will contain 155 rooms, 75 of which will have private baths.

The basement will contain eight large sample rooms, general storage rooms and the help's locker rooms. The refrigeration and ice machinery will also be in the basement, while the heating plant will be installed in a separate unit.

The elevator service will be located at the northeast corner of the main

Architect's drawing of proposed Hotel Olympian, front paged in the *Morning Olympian* of May 24, 1919.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE HOTEL OLYMPIAN

The local Elks lodge came close to losing its reputation for solid respectability in June. Both the splendid New Hotel Olympian and the adjacent Elks temple had been completed and the formal openings were scheduled for June 25 and 26 respectively. More than 5,000 of the benevolent and protective brethren flocked into town for the ceremonies. Seventeen Elk deputies were appointed to help the limited local police force maintain order, but, according to Hollis Fultz, who had been chairman of the building committee and was exalted ruler of the local lodge that year, *"by one o'clock in the afternoon, all the deputies themselves were a little unruly."*

In his book *Elkdom in Olympia,* Fultz provided details of the day's festivities which were tactfully ignored by the contemporary press:

"There was a bootlegging joint just a block and a half from the police station; at times the line extended beyond the front door of the jail. Rowdy crowds filled the streets; and only while the parade was being held, and it was more than 20 blocks long, was there much semblance of order. By dinner time, restaurants had to lock their doors to avoid destruction of property. The Olympian Hotel

was dedicated the same day; fire hoses were turned on until one of the floors was flooded. It was midnight before order was restored. Yet all this trouble was caused by less than 100 wild individuals out of 5,500. No one was hurt; few fights, or other trouble, and all the events were a great success. Nevertheless, this Exalted Ruler, gazing out of the upstairs window of the Chamber of Commerce, across at Crane's Restaurant, where chairs had been strung across the doors, shed a few tears, for his future reputation and that of B.P.O.E. 186."

The new Olympian hotel had formally opened for inspection the previous day, with visiting hours form four to ten p.m. It was described by the *Recorder* as *"a triumph of comfort and beauty, the constant stream of visitors finding continual delight in the elegancies of furnishing and arrangements."* The main dining room, with its huge arch windows and two story high ceiling was pronounced *"superior to the Isabella Dining Room of the Hotel Davenport (in Spokane), which has been conceded to be the finest in the state."*

When the first formal dinner was held in the new hotel dining room with state and local dignitaries toasting the capital city's latest civic achievement, Peter Schmidt chartered an airplane to transport him from Seattle in time for the speeches, which made him the first Olympian to make a commercial flight. (The following month a pilot named Pop Maroney moored his seaplane at the city float for several days, taking local citizens on sightseeing flights at $15 a head. Mrs. Mowell got her delayed airplane ride with this first of the post-war barnstormers to work Olympia.)

The Olympian quickly became the center of social and political life. It housed the local branch of the automobile association and the central stage terminal, as well, and increasing numbers of people started their journeys from there as the Thompson-Smith stage line, which had transferred its five deluxe motor coaches from California to the Olympia-Tacoma route, brought a new standard of elegance in highway transportation. Their "big red stages" . . . elongated sedans with separate doors for each seat . . . were a marked improvement over the cold and drafty touring car-type stages of the past with their flapping side curtains. The new ones had plate glass windows, gray plush upholstery and three compartments . . . one for the driver, one for "ladies and escorts" and a smoker for unattached males.

The motor vehicle, particularly the Model-T Ford, had become commonplace by 1920. The *Recorder* noted that local dealers had 1,000 automobiles on order for the year, which would require a 250-car freight train if they all arrived at once. The motor truck had virtually eliminated the horse-drawn delivery wagon and was moving onto the farm. In May a 40-truck caravan, representing every make sold on the Pacific coast . . . GMX, Maxwell, Clydesdale, Day-Elder, Garford, Commerce and many more . . . arrived in town to publicize the "Motorize the Farm" campaign of the dealers' association.

The popularity of the automobile exceeded the available supply of fuel during the summer of 1920 and motorists were horrified to find themselves grounded by a major gasoline shortage. The *Recorder* commented on *"the long, dismal lines at every gas supply station"* and noted that when a 6,000-gallon railroad tank car finally arrived in town, its contents was *"lapped up tremendously by famished tanks."* The 6,000 gallons lasted only four hours and the price was raised from 25¢ to 38¢ a gallon.

The community's grip on the capital became somewhat firmer on April 30, when the cornerstone was laid for the new $890,000 office building which was the next step in the Wilder and White plan for the new capitol group. Listed as "Office Building A" on the architects' plans, it is now known as the Insurance building. A $257,000 contract was also let by the capital commission for a power house and heating plant at the foot of the bluff on the shore of the Deschutes waterway. It was to be built of Tenino sandstone to match that salvaged from the burned high school building, which the commission had thriftily ordered used "as far as it will go."

As usual, the advance of progress demolished old landmarks as it created new ones. The once grand and gaudy Olympia opera house, former pride of John Miller Murphy and the town, but last used three years earlier for a boxing exhibition, was condemned as a fire trap and torn down. The old Lobby Building, erected the same year as the opera house as Farquhar's general store and later used as a legislative building and social center, also fell to the wreckers' crowbars and sledgehammers.

Although the street and bridge bond issue had been approved by the voters, the deepening post-war financial slump was making it difficult to market the paper. In April the *Recorder* headlined the ominous news . . .

"BEWARE THE CITY BRIDGE." The city council had been forced to close the 4th street span to heavy traffic and to inform automobile owners that they could cross it only at their own risk. The omniverous Budd Inlet teredos were as hungry as ever and it was reported that one of the bridge bents was supported by only a single piling, while several others had only two or three remaining. The paper reported flatly that *"it is about to collapse."*

The paving of East Bay drive to the park was also delayed by trouble in disposing of $12,000 in bonds to fund the city's share of the project. And there was already talk of a new bond proposal to replace the old brick Lincoln and Washington schools, which were being propped up with timbers to prevent their complete collapse.*

THE DEVIL AND MR. HAYCOX

The major community feud of 1920 was generated by a proposal to permit the students of William Winlock Miller high school to hold co-educational dances in the gymnasium "under proper adult supervision." The school board, scenting trouble, decided it wanted a public hearing on the matter. Apparently the first meeting was attended by only a few parents . . . and liberal ones at that. Those present voted 18 to one to permit the dances, but as soon as the result was announced the supporters of the puritan ethic began to make themselves heard. C. E. Beach resigned as school superintendent during the ensuing furor and high school Principal Elmer L. Breckner replaced him. Leland P. Brown, former vice principal and athletic director, took over the high school and the board decided it had better have another public hearing. That one was held on January 16, the same night that national prohibition became effective and a grand victory celebration was staged in the Methodist church by the ladies of the WCTU. The forces of godliness were feeling their oats and their spokesman, Councilman W. E. Haycox, delivered a long homily to the school board. A vote of the parents meant nothing, he said, because the issue was one of right or wrong, and "any dancing is altogether wrong . . . the devil's wedge designed to be driven into the heart of the church."

Haycox was followed by a number of Protestant ministers who declared that "such diversion is apt to be immoral and likely to drive children away to other schools," and by highly vocal mothers, one of whom announced fervently that "I would let my children grow up without education rather than permit them to attend Olympia high school if dances are held in the gymnasium." Another topped that with the announcement that she was keeping *her* daughter out of school because the proposal had been made in the first place. J. Grant Hinkle, assistant secretary of state, observed that dancing leads to drinking and fighting and he couldn't "comprehend why people don't prefer to go fishing."

An effort was made to compromise when somebody suggested that girls be required to dance with girls and boys with boys, but that interesting proposal was lost in the general uproar. A few of the more liberal finally made themselves heard. Mrs. George Naden suggested that perhaps the students should be consulted "somewhat," but such arrant permissiveness was not viewed favorably. C. J. Lord pointed out that no high school students would be *forced* to attend the dances and Mrs. Charles Lindley ventured the opinion that "if old maids would learn to fox trot they wouldn't be old maids much longer." Frank Owings provided a historical note with the reminder that "Martha Washington was an unrivaled dancer" and an unidentified old gentleman, apparently not quite sure what the meeting was about, rose to declare firmly that *he* wasn't afraid of the devil.

The school board passed the buck to Principal Brown, who wisely waited until the defenders of morality found something else to view with alarm; then quietly approved the high school hops, which proved far less conducive to schoolgirl pregnancies than the outlying commercial dance halls, where bootleg booze was readily available and automobiles found plentiful secluded parking places on the way home.

The new outrage which had distracted the attention of the righteous from the high school gymnasium was the increasing obscenity of

*As a member of Miss Amelia Dittman's second grade class at the old Lincoln school that year, I can testify that the building was more than a little scary, especially when a strong wind made it shake and groan.

motion pictures. The PTA committee on movie censorship complained that "many plays are suggestive in theme and worse in production; that many films are unfit for children to view and, in some cases, pass beyond the borderline of common decency."

Local theater operators argued that "we give people what they want," but agreed to provide one "family night" each week, at which all film fare would be guaranteed "free from objectionable features," but things kept getting more outrageous. One theater, the *Recorder* announced breathlessly, was *"advertising an alleged 'sex' play with a poster of a nude couple embracing,"* although it conceded somewhat ruefully that *"no scene in the play carried the suggestiveness of the poster."*

Councilman Haycox was moved to new heights of indignation when the Strand theater posted a big sign, "LIVE BABY GIVEN AWAY!" The councilman confronted manager C. P. Mervin and demanded an explanation. The manager explained that it was only a baby pig that was to be the door prize, but Haycox was not mollified. He demanded that the sign be taken down immediately as "immoral and misleading" and departed "to consult with the humane society."

1921

There was more than the usual atrocious January weather to depress the spirits of the legislators when they arrived early in January for the 17th biennial session. The post-war slump was rapidly assuming the proportions of a full-scale depression. The number of unemployed workers in the nation had reached 2,325,000 . . . the highest since the panic of 1897. Pay and prices were dropping and tax delinquencies were increasing. Labor union membership had dropped 40 percent as hard-pressed workers vied for any kind of jobs at any kind of pay.

The legislative clerks, more anxious than ever to hang onto their patronage jobs in the face of the increasingly bleak economic outlook, arrived several days before the legislators and bustled into the statehouse to set up their committee rooms. Regular employees of a half dozen departments, boards and bureaus were sent packing from their comfortable offices and sought refuge in the new Insurance building, which wasn't quite finished yet. The plaster was damp and the building's interior tomblike. The civil servants muttered and sniffled and came down with head colds, cursing the legislature as bureaucrats are want to do even to the present day.

When state government had moved into the sandstone statehouse 15 years earlier there had been room to spare, but even though the supreme court, attorney general and library had been transferred to the Temple of Justice, things were getting crowded under the octagon clock tower by 1921.

After electing E. H. Guie of Seattle speaker and Howard Taylor president pro-tem, the legislators prepared to consider Governor Hart's governmental reorganization plan, which he now referred to as the civil administration code. Ex-legislator McArdle, who was currently working for the bureau of inspection and had drawn up the proposed code for Hart, presented its salient features to the house of representatives, convened as a committee of the whole, in mid-January. There were immediate shouts of indignation from a variety of sources. Many legislators, particularly senators, who tend to be somewhat more paranoid than representatives, saw it as a power grab by the governor. School Superintendent Preston said she didn't like "its effects on the public schools," but didn't explain just what she thought those effects might be. The various lobbies which had evolved friendly working relationships with the existing bureaucracies didn't want some big, impersonal . . . and perhaps efficient . . . state department taking over in their areas of special interest, and organized labor also lobbied against the administrative code.

Most of the state's press favored it on the grounds of promised efficiency and economy, a notable exception being the Seattle *Star,* which seldom agreed with the *Times* and *P.I.* on anything and didn't like Governor Hart anyway. Hart, a diabetic, had been in poor health throughout his term as lieutenant governor and hadn't been able to afford proper medical treatment. His illness made it difficult for him to remain alert during the interminable meetings he had to attend as chief executive. He would grow drowsy and sometimes take refuge in actual slumber. The *Star's* political

cartoonist lampooned this weakness by always drawing Hart with his eyes closed. The governor didn't think that was very funny and sued the publishers for libel. Relations between Hart and the *Star* remained strained throughout his terms of office.

Most newspapers including Olympia's Perkins twins, featured pro-code editorials pointing, like the *Recorder,* to *"the appalling facts on taxation in this state"* and decrying *"the total tax load on Washington citizens of over $72 million . . . nearly $54 per capita."**

The governor's message to the legislature had concentrated on the administrative code. He had done an excellent selling job throughout the state in 1920 and had succeeded in having its adoption included in the state Republican party platform. The entire membership of the legislature, with the exception of two senators and three representatives was Republican and all were faced with the growing public demand for more efficiency and less taxes. The voters were sobering up painfully after the wartime binge, during which they cheered any expenditure which might be construed as patriotic or useful to the war effort. And, as Hart pointed out in no uncertain terms, the general fund had a deficit of over a million dollars and the various institutions were crying for deficiency appropriations of a million and a quarter dollars.

Regardless of what their private thoughts on the matter may have been, the legislators passed the governor's administrative code bill almost unanimously.

It is strange that Louis Hart, a poverty-stricken country lawyer and poorly paid fraternal lodge secretary, should set as his goal the achievement of the first "business administration" for the state, but he did and he subsequently achieved that goal so effectively that business leaders came to Olympia to take a few pages from his famous account book.

GOVERNOR HART RUNS A TIGHT SHIP OF STATE

Although Hart was preoccupied with his administrative reorganization plans in 1921, he made recommendations in other areas, some of them surprisingly enlightened considering his background and political philosophy. They included probation or suspended sentences for first offenders in felony cases, registration and control of firearms and vocational and agricultural training for the inmates of state institutions. He opposed the move by ardent prohibitionists to establish a state police for the primary purpose of enforcing the dry laws and by industrial and business interests for a strike-breaking constabulary. If a state police force was established, he told the legislators, it should be primarily a highway patrol, financed by a $1.00 license fee for every automobile driver. He wanted the general fund property tax levies abolished and, although the legislature failed to do so, he saw to it that none were levied thereafter during his term in office. As another means of achieving that objective, he asked for and got a one cent per gallon gasoline tax to finance future highway construction and maintenance.

A bill was passed making bootlegging and "jointism" felonies punishable by five years in prison and the state highway patrol was established, much as Hart had recommended. A new anti-alien land law was passed "to prevent the best agricultural lands in Washington from passing into the hands of Japanese farmers*, a measure also advocated by the governor, and his one cent a gallon gasoline tax was adopted. A measure was passed making the sale of narcotics to addicts a felony, but permitting liberal prescriptions through doctors, dentists and veterinarians. Enrollment at the university was limited by law to 5,000 and at the state college to 2,500. The national "Black Sox" professional baseball scandal prompted a measure making it a felony to "fix" any baseball game and Olympians were delighted when continued development of the capitol group was approved, along with a $30,000 appropriation as the state's share for the much discussed and long postponed new concrete bridge across the Deschutes waterway on east 4th street.

There were predictable howls of protest when the legislators finally got up the courage to pass a joint resolution raising their own salaries from five to ten dollars a day while in

*again, for those who like to make comparisons, state and local taxes in 1965 totaled $879 million. By 1970 the figure had reached 1.5 *billion,* with an average cost per family of $2,836 for the year 1972.

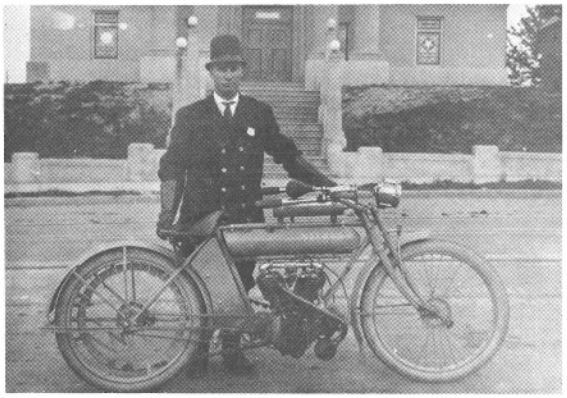
*The U. S. supreme court, two years later, ruled both the Washington and similar California "anti-Jap" land laws unconstitutional.

session, but the bill which generated the most heat, particularly upon Hart, was a $5.00 per head poll tax which the governor favored because it would pay off the $11 million bonded debt the voters had imposed on themselves to pay the veterans' bonus. His political enemies, almost all from his own party, found this a convenient issue to focus public criticism upon the governor, but the real issue, as far as they were concerned, was Hart's stubborn refusal to fire competent Lister appointees and replace them with deserving Republican hangers-on. There is no bitterness like that of a disappointed political job-seeker, and there were many of these during the years that Hart commanded a tight ship of state.

The chief executive gave clear evidence that he meant business when the legislature adjourned in mid-March and he reached for his red fountain pen. He outdid Lister in vetoes, setting a new record of 31, plus 11 line item vetoes in the appropriations bill. These included a fourth normal school at Centralia, a women's industrial home and clinic, a $50,000 gift to the Children's Orthopedic hospital in Seattle and $30,000 to ten other charitable institutions, and a $50,000 contribution to the Pacific Northwest Tourist association. Although he had favored the much discussed blue sky law aimed at controlling fly-by-night stock promoters, he turned down the version passed by the legislature, terming it "a nefarious act to aid wildcat sales." The measure, doubtless drawn up with the aid of interested lobbyists, carefully excluded oil, gas and mining stocks . . . the favorite wares of the quick-buck artists . . . from all regulations, and Hart "refused to become a party to foisting such a bill upon an innocent public."

Less understandably, he also vetoed a bill reaffirming the treaty right of Yakima Indians to fish at Prosser falls in Benton county, but he redlined this one before adjournament and it was passed over his veto. The *Recorder* noted that *"even the usually silent and sententious Mark Reed declaimed against the governor's view."*

The highway patrol became a reality on August 1 when Louis M. Lang, former supervisor of capitol buildings and grounds, was appointed commandant and began recruiting his two dozen motorcycle officers. Ten days later one Mike Furin was encountered on the highway east of Olympia driving at the breakneck speed of over 45 miles an hour. Major Lang personally chased him all the way from Camp Lewis to the Boulevard road before he got him stopped and Mr. Furin gained the historic distinction of becoming the first citizen arrested by the state patrol.



NEMESIS OF SPEED MANICAS was Olympia's first traffic cop, complete with helmet, gauntlets and Yale motorcycle, posed in front of the Masonic Temple on Main Street in pre-World War I days.

Governor Hart wasted no time in establishing the ten administrative departments authorized under the new code law. By spring the baffling multitude of bureaucracies which had sprung up helter-skelter during the 33 years of statehood was reduced to the departments of efficiency, public works, business control, taxation and examination, health, conservation and development, labor and industries, fisheries and game, agriculture and licenses, plus a highway commission, finance committee, capitol committee, humane bureau and state historical society.

Unlike recent governmental consolidations which were sold to the legislature on promises to cut costs and increase efficiency, Hart's plan began to work almost immediately. He appointed the best people he could find to head the new departments . . . his first choice was his old highway adversary, L. D. McArdle, as director of efficiency . . . and he kept them on a tight financial rein. Each department was required to submit to him a weekly financial statement, showing its total appropriation, its expenditures to date, its expenditures as of the past week and its balance. These the governor preserved in a loose-leaf ledger which he kept always at hand on his desk.

"That damned black book," as it soon became known in state governmental circles, was the terror of legislators and bureaucrats alike. It must have been an unnerving experience to try to outmaneuver a chief executive who knew to the penny exactly how much money each department had available at the end of every week and how it was being spent. Certainly it is one which nobody had had to face in recent years.

Under the careful supervision of Hollis Fultz, the contents of the black book was utilized to prepare elaborate balance percentage charts for each month of the biennium, showing graphically in colored ink exactly where every state agency and the general fund stood financially at any given moment. Hart kept a stern eye on the wall charts and if a misguided official overspent his allowable percentage of funds by so much as a fraction of a point, he found himself almost immediately sweating profusely on the executive office carpet. Hart also held regular monthly "cabinet meetings" of elective and appointive officials to establish communications between the various state agencies.

By the end of the year the million dollar treasury deficit had been wiped out and there was a cash balance of more than $650,000. The general fund tax levy had been reduced 50 percent and 474 surplus state employees had been eliminated . . . about 20 percent of the total payroll.

Despite these evidences of efficient administration, recall movements against the governor gathered momentum during the year, particularly after a bank scandal rubbed off on him during the summer, despite his best efforts to avoid contamination.

The Scandinavian-American bank of Seattle had collapsed spectacularly, leaving a great many trusting depositors holding the bag. The bank's chief officer, who had been playing fast and loose with the funds, escaped to California and displayed his political clout by getting the governor to turn down the extradition request to return him to Washington. The bank's number-two man, Ole Larsen, was less nimble on his feet and was duly arrested and convicted for his part in the shenanigans. He, too, had powerful political allies and much pressure was put on Hart to grant him an executive pardon. Larsen was not popular with the common people of the state, who had suffered once too often from the activities of defaulting bankers. A popular saying of the time had it that "We got three kinds of larceny in this state . . . petty, grand and Ole."

Hart compromised by leaving the state after advising Coyle, the ex-football player lieutenant governor, that he thought it might be an act of Christian charity to issue a pardon to Banker Larsen. As acting governor Coyle signed the papers and Mr. Hansen became a free man. By the same act he committed political suicide and inflicted grievous wounds on Hart.

A comparatively minor scandal, but one which was the forerunner of perennial outbursts of public indignation over the years, resulted from the discovery that certain drivers of state automobiles were using their tax-supported vehicles for private purposes. Director McArdle of the department of efficiency announced that he had found a solution to the problem by devising a mileage form which was to be filled out under oath and turned in monthly, along with a check to the state treasurer to reimburse the general fund for any non-official mileage. It was, McArdle pointed out, the same "honor system" used in making out state expense vouchers. What he didn't realize was that many an individual who wouldn't embezzle cash from the public treasury would drive a public car to the grocery store or picnic grounds . . . which is still the case.

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

On June 1 the *Recorder* announced the beginning of a major change in the personality of state government. Since territorial days the small town atmosphere of Olympia had pervaded the modest halls of state. Hifallutin' airs were frowned upon and public officials, including the governor, were easily buttonholed by their neighbors and constituents in hotel lobbies, front porches and street cars. Hart, the champion of common-sense government and

the elimination of costly frills, ironically set the trend toward governmental grandeur when, as the *Recorder* noted, he *"occupied the spacious executive offices in the new Insurance building, second story front, more elegantly finished and lighted than ever before in the history of the state. With the change has gone the old fashioned simplicity and easy method of seeing the state's highest officer that marked the capitol building used by governors of the state since Rogers' time. That is doubtless a distinct gain in time saved for the governor, as no one can see him now unless it is somebody he wants to see, and the present settings are such as to discourage any notion of familiarity. Visitors must first make themselves known to Mrs. Pearl Kelly, assistant secretary in the reception room; then to the governor's private secretary in his private office."*

It took people a while to get used to the idea that high state officials were not ordinary mortals who welcomed impromptu visits, but the trend was established. Mrs. Hart was sometimes interrupted in her housekeeping activities by unknown sightseers who knocked on the mansion door and demanded to be admitted and shown around because they were taxpayers and co-owners. The day was coming when a detachment of state troopers almost as large as the whole highway patrol of 1921 would be assigned to guard the executive mansion from close inspection by the citizenry and the countdown probably started when Mrs. Hart's husband moved to that "spacious executive office" in the new stone and marble Insurance building.

State government in general was likewise emerging from an era of simplicity. With two buildings of the new capitol group completed, its functions were no longer confined to the old gray stone statehouse in downtown Olympia. It had begun the bureaucratic spread which would eventually expand its operations throughout the capital city and its environs.

ALCOHOLIC ALTERCATIONS

Local law enforcement agencies were much preoccupied with the continuing and not very effective effort to enforce the Volstead act. A number of the town's less respectable hotels, including the Carlton, which had slipped badly in recent years, were periodically raided and there were complaints that bootleggers had set up shop in Sylvester park, doing a brisk business with thirsty service men from Camp Lewis. The sheriff's men spent a lot of time bouncing over back country roads matching wits with the operators of stills. The sparsely settled areas of the Black and Bald hills were favorite hiding places for such illicit distilleries, but a large one was discovered going full blast on the beach near Fishtrap cove, economically fueled with driftwood.

Mayor Bowen and his chief of police found themselves in a liquor-inspired controversy from the time that the mayor, beginning his second term, announced the reappointment of Chief Endicott. Councilman Haycox immediately leaped to the fray, violently protesting the mayor's decision. "There is gambling and bootlegging going on here," Haycox warned the council. "Boys under age are buying cigarettes and 16-year-old boys buy booze in notorious dives." He concluded with the dramatic proclamation that he would "stand for a clean town 'til judgement day." The audience, packed with ardent dries, applauded and cheered.

Chief Endicott managed to survive until late in the year when it was discovered that 82 bottles of confiscated liquor had disappeared from an empty cell at the city jail which had been used as an improvised evidence locker. The local ministerial association learned of the depredation and its president, the Reverend T. H. Simpson, announced that it was "a fine state of affairs." He demanded a full public inquiry into police department activities. Outrage grew when a raid on the Olympia Junk company turned up 13 quarts of bonded whiskey, which proprietors Berkowitz and Schomber claimed they had purchased from Olympia cops.

The city council, meeting in emergency session, recommended the dismissal of the chief and two of his patrolmen. Mayor Bowen had apparently scented trouble and gone on a hunting trip to Copalis beach. Chief Endicott fervently informed the council that he was "innocent as a newborn baby" and, taking a page from ex-Insurance Commissioner Schiveley's book, wept copiously. Also paraphrasing ex-Mayor Mottman, he sobbed,

"This leaves a black spot where I have never had one before."

Mayor Bowen returned a few days later and let it be known that he wasn't going to resign, although he did fire the three policemen, one of whom charged that the mayor had made frequent trips to the junk company for "nips" during the recent Armistice day celebration at the American Legion hall.

The Reverend Simpson appeared at the council meeting which formalized the police department shakeup and became engaged in a bitter quarrel with the mayor, insisting that he "wouldn't be dictated to" by the city's chief executive. Mayor Bowen replied heatedly that, for his part, he wasn't going to be dictated to by "nosy preachers."

Warming to his theme, the minister charged that immorality had spread to the town's youth and that Olympia high school students were "a bunch of little animals."

A group of some 30 high school lads subsequently called upon the Reverend Simpson at his home and invited him to the front lawn for a "ride out of town." It required his best persuasive talents and liberal refreshments to appease the youthful indignation committee.

Burton Troxell was named as Chief Endicott's successor and peace was restored for time being at city hall.

