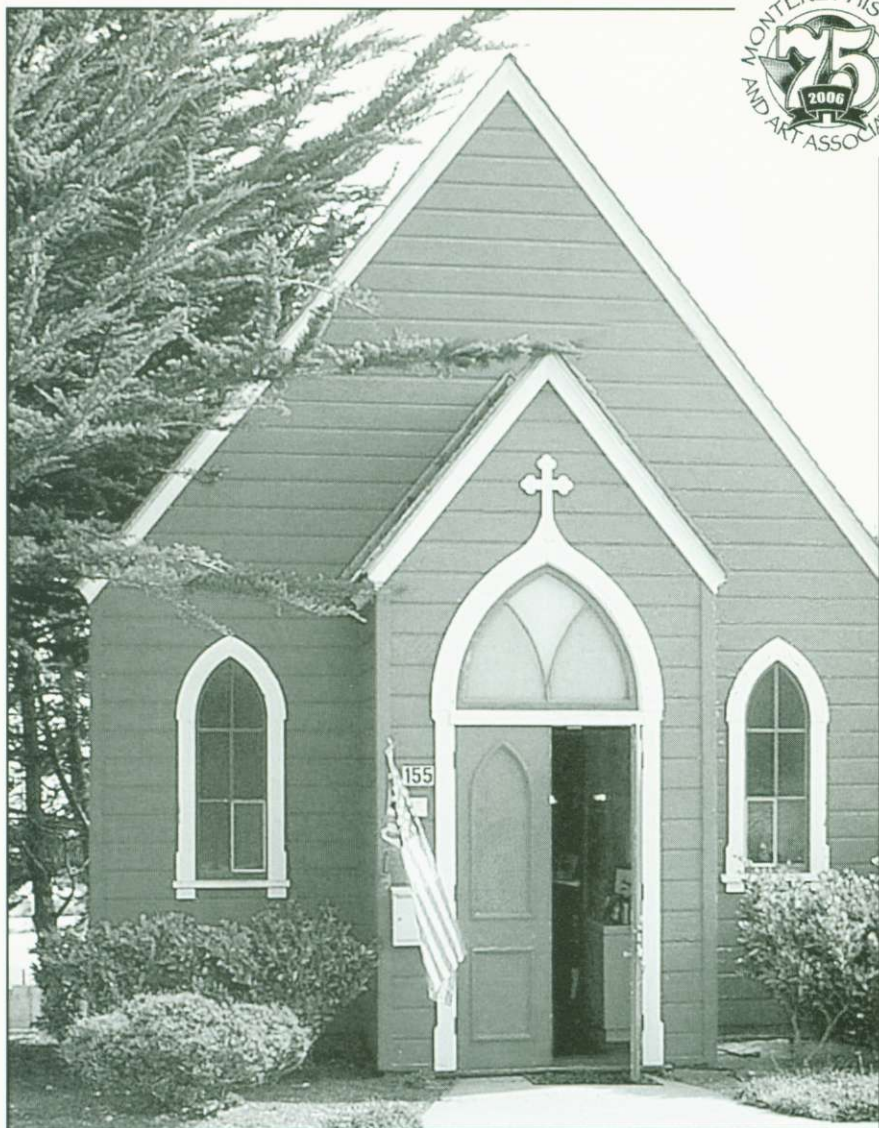


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Mayo Hayes O'Donnell Library:
The Story Behind the Structure
and
Women of the West



Noticias de Monterey
Monterey History and Art Association



Cover: In mid-range, from far right: Casa Soberanes, St. James Mission Church, frame house of Lavinia Merritt Clark and her husband George Duffield Clark, Merritt Adobe built by Lavinia's parents Judge Merritt and Juana Castro Merritt, First Presbyterian Church, with steeple. (See page 8 for related, earlier view.)

Above: The Mayo Hayes O'Donnell Library at 155 Van Buren Street in 2006.

Back cover: Kate Carew (Mary Willilams Davison Chambers Reed) as she caricatured herself: gowned, goggled, and gliding out of frame. All Kate Carew images courtesy of the artist's granddaughters: Christine Chambers of Monterey and Virginia Chambers Horning of Sacramento.