THOSE INSANE MOTORISTS

The proliferation of the automobile was dramatized in 1921 when part of the floor in the statehouse basement collapsed under the weight of 40 tons of prison-produced license plates awaiting shipment to motorists. The street commissioner was complaining that the city streets were likewise sagging under the weight of heavily loaded logging trucks and the Schmidt family, convinced that Appleju was never going to replace the real thing, had expanded into the hotel and auto stage fields, taking over the Mitchell Hotel and operating a fleet of 11 modern motor coaches on the Olympia-Grays Harbor route. It was evident that the bus was taking over the intercity transit business and the talk now was of abandoning rather than building electric interurban lines.

Irascible George Mottman, who had never accepted the coming of the horseless carriage and continued to ignore its presence at intersections, was again grazed by one as he made his stately progress toward his mercantile establishment. This time he gave vent to his feelings in a two-column full-length advertisement in the *Recorder* which should warm the cockles of a pedestrian's heart even to the present day. Captioned "AN APPEAL TO SANITY AND REASON," the announcement pointed out that *"It is an ordeal valued by your life and limb to cross any street or alley or road, and people unfortunate enough to have anything tangible in the way of real or personal property are taxed to death to pave streets, roads and highways to enable somebody else who pays nothing for the upkeep of the government to kill and maim and cripple others and their children and aged folks, just to satisfy an instinct to do as others do."*

"Three generations from now," Mottman concluded with almost clairvoyant foresight, *"we will have to confine the sane people to asylums to protect them from the majority of insane motorists."*

WONDERS NEVER CEASE

On April 1 the first radio concert was held at St. Martins college by Father Sebastian Ruth. Army Sergeant Benoit helped the good father hook up what the *Recorder* described as *"a large horn to which is attached a special sensitive phone in connection with a set of new apparatus lately installed in the college wireless station."* Some 300 college students and faculty sat spellbound as music and voices from the army radio station at Camp Lewis *"could be plainly heard at a distance of 200 feet."*

Early in May the new concrete bridge across the Deschutes waterway was opened to traffic, ending the decades-long civic battle against the marine borer. Captain Sam Percival's son H. A. Percival was granted the privilege of being the first to cross the new span, driving "Old Betsy," his faithful Dodge touring car. Captain Sam had furnished the timber for the original Marshville bridge of 1868, hand-hewn

from his west side claim. Ribbon-cutting had not yet become a political art and the highway engineer proclaimed the opening by simply moving the barriers. A few days later the street cars resumed service over the new bridge, providing through service to the west side for the first time in more than a year. The *Recorder* noted that the Perkins press staff *"has resumed the sport of watching autos and trams try to avoid each other on the sharp turn at the corner of 3rd and Main."*

Post-war preparedness was indicated when Captain Edward C. Dohm, late of the army corps of engineers, was appointed a provisional captain of coast artillery to recruit an Olympia national guard company. Captain Dohm wasted no time and within a month the 3rd Company, Coast Artillery corps, Washington National Guard was mustered into service at the recently completed American Legion armory at 6th and Columbia. W. W. Rogers was first lieutenant, Neil McKay second Lieutenant and K. L. Partlow medical officer. Mrs. R. G. O'Brien, widow of the first adjutant general, and her daughter Mrs. George Aetzel were present to see the 73 enlisted men and four officers of the capital city's first post-war militia company sworn into state and federal service. A little competition for recruits was generated by the arrival in port of the *U.S. Eagle Boat 57* (generally known in maritime circles as "the Pickle Boat") to promote the enlistment of local young men in the naval reserve.

Another direct reminder of the little governor's era vanished earlier that year when his old territorial executive office building at 11th and Main was destroyed by a midnight fire. The little structure had been used as the governor's office from 1854 to 1860 and as general headquarters for the militia during the Indian war. It was here that Leschi's brother Quiemuth was murdered after his surrender to the governor.

The historic *Washington Standard,* last edited and published by J. M. Tadlock, made an ill-fated effort to go daily and compete directly with the Perkins twins in 1921, its first daily edition appearing on January 31. Although it launched its ambitious project with a grand subscription contest with two Ford roadsters, two talking machines, two electric kitchen ranges and eight gold watches as prizes, it failed to prosper. In a little over a year, on March 18, 1922, the last issue of the *Standard* was delivered to subscribers and the old wooden printing office on 2nd street was closed forever. A 62-year chapter in the journalistic history of the territory and state was ended. John Miller Murphy had not lived to see its demise. He had died in 1915 . . . and the town would never be quite the same again.

Times remained hard and the surviving dailies, the *Olympian* and *Recorder,* despite the elimination of this competition, cut back from six page editions to a modest and economical four. James A. Sloan, one of the proprietors of the now abandoned wartime shipyard on the fill, became a victim of the depression in midsummer when he shot himself in the head in a cheap Japanese rooming house in Seattle. He had pawned his gold cufflinks to buy the suicide weapon. Sloan had borrowed to the limit of his credit and eventually bankrupted himself in an effort to fit up the two remaining uncompleted hulls at the Olympia yard to enter the steamship business.

1922

Things were so quiet in Olympia in 1922 that such events as the eighth birthday of Master Trane Burwell were published as front page news, but progress wasn't entirely at a standstill. A new financial institution, the Security Bank and Trust company, had hopefully opened its doors in the new Columbia building and C. J. Lord was having a new Capital National Bank building of concrete and stone erected on the southeast corner of 4th and Main. A new industry, the peeling of plywood sheets from Douglas fir logs, had come to town with the completion of the Olympia Veneer company on the east waterway and the East Bay drive paving had finally been completed at the reduced depression cost of only $57,989.11.

By September the first of the handsome new stucco and tile school buildings, the new Lincoln school adjacent to Stevens field, was ready for classes and the towered brick building of 1890 was abandoned. Civic leaders put pressure behind the long discussed plan to create a Thurston county port district and things began to move. Homer T. Bone, attorney for the port of Tacoma, came to town in May to

tell the Chamber of Commerce that a port of Olympia would pay for itself many times over. In September the recently formed Rotary and Kiwanis clubs approved the idea and the county commissioners agreed to place the issue on the November ballot.

The Chamber of Commerce campaigned actively for the port proposal, pointing out that 10 million feet of logs were towed out of the harbor every month . . . enough to support two large export sawmills if cargo-handling facilities were made available. The port project was duly approved by the voters and a site for ocean piers selected at the old Sloan shipyards site.

Governor Hart was reelected with little difficulty, along with the five solidly Republican congressmen and another Republican state legislature. The ill-starred poll tax was overwhelmingly repealed by initiative and the constitutional amendment to raise legislators' pay was rejected by almost as large a majority. The only bright spot for the Democrats was the senatorial contest, which young C. C. Dill won over the ultra-conservative ex-liberal, Miles Poindexter, and Farmer-Laborite James Duncan. Dill, a former farm boy and a YMCA member who didn't drink or smoke, had the support of both farmers and labor, upon whom Poindexter had turned his back, and was listed as an honorary member of the state WCTU.

THE NOBLE EXPERIMENT FALTERS

The old reform coalition of labor, granges and church people and the emerging urban middle class was foundering on the shoals of prohibition controversy by 1922. The dour grangers were humorlessly opposed to any relaxation of prohibition or, seemingly, to anything except hard work and godliness. They were officially opposed to prohibition jokes, drinking, smoking, dancing and movies and anathematized organized labor, which appeared to be taking too soft a view of such venial sins. When the state Grange master, William Bouck was excommunicated by the national organization for being too friendly with labor, he took a third of the Grange membership with him and organized the rival Western Progressive Farmers.

The prohibition enforcement agencies did little to endear themselves to the general public. The enforcement officers, or prohis, were exempt from civil service and their jobs were frequently the result of political pull rather than law enforcement abilities. Cynicism was in the air. President Harding had his own bootlegger, who supplied the private brothel and speakeasy of the president and his cronies on K street in Washington, D.C.

Treasury Secretary Andrew Mellon, charged with over-all enforcement responsibility, was generally known to have millions of dollars invested in the liquor industry. The ill-paid and ill-trained prohis in the field took their cue from on high and took their profits where they could. Senator Wesley Jones was the chief dispenser of prohibition patronage and he appointed a bespectacled ex-librarian named Roy C. Lyle as chief enforcement officer for the state. His assistant was a former King County Republican party chairman and unsuccessful congressional candidate, William Whitney. A jovial and talkative politician, he was best known for an affair with a lady member of the state legislature which scandalized the righteous and made unlikely his election to a non-appointive political office.

These top prohibition officers never made over $500 a month and the top pay for field agents was $200. Many were incompetents, drunks and outright hoodlums, the most notorious being one "Kinky" Thompson, who was famous for entertaining prostitutes in drunken orgies while engaged in "undercover assignments." He enjoyed beating up helpless prisoners and once clubbed a handcuffed man through the streets of Port Townsend to the jail. Juries soon refused to accept his testimony and when he was shot to death by a Tacoma policeman there was talk of awarding the cop medals for both marksmanship and public service. Another prohi agent was rebuked by a judge for brutally beating an 82-year-old man.

There were increasing charges of bribery, corruption, brutality and immorality against the prohis, two of them pleading guilty to staging a drinking orgy with a couple of teenage school girls, but Senator Jones consistently protected Lyle, Whitney and their "boys."

By 1922 it was estimated that 10,000 stills were operating in the state and decent whiskey was flowing in from nearby British Columbia in a rising flood. An open convention of

bootleggers was held at Seattle during the year, with prices set and a code of ethics established, all under strict Roberts' Rules of Order.

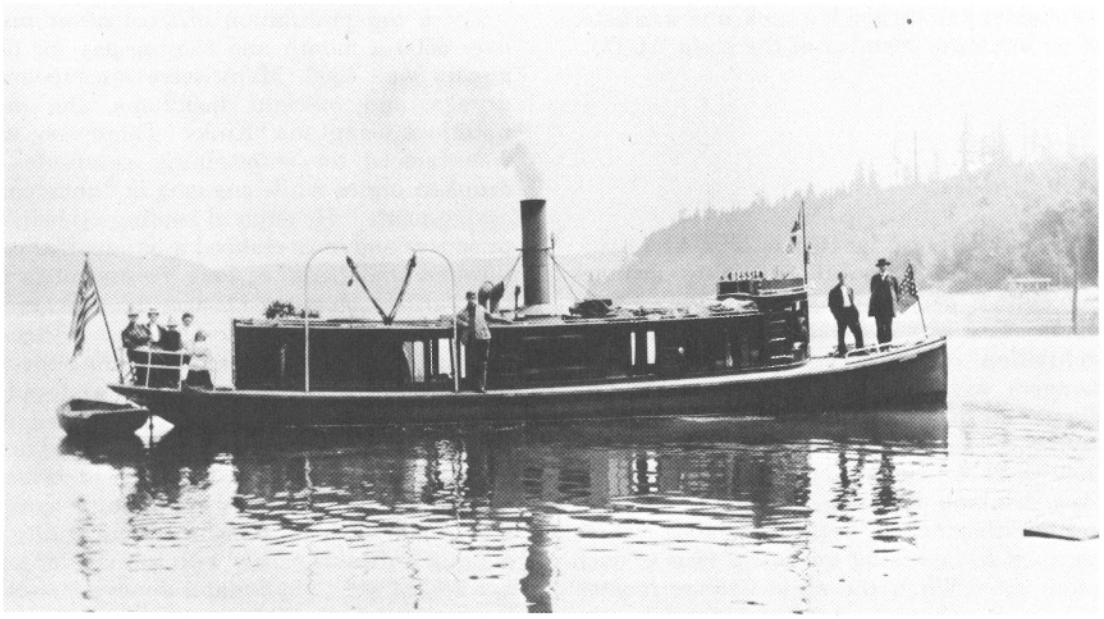
The Noble Experiment was fast becoming a cross between low comedy and a nightmare.

Certainly the brightest event for the capital city in 1922 was the awarding of the contract on March 13 to Pratt and Watson, Tacoma and Olympia contractors, for construction of the foundation and first floor of the splendid new Wilder and White designed Legislative building, the domed keystone of the proposed capitol group. The low bid from among 11 firms was $397,514. Actual construction was soon under way and, although not much was said about it, the ancient "Rogers foundation" of the 1890's was quietly demolished. The new building would be considerably larger than the one originally planned for the site and the old foundation wouldn't fit the new building.

The new state highway patrol, consisting of 30 officers, reported that it had made 266 arrests during its first year of operations and weighed 144 trucks. Fourteen drunks had their driving licenses revoked and 209 errant motorists paid fines. The commandant had been fired as an economy move and that governmental man-of-all-work, McArdle, had assumed the office of chief along with his numerous other duties.

George Draham was elected mayor of Olympia in a lightly contested December election. Police Chief Troxell immediately resigned to enter the automobile business and was replaced by J. E. Kuntz. G. E. Henderson, a veteran Seattle police sergeant, was appointed assistant chief. New uniforms with roll collars and vizored caps replaced the old Keystone cops regalia and it was noted that Olympia's finest, a full half-dozen strong, were all over six feet tall. The two Dodge police cars gained a new impressiveness too as hand-cranked sirens were mounted on their doors and they began shrieking like banshees as they sped, with side-curtains flapping, to the scenes of crimes and misdemeanors.

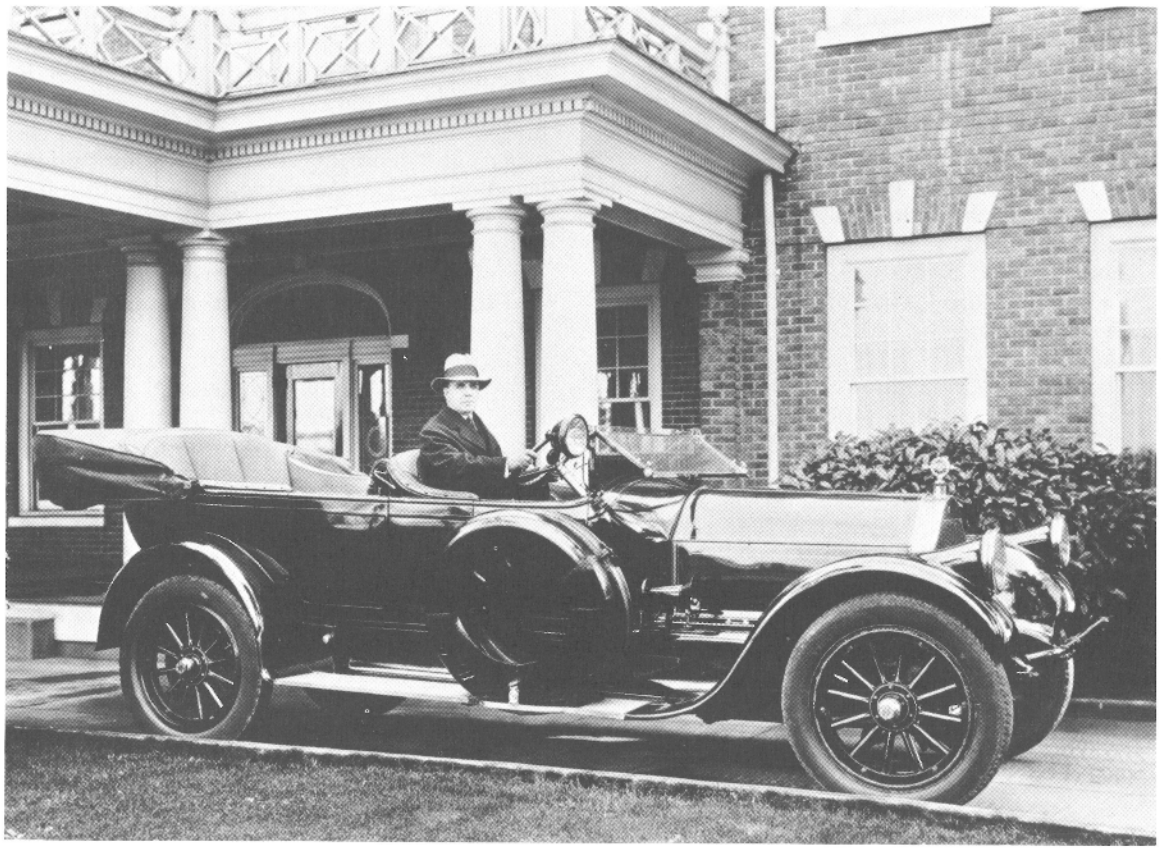
Olympia's police force, like the town itself, was becoming sophisticated as the roaring 20's Charlestoned toward their midpoint.



IN MORE TRANQUIL TIMES, Governor Mead takes time out from affairs of state for a family cruise to Hartstene Island aboard the state fisheries boat *Bessie.* Governor and companion on the bow; family group seated in stern.

BROKEN PROMISES: Descendants of Indians who signed treaties with Governor Stevens came to Olympia in 1921 to plead with legislature for fishing rights guaranteed by the treaties. Stevens' daughter, Kate Stevens Bates, is in the front row, center, with the venerable Meninock, head of all the tribes of the Yakima nation on her right, and Chief Tchumse Yakatowit on her left.

GOVERNOR HARTLEY and his Pierce-Arrow touring car pose in front of the governor's mansion.



CHAPTER NINE
The Eighth Decade
1923-1933

If Washington state government emerged from infancy in 1889 with the shedding of the swaddling cloths of territorial status, it might be said that its period of childhood ended in 1923. Like an adolescent youth, it henceforth grew rapidly and expensively.

During the first 34 years of statehood, from 1889 through 1923, the *total* expenditures from the general fund amounted to slightly less than $76½ million . . . an average of about $4½ million for each two-year biennial period.

The general fund appropriations for the 1971-1973 biennium were in excess of *$2.3 billion,* or 31 times the entire expenditure of general fund money during the first three-plus decades of statehood.

The grand total expended from all funds from 1889 through 1923 was about $271 million. The figure for the current biennium, as this is written, is over *$5 billion.*

The cumulative cost of all the legislative sessions during the first 34 years of statehood was slightly over $1.8 million. An average regular session today costs well over $5 million, with biennial funding in excess of $14 million.

It cost the taxpayers of the state $680,000 to keep the governor's office in operation during those first 34 years . . . about one fourth the costs of a single biennium today. The lieutenant governors from 1889 through 1923 managed to spend the grand total of $31,-618.86, while the state highway system represented a total investment of $48.5 million, compared to an average biennial expenditure of around $800 million in this age of freeways, floating bridges and super-ferries.

And the state taxes collected from 1889 through 1923 amounted to a grand total of well under a quarter of a billion dollars. The present-day take for a single biennium amounts to about 10 times the total for the first 34 years.

By 1923 state government had burst from the confines of the old sandstone statehouse which had, for many years, housed virtually all offices and departments, the governor and the legislature. The massive bulk of the new Legislative building was rising above the ancient foundations on the hill between the Temple of Justice and the Insurance building and things would never be the same again.

Governor Hart still kept a stern eye on his percentage charts and a firm hand on his weekly account book, but he and succeeding governors, no matter how tight-fisted, would be fighting a losing battle against a state bureaucracy that continues to multiply itself like an eager amoeba.

The governor indicated no spirit of defeat or compromise when he addressed the two houses of the 18th legislature on January 10, 1923. He

urged "a budget law with teeth" for both state and local government and pointed out that no department head under his administration was going to be foolish enough to ask for a deficiency appropriation. That treasury deficit he had inherited in 1920 had been replaced by a comfortable balance of nearly $4 million, and he made it clear that his veto pen was well sharpened to eliminate any extravagant notions that might reach his desk from the legislature.

He asked for a two cent gasoline tax to keep the state highway system on a self-supporting basis, a moderate blue sky law to regulate stock sales and a more stringent narcotics law.

The senate, all Republican except for two Farm Laborites and a lone Democrat, had already elected Carlyon as president pro-tem for another term, with Victor Zednick as secretary. The house of representatives, with 85 Republicans, nine Democrats and three Farm Labor members, quickly placed Mark Reed on the speaker's dias, with Ed Sims wheeling and dealing on the floor as majority leader. Sims had dropped out of the legislature for a couple of sessions and done some extensive traveling. In Mexico he and his wife had been captured by bandits, but he apparently regained his liberty with little difficulty (there were rumors that the bandits had paid *him* a ransom) and upon his return to Port Townsend had re-entered the political arena.

OLYMPIAN STATESMEN

The house boasted the largest female representation in its history with four members, Belle Reeves, Jessie Kastner, Mrs. H. J. Miller and Maude Sweetman. Mrs. Sweetman, a King county Republican of rather conservative persuasion who served four terms in the legislature, became a knowledgeable politician. She was also observant and literate and in 1927 she published a small book entitled *What Price Politics . . . The inside story of Washington Politics."* Many of her observations on the statehouse politics of the 1920's provide a forthright appraisal of the people and issues involved. Of those legislative power brokers, Reed and Sims, she wrote:

"The overshadowing personalities of the Washington House of Representatives during my days in the legislature were Mark Reed of Shelton and Ed Sims of Port Townsend. These men differ from each other as a lion differs from a tiger. The one heavy, poised, thunderous in his expression; the other alert, tense, shrewd and persistent. The one wins his following by the qualities of his personality, drawing men and women in their weakness to the protection of his strength. The other, a machine builder, whips his human factors into the structure of his politics by promise, cajolry, bluff, threat, and every effective means that the shrewd mind can devise."

Mrs. Sweetman learned early in her legislative career the frightening results of crossing Sims, even inadvertently. During her freshman term in 1923 she was prevailed upon by the Seattle port warden to introduce a bill "authorizing cities of the first class maintaining a harbor department to install, maintain and operate telegraph stations in connection therewith." The measure seemed innocuous enough and carried no appropriation, so it passed unanimously, but Sims "took a walk" from the chambers before the roll was called. Although the lady representative was aware that Sims could have ordered her bill bottled up in committee or defeated on the floor, she was a bit miffed that he had slighted it by his absence when the vote was taken.

A few minutes later a pet fisheries bill of Sims' came up for a vote. Mrs. Sweetman decided to teach the floor leader a lesson by voting against his bill, *"and therefrom,"* she wrote, *"I learned a lesson:"*

"Mr. Sims' seat was directly behind mine. When he heard my vote, he sprang toward me, white and angry. I thought for a moment he was going to strike me, which of course he would not have done. Between his white lips he said: 'What did you do that for? I went out of the room to avoid a statement and to be absent from the roll-call on your bill; if I had said one word, I could have prevented its passage.' I replied, 'You would not have prevented its passage, of course, because there was nothing objectionable in it and it carried no appropriation. Why would you have wanted to prevent its passage?' 'Well,' said Mr. Sims, 'I am opposed to municipalities going into that sort of business. The bill is in itself harmless but once passed its promoter will be down here at*

the next session of the legislature for an appropriation. From then on, there is no telling to what proportions it may grow, to burden us financially and create an endless piece of administrative machinery. I could have killed your bill in a minute on the floor, but I didn't, because it was your bill!"

Sims, wiser to the ways of the bureaucratic empire builder than the then politically innocent Representative Sweetman, was right. The Seattle port warden was on hand at the next session to lobby for a sizeable appropriation to finance his telegraph station. Mrs. Sweetman had also learned about the unwritten legislative law of the vote swap, as she explained further in her book:

"He did not say more but I understood then one of the most common and significant tricks of legislative achievement, the log-rolling process. My vote of 'No' had endangered the passage of his bill. I had not been fair in the horse trade. I had not yet learned the game of horse-trading."

Following the legislative ball, held that year in the spacious new American Legion hall in downtown Olympia, the legislators settled down to wrestle with bills, run the gauntlet of lobbyists and cope with the abominable winter weather. By mid-February a Caterpillar tractor had given up the ghost as it struggled to clear the street car tracks of snow and a good old-fashioned four-horse team and scraper took over. The streets were covered with two feet of snow on the level and up to eight feet in drifts. Buses from the south and west stopped running and, since there were no more steamboats, the railroads remained virtually the only means of getting in and out of town.

Not all the bills introduced were essential to the welfare of the commonwealth, although their sponsors no doubt thought they were. Representative H. F. Kennedy of Columbia county introduced a measure which he proudly called the "the poor schoolgirls' bill." Designed to promote modesty and prevent poor schoolgirls from feeling inferior to rich schoolgirls, it would have charged the superintendent of public instruction with setting a maximum cost of materials for the dresses of girls enrolled in the common schools of the state. It would also require all high school girls "to wear skirts which come within 14 inches of the floor and waists closed at the throat not lower than the clavicle."

To the anguish of Mr. Kennedy, whose pet bill this was, it never got out of committee.

H. P. Rude brought out another cobwebbed proposal of previous sessions which would divide the state in two down the crest of the Cascade mountain range, creating the separate states of Washington and Lincoln. According to the *Olympian,* Mr. Rude's proposal *"started a big ha ha during the final hours in the house."*

The major uproar of the session was created when a house bill sponsored by Adam Beeler to appropriate $150,000 for the defunct women's industrial home and clinic failed by three votes. Veteran Whatcom county legislator Charles I. Roth noisily threatened to resign in protest.

No sooner had he subsided than a Sims-sponsored bill appropriating $15,000 to permit the state to prospect for oil on public lands was passed by an overwhelming vote. Roth leaped to his feet again and roared, "This is the straw that breaks the camel's back! I give notice that I intend to withdraw from this house immediately and hand in my resignation to the governor tomorrow. I cannot stand for such corruption!"

After much debate a motion was passed excusing Mr. Roth for the balance of the day, with the assurance that "the best wishes of the House go with him." This wise and kindly move restored peace and permitted the choleric representative to cool off in private.

B. N. Hicks, appointed Anti-Saloon League superintendent upon the death of Conger, pushed for a law requiring state officials to enforce the Volstead act. Although legislators were flooded with letters, sermons and telegrams, the bill died in committee, while the state's bone dry law, which was even more stringent than the national prohibition law, barely survived a repeal move.

Governor Hart vetoed the oil prospecting bill, pointing out that the average cost of drilling a single well was over $100,000 and that the state's entry into such a chancey business would create a bonanza for stock swindlers who would claim state backing. He also vetoed a bill raising the speed limit on state highways from 30 to 35 miles an hour and let the two cent gas tax bill, which he had asked for in the first place, become law without his signature.

*The advice of those who knew Mr. Sims best might well have been, "Don't count on that, Mrs. Sweetman."

The governor got his blue sky law and narcotics bill and even had the satisfaction of seeing legislative frugality reduce the cost of the session by $10,000 under the last previous one.

PLANTING THE CONCRETE JUNGLE

Later in the year Governor Hart, in his shiny Pierce-Arrow touring car, passed through what the *Olympian* called *"the symbolic gates of the paved Pacific highway at 9th and Main."* The highway patrol, still without uniforms, but sporting bright red armbands with the initials "HP" in blue and the state seal in black and white, led the 500-car caravan to Salem, Oregon, for the final dedication of the splendid new highway which boasted of "no mud or heavy grades" from California to the Canadian border.

That winter the highway department bought 50 big snowplows to be mounted on its trucks to keep the mountain highways open "except in very heavy snow."