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(Formerly *Noticias del Puerto de Monterey*)

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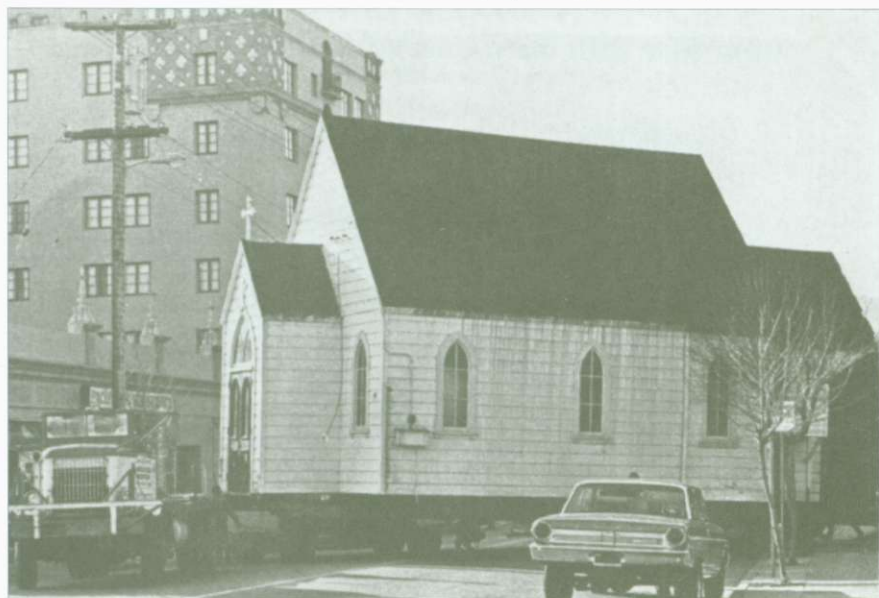
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INTRODUCTION

In 1876, at the direction of Bishop Kip, the Reverend James McGowan began the first Protestant ministry at Monterey by holding services in the dance hall of the Washington Hotel. During that memorable year, the recently reunited nation was celebrating its Centennial, General Custer was making his last stand at Little Big Horn, Alexander Graham Bell was trying out his telephone, and Mark Twain was signing copies of his latest book, *Tom Sawyer*.

In establishing St. James Mission Church near the intersection of today's Pacific and Del Monte Streets, where it would stand for over ninety years, this Episcopalian missionary also built the first Protestant church on the Monterey Peninsula. A visitor to Monterey during the period of McGowan's mission described the "essentially and wholly Mexican" town as "a place of two or three streets, economically paved with sea sand, and two or three lanes, which are water courses in the rainy season and at all times rent up by fissures four or five feet deep." The visitor was Robert Louis Stevenson, and the photograph on the cover indicates that he was not exaggerating about the fissures.

The cover photograph shows St. James Mission Church, with crosses carefully poised on each gable, flanked by two Mexican-era adobes. In this gradually expanding townscape, board fences are supplanting stone walls and recent structures made of milled wood display an appropriately eclectic



St. James Church being pulled along Pacific Street past the Hotel San Carlos in 1970. Photograph from the Mayo Hayes O'Donnell Library Collection.

assortment of Victorian styles, with none more grandiose than the steeple of the First Presbyterian Church.

After 1956, when its congregation relocated to a larger site, the original structure went on to serve other denominations. In 1969, the Monterey History and Art Association arranged to purchase the building from the Urban Renewal Agency for the nominal fee of \$1. The following year, the little church was moved uphill to recently acquired property on Van Buren Street overlooking Monterey Bay and the Presidio, where it was lovingly restored and renamed for Mayo Hayes O'Donnell, a well-known chronicler of Monterey history who also served as Executive Secretary of the Monterey History and Art Association. The building's pine-panelled interior is now lined with several thousand books and periodicals as well as researchers' archives and collections of family memorabilia pertinent to the history of California and the Central Coast.

Moving McGowan's church to the former Francis Dowd property and renaming it for Mrs. O'Donnell affirmed the significant role played by the Irish in local history. The renaming was particularly appropriate because William and Mayo O'Donnell were parishioners of the original St. James Church and resided for many years at Casa Soberanes, just a few doors away. On the day the church was moved uphill, Mayo watched from a lawn chair beside her house.