The endless circle of more money spent on highways generating more money spent on automobiles had become well established by 1923. It was reported that 12,000 motor vehicles passed 4th and Main streets on Labor Day, with the average traffic count for that intersection 5,000 a day.

E. J. Thompson, the founder of the new Olympia-Tacoma stage line, purchased the big two-story masonry building across from the statehouse at 6th and Washington and had it completely rebuilt as the town's first consolidated bus depot. Some 80 of the big vehicles, now being referred to by their operators as motor coaches, rolled to and from the terminal each day, serving Olympia, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Grays Harbor and Shelton.

The city council, appalled at the destruction of streets by the ever increasing fleet of ever more heavily loaded log trucks, passed an ordinance barring the monsters from the city limits, but the resulting howls of outrage from mill owners and logging operators forced reconsideration of the ban and the problem has not been solved very satisfactorily to this very day.

Times were getting better as a post-war demand for lumber brought increasing prosperity to the forest products industry, which still dominated the state's economic structure. The Sound Construction company was awarded a $781,000 contract to complete the Legislative building to the base of the dome which, when completed, would be the fourth largest in the world. C. J. Lord's new Capital National Bank building at 4th and Main was completed and thrown open to the public, "ablaze with lights and decorated with a wealth of floral offerings", and the Sisters of Charity were well along with their imposing new red brick St. Peters hospital on the west side hill. The old power poles with their hanging street lights disappeared from Main street as ornamental boulevard lighting was installed from 4th to 27th and the fire department reached a new peak of mechanized efficiency with the purchase of still another motor truck, a powerful Seagrave pumper with a speed of 45 miles an hour and a pumping capacity of 1,000 gallons a minute.

THE SHIPS RETURN . . . CAUTIOUSLY

Enthusiasm for the proposed development of the port of Olympia increased with the arrival early in the year of the Charles Nelson company steam schooner *Saginaw,* described by the *Olympian* as *"the first deep-water vessel in many years"* to load 700,000 feet of lumber from local mills. The *Saginaw* tied up to the old Sloan shipyard wharf and loaded overside from scows. Although her cargo was to be topped off at Port Angeles, she was drawing nearly 19 feet of water when she departed. Some parts of the entrance channel had only 20 feet of water at low tide and her skipper, Captain A. A. Carlson, was understandably nervous and, according to the *Olympian's* newly assigned maritime reporter, *"took constant soundings".*

The *Saginaw* was followed by the company's larger flagship, the *Port Angeles,* and the *Mukilteo.* For some time the three coastwise steam schooners made monthly calls to load partial lumber cargoes from the Olympia Fir Lumber company and Buchanan mill, but even this evidence of potential world trade wasn't quite enough to get Thurston county citizens to

vote a port development bond issue on themselves. With 4,353 votes cast, the bond proposal was 72 short of passage.

SOUNDS OF THE ROARING TWENTIES

More and more Olympians were spending their evenings huddled around family radios which ranged in sophistication and efficiency from monstrous, many-tubed commercial "superhertrodines" to scratchy home-made crystal sets. Father Sebastian's college broadcasting station at St. Martin's had been assigned the official call letters KGY and was transmitting regular programs, including such grand operas as "Carmen" and "The Masked Ball". Those with the more powerful sets were tuning in, amidst much static, the Rhodes station, KDZE and Northwest Radio's KJR, as well as the thunderous Sunday sermons of the Reverend Mark Matthews, broadcast by the First Presbyterian church of Seattle.

The coming of the electronic home entertainment media may have provided the final straw which, added to the summer mobility of the family motor car, broke the back of paid admission baseball in the capital city. The sport itself was popular enough. The local merchants organized a twilight league and the sawmills fielded amateur teams in the sawdust league. The Olympia Senators even began the season bravely under the leadership of ex-major leaguer Ham Hyatt, but by the end of July the lack of patronage caused the semi-pro players to give up in disgust and turn the new Stevens Field diamond over to the high school and amateur teams.

The Chautauqua came to town as usual and set up its giant tentfull of culture at Main and Union, but the turnout there was also disappointing and there was talk that this great national institution would soon be going the way of semi-pro baseball.

The good old days when the activities of the police department were limited mostly to rounding up stray cows and rousting drunks had ended. The department made 1,514 arrests in 1923 and generated $20,580 in fines, mostly for traffic and liquor law violations. The Carlton hotel was raided again and its proprietor thrown into jail for 30 days for dispensing bootleg whiskey. Police kicked in the door of what the *Olympian* called *"that notorious liquor drive, 'The Orchard' at 8th and Chestnut"* and took its operators to join the lady from the Carlton. The federal authorities didn't neglect the capital city. Deputy Sheriff Bush Baker, an expert on the tricks of the local bootleggers, led the prohis in frequent search and destroy missions against the stills, and narcotics agents continued to keep a wary eye on Olympia's Chinatown. A massive raid on four Oriental establishments at once, all on the 400 block of Water street, added 15 Chinese to the jail population, charged with selling both opium and liquor. A later raid in the same area broke up a thriving opium den, with a number of local citizens caught in the act of puffing on the forbidden pipe. The police were quick on the trigger in those days, as young Tom Giles discovered when he decided to race Traffic Sergeant Matt Bartholet through Priest Point Park on his motorcycle. The officer emptied his revolver at his quarry, Tom hit a roadside tree and bail was set at $115.

As was the case almost everywhere, Olympia law enforcement officials had great difficulty in retaining the illicit liquor siezed in their continuing raids. Following the fiasco of the Olympia Junk company, a sturdy liquor locker had been built at the city jail, but it proved to be not impenetrable. In December an enterprising prisoner named Joe Foley, working out a fine on the Priest Point Park woodpile, decided that he and his fellow inmates needed a drop of something to ward off the chill. He sawed open the police liquor locker and when Captain Ed Herndon and Sergeant George Burtch came to inspect the cells they found the entire jail population hilariously drunk and most of the hoarded evidence consumed.

Poor Foley, in on a misdemeanor, was given a one to 15 year prison term for violating the prohibition law, but the amiable liquor thief held almost no hard feelings and even seemed pleased by the publicity his escapade had generated in the local press. Before he was hauled off to Walla Walla he composed a letter to Chief Kuntz, in which he wrote, *"You gave me a good write-up in the paper. I thank you for what you've done and am not sorry because the smile cannot be taken off my face. Goodbye and good luck to all except Officer Braun".*

YEAR OF THE RAT

The sheeted order of the Ku Klux Klan had somehow come to Washington in 1923 and its

organizers, promoting it as a one hundred percent all-American patriotic brotherhood, were signing up members by the hundreds. During the summer Major Luther D. Powell, King Kleagle of the state klans, asked Governor Hart to send national guard troops to protect a mass initiation meeting at Renton. The crusty Hart was not much impressed with the Kleagle's assurance that his klansmen "will defend the rights of American citizens to the last drop of their blood." He quoted a state law which forbade masked assemblies "except for masquerades or amusement" and pointed out that the militia was getting ready for its annual summer encampments anyway. The Olympia artillery battery, commanded by Captain Dohm, duly embarked for the Harbor Defenses of Puget Sound to man the giant 12-inch disappearing rifles of Battery Kinzie and the knights of the white sheet were left to burn their crosses and recite their incantations without military protection.

The waterfront rats, temporarily displaced by the creation of the industrial fill, had migrated uptown and were again thriving. The municipal water supply, now drawn entirely from artesian wells, was much improved in quality, but the milk wagons, which had replaced the famous Olympia family cows, were delivering a less pure product than had the individually owned bossies. Eighteen cases of typhoid were reported in a single month during the spring, and the disease remained a threat throughout the summer.

The epidemic died out during the mild winter and civic pride was restored when ancient Ezra Meeker returned to repeat his December flower-picking of 1870. H. R. Woodward, who had helped him in his botanical ramblings of half a century earlier, was gone, but his surviving son, A. E., took his place and helped the white-bearded Meeker collect 62 varieties of blossoms . . . nine more than he had found in 1870.

1924

By January of 1924 the weather had changed for the worse. An intense cold spell set in, cracking many of the cut sandstone blocks for the new Legislative building and causing $5,000 damage to expensive cornerstones and round column sections. The huge stone pile at the construction site was valued at $300,000 and the contractors quickly erected tarpaulins and built smudge fires to protect the undamaged material.

The second of the new grade school buildings, the Washington school on the east side, was completed and two new theaters were built downtown, the Liberty on Washington street across from the new Hotel Olympian, and Wilson and Zabel's Capitol a half block away on 5th. The latter was designed by a rising young architect named Joseph Wohleb, who had made a name for himself with the palatial tile and stucco mansion recently completed in the stylish south end residential district for banker C. J. Lord.* The new Capitol theater had its grand opening in October, with a concert on "the immense new organ" and a local talent performance which featured the Chamber of Commerce glee club and a dance act by Ed Kevin's daughter Elizabeth. This was followed by a film entitled "Never Say Die", starring Douglas MacLean. The new brick and concrete St. Peters hospital was completed and the capitol commission let the contract to demolish the ornate old wooden structure which was in the way of the expanding capitol campus.

The opening of the splendid new hospital was not the only event to focus public attention on the west side in 1924. A local chapter of the Ku Klux Klan had received its charter from national headquarters in Atlanta and on the seventh anniversary of the reorganized klan the Olympia sheet-wearers made their presence known by constructing a 100 by 50 foot cross of old auto tires on the hillside above the Deschutes waterway and setting it afire, while shooting off parachute bombs with American flags. The spectacle was enjoyed by most of the community's white Anglo-Saxon protestant population, but nobody bothered to ask the local black community of half a dozen or so what its reaction was.

*The Wohleb-designed California Spanish style mansion is presently the State Capital Historical Museum. Another oversized dwelling, of red brick, built a little later by logging magnate Henry McCleary and designed to eclipse the Lord home, has now been converted to a medical center. The two adjacent structures remain as the last of the expansive dwellings built by wealthy Olympians as monuments to their success in an age of cheap servants and relatively painless income tax.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

A major change in the nomenclature of Olympia's streets occurred in 1924 with the passage of an ordinance declaring all east-west thoroughfares to be avenues; those running north and south to be streets. It was felt that Main street was too small townish a designation for the capital city's principal thoroughfare with its expensive paving and boulevard lights, which would soon lead to the magnificent new Legislative building towering 27 stories above Capitol hill. The street was renamed Capitol Way. There was also considerable agitation to rename 4th street Oregon Trail Avenue, but purists pointed out that the Oregon trail had officially ended at Cowlitz Landing and merchants along the street felt the proposed name was too cumbersome. It remained plain 4th avenue, but 3rd street subsequently became State avenue and 6th street Legion Way.

The advance of the air age was dramatized in late September when Olympia citizens craned their necks to watch the United States' around-the-world flyers pass over the uncompleted Legislative building on their way from Eugene to Seattle. The following month it was announced that the navy dirigible *Shenandoah* would likewise pass over the capital city on a flight from San Diego to the mooring mast at Camp Lewis. The giant aircraft was delayed by a series of storms and when she finally took off was driven 70 miles out to sea, but her engines were finally heard at 6:45 on the foggy morning of October 18. Citizens rushed into the streets in the hope of seeing this marvelous flying machine, but *Shenandoah* was cruising 2,000 feet above the fog and they were rewarded only by the buzz of her multiple gasoline engines. On her return flight in the evening she was clearly visible in all her majesty, however, and those who had waited so long for a glimpse of her felt amply rewarded.

The port of Olympia commissioners, undeterred by the failure of the special bond levy the previous year, sold the maximum of bonds possible under their statutory right to levy a two-mill county tax, and plans proceeded for the construction of a deep-water terminal at the old shipyard site on the fill.

Law officers, with the notable exception of the highway patrol, continued to dash about in search of illicit stills and bootleg liquor. Governor Hart, who was no teetotaler, frowned on the use of state police to enforce the Volstead act. It had been passed by congress and congress could finance the futile efforts to enforce it. It would probably have made little difference anyway. The first flush of self-righteousness had worn off and the public was becoming less enchanted every day with the heavy-handed efforts to enforce an unenforceable law and the increasingly harsh penalties inflicted for violations. The old morality was laughingly rejected by the bell-bottomed "shieks" and short-skirted, bobhaired "flappers" of the post-war generation, and even solidly middle-aged business men took pride in the quality of their illegal cellars and the professional qualifications of their bootleggers. The popularity of the prohis was not increased when a carload of them, careening through the streets of Washington, D.C., in pursuit of suspected bootleggers and firing wildly, dropped a United States congressman on the sidewalk with a bullet through the head . . . three blocks from the national capitol.

Chief Kuntz, sharing the general disenchantment, resigned from the police department and joined the highway patrol, having modernized the department with a criminal identification division, fingerprint files, modern equipment and prowl cars. He was replaced by Carl Hansen, an experienced police officer and former special investigator for the Indian service.

THE COOL CAMPAIGN OF CALVIN COOLIDGE

The election of 1924 was largely a triumph for the Republican party at both the state and national level. Warren G. Harding, his administration sinking around him in a sea of corruption, had died while returning from a trip to Alaska the previous year. His vice president, colorless and tight-lipped Calvin Coolidge, received the nomination for president by an overwhelming vote and "Keep Cool With Coolidge" became the Republican battle cry.

Democrats, in a rare display of their ability to defeat themselves, became embroiled in a bitter inter-party fight between the wets, who supported Alfred E. Smith, and the drys who backed William McAdoo. Both sides were willing to accept a Republican victory at the polls rather than the nomination of the candidate they opposed and the nomination went to John

W. Davis, a stuffy and relatively unknown New York corporation lawyer. His running mate was William Jennings Bryan's younger brother, Charles. Davis chased away the liberals and Bryan the conservatives. The Progressive party, in an effort to give voters an alternative to the equally conservative and unimaginative presidential candidates of the two major parties, nominated Robert LaFollette, with Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana as his running mate.

Coolidge had little difficulty in winning the election and carried Washington with a vote of 218,000. The Progressive ticket made an impressive showing, coming in second in the state with 150,000, while the ill-fated Democratic team of Davis and Bryan trailed dismally with 42,000 votes.

Republicans, with one exception, were elected to the state's five congressional seats. Democrat Sam B. Hill of the fifth district defeated his Republican opponent, J. E. Ferguson, by about a thousand votes.

Continued ill health, plus the political heat generated by the ill-fated poll tax and the pardon of banker Ole Larsen, prompted Governor Hart to retire from public life at the close of his first full term. He made an effort to choose a successor, but without success. Lieutenant Governor Wee Coyle had also been tarred with the Scandinavian-American bank scandal brush and was overwhelmed in the primary. Hart's other choices, Mark Reed and Clark Savidge, refused to run. The race was wide open and 14 candidates filed for the primaries, ten Republicans and four Democrats. Persistence paid off at last for perennial candidate Roland Hartley, who won the Republican nomination from E. L. French by less than 2,000 votes. The Democratic nomination went to Ben F. Hill, but he got only about 7,700 votes, which was well under the total of the seventh-place Republican contender.

Republicans took every state elective office. Hartley had achieved the executive office he had so long coveted. W. Lon Johnson was the new lieutenant governor and, of course, the legislature was as overwhelmingly Republican as ever.

The three initiative measures submitted to the voters that year all went down to defeat, although it is difficult to understand why this was so in the case of Number 50, which would have imposed a 40-mill property tax limit. Number 49, which would make public school attendance compulsary for all children between the ages of seven and 16, was opposed by numerous religious groups and many conservatives, who thought teen-agers should be working and contributing to the family support. The private power forces succeeded in beating a Seattle City Light-sponsored initiative to permit the sale of municipal power outside the corporate limits of cities.

The election results would seem to indicate that Washington citizens were entering the midpoint of the 1920's still basically conservative, although the remarkable showing of the Progressive party in the state made it apparent that there was a growing discontent with the old politics and an awakening awareness of the need for sweeping changes in the social and political structure of the state and nation.

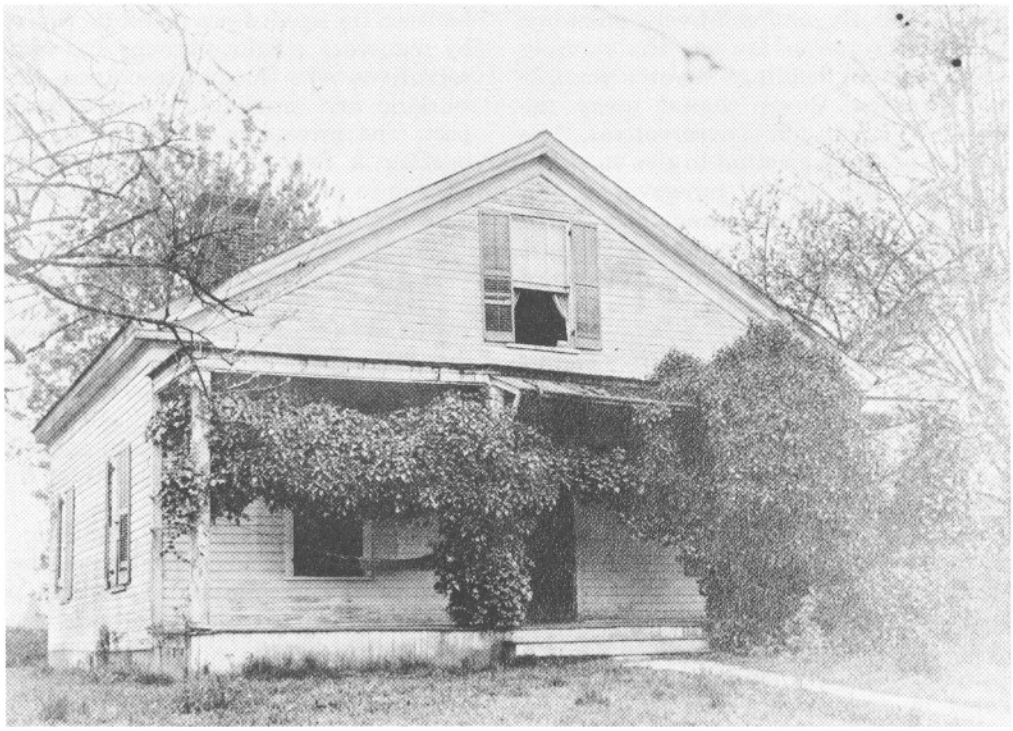
The Olympia municipal election, which hadn't generated much heat since the retirement of George Mottman from city politics, took on new life also. Mottman gave full backing to James C. Johnson, an attorney, who filed on the Citizens' ticket against the establishment's hand-picked candidate for mayor, George Draham. The Perkins press threw its weight to Draham, charging that Johnson was *"the friend of the bootlegger and gambler"* and printing front page lists of those for whom he had posted bail, but the Mottman magic apparently rubbed off on Johnson, who won the election.

The ensuing uproar at city hall would have done credit to Mayor Mottman at his best.

1925

The local political warfare began to reach a crescendo early in 1925, although for the first weeks of the year it was overshadowed by the more thunderous salvos fired from the statehouse. Normally the first official meeting of a newly-elected Republican governor with a newly-elected Republican legislature took place amid a honeymoon atmosphere, but although a honeymoon took place at the state capitol in 1925 it was certainly the shortest one on record.

Governor Hartley and Lieutenant Governor Johnson were duly inaugurated on the stage of the splendid new Liberty Theater* and the inaugural ball followed, again held at the Legion hall. The arrangements committee, in a burst of originality, had erected a special box for the chief executive and his party, made of



GOVERNOR STEVENS' MANSION, shortly before it was demolished.

rough logs, decorated with evergreens and labelled "Our Logger Governor's Pole Shack." Hartley, who had gotten his start in the timber business by marrying the daughter of ex-Governor Clough of Wisconsin, a millionaire Everett mill owner, and who occupied an imposing mansion in that city, did his best to look at ease in the "pole shack."

IN LIKE A LION

On the third day of the session Hartley, who, at five feet six inches, was one of the shortest governors since Issac Stevens, mounted the speaker's dias in the house chambers to deliver his inaugural address to the assembeled solons. It turned out to be more like a declaration of war.

He gave full vent to his political philosophy, which was far to the right of Calvin Coolidge, and to his animosity for the professional politicians whom he was convinced had frustrated his ambitions for the past nine years while ensnarling the state in bureaucratic socialism. Mrs. Sweetman, serving her second term in the house and an outspoken admirer of the little governor, described his opening gambit this way:

"On the third day of the session Governor Hartley faced the new Legislature with all the pentup feelings of nine years of combat seething in his volcanic nature. In a brief half hour this extraordinary Governor transformed the fresh and placid Legislature into a boiling caldron of contradictions, confusions and dispute.

"With even voice and direct stroke he aimed bomb after bomb, violating every discretion and thoughtless of political consequences. If there was method in his madness, and his purpose was to bring all of the varitey of forces that in past years had worked through subways and in secret, into the open, he achieved it.

*There were fears that the floor joists under the old statehouse might give way under the weight of the expected crowd.

"The Legislature sat amazed and dumbfounded."

Hartley told the legislators that they had created "too much government" and too many taxes and that he proposed to straighten out the mess they had created by "applying the simple standards of plain business" to state government, although he strongly inferred that he knew the pork barrel politicians of the legislature would resist his efforts.

Declaring that "we are too much governed," he warned that the state and the nation were fast drifting upon the deadly shoals of socialistic paternalism, which was "submerging the self-reliance of the citizen and weakening the responsibility of the individual."

He urged elimination of the 1½ mill highway levy, a pay-as-you-go system of highway financing and much stricter budget requirements and demanded a stringent belt-tightening in the costs of public education. The only diversion from his tone of extreme conservatism was his recommendation for a reforestation program (which would assure an adequate supply of raw material for his Everett mill).

Having gotten all this off his chest, Hartley told the legislators, like a group of naughty school children, to go home and behave themselves after appropriating sufficient funds to keep state government operating and taking action *not* to ratify the federal child labor measure which, if ratified, would become the 20th amendment to the United States constitution. He would, he said, call them back into session in November, after both he and they had had more time to consider the error of their ways and the true needs of the state.

Hartley was vehement in his opposition to the child labor amendment, which he viewed as the ultimate in socialistic legislation. He continued to make his views known, ever more vehemently, throughout the year. Hollis Fultz, former secretary to Hart, had gone back to his original trade of newspaperman (he had come to town in 1911 as foreman of the *Recorder* printshop), and was editing a lively new weekly, the Olympia *News*. In April he noted that Hartley was still *"ranting and raving"* regarding *"pampered and petted children"* in his *"rabid denunciation of the child labor law."* His lead editorial compared Hartley very unfavorably with the old Populist, John Rogers and his deep concern for the children of the state.

Somewhat dazed, the senators passed a joint resolution agreeing to the short session and rejected the child labor amendment after much debate and oratory. The representatives accepted the short session resolution with only eight negative votes, but rejected the section which would have limited the measures to be considered to the child labor amendment and appropriations.

A bill to create a new tax commisssion, which Hartley favored, came up for action and was described variously in the legislative chambers as "a panacea for the state's tax troubles" to "one of the most vicious pieces of legislation ever proposed." Opponents in the house made unusual efforts to assassinate the bill by removing the enacting clause and "trimming the Christmas tree" with myriad amendments, but it was eventually passed.

Another bill, introduced by the legislative farm bloc, with strong Grange support, provided a $400,000 emergency fund to underwrite seed wheat for eastern Washington farmers. It quickly passed both houses and was just as quickly vetoed by Hartley, who blasted it as "class legislation" and "paternalism." He further enraged the farm bloc by emasculating a bill authorizing a Kittitas valley irrigation and reclamation project.

At that point the battle lines were drawn and war was declared. The senate failed, by one vote, to muster the two-thirds majority needed to override the veto, but the house declared it would refuse to adjourn until the seed bill was passed. The 27 farm-oriented senators stood with them solidly on this ultimatum. The *Olympian* observed on February 12 that *"From a docile and agreeable legislative body ready to do the governor's bidding, the condition was changed to almost open revolt among senators and representatives who opposed the governor's veto of the seed wheat bill."*

After two days of threats, thunderous speeches and general uncertainty, the legislators caved in and adjourned *sine die* on February 13, one day before the deadline they had agreed upon. During the abbreviated session they had suspended the Centralia Normal School levy and reverted $400,000 to the general fund, ruled that 50 percent of all registered voters must cast ballots to validate local bond issues, appropriated $1,220,000 for capital improvements at institutions of higher education, and authorized $4 million in bonds

against the state timber lands to finance completion of the Legislative building.

The higher education appropriation, lobbied by Dr. Suzzallo and his cohorts, was sent to the secretary of state without the governor's signature . . . and Suzzallo's name took its place at the top of Hartley's list of bad guys. He did sign the capitol completion bill, an action he would later recant in a spectacular manner.

FUROR POLITICUS

The legislators returned home and Hartley went to the Hotel Olympian to defend his economy moves before the Olympia Chamber of Commerce in a speech broadcast by radio station KGY. Hartley was the first Washington governor to make wide use of the electronic media to communicate with the public.

Personal and political controversy raged during the interim between the January and November sessions. Former Governor Hart did not escape the sniping. A flood of criticism had resulted from his pardoning of a great many convicts . . . including some serving life terms . . in the last week of his administration. A few months later he was actually arrested on a Pierce county prosecutor's warrant charging that he had solicited a bribe from the attorney and liquidator of the Scandinavian-American bank. The charges were subsequently dropped, but the incident probably deepened Hart's conviction that he had been wise in retiring to non-political life.

The opening sortie of Hartley against Suzzallo was led by Duncan Dunn, a Yakima legislator close to the governor, who in April issued a statement blasting the university president for "running around the state and the United States playing politics and seeming to advance his personal interests." Suzzallo, in an address to the Grange, had previously attacked Dunn for trying to cut down the university's appropriation. This was the beginning of one of the loudest and bitterest battles in the political career of the combative Hartley.

Hartley soon proved to have more in common with Isaac Stevens than short stature, short temper and large ego. During the period between the regular and special sessions of 1925 there was ample time to draw up the battle lines and, as in Stevens' day, the legislature ignored party loyalties. Members were either pro-Hartley or anti-Hartley and the majority caucuses in both houses were very anti indeed.

The moody Mark Reed had, for reasons apparently known only to himself, isolated himself from the political conflict and refused to issue orders to the representatives who came to him for leadership. Ed Sims took over by default, but found himself, as a defender of Hartley, in a position of minority leadership.

Hartley's second legislative message was more belligerent than his first. He wanted the boards of regents of the university and state college and the boards of trustees of the normal schools abolished, along with the office of superintendent of public instruction. He blasted Suzzallo by name and announced that the state had far too many libraries. A number of them, including the state traveling library, should be abolished. He wanted the indeterminate sentence law revoked and the parole board abolished, voicing the opinion that "the best way for an individual to get out of jail is to keep out by observing the law." He wanted the reclamation and land settlement acts repealed and the ½-mill reclamation levy abolished. He boasted that he had fired 130 more code department employees and was requiring the survivors to work an extra hour a day.

Open warfare was declared between the legislative and executive branches a few days later when Senator D. V. Northland of Yakima delivered a scathing denunciation of Hartley, branding him as "an executive without the capacity for leadership." He called upon the senate to take up the burden of leadership, which the governor had cast aside. Most of the senators applauded.

This was followed up with the delivery to the executive office of a bill taking reclamation functions away from Hartley's department of conservation and development and turning them over to the more friendly land commissioner.

Hartley vetoed the measure and stalked to the legislative chambers to deliver a second message, as conciliatory a one as he could utter without choking to death.

"I can't see why there is antagonism between the legislature and the governor," he told the lawmakers plaintively. "I have been a a Republican all my life. This is a Republican legislature almost to a man and woman, so why is it necessary for abusive things to be said on

one side or the other?" Then, in a final burst of burst of what his enemies viewed as combined schizophrenia and paranoia, he announced dramatically, "I have been misrepresented, lied about and abused!"

The legislators, now more confused than ever, declared that they couldn't decide whether to give up and go home or stay and fight it out.

The next day the governor backed up his talk of peaceful intentions by signing a compromise Kittitas irrigation bill making it possible to obtain $9 million dollars in federal funds for the reclamation project in central Washington. The legislators decided to stay awhile, but the session did not develop into a love feast.

A further head-on conflict developed over that ancient controversy, the disposal of public lands. The governor inferred strongly that the practice of turning over state assets to favored customers without competitive bidding was being carried on by Land Commissioner Savidge, who was a major power in state Republican politics. The legislature appointed a committee to investigate the matter, but the governor refused to meet with it because he believed its membership was made up largely of Savidge henchmen. The committee was unable to unearth any skullduggery in the land office, but the affair further widened the rift within the Republican party.

Perhaps to goad the governor further, or to dramatize his antediluvian conservatism, the more liberal legislators introduced a number of "social welfare" bills, including one to resurrect the women's industrial home and clinic, another permitting counties to build and operate charity hospitals for "the medically dependent" and another, sponsored by the Fraternal Order of Eagles, which would grant a $25 a month old age pension provided very stringent citizenship and residence requirements were met. Still another "radical" measure, which was defeated in the senate, declared labor unions to be lawful organizations and granted the right of peaceful picketing. When it failed to pass, the statehouse was picketed by union members carrying signs proclaiming "Senate Unfair to Organized Labor." Senator Charles Myers and Representative O. F. McCall delivered outraged denunciations of this impudence, apparently feeling that the militia should be called out to break the heads of the pickets.

A move to produce a single appropriation bill for the coming biennium was sidetracked by Mark Reed, who was getting fed up with Governor Hartley. He forced a separation of the general and supplemental bills and had the $1,300,000 college capital improvement appropriation, which Hartley opposed, placed in the supplemental measure. His strategy was to submit the supplemental bill first and, if the governor line-vetoed the higher education clause, carve up the general appropriation bill.

The legislature then adjourned for the Christmas holidays amid screams of a Reed double-cross from Hartley and the house minority.

Hartley spent a pleasant Christmas eve vetoing bills, including the supplemental appropriations bill, increased millage for higher education, improved workmen's compensation, authorization for second and third class counties to establish law libraries, authorization for first class cities to build auditoriums and museums, provision for condemnation of land for park purposes . . . and even a bill changing the color of the fringe on the state flag from green to gold. A few days later he vetoed a highly controversial basic science law, strongly lobbied by the medical establishment and bitterly opposed by chiropractors, drugless physicians and a number of old-time dentists who had been practicing successfully for years with little knowledge of abstract science or human anatomy below the neck.

The legislators returned on January 30, refreshed and eager to do battle. The senate immediately passed four of the measures over the governor's veto, but the wily Sims was able to marshal his house minority so effectively that the necessary two-thirds majorities couldn't be mustered there.

The politically memorable year of 1925 passed into history with the legislature deadlocked and its members feeling a growing urge to go home. Two of the lady members of the house, Mrs. Reeves and Mrs. Miller, took a final swipe at Hartley on New Years eve, directing a remonstrance against the "persistent and repeated violation of the rule against lobbying on the floor by the governor's appointees" and urging that the offending state employees be thrown out by the sergeant at arms.

Peace on earth and good will toward men did not reign at the statehouse that holiday season.

IT'S NONE OF THE PEOPLES' BUSINESS!

City politics were also volatile in 1925. In January, as the governor and legislators grappled at the capitol, Mayor Johnson made a clean sweep of all city appointees and appointed new ones of his own. The council refused to approve his selections and he demanded that two of the councilmen either resign or be recalled. Annoyed by the attentions of the local press and its reporting of the city hall feud, the mayor proclaimed, "—t's none of the peoples' business what the mayor or council do until after action is taken" and demanded that the papers stop sending reporters to the council meetings.

When the February payday came around, the mayor refused to sign the checks of Police Chief Hansen, Police Sergeant Fred McNeill, Fire Chief Rogers, Assistant Chief Bolton, Water Superintendent McClarty, Health Officer Dr. J. J. O'Leary, and their assistants. The council got a writ of mandate from Judge Wilson forcing Johnson to sign the paychecks and extra chairs were ordered into the council chambers to accommodate the overflow crowds of fascinated citizens who came to watch the fireworks. Councilman J. C. Bricker, obviously a man of peace, resigned a few days later. He was soon followed by Councilman George L. Jones. A. J. Phillips, builder, and Joseph Wohleb, architect, were appointed by the remaining councilmen to fill the vacancies. The mayor protested that the action was illegal and soon appointed his own councilmen. Councilman Roy Hendrickson was recalled by his constituents and Ed C. Johnson was appointed over the violent protests of the mayor.

The controversy died down somewhat when, in November, the voters reelected Mayor Johnson, but likewise approved a commission form of government. After 52 years the old ward councilman system was abandoned and the number of city fathers reduced to three . . . Mayor Johnson as public safety commissioner, E. N. Steele, finance commissioner, and Frank Phillips, public works commissioner. The commission functioned more amicably than had the council and mayor. The former city department heads, with the exception of O'Leary and McClarty, were given their walking papers. A. J. Peterson was appointed chief of police, W. J. Kingsley, fire chief and Julia Waldrip Ker, police judge, replacing old Judge Crosby and becoming the state's only female magistrate.

The tempo of the twenties was well established by 1925. The radio was fast becoming a household entertainment center. A second local station in the community center was broadcasting regularly, with legislative reports three times a week during the session. It was reported that the station had been picked up as far away as Berkeley, California, and the *Olympian* reported that many farmers in a 50-mile radius of the station were enjoying the church services and Sunday school lessons on their home-made crystal sets, although some of the more sophisticated radio fans complained that the local signal was interfering with their compulsive efforts to bring in the most distant possible stations. The farmers' simple crystal sets were rapidly giving way to store-bought models housed in handsome wooden cabinets and equipped with ornate "loudspeakers" to replace the earphones of the earlier and more primitive sets. Sticklin Augo Supply was advertising a wide range of models, including the Kennedy, Greve and Atwater-Kent, and business was good, but the new station didn't last long. Local merchants weren't yet willing to entrust their advertising dollars to such a new-fangled medium.

Proprietors of the town's traditional grocery stores and meat markets were keeping wary eyes on another new development. A chain store with the peculiar name of Piggly Wiggly was operating on a cash and carry basis with its wares displayed in such a manner that shoppers could make their own selections. This pioneer "super-market" was soon followed by a similar establishment called Skaggs United Stores, which shortly changed its name to Skaggs-Safeway.

Another tradition . . . the "hired girl" or Chinese houseboy . . . was vanishing from the domestic scene as houswives discovered the electronic household appliance. The Martin Hardware company was prepared to deliver a Maytag electric washing machine, while the Olympia Light and Power company (now a wholly-owned subsidiary of Puget Sound Power and Light) had an excellent stock of Hot Point electric ranges.

Science also provided a new delight for the juvenile population, the Capital City Creamery advertising its "frozen chocolate malted sucker," later referred to by its youthful addicts as the "popsicle."

Bootleg liquor continued to flow freely, ranging in quality from that produced by Bald hill

stills from stagnant swamp water and aged as long as eight hours, to excellent bonded whiskey imported from Canada by speedboats, log booms, railroad cabooses, fast automobiles and a variety of other ingenious devices.

A second large plywood mill, the Washington Veneer company, was under construction at the foot of Capitol Way on the fill and local boosters were proud of the towering brick smokestack, which upon its completion was viewed as a symbol of economic growth rather than a polluter of the atmosphere. The adjacent shipyard site was cleared by the port commission and additional fill created by the Tacoma Dredging company's *Washington,* which also covered the last of the original shoreline along west 4th avenue. While the new ocean dock was still under construction, the port of Olympia played host to its first trans-Pacific steamship, the *Milan Maru* of the Japanese K Line, which lifted a lumber cargo from the local mills late in September. She was soon followed by her sister ship, *Malta Maru* and the McCormick coastwise steam schooner *Wapama.* By the time the new port dock was completed it was handling cargo tonnages never equalled in the town's heyday as a seaport.

There was considerable unhappiness among movie fans when the Jensen-Von Herberg chain took control of all the local theaters and announced that it was going to close three of the four. The resulting outcry brought about a change of heart and the new owners agreed to keep operating the Ray, for movies only; the Liberty, for vaudeville and movies; and the Capital for road shows. Only the Rex theater was closed.

The site of the pioneer Acme movie house vanished from the scene when Dawley Brothers Construction company removed a row of ancient wooden buildings in the vicinity of 4th and Washington which had housed saloons and shooting galleries in earlier days. They were replaced with a modern business building which housed another new chain store, Woolworth's "five and dime," the Buster Brown shoe store, Wilmot Clothing company and Munson Drugs.

At about the time the new Dawley building was completed, the *News* announced that H. J. Maury and J. Frank Libby had purchased the old "Mann drugstore corner" across the street on the southeast corner of 4th and Washington. The frame building there, built in 1870, housed N. E. George's confectionery and newsstand and the C. B. Mann feed store. The price, $40,000, was said to be the highest ever paid for property in Olympia, and civic pride was increased further when it was announced that a modern five-story office building was to be constructed on the site for the Security Bank and Trust company.

The massive bulk of the new Legislative building was rising ever higher to dominate the city's modest skyline. On April 20 the huge construction project claimed its first life when Emmett Godat of Tumwater, working his first day on the job, fell down an 80-foot elevator shaft.

The capital city became headquarters for an enlarged national guard unit when Captain Dohm was promoted to major and placed in command of the first provisional battalion, 248th Coast Artillery (Harbor Defense).

There was a general feeling among Olympians that things were going well in 1925, but an omen of future poor peoples' militancy appeared in November when an inmate of the county poor farm set fire to the barn to protest alleged mistreatment. The county commissioners, shocked by the aged man's refusal to maintain the meekness expected of paupers, appointed a committee of three citizens to investigate the affair.

Like many such committees before and since, nothing was ever heard from the citizen investigators.

1926

The new year of 1926 found the extraordinary session of the legislature still locked in combat with itself and Governor Hartley. The Olympia *News* headlined its lead story of January 5, "VITUPERATION FLOODS LEGISLATURE!," quoting such bitter terms as *"liar . . . ruthless, ruinous tactics . . . deceit . . . despicable and contemptible conduct . . . coercion, etc."*

Roland Hill Hartley, nicknamed "Rollin' Hill" by the *News* because of his habit of frequently "rollin' down the hill" from the executive offices to scold the legislators in the statehouse, continued the practice, arriving on January 4 to deliver what the *News* termed *"a*

vitipurative address." In this one he blasted the news media as well as the legislators, denouncing at some length the "partisan and biased press." He also complained that the majority leadership in the house, headed by Reed, "had tried to use the budget bill to browbeat and bulldoze the governor." The Reed forces, he fumed, had "used every possible method of coercion, intimidation, abuse, scheming and trading" to gain their ends.

The latest gubernatorial outburst did not advance Hartley's cause. Representative Brislawn, who had been wooed away from the majority by Sims, returned to the fold following the governor's speech and Representative Templeton, another of the Hartley supporters, was taken to the new hospital to have his appendix removed. That gave Reed's faction the clear two-thirds majority needed to override the governor's vetoes. A resolution was immediately passed by a 63 to 31 vote amending the rules to permit reconsideration of previous vetoes.

The *Olympian* so far overcame its Republican loyalties as to reprint a Seattle *Star* castigation of both governor and legislature in bold face type on the front page:

"Our honorable governor speaks up in meeting to the general effect that our equally honorable legislators are incompetents, crooks or what have you. The honorable legislators retort that our equally honorable governor is a liar, a dictator and what not.

"Well, what difference does it make? Peanuts in politics are peanuts, aren't they? And the public still pays the bill, doesn't it?"

The *Olympian* agreed editorially with this analysis, but pointed out that these were awfully expensive peanuts.

On Janury 6 Hartley returned his 16th vetoed bill . . . a measure allowing metropolitan park districts to raise their millage . . . and the legislature gave up and adjourned. Ed Sims summed things up pretty well with his comment that "It started wrong and it ended wrong. The best thing about this session was its adjournment."

Following adjournment, the governor continued to occupy himself for some time with his trusty veto pen. Among the measures which were redlined was the Eagles' old age pension bill, designed as an alternative to the county poor farm. The *News* observed with some sarcasm that *"Hartley's heart was racked with pity for the aged and infirm, but his judgment is that pensions are bad business."*

The governor did, indeed, produce a veto message on this one which lacked only soft violin music to make it a genuine tear-jerker:

"Childhood and age! The innocence of the one, the helplessness of both! How they tug at our heartstrings and open wide the gates of our finer emotions!

"The time will never come when we shall fail, either through private or public charities, to administer to those deserving in their indigency . . . But how often do our emotions blind us in our fairer judgments and divert us from the pathway of plain, albiet sterner duty."

One might expect to find the paper stained with executive tear drops as Hartley penned the final paragraph . . . *"While I commend the effort, I cannot conscientiously approve the method proposed; therefore Senate Bill No. 57 is vetoed."*

That grand old institution, the county poor farm, had been preserved.

The governor, preoccupied with feuds, vendettas and vetoes, served further notice on the public that the old days of dropping in informally on the state's chief executive were definitely a thing of the past. He asked the citizens to write, not call . . . and if they felt they must appear in person he informed them that the governor's office would henceforth be open to the public only after three o'clock in the afternoon.

He also blasted the proposal of the capitol commission to have electronic pushbutton voting installed in the new legislative chambers. "With this system we'll get 500 fool laws each session, whereas now we get only 200," Hartley declared. "If I had my way I'd stop all legislation for 40 years and the state would be better off."

ROLAND HARTLEY GIVES 'EM HELL

The departure of the legislature permitted Hartley to concentrate his fire on President Suzzallo of the university, whom he had disliked heartily since the war years. Suzzallo, as chairman of the national defense council, had been instrumental in obtaining the eight-hour day and other reforms in the Northwest logg-

ing camps. Such pampering of timber beasts was contrary to everything Hartley stood for. Furthermore, Suzzallo's national prominence and fluent speaking ability probably caused the governor to suspect that he might be a potential political rival.

By October of 1926 Hartley appointees on the board of university regents outnumbered the holdovers five to two and the governor decided it was time to make his decisive move. He made a trip to Seattle, presumably to confer with the majority trustees, and a few days later the board met formally on the campus. By a five to two vote the members dismissed Suzzallo from the room and went into executive session, quickly adopting, by the same five to two vote, a demand that Suzzallo submit his resignation. The two non-Hartley appointees, J. T. Heffernan of Seattle and Mrs. Ruth Karr McKee of Longview, were shocked and angered by the tactics used. Both resigned from the board soon afterward, Mrs. McKee in a sizzling letter to Hartley which pointed out that no charges had been brought against Suzzallo, that he had not been given a hearing of any kind and that she "refused to participate in a rule of political expediency at the university." Hartley replied that he "did not feel that the state has lost by your resignation."

The indignation of the minority regents was widely shared by the press and public of the state. The *Times* political cartoonist, who was depicting Hartley with clothing much to big for him and a hat much too small, now portrayed him with five identical little regents on a leash. Other cartoonists pictures him as the leader of a trained seal act, the university regents being the seals.

William M. Short, president of the state federation of labor, denounced the action as attributable to "the governor's insatiable hatred of the University of Washington and education generally, and his determination to subordinate education and every other asset of the people to his own personal and political interests and his unbridled prejudices." The Reverend Matthews saw the hand of the devil in the sudden ouster of the University president and thundered that it was "a crime against the university."

The *Times,* although now a Republican paper, continued to fire editorial broadsides at Hartley,* predicting that he would leave office *"the most despised man in the state of Washington,"* and recommending that the leave-taking be hastened by recall or impeachment. The Tacoma *News-Tribune* called the firing *"the blind action of a dictator,"* and the Olympia *News* editorialized that *"Hartley has upset the state and made it the laughing stock of the nation . . . something for which the voters should not pardon him."*

A recall movement was under way by October, although Hartley blandly asserted that he had had nothing whatever to do with Suzzallo's dismissal. When the newspapers refused to take his denial seriously he declared a press boycott, telling reporters, "I won't give out any news as long as the papers you represent continue their present attitude toward me." A number of the governor's appointive code directors followed his lead and refused to talk to the capital press corps, but Hartley's business partner, Joe Irvine, issued a press release threatening to prosecute everyone who circulated or signed the recall petitions if the charges against Hartley couldn't be proved.

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*The story of Blethen's break with Hartley was frequently told in the state's political circles. Here is Hartley's version as told to a statewide radio audience in August:

"Of course, you all know Clarence Blethen and the *Times*. Clarence wanted things fixed up so that he would outrank or rank ahead of the adjutant general of the National Guard. And despite his remarkable war record I could hardly see my way clear to grant such an unusual request. You know, I was just a little bit afraid that if I did that the General would become over-inflated and blow up. So when his request was denied General Blethen just resigned and left the National Guard flat on its back.

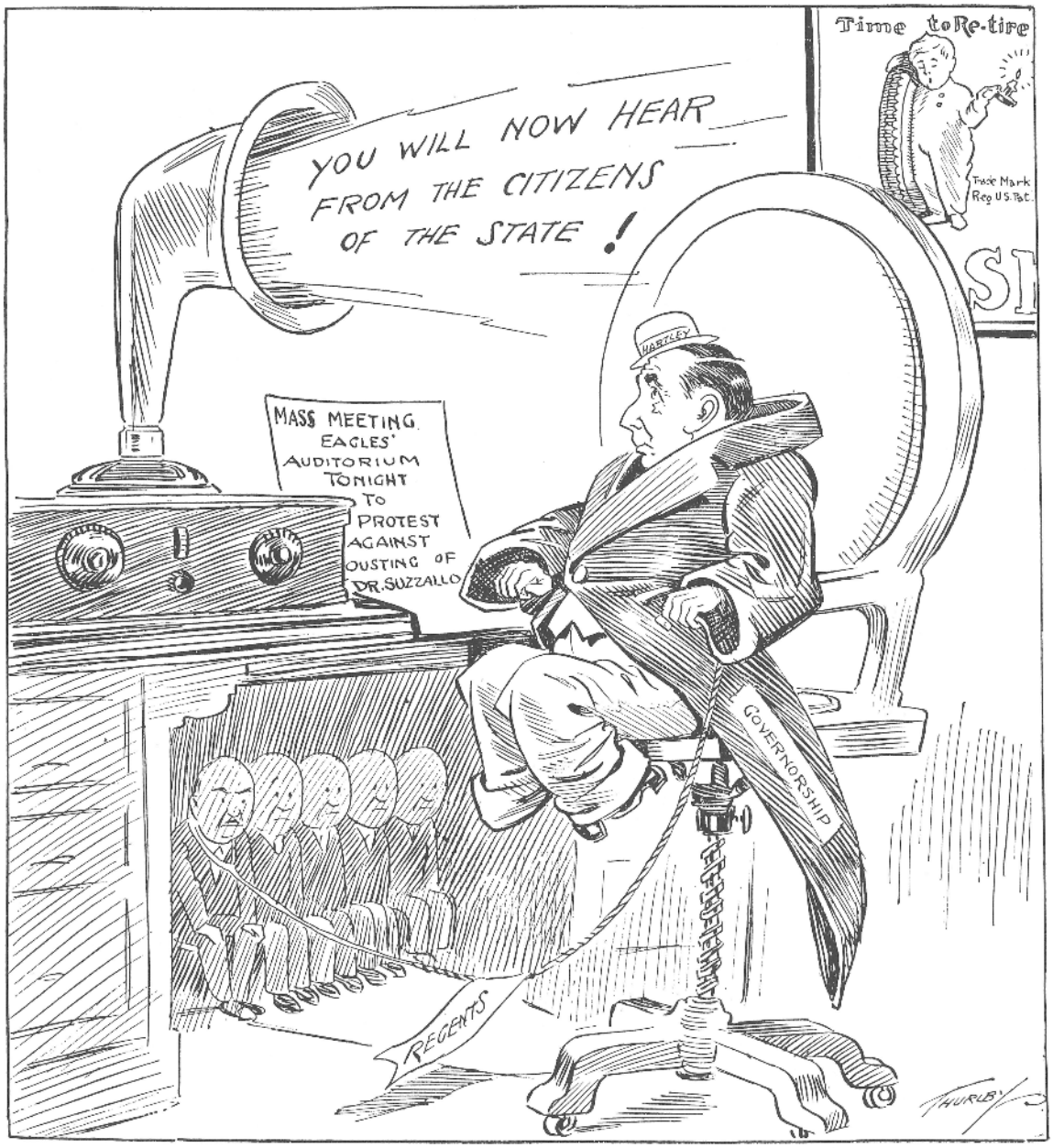
"Have you ever seen General Blethen in his uniform? It is an inspiring sight. One day last summer—the National Guard wasn't in camp at American Lake, either—one day a herald came into the office of the governor at Olympia and announced that Brig. Gen. Clarence Blethen was about to appear.

"He was shown into the governor's private office. With true military precision he marched in, executed a right flank, did a left face, clicked his heels together, saluted and announced 'Brigadier General Blethen reports to the commander in chief.'

"He was in full regalia with enough service stripes to cover a whole regiment. I was sitting at my desk in my shirt sleeves, working. I hardly knew what was happening. At first I wondered if we were at war or something, but it seems the General was doing only a little dress parade duty.

"It is hard for me to take the General or his newspaper very seriously."

(Seattle *Times,* August 20, 1926.)



Seattle *Times* delighted in portraying Governor Hartley as a very small man in clothes too big for him. This 1926 cartoon referred to the governor's bitter feud with University President Suzzallo.

Undeterred by this threat, Mrs. Clarence E. Maynard, Thurston county chairman of the recall movement, opened headquarters in the new Capitol theater building and the signature drive continued actively in the capital city and throughout the state for the rest of the year.

A less vocal but sizeable segment of the public supported Hartley and disapproved of Suzzallo for a variety of reasons, including the natural distrust of the uneducated for the intellectual, and the belief of many that the university was becoming a hotbed of radicalism and a sounding board for "anarchists." A motion brought before the university faculty criticising the action of the regents failed because nobody would second it. Timidity may have had something to do with it, but many of the teaching staff had little love for their former president. His salary of $18,000 a year was considered princely, whereas the faculty rank and file were dismally underpaid. When the legislature had appropriated funds for pay raises, Suzzallo had used it to hire more instructors . . . and he ran the University as unilaterally as Hartley was attempting to run the state.

In the end the Suzzallo affair proved to be something of a teapot tempest and it had no effect upon the Republican party's usual overwhelming victory in the off-year election. The pro-Hartley forces, masterminded by jowly, balding Jay Thomas, the state printer and Hartley's closest political crony, and former Governor McBride, concentrated on helping legislative candidates considered friendly to the governor, which was probably a waste of time and money. Once they got to Olympia the majority of lawmakers soon became disenchanted by the governor's remarkable ability to lose friends and alienate people.

The popular fifth district congressman, Sam B. Hill, easily defeated his Republican opponent. The other four seats went to Republicans, although Stephen F. Chadwick came within about a thousand votes of upsetting incumbent John F. Miller in the first district. The veteran Senator Wesley Jones, who didn't even bother to put on a campaign, beat his Democratic opponent, political new-comer A. Scott Bullitt, by a closer than usual 164,000 to 149,000 vote. Jones, a militant dry, favored Draconian enforcement of the Volstead act, while Bullitt was inclined toward it liberalization. Some political observers, the dry ones at any rate, considered Bullitt's defeat as proof that the majority still favored the Noble Experiment.

$47.50 SPIT-BOXES

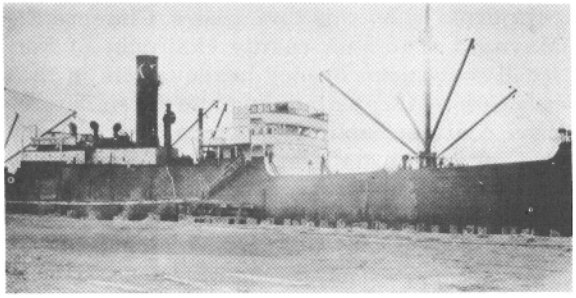
Hartley, even as he found himself embroiled in the heat of the Suzzallo controversy, found other things to get good and mad about. On October 14, 1926, he placed the capstone on the graceful 47-foot stone lantern atop the Legislative building dome, which towered 287 feet above street level on Capitol hill. Taller than the domes of any other state capitols, it was exceeded in height only by the national capitol (307 feet), St. Paul's in London (319 feet) and St. Peter's in Rome (408 feet).

No sooner had the little governor descended from the airy scaffold than he discovered grounds for indignation in the marble halls below. Shiny brass cuspidors were set conveniently throughout the building, perhaps at the suggestion of tobacco-chewing Governor Hart, who had approved most of the final plans for the structure. Hartley looked up their cost and set up an immediate outcry against the "$47.50 spit-boxes." Savidge and Clausen of the capitol commission claimed he had taken his figures from the rejected bids; that the golden gaboons had only cost from $2.20 to $10.00 each, but by that time the irascible governor was discovering other evidence of profligate spending in the Legislative building and he continued in full cry for several months.

The majestic capitol had, in fact, cost a total of $7,385,768.21, including the imported marble paneling, the five-ton Tiffany chandelier in the rotunda and all the furnishings . . . including the controversial cuspidors. Even if it had been paid for by the taxpayers rather than by capitol timber grants, it would have represented a great bargain. It probably could not be duplicated today . . . the skilled stone-carvers and other craftsmen aren't around any more . . . but if it could the cost would be astronomical.

New architectural marvels weren't limited to Capitol hill in 1926. In January the *Olympian* announced that construction would soon start on *"the city's monumental new financial building at the southeast corner of 4th and Washington, designed in keeping with the elegance of the state capitol group."* The Security Bank building, Olympia's first multi-story office building since the 19th century McKenny building, was completed by the end of the year and the ground floor retail spaces were occupied by such firms as Merle Junk's picture shop, Kerr-Sjolund jewelers, Phillips cigar store, Grace beauty parlor and Stenger and Quass, the live wire druggists.