Restored interior of the Mayo Hayes O'Donnell Library at 155 Van Buren Street, with raised chancel at rear and Gothic windows overlooking Monterey Harbor. Photograph from the Mayo Hayes O'Donnell Library Collection.



BEGINNINGS

"It was in May (1854) after my arrival (in California) that I made my first visit to San Jose, and the first service of our Church was held there. This was followed by other visits at intervals, and although five years have now elapsed, and, owing to the want of clergy we have never had a resident minister there, yet, in pursuance of my plan, I record the visit as the first effort in behalf of our Church in that place, and . . . a matter of interest."

So wrote the Right Reverend William Ingraham Kip, who served from 1853 to 1857, as Missionary Bishop and then, from 1857 to 1893, as first Bishop of the Diocese of California. These words recorded in the *Early Days of My Episcopate* are indeed "a matter of interest" now that Trinity Church of San Jose celebrates its centennial. For such a celebration must join our interest in the history of our parish with that of the history of San Jose—and raise, too, our speculations about their futures. What changes have we seen and will we see from these beginnings?

Upon arrival Bishop Kip found a typical Spanish-American settlement of several thousand, including some one thousand Indians, gathered mostly in the area around Market and Santa Clara Streets. Washington Square was a swampy tangle filled with wild game, mustard surrounded St. James Square, and the southeast corner of Market and San Fernando provided bull-fight rings. From the pueblo's swampy garbage dump, where the present City Hall stands (this was prior to its removal to . . .

The Right Reverend William Ingraham Kip, first Bishop of the Diocese of California; consecrated in 1853, died at age of eighty-two, in 1893.

James and Julia McGowan

The Irish-born **James Shannon McGowan** (1833-1915) was ordained to the Episcopalian ministry in Illinois, first as a deacon and two years later as a priest, according to the practice of his denomination. After a decade-long ministry in Illinois and neighboring Wisconsin, he moved his wife, Mary Catherine Peacock McGowan, and their four children to coastal California in search of a healthier climate, and appealed to Bishop Kip for a posting.

The first mission parish he organized was at Salinas, where he built, by his own account, "a neat little Gothic building which can seat 140 persons." One of his successors described it as "typical of the redwood churches built during that period; there was no chancel, the sanctuary being separated from the nave by an altar rail."

The initial congregation numbered just nine families, but the parish became self-sufficient a dozen years later. By 1897, a larger church had been constructed at a new location, and that structure would in turn be replaced in 1953. Among the worshippers at the second St. Paul's were Olive and Ernest Steinbeck, whose son John and daughter Mary sang in the choir.

In his centennial history of St. Paul's, Robert Johnson writes:

About the time the Rev. J.S. McGowan began his ministry in Monterey County, the grain farmers of the Salinas Valley found themselves squeezed financially by the inflexible rates of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Hoping to provide cheaper transportation through the movement of grain by ship from the port of Monterey, a group of financiers...built a narrow gauge line, the Monterey and Salinas Valley Railroad.

The little railway was also a convenience for passengers; among others, it conveyed the young Stevenson to Monterey in August of 1879. With his family in Salinas and a new mission in Monterey, James McGowan was a regular customer, although not a paying one. Johnson relates how McGowan circumvented the prohibition on free passes by convincing the board of directors that the little railroad was in need of a chaplain, who should of course travel at no charge.

Shortly after the founding of McGowan's second mission church, St. James at Monterey, Mrs. McGowan succumbed, possibly in childbirth, leaving four children an infant behind. Even with a housekeeper, it must have been difficult for James to juggle his dual responsibilities as both missionary and parent.

In January of 1882, the forty-nine year old minister returned briefly to Illinois to remarry. His forty-year old bride, **Dr. Julia Narcissa Moss** (1841-1914), an acquaintance of former years, had earned her medical degree three years earlier and begun practicing among immigrant populations in Chicago.

For the next two decades, the Episcopal Diocese at San Francisco sent the missionary family to create parishes and build churches in unsettled areas of southern Monterey and eastern Madera Counties. In addition to raising the offspring of her predecessor, Dr. Julia assisted in church affairs, generally serving as treasurer, and practiced medicine among the isolated, often impoverished families recruited to her husband's ministry.

Before returning permanently to Monterey, James McGowan founded, financed, constructed and ministered to the congregations of five more fledgling churches: St. Mark's in King City, St. Luke's in Jolon, St. John's in San Miguel, Christ Church in Fresno Flats, and St. Thomas in Raymond. Some locals believe that he also founded St. Matthew's in San Ardo, thus honoring all four gospel writers in his South Monterey County ministry, but his memoir makes no mention of this, nor has other evidence surfaced to support the claim. Reverend James proudly saw his South County mission extend into a second generation—and a second century—when his youngest son, Edward A. McGowan, began his ministry there in the early 1900s.



Aerial view of St. James Church on its original site at 362 Pacific Street in the late 1950s when it was Jordan Chapel. Mayo Hayes O'Donnell Library Collection photograph.

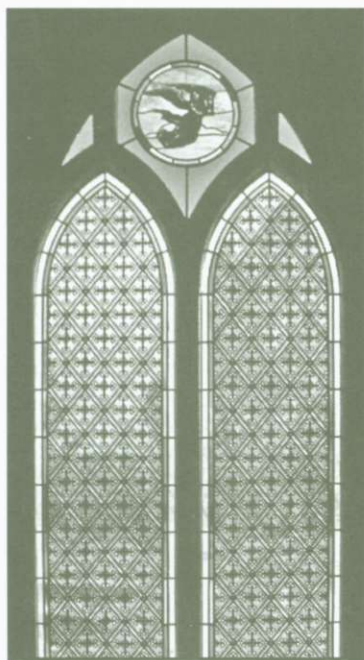
The senior McGowan went to South Monterey County as a missionary. But when he moved his family to Fresno Flats nine years later, in 1883, it was as resident pastor, because the ground-laying missionary work had already been accomplished by a fellow Irishman. Douglas Ottinger Kelley, known as "the Apostle of the San Joaquin" for his early circuit-riding work in the Sierra, was serving as rector of All Saints Church in Watsonville while McGowan was building his Episcopalian congregation at Monterey. Kelley helped consecrate St. James, and the two colleagues became friends. When the McGowans moved to Fresno Flats several years later, they would have been welcomed the more warmly by families who remembered the Kelleys. During seven years in the Sierra foothills, James McGowan saw the construction of one church at Fresno Flats and another at Raymond.

The McGowan Church Buildings 100 Years Later

The churches erected through the initiative of Reverend McGowan were modest, vernacular versions of American Gothic. Rectangular in shape, of single-wall board-and-batten construction, they featured elongated Gothic windows and high-pitched roofs covered with hand-made wood-shakes. A second gable of reduced proportions sheltered the doorway and small entry-way.

The original structure that housed the first St. Paul's in Salinas (at the southwest corner of East Gabilan and California Streets) survives as a private residence, with bay window and other modifications to the façade. St. Mark's in King City and St. Luke's in Jolon still stand on their original sites. St. Thomas' in Raymond and St. John's in San Miguel have disappeared, the latter lost to fire in the 1920s. Two structures have been moved to new locations and preserved as local landmarks: Monterey's St. James and Christ Church at Fresno Flats, now the Little Church on the Hill at Oakhurst.

As the only church in Eastern Madera County until 1936, Christ Church served for decades as a community gathering place. In 1957, threatened with demolition, it was moved from its original location (on "Chapel Hill" at the intersection of Fresno Flats and Crane Valley Roads) to Oakhill Cemetery. A century after its consecration, it was restored through the volunteer efforts of various community organizations, renamed, and designated a California State Point of Historical Interest. Its windows, newly manufactured from a design based on fragments found at the original site, have been reinstalled thanks to the generosity of individual and group sponsors.



Top and right: the Little Church on the Hill at Oakhurst, and detail of its chancel windows; both photographs courtesy of Jackie Mallouf. Bottom left: St. Luke's at Jolon, from a photo album compiled by Mayo Hayes O'Donnell, now part of the Library's collection.

From Frontier Life to the “Gilded Age”

In 1900, the McGowans returned permanently to Monterey, where he served as rector at St. James and she continued to practice medicine while also participating actively in church and community affairs. His memoir and her letters convey something of the experiences, character, and concerns of the dedicated couple who were the nucleus of Monterey's St. James parish in the first decade of the 20th century. The memoir, based on diaries, was composed by the Reverend James McGowan toward the end of his life. Catherine Gordon's essay culls letters that Dr. Julia McGowan wrote regularly from Monterey to a niece in Alabama. His memoirs span the last three decades of the 19th century; her letters begin when the family returns permanently to Monterey in 1900.