SECURITY BANK BUILDING was first modern office building.



Milan Maru, first deep sea vessel to dock at the new port of Olympia piers.

Talcott brothers were having a modern brick and concrete retail building constructed on the northwest corner of Legion Way and Columbia and the recently formed general contracting firm of Phillips and Newell (A. J. Phillips and Roy E. Newell) had completed a second unit of the luxurious Capital Apartments, an exact duplicate of the original half connected to it by covered cement walkways on all floors. The same firm was at work on the Wohleb-designed Eagles' temple at the corner of 4th and East Bay. The cornerstone was placed with much ceremony on October 28, with a parade headed by the chief of police and the Seattle Eagles' band and with the Tenino Eagles' band bringing up the rear.

The voters had approved a school bond issue for a major addition to the high school and construction was underway at the site just north of the enlarged Capital Apartments, while the firm of McLelland and Avery announced the opening of the city's first "super service station" for the convenience of motorists at 5th and Franklin.

The new deepwater port of Olympia continued to prosper, the *News* announcing in April that *"the port of Olympia will rise to a maritime height never before attained when two big Japanese lumber carriers the* Oridono Maru *and* Malta Maru, *come in Sunday and take berths at the port commission docks to load for the Orient."* With the continuing demand for lumber sparked by the post-war building boom, the new pier would soon be lined with as many as five vessels busily loading lumber from the Olympia and Shelton mills. During the summer the six four-funneled destroyers of Destroyer Division 32, led by the flagship *Paul Hamilton,* were met off Dofflemeyer's point by pilot Delta V. Smyth, operator of the tugs *Sandman, Alice* and *Lumberman,* and guided to a berth at the port dock. Local citizens flocked to the ensuing open house aboard the destroyers, many getting their first close look at the port facilities. The resulting enthusiasm gave the port special levy bond proposal a better than four to one majority at the polls and the commissioners began plans for an extension of the pier and the construction of warehouse and cold storage buildings.

Another progressive step in 1926 was the first concentrated and scientific effort to control the rats, which had swarmed under and through the town since early territorial days. The joint effort of the city and biological survey bureau of the state health department revealed that the rodent population had extended its sphere of operations to Priest Point Park, where new generations of rats multiplied and grew fat on the stock of feed for the birds and animals of the small zoo, and also consumed the young birds, including the offspring of the park's famous flock of peacocks. The old city dump on the Swantown fill, recently converted to a fill operation, was also found to be swarming with the unpleasant animals and

315 were reported killed there in one day by a single dose of cyanide.*

BOOZE AND BEDLAM AT THE OLYMPIAN

From its opening in 1920, the Hotel Olympian was, for four decades, the second capitol of the state of Washington. More laws were passed or rejected and more political careers decided there than in either the old sandstone statehouse across the street or the splendid new Legislative building on the hill. The Olympian was *the* hotel and all the important legislators and lobbyists made it their headquarters. Among its other amenities, it provided an oasis of excellent whiskey in the Volsteadian era of Bald hills white lightning and bathtub gin. The observant Mrs. Sweetman, serving her third term as a representative in 1927 (she was the only woman member that session), recorded an interesting sidelight on life at the Olympian during the dry years:

"One who spends the entire session or a large part of it in Olympia, usually draws the correct conclusion that the hotel's the place to get liquor. On one occasion at the last session (1927) as members and visitors thronged the lobby of the hotel, some wag started the rumor that federal officers were about to raid the hotel. A remarkable phenomenon resulted. The lobby was quickly vacated by reason of the fact that each man went straight to his own room and the fun of the following day came as a result of the broken glass from bottles dropped from innumerable windows in disposal of the evidence."

Mrs. Sweetman was no friend of Demon Rum and her dry sentiments had been strengthened during the previous session when Representative Zent of Spokane committed what she described as *"a gurgling defection from the ranks"* of the pro-Hartley minority and, *"continuing in his unhappy condition 'stubbed his toe' smashing his face against the wall (or something) and passed out of the picture."* This, combined with the illnesses, the death of Thomas Kemp and the subsequent desertion of H. G. Goldsworthy of Whitman, who announced on the floor of the house, "It's hell if you do; it's hell if you don't, but now I'm going to do as I damn please," had given the anti-Hartley majority the votes needed to override his vetoes.

Mrs. Sweetman, still an ardent Hartley supporter, wrote further of boozey doings at the Hotel Olympian:

"A ridiculous object indeed, is the legislator who repeatedly, and especially in critical times when responsibility ought to weight heavily upon him, permits liquor to steal away his brain and confuse his tongue. When I have seen such a one, I have wished that his entire constituency might be brought to Olympia to witness his folly and thereafter to bury him forever in political oblivion. We have had within recent weeks state-wide publicity given to a senator of long legislative experience, whose soft footfall down the corridors of the Olympian Hotel at Olympia is known to many members and many lobbyists. His oft-repeated midnight mission from door to door was no more important than to add to the sum total of his cumulative night-cap."

The 1927 session led Maude to the firm conviction that what the Olympian needed was a real prohibition raid instead of just the rumor of one. Her writing indicated that, among other problems, it was impossible to get a decent night's sleep:

"Anyone who lives at the Olympian Hotel throughout a legislative session must more than once be filled with anger and disgust at the night revelry, the noises from which vibrate the hotel court. At the last session of the legislature there was no mistaking the frequently heard, the penetrating bass voice of one well-known lobbyist of tax fame, and the sweet tenor of another voice, of more or less legislative ill-fame, as their drunken voices gave to the early morning air the confusion of their tongues, night after night through a whole session."

*The Olympia rats didn't confine their activities to such traditional breeding grounds as docks and garbage dumps in the 1920's and 30's. A favorite occupation of a local highway patrolman in those days was the sharpening of his marksmanship by taking his coffee breaks at the drug store fountain in the IOOF building at 5th and Capitol Way and taking pot shots at the rats which appeared from time to time at the door of the adjacent store room. Uninitiated customers sometimes spilled their coffee when the gunfire started, but the highway patrolman became one of the crack shots of the force.

"It will be well for Washington and for the men, women and children of our state, when this minority of imbibers shall be restrained from their contacts with lobbyist hospitality.

"Olympia of all places in our state should have the highest measure of law enforcement during a legislative session."

The Olympian did eventually get raided by the prohis, providing great excitement, numerous red faces and a rich store of political anecdote, but the big bust didn't take place until after Mrs. Sweetman's retirement from the legislature and she was thus deprived of the satisfaction of witnessing this dramatic example of "the highest measure of law enforcement during a legislative session."

LAST LEGISLATURE IN THE OLD STATEHOUSE

Although she was disenchanted by the hard-drinking habitues of the Olympian, Mrs. Sweetman was favorably impressed by the general quality of the 1927 legislature:

"In many respects the house membership of 1927 differed from all other sessions. They were an independent-thinking body of men, refusing to recognize any faction, organization, or self-appointed leadership. After going through so many sessions where Mark Reed cracked the whip or Ed Sims bullied, it was an interesting and amusing thing, and to one democratically minded, satisfying, to see the opinions of these former masters treated on a par with the opinions of any other man in the house. In the previous sessions, one who understood the situation, could mark in advance the roll-call of every measure to be voted upon in either the house or the senate. This was not true in the house of 1927. The members wore no man's collar. They were men who could not be handled, browbeaten, bluffed or told what to do."

Mrs. Sweetman listed among the strong-minded representatives of 1927 Chester Biesen of Thurston, Knute Hill of Benton, Rex Roudebush of Pierce and Theodore Haller of King. With the new independent spirit in the house, Mrs. Sweetman, who was in 1927 the 12th in seniority, had hoped for a place on the prestigious and all-powerful 15-member rules committee, but Ed Sims quickly made it clear to her that this legislative inner sanctum was still a club for men only. She recorded her conversation with the tough ex-crimp in her book:

"As my legislative experience grew, and particularly at the last session, when only eleven other members were of older service than myself, I wanted very much to be placed on the 'Rules' Committee. This favor would, of course, depend upon Mr. Sims, and I asked him for it. His reply was: 'You wouldn't want to be on the 'Rules' Committee and I wouldn't want you to be.'

"I reminded him of the extraordinary session when the minority needed my vote to become a majority and he had to include me in the star chamber sessions, and he made his meaning clearer by adding: 'You know that 'Rules' Committee is a rough place. We swear and smoke, put our feet on the table and call a spade a spade.'

"What he really meant was that the 'Rules' Committee is the real battleground. It is here where every ounce of energy is concentrated . . . where every weapon that can be used in mental combat . . . bluff, threat, and oath . . . is brought into play. That it is in the 'Rules' Committee that the decision is really made, and the legislative decision comes to its final conclusion. His quizzical smile and statement that the 'Rules' Committee was not a place for a woman really meant that I was not yet a member of the house organization. It would be difficult, indeed, and under present conditions, absolutely impossible, for any women to become a member of the 'Rules' Committee."

The number of available positions on the house rules committee was drastically reduced in 1927. Traditionally it had been composed of 15 members with eight, including the speaker, representing the "organization" forces; the other seven from the independents, minority and other scattered forces. The independent and unpredictable nature of the new representatives caused the old-line organization leaders to doubt that 15 controllable members could be selected, so the number was reduced to nine . . . four anti-Hartley men, four pro-Hartley men and the speaker, Ralph Knapp of King county.

Mark Reed had made it known at the opening of the session that he would be absent much of the time due to "the press of personal business" and proceeded to abdicate his position of leadership completely. Mark Moulton of

Benton, leader of the pro-reclamation, anti-Hartley majority and known as "the little giant of the majority," had been one of the legislators defeated by the Hartley-McBride campaign strategy, and Sims was thus enabled to expand his pro-Hartley minority of 1925 into a majority in 1927.

The senate majority, led by Lieutenant Governor Johnson and the gentleman from Thurston, described by Mrs. Sweetman as *"the ever-present, intriguing, manipulating and horse-trading Dr. Carlyon,"* was strongly anti-Hartley. Johnson appointed Carlyon and four other solidly opposition senators to virtually all the important committees and they managed to control them firmly. According to Mrs. Sweetman, *"Johnson took care to see that where a Hartley man was on a committee, he was there alone."*

But the governor retained that ultimate weapon, his veto pen. Before he was through he had redlined 59 bills in whole or in part, cutting a total of nearly $2½ million from the general fund budget of $34,600,000.

Hartley did, however, open his negotiations with the legislature on the most conciliatory note he had ever struck. Sam Crawford, who had taken over the editorship of the Olympia *News,* noted that *"Hartley faltered over his conciliatory message as if he was not familiar with its contents"* and believed that *"a tight rein is being held upon Governor Hartley by those now guiding the destinies of his administration. He is saying the things they want him to say and doing the things they want him to do. The man on the hill is not now master of his own tongue."*

While the moderate tone of his legislative message would indicate that the governor was listening to and accepting some advice, there wasn't a political rein strong enough to hold him in check once his dander was up.

His 1927 message was largely devoted to a detailed summary of the needs of the state institutions, which had degenerated through years of neglect. He predicted that inmate populations would expand spectacularly in the immediate future, basing his opinion on a typical bit of the Hartley social philosophy:

"We are living in an age of cold hearthstones and relaxed parental restraint; of bright lights and late nights; of jazz and joyriding; of haste and waste. We are reaping the harvest in the criminal, the insane and the defective. In everyday affairs we have opened wide the door to improvidence and extravagance, and wider spreads the way to the prison cell, the insane ward and the almshouse. As public officials, we cannot stay nor halt the procession. We must receive it. Our duty is plain. We must incarcerate, shelter, care for and protect, whatever the cost."

He was unable to forego another blast at the administration of the state lands, quoting Pliny Allen's investigative committee of 1910:

"The looseness and laxity of the land laws, the dishonesty, incompetency and inefficiency of cruisers, together with other conditions, convince the committee that the state has been for years systematically defrauded, and the people of the state have lost millions of dollars by the sale of state and timber lands for grossly and ridiculously inadequate consideration. Reliable cruises that have been made under our direction disclose that careless, inaccurate, and perhaps dishonest cruises, heretofore made by state cruisers, have resulted in the loss to the state of great amounts of money, running into incredible figures."

He then expressed the personal opinion that *"the same looseness and laxity of laws, the same inaccuracy of cruises, the same obscurity of sale, and the same lack of competition, exists today."*

He urged that Governor Hay's measure of 1911, requiring that private logging roads and railroads be operated as common carriers to haul the logs of other than their owners be rewritten *"and made to mean what it was intended to mean."*

It had been widely predicted by Hartley's political opponents that, as a timber and logging magnate, he would turn the state's forest resources over to the robber barons of the industry. It somewhat took the wind out of their sails when he told the legislators that *"if our constitution renders us powerless properly to protect and safeguard the great heritage of our school children and leaves us to sit idly by to watch certain great powerful timber interests gobble up sections 16 and 36 of each township in our forest areas, and whittle away piecemeal the state's great stand of Douglas fir on the Olympic Peninsula, then most certainly it is time to amend the constitution."*

His biggest concession was a budget recommendation for total highway expenditures of $24,701,000, whereas he had, at the opening of the previous session, insisted that the highway budget should be limited to $10

million a biennium. This, as the *News* pointed out, *"removes the lid from the state highway appropriation and opens the lid to the pork barrel . . . and does much to restore rapport with the members of the legislature."*

The governor closed his message with the wish that *"harmony may characterize our relations and success attend our common efforts."*

And, for good measure, he sent invitations to all the legislators, even his bitterest political enemies, to attend a lavish reception at the mansion.

On March 9, 1927, the members of the 20th legislature of the state of Washington deserted their modest chambers in the old downtown statehouse and marched in a body up the hill to the monumental new Legislative building. Mounting the broad stone steps at the north entrance, they passed through the 30-ton ornamental bronze doors and into the rotunda of gray Alaska marble, with the great seal of the state in bronze set in the mosaic marble floor and the huge Tiffany chandelier 50 feet overhead, hanging from the inner masonry dome by a 101-foot bronze chain. Then they separated, the senators taking over their new desks and comfortable swivel-chairs in the heavily carpeted chambers of Formosan marble; the representatives moving into their south chambers, finished in French Escalette marble of cream and yellow with delicate veining of warm pink and red.

NEW CAPITOL: OLD CUSTOMS

Maude Sweetman, who missed little that went on in legislative circles, noted that one of the first facilities to be furnished and equipped was an oasis of relaxation and hospitality which became known over the succeeding years as committee room X or committee room 13. Mrs. Sweetman wrote: *"This fountain of refreshment was established in the few days of the occupancy of the new quarters by the Legislature in the last session."*

The legislature had come a long way from the drafty wooden territorial capitol, which had stood just to the east, between the current sites of the Legislative and Insurance buildings, but the custom of "taking the oath of allegiance" had survived . . . in a somewhat more sophisticated milieu.

Three days later, at midnight on March 11, the constitutional 60-day term was supposed to end, but the legislature was locked in an interhouse battle over the highway and general fund budgets. The joint conference committee appointed to reach a compromise on the distribution of the concrete pork barrel was made up of anti-Hartley senators and pro-Hartley representatives and there was little rapport between them. While the conference committee haggled in the privacy of the new rules committee room on the floor above the chambers legislators, lobbyists, employees and townspeople danced in the rotunda to the beat of a jazz band. The temporary clocks had been removed from both chambers and, officially, time was standing still at the capitol.

As is usual in such cases, fatigue and an overwhelming desire to pack up and go home forced one side to capitulate. In this case it was the senate segment of the conference committee. They wearily approved the $34,600,000 general fund budget, including $319,000 which the senate and Hartley had wanted to trim. It included $18,000 to investigate the governor's office.

The legislature adjourned *sine die* at 5:34 p.m. on March 12, having run 17 hours and 34 minutes overtime.

The lawmakers had responded to Hartley's request for an institutional building program, making the largest appropriation yet to begin mending the results of the neglect of 20 years. In the final confusion the federated industries lobby had succeeded in pushing through a senate bill making it more difficult than ever for injured workmen to collect industrial insurance. The new measure prohibited workers from suing employers and made any appeal from the rulings of the governor's insurance commission virtually impossible. The state's industrialists, who were required to co-finance the insurance program, had traditionally opposed the concept that an employer had any responsibility for an injured employee. The majority, including Hartley, held firmly to that opinion and his commissioners had turned down every possible application for benefits. The courts, however, had frequently overruled them and supported the injured worker. Senate bill 230 plugged that legal loophole . . . and was

typical of the last-minute special interest rip-off legislation which persists to this very day.

Folowing adjournment the governor pared that $319,000 and then some from the budget. His vetoes cut a total of $2,473,172.69 from the legislative budget, including the funds to investigate his office, $10,000 for a formal dedication of the new Legislative building and more than a million dollars from the highway budget.

Having rested from his labors for a month, the governor then embarked upon what the *News* called "a firing rampage." Among those whose heads rolled under the executive ax were J. Webster Hoover, the popular highway engineer, O. O. Calderhead, supervisor of transportation, H. O. Berger and Thomas D. Jennings, traffic experts, and L. D. Conrad, supervisor of the motor vehicle division, all employees of the department of public works. The *News* reported much indignation in the capital city, where the men involved had many friends and were considered to be among the more capable public servants.

The governor's communications with the ousted employees were characteristically brusque and to the point. His letter to Hoover was typical:

"Dear Sir: In accordance with my message to you, through our Mr. Lane . . . you are hereby notified that your appointment and services as State Highway Engineer will terminate and cease on Saturday, April 30, 1927."

Lieutenant Governor Johnson expressed the feelings of Hoover's supporters in his letter to the ousted highway engineer . . . *"—t is difficult to write a temperate letter in this matter. * * * You were compelled to resign when there was no justification, in fact, for such an action."*

The governor's pride and joy, the state highway patrol, now nattily attired in field green whipcord uniforms with leather leggings and Sam Brown belts and commanded by Hartley-appointed Chief William Cole, met in a body at the old statehouse in the first of a series of seminars aimed at improved traffic safety on the state highways. There were complaints from some of the state's motorists, however, that it was as much as your life was worth to get in the way of Governor Hartley when he went tearing down the highways in his powerful touring car with red light flashing and siren screaming.

LUCKY LINDY AND THE MODEL-A

All the school children of Olympia marched to the new capitol grounds in mid-September to crane their necks and cheer when the current national hero, Charles Lindberg, circled the capitol dome three times in his ocean-spanning monoplane *Spirit of St. Louis* and dropped a message from his plane to the people of Washington.

Early in December residents of the capital city flocked to the Hotel Olympian to see another historic sight . . . the unveiling of the wonderful Model-A Ford. For months the nation had waited with baited breath to see what mechanical marvel was to supersede the legendary Model-T. The first of the "new Fords," a turquoise blue coupe, was enshrined in shiny splendor in the center of the lobby as the public admired the stylish lines, the "70 percent wool tapestry upholstery," the four-wheel brakes and the "vibrationless 40-horsepower engine," said to be capable of developing the breathtaking speed of 60 miles an hour. Prospective buyers rushed to L. E. Titus's Olympia Motors to place advance orders for the automotive wonder of the 1920's.

The various independent stage lines serving the Puget Sound region were consolidated as the North Coast Lines, with big new motor coaches revolutionizing public highway transport as much as the Model-A affected private motoring.

The contracting firm of Phillips and Newell completed a new multi-level department store building for J. C. Penney on the northwest corner of Capitol and Legion ways, and the big brewery at Tumwater, vacant since the demise of Appleju, was rented by a new local stock company, the Tumwater Paper Mills. The evening *Recorder* became the evening edition of the *Olympian* and a few months later the weekly *Chronicle,* published since 1899 by M. D. Abbott, suspended, leaving only the morning and evening *Olympian* and the weekly Olympia *News.*

With the capital seemingly anchored safely for all time by the multi-million-dollar group of pseudo-Grecian buildings rising on the hill and the city's industrial base strengthened by the coming of plywood and paper mills, Olympia was developing a new civic self-confidence. The lumber market was booming as it had never boomed, the new port piers were lined with ocean steamships hauling forest products

to the ports of the world and even a few of the old windjammers were being hauled from waterfront boneyards to help carry the timber cargoes. One of these, the graceful barkentine *Conqueror,* was towed to the pier by Captain Volney Young's wood-burning steam tug *Prospector* to lift a lumber cargo for South Africa. She was the last of the fleet of commercial sailing ships that had put in to Budd Inlet since the days of Mike Simmons' little brig *Orbit.* The *Robert Dollar,* largest freighter under the American flag, was one of 90 ships of nine nations which loaded 130,000,000 board feet of lumber, doors and plywood at the Port of Olympia in 1927.

Times appeared to be changing for the better and even women were proving that they could compete in the new society of the twenties. Margaret McKenny, daughter of the territorial Indian agent and capitalist, received a commission to landscape a 1,500-acre estate in New York and departed for the east, admitting that she would "miss the wild blackberry and mushroom hunting seasons."

1928

Governor Hartley increased the volume of his outcries against the extravagance of the capitol commission in furnishing the new Legislative building as the election year of 1928 rolled around. Land Commissioner Savidge, in January, felt constrained to buy air time on radio stations KOMO in Seattle and KHQ in Spokane to defend the actions of the board, but it was impossible to drown out the governor, once he was aroused.

On February 27, the eve of the formal move of the governor and state elective officials to their posh new offices on the second floor of the capitol, Hartley delivered himself of a blast at the building itself, as well as its amenities. It constituted, he proclaimed, "a monument to extravagance in architectural design and waste and profligacy in furnishings" . . . although he had originally taken great pride in it and even suggested that the legislature appropriate an extra $500,000 to line the dome with marble.

The governor became apoplectic when the commission hired the nationally noted landscape firm of Olmstead brothers to lay out the grounds around the capitol, insisting that a state highway engineer could do the job just as well.* He objected with equal violence when sculptor Victor Alonzo Lewis was engaged to create the soldiers' and sailors' monument authorized by the legislature of 1919. The price had gone up from $50,000 to $65,000 and Hartley felt a contest should be held to choose the best . . . and presumably cheapest . . . statue. When the other commissioners pointed out that a nation-wide contest would require cash prizes and other costs and that they could hardly call on other artists to bid on the model already created by Lewis, the governor decided that he "liked the design," which was non-abstract and heroic, and added his blessings to the contract. (The mind boggles at the thought of what the little governor's reaction would have been to the kind of sculpture currently in vogue for public grounds and buildings, which have the appearance of bronzed stools left behind by some prehistoric race of gargantuan metalic monster.)

Although he may have capitulated in that minor skirmish, Hartley continued to do battle against the "spenders at Olympia." As his campaign for a second term warmed up he appropriated several items of hand-carved furniture and jammed them in his car. Then he affixed one of the biggest of the "golden spittoons" to its top and toured the state, letting the peasantry see at first hand the hifallutin' and costly nicknacks they were presumably financing. Hartley's "Cuspidor Caravan" has become legendary in the annals of Washington politics.

The governor, despite his preoccupation with the Legislative building, had plenty of energy left over for forays in other directions. He feuded consistently with the attorney general, John H. Dunbar, who was not one of his admirers. Hartley and his right-hand man, Jay Thomas, charged that Dunbar's hostility was prompted by the refusal of the governor to appoint Judge Wilson to the supreme court and then appoint Dunbar to Wilson's post on the Thurston county superior bench.

Whatever its origins, the hostility was dramatized in Judge Wright's court where

*Judging from the concern displayed over the years by state highway department engineers for the landscape, Hartley's proposal could have led to disastrous results.

Hartley had brought suit against the majority members of the highway commission to prevent their appointment of Thomas Beeman as secretary of the commission. Convinced that Dunbar had neither the legal skill nor willingness to handle the case properly, Hartley kept butting into the proceedings. The attorney general finally lost his patience and told the chief executive, "Tend to your own affairs. I'll run this case the way I please!"

Hartley vented the excess steam pressure created by this courtroom confrontation by going on the air via station KJR to blast the Seattle *Times* and *Post-Intelligencer* for their biased and unfriendly reporting of his accomplishments and their failure to print a long news release he had issued to them summarizing the tax savings he had accomplished and lauding the unprecedented efficiency of Jay Thomas's state printing plant.

THE CANDIDATES TAKE TO THE AIRWAVES

The 1928 political campaign in the state of Washington was marked by the first wide use of radio broadcasts by candidates and the usual overall sweep by Republicans of offices from the White House to city hall.

Calvin Coolidge, having issued his famous "I do not choose to run" statement, the Republican presidential nomination easily went to his secretary of commerce, Herbert Hoover, who was still regarded as a hero of the world war food drive. Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas was his running mate. Both were conservative and dry.

The Democrats, still smarting from the wounds of their 1924 convention, gave almost unanimous support to colorful Al Smith, wet, Catholic, and Tammany-supported big city mayor. To offset this image among the more conservative voters, they selected Joseph T. Robinson, dry, Protestant small town politician from Arkansas as their vice presidential candidate.

Washington Republicans aimed their big guns at Democratic Senator Dill. Miles Poindexter resigned as minister to Peru to return and do combat with his old adversary. Perennial candidate Austin Griffiths also threw his hat in the ring, but Republican organization leaders doubted that either could defeat the popular and charming Dill. They selected Judge Kenneth Mackintosh as the man to receive the blessing of the party bosses.

All the incumbent congressmen, with the exception of the previously invincible Albert Johnson, received easy renomination. Johnson barely edged out a political unknown named Homer T. Bone, who was thereafter viewed as a man who would be heard from in the future.

Controversial Roland Hartley had apparently struck a responsive chord in the bosoms of the taxpayers. He easily won nomination for a second term, garnering more votes than his two opponents combined. John A. Gellatly was nominated for lieutenant governor over Paul Houser, Victor Zednick and W. L. LaFollette, Jr. The more cynical political observers attributed the large field of prominent names in this contest to the historic fact that no Washington governor had yet lived to complete a second term.

A. Scott Bullitt edged out four other candidates for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, while Harry M. Westfall beat Representative Belle Reeves by a few hundred votes for nomination as lieutenant governor.

In November 518,713 of the state's 596,888 registered voters went to the polls, but very few of them marked Democratic ballots. Smith and Robinson carried only sparsely populated Ferry county. Hartley's victory was less overwhelming. Although Bullitt carried only five counties, the largest of these being Grays Harbor and Lewis, he garnered 214, 334 votes to Hartley's 281,991 . . . an unprecedented number for a Democrat in the 1920's.

The only Democratic victory was that of Dill, who defeated Mackintosh in a close race. All the incumbent congressmen also won new terms. All the state elective offices and the usual one-sided majority in the new legislature went to Republicans.

Josephine Corliss Preston had managed to make her office as superintendent of public instruction almost as controversial as the governor's. She had quarreled constantly with her upper level staff, particularly the female members, and had run through a half dozen assistant superintendents during her first term in office. In 1928 she found herself under vigorous attack for having permitted the distribution to schools of "industrial and vocational material" provided by the private power companies. The public power advocates called the school publications "thinly veiled

propaganda for private ownership of public utilities." They joined the pro-Hartley forces in opposition to the lady school chief and she lost the Republican nomination for reelection to Dr. Noah Showalter. No Democratic candidate filed and Showalter thus took over the post by default.

George G. Mills, denying his campaign was, as rumor had it, backed by Governor Hartley, was elected mayor and commissioner, carrying the Republican victory to city hall.

The airplane had thoroughly captured the popular imagination of people everywhere, and Washington's capital city was no exception. The daring aviatrix Amelia Earhart, following the course set the previous year by "Lucky Lindy" spanned the Atlantic by air and the University of Washington was establishing aeronautical research facilities with grants from William Boeing, pioneer Seattle airplane manufacturer, and the Guggenheim foundation.

AIRPORT

Infant airlines were springing up to compete bravely with the railroads for express and passenger business and H. L. Whiting, president of the Olympia Knitting Mills, back from a trip to the east, announced that Olympia should immediately start building an airport. He reported tremendous development of air travel from Chicago east and ventured the daring prediction that "airlines may become as important as railways."

Olympia civic leaders, no longer preoccupied and impoverished by the long battle to keep the capital, were more receptive to new ideas in 1928. By mid-April a plot of prairie land south of Tumwater had been cleared, a runway graded and the Olympia airport dedicated. The dedication ceremonies, bravely held on Friday, April 13, featured the dramatic arrival of J. B. Story, youthful manager of the Olympic Aeronautical corporation who, according to the *Olympian, "glided smoothly down from the sky and landed his trim Alexander Eagle Rock plane, just 59 minutes from Portland."* The Eagle Rock, on the last leg of it flight from the factory in Denver, was to be stationed at the new airport to train students for the company's Olympic School of Aviation. Another Eagle Rock, piloted by C. L. Langdon, also arrived carrying two passengers, John Sparling, an Olympic shareholder, and his guest, Walter Lytle. After becoming the first air passengers to arrive at the Olympia airport, they drove to the Olympian Hotel to address the Rotary club on the wonders of aviation.

A number of prominent local citizens made flights the same day, Mrs. W. W. Rogers becoming the first woman to fly from the airport. Others included John Pierce, Joe Kershner, *Olympian* writer, and B. F. Hume, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. L. E. Titus, the local Ford dealer, was the first to make a business flight, winging his way to Tacoma and Centralia. Within two weeks Titus had become president of the reorganized Olympic Aeronautical corporation, with Story as vice president and Langdon as chief pilot. Titus announced that it was the company's purpose "to put Olympia on the map from the aeronautic standpoint and work for the development of the new airfield." Mr. and Mrs. Titus and Story then flew from Dearborn, Michigan, in a new six-passenger Bushel air sedan to be stationed at Olympia in the company's commercial service. Competition soon arrived in the form of a Waco monoplane, flown in from Troy, Ohio, by local pilot Ross Dye for Charter Service.

In December Santa Claus arrived by airplane and was driven from the airport to the capitol to meet the town's tots. The traditional Christmas lights were augmented by a 75-foot aviation beacon tower in suburban Lacey.

COSMOPOLITAN TOUCHES

Signs of progress continued in other areas as the optimism of the late 1920's approached its zenith. Phillips and Newell, who had just finished moving a whole block of houses from the expanding capitol campus to a new location east of Capitol Way, were at work on two new buildings on opposite sides of east 4th avenue, a three story brick department store for Montgomery-Ward and the Wohleb-designed Avalon theater of Spanish stucco, with a half block of retail store space in

addition to the central theater section. In midsummer it was announced that the Pacific Coast Investment company and Schmidt estate would soon begin construction of a "seven-story addition to the Mitchell Hotel" on Capitol Way across from Sylvester park. The same group had taken over management of the Olympian and the new structure, which absorbed the old Mitchell and became the Governor Hotel, was an alternative to an earlier plan to add two floors and a grand ballroom to the Olympian. Occupants of the stone courthouse at 4th and Washington were complaining that it was unsafe to venture inside, and so were lawyers who had to go there when court was in session. It was generally agreed that Thurston county needed a new courthouse, and that it should be built adjacent to the splendid new capitol campus.

The long dormant capital city was definitely growing and expanding. There was no doubt that, by 1928, it had at last exceeded the 10,000 population it had been bravely claiming since 1890. The Chamber of Commerce, anxious to retain Capitol Way as a fitting approach to the capitol group and to provide some control over the community's expansion, accepted the new-fangled concept of civic planning and urged the creation of a nine-member city planning commission. E. N. Steele, E. M. Chandler and Millard Lemon became the "nucleus committee" to set up the new advisory group.

Metal stop signs sprouted on all the arterial streets, replacing the painted warnings on the street surfaces which had been the earlier form of traffic control. The controlling stock in the Capital National bank was purchased by the Marine Bank corporation of Seattle and the Harris Drygoods company, a leading locally-owned department store since 1896, was sold to the Miller Mercantile company of Oregon, proprietors of eight stores in the neighboring state. A new firm, Olympic Homes, organized by Carlton Sears, proprietor of Rexall drugstores, and Ford dealer Titus, took over the 1,600 lots and five miles of salt waterfront of the old Boston Harbor townsite and announced that the land would be made available on easy terms to 800 new settlers.

The Weyerhaeuser Timber company began logging operations from its new company town of Vale in southeast Thurston county, delivering 350,000 feet of logs daily over its private railroad to its huge log dump on South Bay, from whence they were towed to Everett for milling.

The expanding port of Olympia continued to add new lustre to civic pride. In June a pretty Olympia schoolgirl, Hollys Brazeal, rechristened the Tacoma-Oriental line's trans-Pacific freighter *City of Spokane,* S.S. *Olympia.* The ceremony was followed by an inter-city love feast at the Winthrop Hotel which banished any lingering hostility which might have remained from Tacoma's last effort to steal the state capital from Olympia.

Early in September the sleek new Mitsubishi line motorship *Olympia Maru* arrived in port to load a cargo of lumber. Ship's officers, company officials and the Japanese consul were guests of civic officials and dignitaries at a banquet in the Hotel Olympian. Local Japanese school children performed traditional dances to Japanese music and Mayor Johnson concluded his speech of the evening by pressing a button which turned on the newly extended boulevard lights on Capitol Way all the way to 27th avenue.

The affair provided a new cosmopolitan touch, dramatizing the fact that the long-isolated town had emerged from its mudflats and placed itself on the world's trade routes. The name of Olympia was being carried to the seaports of the Pacific rim on the counters of two big merchant ships and auto supply stores began doing a big business in license plate frames which proclaimed "Olympia . . . the Capital Port."

The waterfront was further enlivened on June 21 when the first Capital to Capital Yacht Race began amid pageantry and half-day holiday. Ten cruisers, convoyed by the coast guard rescue cutter *Snohomish,* set out on the long voyage to Alaska's territorial capital, Juneau. The *Olympian's* paripatetic reporter, Kershner, went along on E. J. Thompson's yacht *Dell,* skippered by John Pierce, and was subsequently able to report that the *Dell* had won the first prize, $100 worth of Alaskan gold nuggets. Adolph Schmidt's *Winnifred* took second place and the handsome Sidney Laurence painting, "Race to the Potlatch."

After witnessing the race start, Governor Hartley celebrated his 54th birthday by swinging a scythe to harvest the hay on a vacant lot near the capitol grounds at the invitation of the owner. The governor thus dramatized his firm belief in the work ethic and, as he put it, proved that "I've still got a lot of pep and I wanted that fellow to know I wouldn't be stumped by his dare."

Steadily increasing prosperity prompted a revival of semi-professional baseball, the reorganized Olympia Senators fielding a team in the Timber league. The Chautauqua, soon to fall victim to increasingly sophisticated radio broadcasting and other leisure time activities, made its last stand on the vacant lot across from the capitol grounds, already selected as the most likely site for the county's proposed new courthouse. The local Elks lodge had made earlier use of the area for a less cultural and much noisier tent show. School Superintendent Breckner protested to the city commissioners that the Elks' carnival, adjacent to the high school, had served as a distribution center for postcards and other pictorial material which he considered "obscene and semi-obscene." He enclosed samples of the erotic material, which he said had been purchased at the carnival by pupils and was being passed around in classrooms and during study periods. The commissioners, blushing, declared that carnivals were forbidden under existing ordinances and that the event had been held illegally, but the carnival had already folded its tents and disappeared, so there wasn't much they could do about it.

A further sign of moral decay, according to those who viewed with alarm the activities of the post-war "lost generation," was the wide publicity given to the taking of the Old Gold cigarette "blindfold test" by J. P. Morgan's daughter Anne. Miss Morgan declared via radio commercials and newspaper advertisements that "Old Gold's smoothness was so obvious," thus placing the stamp of social respectability upon the use of tobacco by American womanhood. Although not proclaimed in the advertising of the day, it was also generally evident that females of respectable middle class background, who wouldn't have been caught dead in an old-fashioned saloon, had no such compunctions about appearing in public in the fashionable speakeasies and downing the illicit liquor, which was somehow much more glamorous than the tax-stamped and government bonded product of the pre-Volstead days.

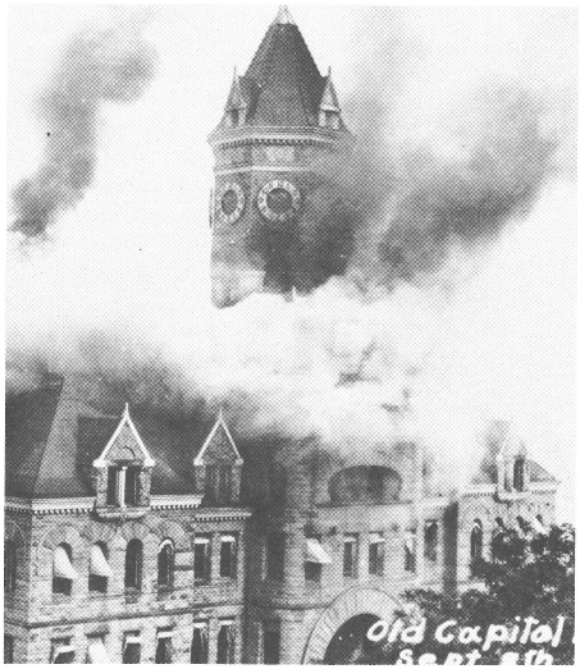
A new pre-war generation of college students had departed from tradition and elected a radical young law school senior named Marion Zioncheck president of the associated student body at the University of Washington. Zioncheck had graduated from Olympia high school in 1919 under the name of Marion Potter (his step-father's), and a more prominent local high school graduate, Wilbur "Mickey" McGuire, was a leading member of the coalition of fraternity men and athletes who opposed the slum-born Polish-American "barbarian" as student body president. They gave vent to their feelings by donning hoods, cornering Zioncheck, shaving his head and tossing him, fully clothed, into Frosh pond. McGuire was among those expelled for their participation in this bit of campus activism. Zioncheck, soon afterward, was dropped from law school for low grades, but he got himself reinstated, graduated, passed the bar examination and set forth on an even more colorful political career.

THE CLOCKS ARE STOPPED

The most spectacular event of 1928 in the capital city was the near destruction by fire of the old statehouse on the afternoon of September 9. The eight illuminated clocks on the octagonal stone tower came to a stop forever as seething flames roared through it as through a chimney, and the west wing (the original courthouse) was reduced to blackened and gutted masonry.

Origin of the blaze, one of the worst in Olympia's history, has never been determined. The building was practically deserted when janitors smelled smoke and turned in the alarm at 3:35 on that quiet Saturday afternoon. When it became evident that all the apparatus of the local fire department was insufficient to cope with the erupting blaze, a combination wagon from the Tacoma fire department made the run to Olympia in the then remarkable time of 35 minutes.

Hampered by a crowd of 6,500 people and with the clock tower seemingly about to crash into the street, the Tacoma firemen managed to get to the roof of the building, where they thrilled the crowd by scampering across the slippery metal roof like squirrels. One nimble Tacoma smoke-eater, according to the *Olympian*, carried a length of hose directly into the tower, which was belching smoke and flame, and sat nonchalantly in one of the arched windows directing the stream at the heart of the blaze, while other firemen below



OLD STATEHOUSE IN FLAMES, September 8, 1928.

protected him with spray from another hose. As the fire progressed, one clock after another stopped, the eighth one ticking its last at 13 minutes to five when a stream of water struck it full force.

The combined efforts of the Olympia and Tacoma firemen and citizen volunteers succeeded in controlling the conflagration before it did serious damage to the newer east wing, but the ornate Victorian tower, which had dominated the downtown Olympia skyline for nearly three decades and given the old building much of its character, was doomed. Part of it had crumbled and dropped on the roof below and the remainder was too far gone to save. When the wing was rebuilt the famous eight-sided clock tower was demolished.

Soon afterward another landmark of more halcyon days, the 19th century wooden bandstand in Sylvester park, succumbed to the ravages of time, termites and incendiary efforts and was torn down. Old-timers mourned its demise, along with that of the statehouse clock tower, but young Marvin Glavin, a sharp-eyed *News-Tribune* carrier boy, found a 1913 five-dollar gold piece in the ashes, proving the truth of the old adage that it's an ill wind that blows no good.

1929

The 21st legislature of 1929 was the first to convene amid the marble, bronze and tapestry splendor of the new Legislative building, but the January weather which greeted it was just as disagreeable as that which had been cursed by the sturdy pioneers of the territorial legislature. The lawmakers also faced a similar problem. The legislative chambers were back at the site of the territorial capitol, 13 long uphill blocks from the downtown hotels. By the end of the month 13 inches of snow had accumulated, making the streets and sidewalks nearly impassable and causing the street cars to hum like hornets, spin their wheels and run only spasmodically. Representative Maude Sweetman skidded on the ice and continued her legislative duties with a cast on one arm. Chairs were placed in the marble corridor between the senate and house chambers to provide frigid lobbyists with a place to thaw out while waiting the opportunity to buttonhole legislators. Somewhere along the way that crowded marble hall became known as "ulcer gulch", a designation which has achieved virtually official status.

By January 13 the legislators had gathered amid rumors of an unprecedented contest for the office of president pro-tem of the senate. That august body had received its first feminine member in the person of Miss Reba Hurn, a politically ambitious Spokane attorney who had run for congress in the primary election of 1924. Senator Hurn was no shrinking violet and she was not intimidated by her masculine colleagues. She was an announced candidate for the top leadership position, claiming upon her arrival, that she was in a 17 to 17 vote tie with Senator Fred W. Hastings of King county. Hastings' supporters said their candidate had 25 votes safely sewed up, with only 22 needed for election.

Their predictions proved accurate, Hastings was named president pro-tem and Miss Hurn was relegated to the position deemed proper for an overly ambitious freshman senator . . . and a female at that. Senator Heifner was the unanimous choice as minority leader. He was the only Democrat in the upper house.

Ed Davis of Columbia county was duly elected speaker of the house, while Sims and Reed continued to run the show in their usual self-effacing but highly effective manner. Mrs. Sweetman may have been tempted to use her plaster cast as a bludgeon when she was not

only passed over for the rules committee, but denied membership on the roads and bridges committee; furthermore, several of the more chauvinistic male members told an *Olympian* reporter that *"she should be satisfied with her seat in the house and not hanker after the deeper cushions of the committee rooms,* thus adding insult to injury.

The senate gallantly set aside one of the new committee rooms for the use of the lady lobbyists of the WCTU, PTA, Federated Women's Clubs and others dedicated to "seeing that no bill passed to lower the moral standards of the state." The male lobbyists, relegated to the crowded confines of ulcer gulch, complained bitterly of discrimination. The usual ineffective steps were being taken to keep them out of the chambers during deliberations and operators had even been placed in the automatic elevators to prevent their sneaking in by that means. The ladies of the purity group protested that they weren't really lobbyists at all, but self-sacrificing guardians of public morality.

The senate solved the thorny problem by ejecting the WCTU ladies and their colleagues from committee room 13 and installing a bar.

Governor Hartley, the first Republican governor in the state's history to win a second term in office, addressed the assembled legislators on January 16, following the inauguration ceremonies for himself, Lieutenant Governor Gellatly, Secretary of State J. Grant Hinkle, Treasurer Charles W. Hinton, Attorney General Dunbar, Auditor Clausen, Land Commissioner Savidge, Superintendent of Public Instruction Showalter and Insurance Commissioner H. O. Fishback. The ceremonies were held in the evening to permit a statewide radio broadcast on prime time and were preceded by a band concert in the rotunda by the regimental band of the 148th Field Artillery. A formal reception in the Italian violet marble state reception room, lighted by the Tiffany chandeliers of Czechoslovakian crystal, ended the night's events.

NO EASY TASK

Tacitly conceding that his first four years in office had been stormy ones, Hartley declared that *"so far as I am concerned, what has been done was done in the interests of courageous, efficient, good government."* He further conceded that *"I realize that some of my recommendations for greater economy were so unexpected and so contrary to the long uncontrolled trend of public business as to appear drastic,"* but he insisted that *"grievous conditions demand drastic action."*

He then delivered an opinion of such accuracy that it might well have been engraved in the marble of the capitol rotunda:

"It is no easy task to close the sluices of public expenditure when the long-opened gates have become so fixed in their grooves as to yield downward only to sledge-hammer blows."

Although the booming economy had resulted in a $16 million surplus in the state treasury, he considered this to be an indication that taxes should be cut rather than expenditures increased. *"The truth is,"* he observed dryly, *"the state's affairs are today in better condition than are the private affairs of those from whose pockets has been taken that $16,000,000 now in the state treasury."* He further warned the lawmakers that *"I shall regard it as the performance of plain duty to disapprove any legislation calling for new appropriations, unless such legislation provides the means of its own financing in some manner that does not add to the already too great tax burden borne by the people as a whole."*

While a number of legislators fumed under the chastening words of the governor, thousands of simple taxpayers tuned in to the state capitol and, amid the static, blessed the name of Hartley.

The methods proposed by Hartley to reduce the costs of government would, coincidentally, add vastly to his personal power. He urged abolishment of the highway commission and formation of a department of highways under a director appointed by the governor. Having quarrelled continuously with Auditor Clausen over Legislative building expenditures, he proposed that that official be replaced on the capitol commission by one of his closest political allies, Olaf L. Olsen, director of the department of business control.

THOSE OUTRAGEOUS OUTHOUSES

All three members of the state fisheries board having resigned two years earlier and never been replaced, he called for an appointive supervisor of fisheries. Convinced that public education was running amuck with the taxpayers' money and viewing with alarm the recent development of the junior high school and junior college, he wanted a nine-member board of education for the university and colleges and a constitutional amendment abolishing the elective office of superintendent of public instruction, which he considered, with some justification, to be a sounding board of the spendthrift education lobby. The superintendent would, of course, be replaced with a Hartley appointee. He also wanted the state tax commission (appointed by him) to give final approval to all appraisals of his arch enemy Savidge before any state lands or timber could be disposed of. The state parks committee had enraged the governor by a tendency to spend money on public picnic and camping facilities, including *"community halls, kitchens, shower baths, playgrounds, rowboats and other knickknacks."* His voice squeaked with outrage when he pointed out that the park committee had spent $116,000 for *outhouses!* He wanted the committee, made up of the land commissioner, secretary of state and treasurer, abolished and the parks turned over to the director of conservation and development. He likewise made the sensible suggestion that the multiplicity of annual and biennial reports be consolidated in a single report to be published by the department of efficiency.

Hartley reported that he had slashed nearly $5½ million from the requested general fund budget of $66,850,970, making it only slightly higher than that of the previous biennium. The total budget, including federal and non-appropriated funds, was $75,435,584.

The legislators did not feel constrained to limit themselves to the consideration of executive request measures. A total of 762 bills was introduced, of which 453 died in committee or on the floor, 227 became law, and a new record of 82 vetoed bills was set by the fiesty governor.

TWADDLE, ALTRUISTIC AND OTHERWISE

Hartley's highway department bill passed easily, with Mark Reed speaking in its favor and voting for it in the house, but his other reorganization proposals were rejected. A complete investigation of the current tax system, recommended by the governor in a supplementary message, was approved, however. The tax equalization council subsequently issued its report, recommending a graduated state income tax, a gross revenue tax on railroads, classification of property for tax purposes and an amendment to the federal statutes permitting states to tax national banks. The further suggestion that the governor call a special legislative session in the fall to act on the tax proposals, was rejected by Hartley in the interests of economy.

The Pierce county delegation was pushing for a suspension bridge across the Tacoma narrows to the Kitsap peninsula, a proposal which alarmed Olympia port boosters. The ocean terminal was jammed with ships and a 420-foot pier extension was being rushed to completion to handle the overflow. There were fears that a bridge across the narrows might constitutute a hazard to navigation and relief when the bill took its place among those that passed, but didn't receive an appropriation.

Reba Hurn, who had been stripped of her chairmanship of the senate public morals committee by the lieutenant governor, presumably for insubordination, introduced a bill to bar cigarette advertising from billboards. "It won't be long," she predicted with a shudder, "before girls will be pictured smoking!"

Eastern Washington apple growers lobbied for a memorial to congress for a high tariff on bananas and the Daughters of the American Revolution, horrified to discover that people were walking on the bronze face of George Washington in the capitol rotunda, demanded that a railing be placed around the great seal. A bill was passed authorizing the patriotic barrier, but no appropriation was provided. A bill was introduced to levy one mill per kilowatt hour on electric power companies and was efficiently lobbied into a quiet death in committee. The same thing happened to a measure

sponsored by a few bleeding-heart liberals which would have raised the mothers' pension from $15 to $30 a month. It would doubtless have been vetoed by Hartley had it passed, for he had already made it clear that he considered child welfare efforts to be "altruistic twaddle."

Representative W. P. Totten of King introduced an income tax bill to authorize a tax of two percent (on the first $1,000) to six percent (on all income over $4,000) for individuals and a modest two percent on all businesses except public utilities. It was felt that action on such a delicate matter should await the findings of the tax equalization council.

Senator Heifner, perhaps to prove that although he was the only Democrat *he* wasn't one of those bleeding-heart liberals, sponsored a measure to return the whipping post as a means of rehabilitating criminals. With evident relish, Senator Heifner went into great detail. In addition to authorizing from one to 100 strokes, "well laid on the bare back," at the discretion of a judge in felony cases, he specified that the lash was to be "a single piece of leather, 36 to 38 inches long and from one to 2½ inches wide, not less than one-eighth inch thick," and that the culprit was to be "tied to a post, triangle or other contrivances so he may not escape and the lashing will be effective." It was made clear that the corporal punishment was just an added fillip and should in no way effect the prison sentence to be meted out by the judge.

The attorney general offered the opinion that the proposed rehabilitative method constituted cruel and unusual punishment and it was shelved, along with another Heifner-sponsored bill to establish a state sales tax. Representative Sam W. Webb proposed a revolutionary measure to establish a form of state-administered no-fault insurance which would pay up to $4,000 to automobile accident victims from a fund financed by a $10 increase in license fees. It didn't get very far either.

Neither of the session's two most controversial bills survived. One, sponsored by the Grange in the form of an initiative to the legislature, would permit governmental units "to own, operate and maintain electric power plants and sell electrical energy." This precipitated first all-out public vs. private power fight and the private power lobby was successful in this onen The Grange public utilities district bill passed the house, but was killed in the senate. The senators were not burdened with scruples about "open government" in those days. The vote was taken behind closed doors and public power was rejected, without debate on either side, by a 20 to 17 vote, five senators having taken a walk.

The other headliner, the Eagles old age pension bill, would have provided $25 a month to indigent citizens over 65 years of age, provided they had been residents of the state for 15 years and of the county for five years. It passed the senate, but the house apparently decided it was too liberal and killed it.

The gasoline tax was raised another penny . . . to three cents . . . to finance a Grange-backed farm to market road program; enforcement of the blue sky law was transferred from the secretary of state to the governor's department of licenses; fire and police pensions were increased and the first state airway was established between Spokane and Puget Sound.

A number of bills which survived the legislative battles succumbed to the sharpened veto pen of Governor Hartley. Among these were the propoed constitutional amendment to raise legislators' pay, mandatory jail sentences for drunken drivers and three bills sponsored and ardently lobbied by the WCTU . . . one making the manufacture and transportation of liquor a felony, another making its sale to minors a felony and a third requiring the state to seize vehicles used to transport liquor. Hartley, who as mayor of Everett, had let horse manure pile up in the city streets to dramatize the loss of saloon revenue, was even more determined than his predecessor, Hart, that the state wasn't going to waste its time and money trying to enforce a damnfool law like the Volstead act. Although he had seen to it that Chief Cole's highway patrol, which was self-sustaining through drivers' license revenues, was increased from 40 to 60 men, they continued to concentrate on traffic violations and didn't concern themselves with booze . . . unless it was being carried in undue quantity inside the driver.

The governor also vetoed a measure permitting larger school districts to establish junior colleges, commenting that 77¢ of every dollar was already going to education and that "the way to reduce taxes is to quit spending the peoples' money." For good measure, he redlined a bill authorizing construction of a toll bridge across Deception pass, which had been the personal pet of a determined freshman legislator named Pearl Wanamaker, who was one of the four female state representatives

that session. Mrs. Wanamaker, who was also one of the four Democrats in the lower house, led an inspired fight to override the veto, but failed by a vote of 48 to 47.

Mrs. Wanamaker was destined for a long and distinguished political career, and Hartley was one of the few men to come out victorious in a pitched battle with her.

The 1929 session, like those which had preceded it and those which would follow, had its lighter moments. Lobbyists were populating ulcer gulch in great profusion, led by the rival cohorts of the cement and blacktop industries, the free-spending advocates of green trading stamps and the dour contingent from the Anti-Saloon league. All but the latter provided abundant and convivial hospitality to the legislators who were so minded.

Senators were lulled by the mellifulous tones of their new reading clerk, the Reverend R. Franklin Hart, rector of St. Johns Episcopal church, and enjoyed an impromptu style show when Grant Barnes, 12-year-old son of Senator Frank Barnes of Longview, was called to the rostrum to model the snappy new blue, green and gold uniforms which had been prescribed as a means of matching the splendour of the pages with that of the marble halls they inhabited.

The house of representatives, not to be outdone in status symbols, had an electric voting machine installed and used it the first time on March 12, no doubt to the disgust of Governor Hartley, who had no control over the expenditures of the legislature on itself, but it soon short-circuited and the representatives returned, for several years, to the traditional voice vote.

THE GOVERNOR IS FOR THE BIRDS

The governor, to the delight of newspaper photographers and bird lovers, was proving that, although he didn't approve of handouts to hungry humans, he was willing to bend a little in the case of a seagull named "Tee", who had taken to alighting on the ledge outside the executive office window and mooching snacks. The papers were full of pictures of Hartley feeding Tee and the partnership worked well for both of them. The publicity tended to humanize the governor and the executive gull became the best fed bird on the Olympia waterfront.