The McGowans' frugal frontier life, dedicated to ministering to both the physical and spiritual health of their neighbors, was not unaffected by the ups and downs of an erratic national and regional economy. Initially, farming was the primary regional economic engine. Before irrigation, farmers were at the mercy of the elements, and harvests ruined by too much or too little rain also had a negative impact on the size and well-being of congregations.

James McGowan's missionary career was shaped by the gradual extension of the Southern Pacific Railroad. He customarily ministered to more than one parish at a time and recalls walking the rails between Salinas and Monterey when he could not afford the fare, and fording storm-swollen rivers on his trusty steed before the railroad reached his territory.



This photograph of the high-steepled First Presbyterian Church beside the decaying Santa Catalina convent synthesizes the decline of one cultural regime and ascendancy of another. St. James stood just out of frame on the right. Photo courtesy of Diana Dennett Vaughan.

Becoming a stop on the Southern Pacific Railroad line created many towns and transformed many others, but few as sweepingly as Monterey, where the arrival of the railroad brought with it both the infrastructure and the hoopla of California's grandest resort.

In the peaceful decades after the devastating War Between the States, great wealth had been accumulated through mining, urbanization, and new transportation and communications technologies. The absence of taxation and protective legislation for workers favored entrepreneurs. On the West Coast, the sumptuous Hotel Del Monte became emblematic of the "Gilded Age," a period of sophisticated luxury that glittered ever so brightly before being buried under the ashes of World War I.



Kate Carew in 1912.

One of the most celebrated chroniclers of that *belle époque* was California-born **Mary Williams** (1869-1961), a gifted painter, writer and caricaturist. Three marriages made her, successively, Mary Davison, Mary Chambers and Mary Reed, but she is best remembered by her *nom de plume*, **Kate Carew**. Her glamorous career as Gilded Age gadfly is recapitulated here in an "exclusive" interview that illuminates two exhibitions currently sponsored by the Monterey History and Art Association:

"La Belle Époque," on display at the Perry-Downer House Costume Gallery on Tuesday and Saturday afternoons through April, features costumes and posters from the Gilded Age years, 1900-1915;

"The Gilded World of Kate Carew: Artist, Interviewer, Caricaturist," on view in the Lobby of the Maritime Museum and History Center through May, features a selection of celebrity interviews by the woman who virtually invented the genre, along with examples of her inspired pen-and-ink caricatures, oil paintings, and personal mementos of her years in New York, London, Paris and Provence as well as those spent in Carmel and Monterey.

Both exhibitions are free of charge. The Kate Carew show was made possible by generous sponsorship from the BookHaven.

—The Editor



Timeline for the McGowans and Kate Carew

1833 James Shannon McGowan is born in County Tyrone, Ireland.

1841 Julia Narcissa Moss is born in Jubilee, Illinois, near Peoria, where her parents are active members of the Jubilee College congregation.

1863 McGowan, trained for the Episcopal ministry at Jubilee College in Illinois, is ordained a deacon.

1864 McGowan weds Mary Catherine Peacock in Illinois.

1865 Still in Illinois, McGowan is ordained an Episcopal priest.

1867 The two parts of the transcontinental railroad are joined in Utah, linking the nation.

1869 Mary Williams (a.k.a. Kate Carew) is born in Oakland, California.

1872 The Southern Pacific Railway extends its line from Castroville to Salinas.

1873 With their offspring, the McGowans relocate from Platteville, Wisconsin to his brother's home in Watsonville, California; he conducts services in Castroville and rents the Methodist church in Salinas for afternoon Episcopal services.

1875 McGowan's monthly stipend increases from \$30 to \$50 when he is assigned to Monterey in lieu of Castroville; St. Paul's Mission Church in Salinas is consecrated.

1876 McGowan holds services in the dance hall of Monterey's Washington Hotel and begins a campaign to build Monterey's first Protestant Church; he is naturalized at Monterey County Court at Salinas.

1878 St. James Mission Church in Monterey is consecrated; Mrs. McGowan dies in Salinas.

1879-81 Julia Moss receives her medical degree from the Woman's Medical College in Chicago, Illinois, where she begins practicing medicine.