When President Herbert Hoover was inaugurated the Bunce Music company installed its latest model radios in the house and senate chambers and the members paused in their deliberations to hear the president promise the nation "an administration of constructive prosperity."

The 21st legislature stopped the clocks and set a new record for overtime, finally adjourning *sine die* at 9:30 p.m. on March 15 after a long and bitter deadlock over the $24 million highway budget. The major bone of contention was the proposed purchase by the state of the Pasco-Kennewick toll bridge across the Columbia river in eastern Washington. The conference committee finally alloted $400,000 for the purchase and the sleepy solons departed from the capitol after 21½ hours of unremunerated overtime. There had been the usual third house frivolity while bored members awaited a conference committee compromise, with Pliny Allen presenting Ed Sims with a large oil can and lauding his ability to "keep the peace," but eventually most of the legislators found comfortable leather davenports in committee rooms and lounges and went to sleep. Some hyperactive practical joker mixed up their shoes while they slept, causing a great deal of confusion and ill-feeling when they awoke.

All in all, it had been a prolific session. A total of 227 bills became law, 453 failed to pass . . . and 82 were vetoed by Hartley.

As is always the case, a large segment of the state's editorial writers expressed disenchantment with the legislative process. The *Olympian* editorialized that *"the governor's action on the legislative grist indicates to a considerable extent the uselessness of the legislature and the wasteful manner in which it operates,"* and ventured the opinion that *"the state needs a small body of trained men acting as business managers of the state."*

"Abolish the legislature," the *Olympian* urged its readers, *"and replace it with the initiative and referendum."*

This remarkable suggestion would, if it had been adopted, have accomplished Hartley's goal of reduced law-passing. Of the 53 iniative measures filed since 1914, only 14 had qualified for the ballot and just three had passed . . . state prohibition, abolishment of fee-charging employment agencies, and the repeal of the poll tax.

INTERIM WARFARE

With Roland Hartley occupying the executive offices in the new capitol building, Olympia no longer relpased into a state of calm tranquility when the legislature adjourned. The peppery little governor kept the fireworks popping during the interim.

Early in May he fired off a letter to Attorney General Dunbar demanding that charges be brought against the state officials responsible for paying $4,449.29 to an Olympia firm, the Bookstore, for office supplies which he claimed had never been delivered. The letter was a classic bit of Hartleyana, bristling with denunciations of "appalling conduct" and "great mismanagement in the state treasurer's office." Dunbar pointed out that if, indeed, a crime had been committed, Thurston county Prosecutor W. J. Milroy would have to bring the charges, but Milroy showed little inclination to become embroiled in this latest capitol feud.

He did take action a few weeks later, however, when Hartley's supervisor of banking, H. C. Johnson, was charged with two counts of accepting bribes totaling $3,260 from the North Pacific Bank of South Tacoma to turn down applications of rival banks which wanted to set up business in that community. When Johnson was arrested in his office and taken to jail until he could post bail, Hartley quivered with indignation and denounced Milroy for filing charges against Johnson and not against Treasurer Hinton and ex-Treasurer William Potts in the Bookstore case. "It shows Mr. Milroy can act against state officials when he *wants* to!" the governor declared.

Milroy defended himself as best he could, but Hartley was in full voice and could not be drowned out. "That man's untruthful statements cut no more figure with me than the chirping of a chipmunk in a brush pile," he roared.

When Johnson came to trial the governor took the stand in his defense, testifying that the plot had been engineered by J. E. Hansell, the young editor of the South Tacoma *Star,* who was supposed to have been the go-between in the solicitation and payment of the alleged bribes. Hartley said the journalist had first approached him with an offer to "frame" Dunbar if the governor would appoint him as his private secretary. He then offered to do the job in return for appointment as the governor's press agent,* but, Hartley explained, ingeniously, "He wasn't the right type."

This blew the case. The two bankers involved were found not guilty by the jury and Milroy then threw up his hands and asked Judge Wright to dismiss the charges against the state bank examiner. The judge did so.

Dunbar had, in the meantime, filed a civil suit against the past and present state treasurers and the Bookstore to recover the money for the supposedly undelivered office supplies. In the course of the dispute Prosecutor Milroy declared that Hartley "is a bigoted ass" and "greedy for power and publicity." Judge Wilson eventually dismissed the suit on the grounds that other goods of like value had been substituted for those appearing on the state vouchers and that no fraud had occurred. He did, however, condemn "the irregularities of the transactions." But even that didn't end the battle. Well over a year after the original charges were made by the governor, Dunbar complained that Director of Efficiency E. D. Brabrook had seized $840 worth of purchase coupons from Treasurer Hinton during the investigation. The coupons were issued by the Bookstore, which went bankrupt before they could be redeemed, and the state was thus out $840 through the inefficiency of Hartley's director of efficiency.

FEUD OUT THE OLD YEAR: FEUD IN THE NEW

The governor continued to quarrel with his fellow capitol commissioners, Clausen and Savidge. He objected violently to the Olmstead plan for landscaping the capitol grounds, declaring that "this affair is a tragedy," as well as "disgrace to the state and the present-day civilization." In the midst of this he discovered cracks on the lower floors and walls of the Legislative building and insisted on taking the capitol commission on a personal tour and lecturing them on the faults. Soon afterward he found that the roof leaked and the floor tiles

*The forthright term "press agent" has not been used in governmental circles for many years. The position sought by the enterprising editor of the *Star* is currently referred to as "press secretary."

were coming loose and he would frequently emerge from his office to guide amazed capitol visitors to see these examples of wasted tax dollars.

The contractors eventually made good these minor failings, but by that time the governor was in full cry on another trail. By November he was more convinced than ever that Land Commissioner Savidge was engaged in a massive give-away of state timber and shore lands. He fired off one of his explosive letters to the commissioner, demanding that he turn over all applications for purchase of state lands to Director Ernest Brabrook of the department of efficiency for investigation before any sales were made. The letter was followed by H. H. Hook, license department auditor, who had been ordered to make a full investigation of the alleged multi-million dollar bungling in the land office.

The embattled Savidge said that Hartley's claim was "too ridiculous to answer" and made poor Mr. Hook sit outside the land office railing while employees reluctantly brought him the records.

Apparently feeling that things were moving too slowly this way, Hartley demanded the complete record of all land sales and a description of all lands held by the state . . . immediately if not sooner. Savidge blandly asked for an appropriation from the governor's emergency fund, pointing out that "it would take one man at least one and a half years with nine months aid from a stenographer" to comply with the demand.

He did not explain why the stenographer would be useful for only nine months.

The feud continued into the following year, although the governor took time-out on Christmas eve to issue greetings to his constituents:

"As your governor I extend to you the season's greetings this Christmas of 1929. May your holiday be a happy one and may the coming year bring to each and every home health, happiness and a reasonable amount of prosperity, and may it bring payrolls to our state that each of us may have honest work to do, for work is the salvation of the human race."

Nor did he forget to convey greetings to President Hoover. Shingle manufacturer Hartley added a bit of advice there, too, pointing out that, in his opinion, a high protective tarriff is the best aid to prosperity . . . particularly a high protective tariff on shingles.

He closed the year with another of his sudden and unexplained firings. John C. Denny, director of the department of public works and a former superior court judge, had made the mistake of firing Fred K. Baker, an Everett friend of Hartley's, as supervisor of transportation. Denny was the recipient of one of the governor's abrupt letters demanding his immediate resignation.

"One never knows what's going to happen next here, you know," the ousted director philosophically told the United Press correspondent at the capitol.

Hartley immediately appointed his old buddy Baker to replace Denny as director and issued orders to his secretary, "No newspapermen today."

Thus, incommunicado but still making headlines, Roland Hill Hartley saw the old year out.

THINGS WERE BOOMING IN '29

The capital city, the stage upon which these interesting and noisy events transpired, continued to stride into the air age under its own momentum. Postmaster Frank S. Clem disclosed that increasing numbers of Olympians were willing to entrust their letters to airplanes and that the average number of airmail communications had increased within six weeks from 60 to 125 a day. The planes, he pointed out, cut from one to three days from the train time to the east coast. The Graf Zeppelin was making regular crossings of the Atlantic and endurance flights were much in the news. Amelia Earhart was the winner of the national women's air derby, but a former Olympia boy, Harold Bromley, was unable to get his monoplane *City of Tacoma* off the ground for its projected flight across the Pacific to Tokyo. The city purchased the Olympia airport site for $29,000 and the Alaska-Washington Airways seaplane *Ketchikan,* a four passenger Lockheed, was carrying passengers from the city float to Tacoma at speeds of from 125 to 140 miles an hour.

The local banks were issuing a new style paper currency, considerably smaller than the old banknotes and the telephone company was offering a newfangled instrument with the

receiver and transmitter in one piece. Local citizens, headed by Roy (Red) West, "the singing highway patrolmen," were becoming radio stars as the Elks club inaugurated its annual Jingle Club appeal for Christmas funds for needy children over station KGY. At the professional level, the Warner Brothers—Vitaphone extravaganza "On With the Show," starring Marian and Madeline Fairbanks, was playing at the Liberty, billed as "the first 100% natural color talking, singing, dancing production."

The *Olympian,* reporting that *"the short skirts of the girl workers at the capitol are causing comment,"* interviewed several state officials as to their reactions. Attorney General Dunbar averred that *"if the knees are shapely, dimpled and pink I think short skirts are fine."* Secretary of State Hinkle felt that the skirts *"should be short enough to be interesting and long enough to cover the subject,"* while Chief Cole responded enthusiastically that *"they keep men wide awake and alert at all times and are good for traffic safety."*

The *Olympian* also front-paged the prediction of the style advisory board of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers that women would soon be wearing trousers! (The exclamation point was the *Olympian's*).

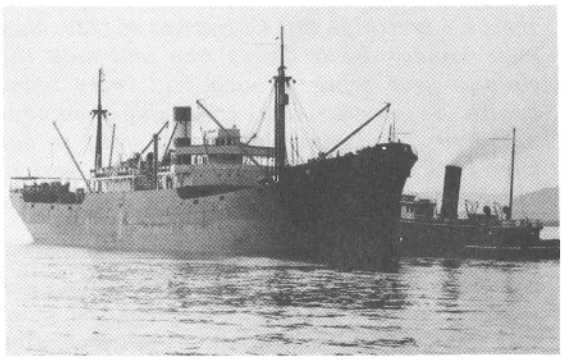
The police department had doubled in size and boasted eight nattily uniformed officers, including Chief Frank Cushman, Assistant Chief Cleo Beckwith and Sergeant Jack Brazeal, and was even dignified by the presence of a detective, H. A. Gregg. Tacoma had recently installed fancy red and green lights which changed colors automatically to direct traffic on some of the busier downtown streets and the Olympia police department purchased one of Tacoma's surplus hand-operated stop-and-go signals. During the evening rush hour a patrolman was assigned to carry the contraption up to 4th and Capitol Way and risk life and limb at this principal intersection in the city's first efforts at mechanized traffic control.

The department's two rakish Model-A Ford prowl cars worked around the clock to maintain order and decency, but it was difficult to cope with the new morality. School Superintendent Breckner and neighborhood residents petitioned for lights around the new Lincoln school and Stevens field to discourage an activity which was becoming popularly known as "necking".

Another portent of things to come occurred when black militants, who had long been demanding jobs in state government, won a victory of sorts. Three white janitors in the Temple of Justice were fired and replaced by blacks. Department of business control Director Olaf Olsen explained that the changes were made "to be fair and give some Negroes jobs in the statehouse," although he hastened to add that one white custodian had been left on the payroll to see that the new janitors did their work properly. It is interesting to note that even this minor victory in the battle for equal employment rights occurred during the administration of the state's most reactionary 20th century governor.

PROGRESS, POLLUTION AND POLITICS

The lumber market and the port of Olympia continued to boom. The 420-foot pier extension was completed, but in March it was announced that six ocean steamships were in the harbor, a couple of them loading in the stream for lack of dock space. One of the docked ships was the recently rechristened S.S. *Olympia,* on her first voyage to her namesake city. A civic banquet was held for her officers and company officials at the Olympian and Captain C. W. Jacobs was presented with a brass plaque to go under the picture of the capitol which had been presented to the ship at the rechristening ceremonies. By the end of the year 224 deep-sea ships had loaded 228 million feet of lumber and 9,000 tons of general cargo and had unloaded 4,000 tons of inbound cargo.



S. S. *Olympia* on Puget Sound — Oriental route.

The Tumwater Paper Mills in the old Tumwater brewery building, which had been closed for some time as a result of financial troubles, was sold to a Portland group said to have long experinece in the business, and confidence was expressed that the mill would soon be back in full production. Growing evidence of the town's increasing industrial activity was recorded by the *Olympian* when it announced proudly that *"Olympia residents may expect to see smoke pouring out of the Washington Veneer company's gigantic smokestack about the middle of July."* Big smokestacks were considered monuments to prosperity in 1929, and the thicker the smoke the better the economy. Civic leader Peter Schmidt was quoted as predicting that the belching 225-foot stack *"will help to advertise Olympia industries more than any other one thing."*

The completion of the smokestack was greeted by a full-scale civic celebration on June 8. All the other mills closed down and an estimated 4,000 people followed the Fort Lewis band to the industrial fill to watch E. F. Ross, inventor of a portable fire pump powered by a Johnson outboard motor, shoot a jet of water over the towering structure. Then Grace Carr and William Jackstead were hoisted to a temporary platform at the summit of the seck and joined in holy matrimony by the Reverend Chester C. Blair of the Tumwater Methodist church as newsreel cameras ground and the crowd cheered. Mrs. A. N. Anderson won the $20 prize for guessing most accurately the number of bricks in the smokestack. She guessed 94,241. There were actually 94,390.

The citizens of the county finally conceded that the old courthouse at 4th and Washington was in danger of collapsing and authorized a bond issue of $274,000 to build a new one on the old Chautauqua grounds across from the capitol. Although the county commissioners had convinced the electorate that the old building was about to go the way of the wonderful one-horse shay, it proved to be about as flimsy as the great pyramids of Egypt when the new one was completed and Phillips and Newell were given the contract to demolish the abandoned courthouse. By the time the monolithic basement jail was finally chipped away the contractors were convinced that they, if not the county's voters, were the victims of political propaganda.

Capital Way, circa 1929.

A more historic structure succumbed more quickly to the wreckers' hammers, although not until it had precipitated another controversy about the heads of the capitol commission. The old mansion of Governor Stevens on the north edge of the new capitol campus, was ordered demolished to make way for the landscaping. There were howls of outrage from the remaining pioneers, but the Daughters of the American Revolution and Stevens' surviving daughter, Kate Stevens Bates, finally agreed to its removal if the commission promised to erect a life-size statue of Stevens and a plaque on the site. The promise was made and the old house knocked down, but the life-sized image of the little governor was never erected.

A more localized controversy in 1929 involved the return of gambling paraphernalia to the capital city. The *Olympian* complained that, within a week of the inauguration of Mayor Mills, who had campaigned on a promise to "wipe out gambling," both slot machines and punch boards had reappeared on the scene. The one-armed bandits . . . nickle machines in town; twenty-five-centers in the county, dispensed a roll of violently violet-flavored mints with each play and Chief Cushman said this made them merchandizing rather than gambling appliances. After more editorial heat, the mayor announced that he had banned the trade stimulants, but later in the year the lady cashier of Frye's Capital market admitted that she had stolen $2,888.16 and spent it all on Olympia punch boards. Chief Cushman said this was impossible.

Convinced that Olympia, with its gambling devices, short-skirted stenographers and necking couples in rumble-seats, was destined to go the way of Sodom and Gomorah, a bearded and eccentric gentleman named William Greenfield erected a replica of Noah's ark on the West Bay

mudflats. He christened it *Noah's No. 2,* plastered it with signs urging repentance and seldom left its shelter. Sightseers who drove past observed that Mr. Greenfield frequently glanced aloft, as if checking the weather.

BLACK FRIDAY

Disaster did, of course, strike in 1929, but it came from the direction of Wall street rather than heaven. The great stock market crash of October set prices tumbling in a panic-stricken avalanche of selling. Investors lost $10 billion dollars the first week and ordinary people who had convinced themselves that permanent prosperity had come at last and they would never suffer another depression shared the panic of the Wall street high-flyers.

The great depression which followed the market collapse was slow in reaching the Pacific Northwest, but when it did everybody knew that it had arrived.

1930

The decade of the thirties dawned with President Hoover predicting confidently that "prosperity is just around the corner," Rudy Valee crooning "Vagabond Lover" in the talkies at the Capitol theater and Amos n' Andy keeping radio fans in stitches. A "cute little fast-spinning toy on a string" called a yoyo had taken Olympia by storm and Raymond Grim became the hero of the younger set when he won the all-city yoyo championship. A 16-year-old Washington girl named Helene Madison was making headlines in the nation's sports pages for her swimming feats and was considered a celebrity when she stopped off at the Hotel Olympian for an oyster luncheon on her way from Portland to Seattle.

But the best entertainment in town in 1930 was the three-ring circus which continued its performances up on Capitol hill.

Auditor Clausen, who was nearing his 79th birthday, had taken a three-month vacation in California for his health. His nephew, C. L. Clausen, an assistant accountant in his office, had gone along as his driver, apparently on full pay.

When the short-fused Hartley learned of these goings-on he exploded spectacularly, demanding that Clausen's office be declared vacant on the grounds that he was neglecting state business. Attorney General Dunbar informed the governor that an elected official can stay away from his office as long as he wants to as long as he maintains his legal residence in Olympia.

The governor bitterly denounced Dunbar, demanding that Clausen return the three months salary of his nephew and that Prosecutor Milroy bring charges against both Clausens for misuse of the state payroll. The venerable auditor announced wearily that he was leaving San Diego for Olympia to do battle with Hartley. Upon his return he found that his nephew had been overpaid in the amount of $262.50 and repaid that amount to the state treasurer. He then called upon the long-suffering Dunbar to force the return of salaries and expenses paid to Amy Albright, the governor's confidential secretary, Highways Director Sam Humes and Lacey V. Murrow, the Spokane district highway engineer, while they were in Seattle testifying in a damage suit brought by Miss Albright against the North Coast stage lines, one of whose buses had collided with her car. Clausen alleged that the two had collected witness fees as well as their state pay, and that Humes had bought lunch for another of Amy's witnesses on his state expense account.

Prosecutor Milroy, unable to avoid the crossfire, winced when Clausen let it be known that he might demand criminal prosecution of all three Hartley appointees.

The governor was, in the meantime, embarked upon a diversionary maneuver against Land Commissioner Savidge. Brabrook of the department of efficiency began an investigation of the land office, calling 10 of Savidge's employees to a sort of pseudo grand jury hearing. The Seattle *Star* sent a reporter to the capitol and published a highly senational story claiming that thousands of dollars in shortages had been revealed in the first day's hearings.

Dunbar fired a broadside, declaring Brabrook's "star chamber sessions" to be illegal and pointing out that Savidge and his employees had been denied right of counsel.

The *Olympian* noted that this was *"the bitterest fight yet in the Hartley administration"* and that *"the other elective officials have taken the offensive against the governor."* Reverting to wartime terminology, the dispatch continued, *"the war correspondent at the Olympia front line trenches interviewed the generals and their lieutenants with the following results:*

"Hartley . . . I have nothing to say at this time.

"Amy Albright . . . I have not seen Clausen's charges yet.

*"Humes . . . I have no statement to make.**

"Savidge . . . I'll have something to say tomorrow.

"Clausen . . . That fellow Hartley has tried to crucify me on his political cross. These charges I have filed are just a starter."

By the next day the combatants had become more vocal. Hartley still insisted that shortages in the land office accounts had been deliberately covered up. Savidge denied there were any current shortages, while conceding that there had been some covering up. *"The trouble,"* he told the *Olympian's* Capitol hill war correspondent, *"was with W. W. Hopkins, the assistant land commissioner under Lister in 1913. We didn't prosecute because of his father, a fine old pioneer, an earnest preacher . . . a man with a splendid civil war record."*

Having thus deftly secured the sympathies of the pioneer association, the Grand Army of the Republic and the ministerial association, Savidge explained that Hopkins, a former Thurston county Republican central committee chairman and deputy county auditor, had been fired and *"died blind in the insane ward at Steilacoom."*

Highway Director Humes informed the correspondent that *"All this talk is just dust to divert public attention from their own pilferings."*

Hartley gave vent to his feelings with another blast at the attorney general, demanding that Dunbar *"quit passing the buck and do your duty for once in your life,"* presumably by seeing to it that the venerable state auditor and the insurance commissioner spent the rest of their lives in the penitentiary.

*A typical highway department response if there ever was one.

Since the law requires that all suits involving state government be filed in Thurston county superior court, the unfortunate Milroy, as county prosecutor, found himself still in the role of innocent bystander at a full-scale guerilla war. After giving due consideration to the charges and counter-charges of the embattled officials, he announced that he was dropping all charges against Amy Albright, Humes and Murrow on the grounds that a conviction was impossible. After another day's cogitation he decided to also drop charges against Clausen . . . on the grounds that a conviction was impossible.

While all this was going on, Judge Wright further complicated the governor's affairs by ruling that his department of public works was no longer a duly constituted state agency and was barred from performing any governmental functions. Both the supervisor of transportation and supervisor of public utilities positions were vacant as the result of the internicine warfare at the capitol, leaving Director Baker as the only commissioner. Judge Wright ruled there had to be a quorum of at least two.

Fortuitously, the University of Washington football coach, Enoch W. Bagshaw, was ousted at about that time. A star back on the legendary teams of Coach Gloomy Gil Doby, Bagshaw had later been the coach at Everett high school, where his no-nonsense approach to athletics had won the admiration of Mayor Hartley.

The governor appointed him supervisor of transportation, putting the department back in business and making Bagshaw the first, if not the last, former Washington gridiron coach to hold high state office.

COUNTER-ATTACK

Following a week or two of relative calm, the anti-Hartley forces regrouped and began a series of counter-attacks. Savidge asked Dunbar to ask Hartley why the state highway department had paid $30,398.75 more for the Metaline Falls bridge than the highway commission had declared it to be worth in 1926.

Hartley responded, "Let Savidge and all the rest of that moonshine cabinet make as many charges against me as they want to." Then departed for Seattle to address the citizens of the state by radio on his favorite subject . . . "The Misconduct of State Officials."

In his fireworks chat, Hartley gave special attention to an inference by Dunbar that a number of legislators were, contrary to law and ethics, employed in state departments under the governor's control. Hartley averred that Dunbar had "slipped a cog," because the only legislator holding a state job was John C. Hurspool who, as a representative from Walla Walla, had voted in favor of a pay increase for assistant attorneys general . . . then gone to work for Dunbar as an assistant attorney general.

The remainder of the program was devoted to a further raking over the coals of Savidge, with detailed attention to the much publicized office fund shortages of 1913-1917, and a generalized attack on the attorney general, whom he referred to as "Johnny the Fixer."

Called upon by the *Olympian* reporter for their reactions to the governor's electronic blitz, only one of the embattled officials was willing to make a comment. The exception was Clausen, who said *"Blah!"*.

The attorney general quickly regrouped and returned to the fray, charging that Hartley's director of labor and industries, Claire Bowman, was using workers' contributions to the compensation fund to fight against their claims in court. He announced that he was filing suit against the director to recover $10,492 in such illegally used funds. He added that Bowman had refused to provide department records for his inspection and quoted Hartley's latest radio address, in which he had said that "no honest public official should be afraid to have his office inspected."

Dunbar followed this up with threats to prosecute Mrs. Florence Phelan, another of Hartley's former Everett neighbors, whom he had appointed superintendent of the girls' training school at Grand Mound. Parents were complaining of brutality at the juvenile institution, but Hartley brushed aside the charges with the statement that "the school is being operated better than ever before;" after he had time to think things over he made a more typically Hartleyish proclamation:

Attorney General Dunbar was, according to the governor "an insidious menace to the state," who was miffed because the governor had appointed somebody else (Judge Adam Beeler) to a vacancy on the supreme court. "The perfidy of your official acts," he informed Dunbar, "will live long after you have gone from the high post you hold."

Between skirmishes, Olympia Boy Scouts Donald Dobrin, Tilford Gribble, Oliver Beatty and William Mitchell ventured into the executive office to ask Hartley if it would be all right for the scouts to carry on a fund raising drive in the state buildings. The governor took a long lunch and kept them waiting for two hours, but when he got back it was obvious that he had been filled with geniality as well as food. He placed Scout Dobrin in his chair and announced to his staff and visitors that "this young man is chief executive until I resume the chair."*

THE LEGISLATURE REDISTRICTS . . . RELUCTANTLY

The major accomplishment of the off-year election of 1930 was the passage of Initiative 57, which accomplished what the legislature had been unable to do since 1901 . . . legislative redistricting as required by the state constitution. In 1901 a reapportionment bill had been passed which provided that each of the then 36 counties should have at least one representative and establishing a 94-member house and 42-member senate. The creation of Benton county in 1905, Grant in 1909 and Pend Oreille in 1911 increased house membership to 97, but no other changes had been made. The population west of the Cascades had increased four times as rapidly as that of eastern Washington, with the result that the ultra-conservative "cow counties" carried far more legislative weight than they were entitled to.

Skamania county enjoyed 593 percent representation, Wahkiakum 403 percent and Jefferson 427 percent, with 100 percent being the constitutional requirement. On the other side of the coin, the most populace counties were badly under-represented . . . King 61

*Donald didn't get to sit in the thronelike brown leather chair with the state seal embossed on the back in gold which came with the new capitol and has been use by all later governors. Hartley apparently felt that the massive piece of office furniture emphasized his diminutive stature and used a smaller chair during his occupancy of the executive office.

LEGISLATIVE REDISTRICTING was an unpopular subject with rural legislators, who viewed it as a power-grab by populous King County, as illustrated in this *Recorder* cartoon of 1913.

percent, Pierce 97 percent, Kitsap 42 percent. Spokane county came closest to equitable legislative representation with 99 percent.

The initiative aimed at correcting this legislative imbalance was filed by King county representatives Dan Landon and E. B. Palmer, but Secretary of State Hinkle refused to accept it on the grounds that only the legislature could redistrict itself. The supreme court ruled that a redrafted version of the initiative was legal and it went on the ballot. Legislative redistricting is a complicated and confusing subject. Few citizens understand it or care very much about it. Of the 360,000 voters who cast ballots in 1930, only about 232,000 bothered to register an opinion on the redistricting measure and it passed by less than a thousand votes. Of the state's 39 counties, it carried only King, Kitsap, Kittitas, Yakima, Whatcom and Chelan counties.

As a result of the close and apathetic vote, the house of representatives was increased to 99 members; the senate to 46. Eastern Washington counties lost five representatives, while the western counties gained seven. It was a step in the right direction, although a number of counties were still over-represented and eastern Washington generally continued to enjoy more legislative voting power than it was entitled to.

THE NOBLE EXPERIMENT FALTERS

Disenchantment with prohibition was growing in 1930. With the deepening depression people were no longer convinced that enforced

temperance was the sure road to prosperity. Hard-pressed Olympians recalled with nostalgia the humming activity and steady payroll of the brewery, and their feelings were echoed throughout the land. Moves were afoot in congress to repeal the Volstead act and thoughful citizens were increasingly aware that the law simply couldn't be enforced. The liquor business was flourishing, but enriched neither honest men nor the coffers of government. In Thurston county alone, 455 stills were seized between 1926 and 1930 . . . one for every 70 men, women and children . . . and only a small percentage of those in operation were seized.

Militant prohibitionists viewed the change in popular opinion with much alarm and reacted by urging more punitive measures against violators of the prohibition laws. Although Governor Hartley had scornfully vetoed such measures pressured through the 1929 legislature by the WCTU-ASL forces, old Senator Wesley Jones had responded the same year by getting the Jones law passed by congress. This raised the penalty for prohibition violations to a maximum of five years in prison and a $10,000 fine. All but the most rockbound advocates of enforced morality viewed the Jones law as harsh and savage and the senator from Washington was generally pictured as a cold, rigid and humorless old man. The senior senator, still firmly anchored to the philosophies of Herbert Hoover and the Anti-Saloon League amid a storm of changing times, was facing political shipwreck.

The strident cries of the moralists did nothing to change public opinion in their favor. The Reverend Percival Clinton, on the Pacific coast for the Methodists' celebration of the 10th anniversary of nationwide prohibition, provided an interesting Christian view of the matter:

"I cannot see that there would be any crime in shooting at sight the man who violates any law and especially the prohibition law. He should be tortured and then executed."

In Olympia the celebration was staged by the ladies of the WCTU, with the cooperation of the town's less liberal Protestant churches. The Washington State School Directors association, meeting in the capital city at the same time, added its voice to the forces of decency, unanimously passing a resolution opposing the hiring of any public school teachers "who smoke or drink."

ONE-HORSE TOWN

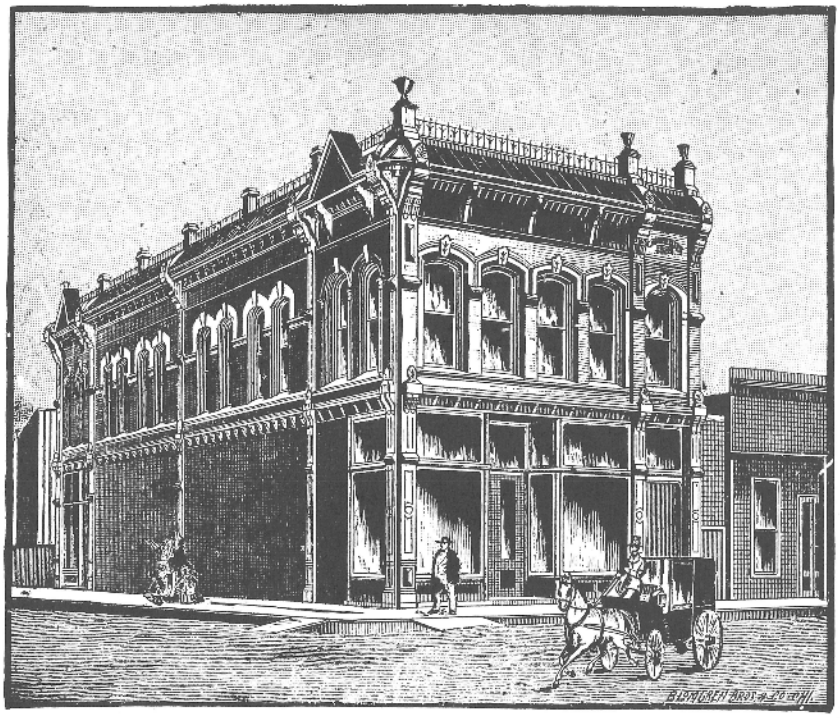
The capital city, according to the 1930 census, could legitimately claim a population of "over 11,000", the official figures showing 11,733. And during the year the number of Olympians was further increased through the first annexations since the town was incorporated in 1859. Forty blocks east of the old city limits were annexed in April and the new Wildwood-Carlyon residential district between Olympia and Tumwater in November. The latter action eliminated the gap between the pioneer communities of Smithville and New Market and made Olympia and Tumwater effectively a single community in all but legal incorporation.

Olympia was no longer a one hotel town. The seven-story brick Governor was in operation diagonally across Sylvester park from the Olympian, the newer section of the old Mitchell forming an annex to it. The Kneeland had slipped to a second-rate status and the once stylish Carlton had become an increasingly frequent target of prohibition raiders. A new company had been formed to jointly operate the two leading hotels, headed by Peter G. Schmidt and with Thad Pierce as vice president and manager.

The capital city was in danger of becoming a one-horse town, however. The annual inventory of personal property by the county auditor showed that only 20 horses were left within the city limits. The *Olympian,* noting this dramatic decline in the equine population, predicted that *"Olympia will be a one horse town by 1935."* And according to the record, the once teeming throng of milch cows had entirely vanished from the urban scene.

The splendid new courthouse on upper Capitol Way was completed and the county offices moved from the old downtown location. Among the first occupants were Harold and Smith Troy, prosecuting attorney and deputy prosecutor respectively. Smith, the youngest son of the late P. M. Troy, had joined his brother's law firm after graduation from the University of Washington law school. When Harold, a 1927 graduate of the University of Washington, was elected prosecutor in the fall election he chose Smith as his chief deputy.

The Daily *Olympian* was occupying new and modern quarters in a Wohleb-designed stucco and tile plant at its old location. The original plant, which had originally been the 19th century Burmeister building, was not



BURMEISTER BUILDING at 3rd and Main, later the plant of the *Olympian* and *Recorder*.

demolished prior to construction. Owner Sam Perkins had insisted that business continue as usual during construction and Phillips and Newell had been faced with the rather formidable task of building the new structure around the old one; then removing it piecemeal after the job was done.

Pollution continued as an adjunct of 20th century progress in the thirties. The Olympia Harbor Lumber company, Tumwater Lumber company and Tumwater Lumber Mills, all of which maintained huge trash burners along West Bay drive for the purpose of incinerating unused lumber, were sued by west side householders who claimed that the resulting soot and ashes damaged their property, blackened family washings, choked gutters and killed shrubbery.

The growing blight of abandoned junk automobiles prompted City Commissioner Charles Dufault to organize a civic drive to get rid of the hulks. Local garages provided trucks with which to haul the old cars from vacant lots and back yards to the port dock, where they were loaded on barges and dumped in 20 fathoms of water on the lower bay. The antique car buff had not yet appeared on the scene to cherish and restore vintage motor vehicles and the *Olympian* reported that *"scores of Olympia's earliest 'benzine buggies' go to their final rest."*

It may be that Ashley's Reo, Dr. Strickland's high-wheeled auto-buggy, banker Lord's Pope-Toledo and many more of those wonderful jallopies of the town's pioneer motoring era still repose beneath the placid waters of Puget Sound, a haven for barnacles and octopi.

A unique form of pollution afflicted the waters of upper Puget Sound in the spring when a number of the old wooden shipping board hulks of world war days, beached in Carr Inlet, drifted off on a high tide and converted themselves into a menace to navigation between Olympia and Tacoma. The coast guard cutter *Chelan* succeeded in rounding them up and rebeaching them before any damage was done to passing shipping.

The increasing hazards of the automobile age prompted the organization of the first school boy patrols to guard children at school

crossings and such public-spirited youngsters as Abe Bean, Fred Chesnut and William Conser donned cross-belts and badges and took over responsibility for the safety of their younger colleagues in the public schools.

1931

The convening of the 22nd legislature on January 12, 1931, provided a more resonant sounding board for the internecine strife between Hartley and the other state elective officials. In his message to the assembled solons the governor demanded a $25,000 appropriation to investigate Commissioner Savidge and the land office "to straighten out intolerable conditions."

He also hammered away at "the chaotic situation in Washington's taxation, with local government costs increasing alarmingly and taxpaying sources diminishing."

"Taxation," he said, "is still the most vital problem facing our state. Since my incumbency we have wrestled with the subject from every angle and chaos still reigns."*

He asked for the abolition of the three-member paid tax commission, which had been created at his request in 1925, its duties to be taken over by a supervisor of taxation under the director of efficiency. This recommendation caught everyone by surprise, including the tax commissioners.

The general fund budget of $10,488,682 proposed by the governor was below the $11,737,737 of two years before, but the total recommended budget from all sources added up to $82,499,112 . . . $11,792,394 more than the previous biennium.

Hartley was finding himself in the frustrating situation of economy-minded executives in which they find themselves to the present day. Parkinson's law had not been passed by any legislative body, but it was in effect. Bureaucracy seemed to proliferate and feed upon itself like runaway cells in the body politic. No matter how he tried . . . and he certainly did try . . . the governor was forced to watch the costs of government go up each biennium. He probably felt like a deep-sea diver grappling with a maritime monster which grew new tentacles faster than he could lop off the old ones.

The governor continued to view education as the rathole down which the taxpayers' dollars flowed endlessly and he reiterated his belief that "retrenchment in educational expenditures is absolutely essential." He also continued his battle to abolish the fixed tax millages for institutions of higher education and to replace the boards of regents and trustees with a nine-member unpaid board of education. He stated emphatically that "administrative functions carried on by ex-officio committees and boards have proved diabolical, extravagant, incompetent and unbusinesslike," and asked for the abolishment of the state capitol commission, state parks committee and judicial council. He also referred obliquely to a state sales tax as a possible "medium through which values can be restored to property," but stopped short of its outright endorsement.

The legislature was, as usual, overwhelmingly Republican, with only eight Democrats in the house and one in the senate, but the party was hopelessly split between the pro-Hartley forces and the anti-Hartleyites, led by Lieutenant Governor Gellatly and the other elective officials. The governor's life was complicated by the fact that he was afraid to leave the state lest Gellatly, as acting governor, should marshal the forces of the opposition and do him in in his absence. Furthermore, neither his legislative champion, Ed Sims, nor Mark Reed returned to the capitol in 1931 to keep a tight rein on things.

The number of women legislators was reduced from five to three . . . Representatives Belle Reeves, who had made a political comeback after six years absence, Ida McQueston and Mary Hutchinson. Pearl Wanamaker and Maude Sweetman had made unsuccessful bids for congress and the state senate, and Reba Hurn had been defeated in the primaries, leaving the senate again a masculine stronghold.

When the house convened on January 12 a freshman representative from Clark county named Clement Scott arose to second the nomination of Edwin J. Templeton as speaker. "If this is the last thing I ever do," he told his colleagues, "I want the people of Clark county to know that I made a speech in the house."

*The same statement could well have been made by Governor Evans in his message of 1975.

He then sat down, had a heart attack and fell to the floor dead.

Templeton was, after a decent pause, elected speaker of the house.

As the session progressed into one of the mildest winters in the history of the Puget Sound country, desperate efforts were made to bring forth a legislative redistricting bill to replace Initiative 57. Legislators from the lesser counties joined forces to reduce the heavy representation given King county, but their efforts were fruitless. When a bill was finally rammed through, the attorney general's office pointed out that the legislature must wait two years to change or repeal an initiative.

By 1931 it had become fashionable to haul school busloads of public school students to Olympia to see the processes of democratic government (or at any rate its public facade) at close hand and crowds of gawking adolescents and harrassed teachers got in the way of preoccupied legislators and lobbyists.

Senator E. B. Benn of Grays Harbor infuriated Superintendent Hicks of the ASL and his embattled cohorts by introducing a bill prohibiting wire-tapping, which passed the senate by a 35 to four vote. It was prompted by the wire-tap conviction of Roy Olmstead, former Seattle police lieutenant and a popular and highly ethical bootlegger, and by the belief of Senator Benn that the prohibitionists had been responsible for ousting him from his job as United States marshal for western Washington. According to Benn, his opposition to wire-tapping "had incurred the wrath of the great temperance organizations with their king fish* who dispenses Washington federal patronage" (through hide-bound old Senator Jones).

The antiwire-tap bill died in the house, as did the $30 a month old age pension bill, which had again passed the usually more conservative senate.

Both houses passed a bill providing for an individual and corporate income tax, although not without some confusion in the house of representatives. M. B. Mitchell pointed out in some outrage that the record showed 60 members had voted for the bill and 22 against, although a nose-count showed that only 65 representatives were present on the floor at the time the vote was taken. The speaker, as speakers are wont to do, simply ignored the protests of Mr. Mitchell.

This too proved to be a moot point, since Hartley vetoed the measure on the grounds that the two to five percent individual tax and five percent corporate tax would cost more to administer than they would earn and wouldn't reduce the property tax. He added the gratuitous opinion that the legislature should have reduced rather than increased taxes, but that this had been thwarted "by a little band of willful men in the senate."

The governor started vetoing on February 23, when he redlined a bill to grant military leave with pay to members of the national guard and reserve, and he kept it up until well after the legislature had departed from the scene. He trimmed $210,000 from the omnibus appropriations bill and $1,390,000 from the supplemental appropriations bill, including $400,000 to help Seattle build a sea wall along its waterfront. The King county legislators had succeeded in getting the sea wall substituted for the Deception Pass highway bridge which had been recommended by the governor.

The legislators had already anticipated the governor's action and reciprocated by cutting the requested $56,200 for the operation of his office to $53,000, reducing his requested investigative fund from $25,000 to $18,000 and extradition fund from $25,000 to $16,000.

The session ended in the usual deadlock over the general and highway appropriations bills. The infighting was particularly vicious over the $25 million highway pork barrel, with the senate cow county faction demanding more money for eastern Washington roads and the house urban faction holding out for increased appropriations for the ocean beach and Olympic loop highways. There was little floor action as the conference committees wrangled in private and by four o'clock on the morning of March 12 only four Democrats and one Republican remained on the floor of the House. This gave the Democrats the opportunity to get the feel of power and Harry C. Huse of Spokane was ushered to the presiding officer's chair. Later he has replaced by Democrat George E. Brown, the youngest representative that session. There was, of course, no quorum, so the Democratic occupancy of the rostrum was, at best, a hint of things to come.

*The influence of Amos n' Andy was having its effect upon the oratorical terminology of the legislature as well as the speech of the general public.

The session finally ended at 12:11 a.m. on the morning of March 16, having set a new overtime record of 76 hours. The vote on the last bills was taken in the house in the late night hours and many of the members had given up and wandered off somewhere. Newsmen counted 34 absentees, with the clerk voting for 20 of them as he called the roll. A number of measures were shown on the record to have passed with 83 aye votes, no nayes and 14 absent or not voting.

Thus did the 22nd legislature of the state of Washington come to an end, if not with a whimper certainly not with a bang. It had, in fact, accomplished little that was noteworthy and had almost completely ignored the plight of the thousands of its constituents who faced poverty and hunger as a result of the ever-deepening worldwide depression. This was thoroughly in accord with the philosophy of the governor. When the Exchange club of Toledo, Ohio, telegraphed the governors of the states for their opinions on "the proposed movement to develop a happier outlook on business and conditions in general," the crusty Hartley fired off a reply advising one and all to "quit blathering one another. Print only the truth. Let the people do the business while the government keeps order. All will be better off."

If, at the national level, Herbert Hoover was seemingly incapable of dealing with the human tragedy of the great depression, Hartley, at the state level, seemed incapable of realizing that it was occurring.

RAID ON THE GRAND HOTEL

Probably the brightest event to enliven the 1931 legislative session was the great liquor raid on the Hotel Olympian.

The raid on the capital city's previously sacrosanct hostelry was led by federal prohibition agent D. E. Dunning, along with Sheriff Claud Havens and Chief Frank Cushman. According to the *Olympian* of March 3, the crime fighters *"swooped down on the Hotel Olympian with dramatic suddenness to the surprise of state officials, legislators and others who were congregated in the lobby."*

The part about the surprise was the understatement of the year.

Much mystery surrounded the raid. The law officers would reveal only that six people had been arrested and a keg of moonshine confiscated. They refused to name names, but Jay Thomas, Colonel Thomas Aston, a Spokane attorney and lobbyist and Roscoe Balch, a University of Washington regent, were observed in conference with Havens and Dunning the next morning. Those arrested subsequently journeyed to Tenino, pled guilty under assumed names, paid their fines and returned to their various pursuits.

Anti-Saloon League Superintendent Hicks was the occupant of a lobby chair, a happy smile wreathing his stern countenance, as the raiding party burst into the hotel. The legislative session and the intransigent wetness of the governor had tried his patience. He had charged that "one of the smoothest wet organizations in the country is working at Olympia to put through repeal of the state dry law," and that it was useless to push through dry legislation "with a vetoing governor sitting in the capitol."

Informed legend has it that Hicks had received an advance tip that Governor Hartley would be among those tippling at the Olympian that night and, as surrogate for Senator Jones, he had applied pressure upon the prohis to stage the raid in the hope of catching the little governor in *flagrante dilecto*. Only Hartley's knowledge of the back corridors and fire escapes of the Olympian saved him from falling into the net, which so embarrassingly ensnared the lesser political fish.

When the state PTA urged Hartley to remove University Regent Balch from office for having been arrested for possession of liquor, the crusty governor quoted Lincoln, informing the ladies of the delegation that if he knew the brand of booze favored by Balch he would send a case to each of the other regents.

DEEPENING DEPRESSION

In the capital city, as in the state as a whole, the depression had moved westward like a black and dreary cloud. Ships no longer jostled for space at the port docks and the local mills began to cut production. Construction, which had been active until 1930, ground to a halt. President Hoover had signed the emergency unemployment bill, which allotted $1,734,000 in federal funds to Washington for new con-

struction, highways and harbor improvements, but it was too little and too late. At Thanksgiving and Christmas of the previous year the Olympia labor unions had served meals to 300 hungry people at the labor temple.

Even as the legislature and the governor ignored the disaster, the unemployed and desperate people were rioting from Connecticut to California. A drought was making a dust bowl of the state of Arkansas and the *Olympian,* on January 20, published a front-page photograph of a nine-year-old Arkansas boy named Isaac Busby receiving a loaf of bread from a Red Cross worker . . . the first food he had eaten in three days. Hoover and Al Smith were making a joint nationwide radio appeal for a $10 million Red Cross emergency fund drive.

And in Washington's capital city, the county established a charity woodyard at which the poor were permitted to "chop and take" on a 50-50 basis; the Red Cross distributed "relief garden seeds," presumably on the theory that if the jobless and destitute could avoid starving to death until harvest time they could dine lavishly on home-grown vegetables.

Although a growing segment of the population was concerned about where the next meal was coming from, bootleg liquor continued to command an excellent price and was available all the way from such disreputable hostelries as the Carlton and Bayview to those stylish centers of social and political activity, the Olympian and Governor. City authorities made sporadic efforts to enforce the traditional morality of the capital city, concentrating on the more sordid and less affluent establishments. Mayor Mills and the city commission instructed City Attorney W. W. Manier to take action to remove floathouses moored at street and alley ends along the waterfront. *"Many occupants, particularly along East Bay and State street are undesirable citizens,"* the mayor told the *Olympian,* adding that, in his opinion, *"moral conditons in that district are very bad."* Chief Cushman objected to the proposed abatement proceedings on the grounds that, as happened in 1910 when the lower Main street restricted district was closed, *"they'll just move their activities uptown."*

The final result was a sort of latter day restricted district. Most of the dilapidated shanties on cedar logs congregated on the mudflats west and south of the Northern Pacific depot and yards. As the depression deepened, more improvised shelters were erected there, both ashore and afloat and the district was given the unofficial designation of "Little Hollywood". It remained, a picturesque if squalid and unfragrant segment of the capital city for many years.

The citizens of Thurston county gave further evidence of their stern morality when a gangling 16-year-old named Walter Dubuc was convicted, along with adults Harold Carpenter and Ethel Willis, of killing an elderly farmer named Jacobson in the course of an attempted robbery. Young Dubuc and the 41-year-old bespectacled Carpenter were sentenced to death; Mrs. Willis to life imprisonment. No clemency was granted the boy and he was carried, blubbering and retching, to the scaffold, where he was duly hanged.

The citizens continued to find themselves confronted not only with increasing crime and immorality, but with increasing pollution as well. The department of licenses had cheerfully granted an unrestricted permit for the operation of a huge paper mill at Shelton. The mill proceeded to pour its noxious liquors into the restricted waters of the upper Sound and by 1931 it was noted with alarm that those legendary and succulent gourmets' delight, the tiny Olympia oysters had been virtually wiped out.

The city, having outgrown its garbage dumps, purchased a ravine near Gull Harbor and began hauling its trash to that site, to the intense disgust of citizens of the rural community, who began circulating abatement petitions against the city.

The citizens of Lacey, headed by L. C. Huntamer, soon joined the chorus of outrage, claiming that Olympians were dumping their garbage along the Lacey road rather than making the long haul to Gull Harbor. When the county commissioners asked the Laceyites if they had posted their road they replied that they had, but that the signs were now covered up with tin cans.

1932

Despite such continuing problems, Washington's capital city strode bravely into the year 1932 and the depths of the great depression trying, as best it could, to pretend it wasn't there. A new golf club, Glangarry,

bravely opened west of town at the head of Eld Inlet, and radio station KGY moved from St. Martin's college to full commercial operation in the Dawley brothers' handsome new Capitol Park building just north of the capitol campus.

In July five destroyers arrived in town for fleet week and to escort the cruisers of the Capital to Capital yacht race on their way to Juneau. A parade was staged from downtown to the capitol grounds, led by highway patrolmen and the high school band and including uniformed postal employees and a naval contingent. The second-hand traffic device from Tacoma had been junked and the paraders marched under brand new electric traffic lights at the downtown intersections.

Amid these festivities and signs of affluence and progress, the surplus food warehouse in the basement of the courthouse, which had been issuing staple commodities to a thousand families a month, was abruptly closed. The county commissioners explained that relief funds were short and there was plenty of summer work in berry fields and on farms and all able-bodied poor "must now shift for themselves."

In September the local merchants went all out, turning on all their store lights and subsidizing the street car company to provide free rides downtown for their annual fall opening.

The following month the Olympia National bank, which had closed its doors earlier in the year, attracted much bigger crowds. The receivers had announced an 18 percent payment on accounts and most of its 2,740 depositors lined the street to claim their share of the salvaged $240,000.

LANDSLIDE

It was apparent to most political observers by this time that the biggest political upset in the state's history was due to take place at the fall elections. The inability of the Hoover administration made it evident that almost anyone chosen by the Democratic convention as its presidential candidate was going to win. At the state level, the Neanderthal reaction . . . or lack of reaction . . . by Hartley to widespread unemployment, hunger and despair, plus the continuing and widely publicized political bickering at the capitol, made it equally apparent that a qualified Democratic gubernatorial candidate would have an excellent chance to send Hartley into well deserved political retirement.

One of the few who was unable to read the political handwriting on the wall was Hartley himself, who insisted upon filing for an unprecedented third term. He went down to humiliating defeat in the primaries at the hands of his arch-enemy Gellatly, who beat him 119,015 to 68,718, with three other candidates trailing far behind.

The Democratic nomination went to Clarence D. Martin, a slight, mustached and bespectacled flour mill owner from the eastern Washington town of Cheney. A moderately conservative Democrat, Martin was considered to have the perfect solid business man image . . . "neither too rich nor too poor."

In his campaign the Democratic candidate promised to give priority to unemployment relief, reform of the banking system and property tax relief, all popular issues with the voting public, which responded at the polls. Martin received 67,168 votes, Judge William Pemberton 57,124 and Lewis B. Schwellenbach 55,094.

The Olympia *News* added insult to Hartley's injuries by commenting that *"as a result of the primary election last week the next executive of this state is sure to be a man of dignity and integrity."*

In the general election Franklin D. Roosevelt swept the state with nearly double the vote given Hoover. Nationally he garnered 472 electoral votes to Hoover's 59. Martin did almost as well as the Democratic presidential candidate, beating Gellatly by 240,515 to 144,659.

Two politicians who had seen the writing on the wall were elected as Democrats despite cries of turncoat and opportunist. Homer T. Bone, who was accused of being a socialist as well as a "political hitch-hiker," and had run for congress on both the Republican and Socialist-Labor tickets, overwhelmingly defeated Wesley Jones, rolling up a considerably larger vote than either Roosevelt or Martin. The other, Otto A. Case, a flambouyant militiary officer who had campaigned previously as a Republican and Bull Mooser, was elected state treasurer.

All the embattled elective officials were ousted along with the governor. Dr. E. N. Hutchison became secretary of state, Cliff Yelle auditor, Hamilton, attorney general, and Martin, Land commissioner. Of the elective

officials, only Showalter survived, probably because no Democrat bothered to file for superintendent of public instruction.

The lieutenant governor's office went to a colorful character named Victor Aloysius Meyers, who had gained some local fame as a band leader at the old Butler Hotel in Seattle during prohibition days. The debonair and neatly mustached Meyers had been prevailed upon by Seattle *Times* reporter Douglass Welch, the last of the great newspaper humorists of the Pacific Northwest, to engage in a comic opera campaign for mayor. While Meyers clowned about in a Mahatma Ghandi costume leading a goat, delivered campaign oratorq from a beer truck and promised to place hostesses on the city's street cars, Welch gleefully recorded his campaign in the *Times*, and a surprisingly large number of voters cast their ballots for the clowning candidate.

On September 14, 1932, the Seattle *Times* frontpaged its unkind farewell to the defeated Governor Hartley.

Meyers became bitten with the political bug and, when the 1932 election rolled around, journeyed to Olympia to file for statewide office. According to legend, he had intended to run for governor, but found he couldn't afford the filing fee. The cheapest job available was lieutenant governor, so he filed for that and beat Republican Judson Falknor 191,000 to 166,000.

Vic Meyers remained a major political figure in the state for a generation, the horror of the stuffy *Times* increasing steadily as it came to realize that it had created a seemingly indestructible Frankenstein monster.

All the Democratic candidates for congress were also elected, including the erstwhile radical university student body president, Zioncheck and an Everett jeweler named Mon C. Wallgren.

The state house of representatives ended up with an overwhelming 70 to 29 Democratic majority, which would have been greater except that Democrats had gotten out of the habit of filing for the legislature. It was the first time since early territorial days that the Democrats had controlled the house. The senate, whose members only had to stand for election every four years, experienced a less dramatic turnover, with a 25 to 21 Democratic majority, but that was quite a change from the 45 to one Republican majority of the previous year. And most of the 21 holdover Republican senators had a feeling that their days were numbered.

That was the great Democratic landslide of 1932. Those who rode it to power and glory had waited a long time and so they relished it the more. It ushered in a weird and wonderful and zany political era, but it also brought about greater progress toward meeting human needs and enhancing human dignity than any other phenomenon in the political history of the state and territoy.

And Washington's capital city would never be quite the same again.