1882 The 49-year-old McGowan travels to Illinois where he marries the 40-year-old Dr. Julia Moss McGowan, who promptly applies for and receives her license to practice medicine in California.

1883 The McGowans relocate to a new missionary field in South Monterey County; homesteading at Jolon, they "camp out" for three months while their adobe home is constructed.

1884-89 McGowan organizes congregations and builds three more mission churches: St. Luke's at Jolon and St. John's at San Miguel (both consecrated in 1885), and St. Mark's at King City (consecrated in 1889).

1888 St Paul's, Salinas becomes a self-supporting parish.

1889 The future Kate Carew makes her first visit to Monterey with fellow students from the San Francisco School of Design.

1890-92 McGowan returns to St. Paul's, Salinas.

1892-99 The McGowans relocate to Fresno Flats (Oakhurst) in the Sierra foothills, where he is resident pastor and builds two more churches.

1896 California voters fail to ratify a bill extending suffrage to women.

1900 The McGowans return permanently to Monterey, where he is rector of St. James; Kate Carew departs the *San Francisco Examiner* for the *New York Evening World*, which publishes her first celebrity interview (with Mark Twain).

1906 Thirty-six women establish the Monterey Women's Civic Club, among them Dr. Julia.

1907 Constitutional amendment extending the vote to women fails in the legislature.

1909 Dr. Julia participates in the State Federation of Women's Clubs convention at Monterey's Hotel Del Monte.

1910 Episcopal churches thrive at Pacific Grove (St. Mary's By-the-Sea), Carmel (All Saints) and on the grounds of Hotel del Monte (St. John's) while St. James enters a period of decline.

1911 Kate Carew moves to London, where her drawings and theater reviews are published in *The Tattler* and *The Patrician*; California women win the vote at last.

1912 McGowan becomes Vicar Emeritus of St. James.

1913-1917 Displaced by the war in Europe, Kate Carew relocates to Carmel and Monterey; marries her third husband, John Reed, in Los Angeles.

1914 Dr. Julia Moss McGowan dies at age 73 .

1915 James Shannon McGowan at dies at 82 years of age, leaving behind four offspring: William J. McGowan of Monterey, Dr. James L. McGowan of King City, Reverend Edward A. McGowan of San Miguel, and Mrs. Mary McCall of Monterey.

1920 Kate Carew caricatures featured at Hotel Del Monte Art Gallery.

1929-1940 St. James enters a period of dormancy.

1941 St. James is reopened to serve soldiers stationed at the Presidio and Fort Ord.

1942 Kate Carew purchases a house on the Monterey Mesa originally built by J.C. Anthony for artist Lucy Valentine Pierce and makes it her permanent home.

1956 The congregation of St. James Episcopal Church relocates to an Arts and Crafts style complex on High Street.

1961 Kate Carew dies on February 11, 1961 at the age of 92.

1963 The Monterey Urban Renewal Agency recommends "retention of the original portion of the building, consisting of a sanctuary and small office," but no organization or individual comes forward to preserve St. James.

1967 The Monterey History and Art Association decides to establish a library named after historian Mayo Hayes O'Donnell in recognition of her many years of volunteer service as Executive Secretary.

1969 The Monterey History and Art Association purchases the Doud House and, for the nominal fee of \$1, also the original St. James building.

1970 The Urban Renewal Agency relocates St. James Mission Church to the Doud property on Van Buren Street where, under the supervision of architect Francis Palms Jr., volunteers restore the interior and repaint the exterior the original barn-red.

1971 Mayo Hayes O'Donnell Library opens to the public.

1994 The relocated, restored Christ Church at Oakhurst is renamed "Little Church on the Hill" and designated a Point of Historical Interest by the State of California.

2000 Granddaughters Christine Chambers and Virginia Chambers Horning inherit Kate Carew's artwork and memorabilia.

MISSION TO CALIFORNIA

Reverend James S. McGowan

The following memoir, subtitled "Excerpts from the Diary of Missionary Experiences of the Reverend James Shannon McGowan, Pioneer Episcopalian," was published in two issues of The Pacific Churchman, December 1944 and January 1945. The version reproduced below is based on a typescript provided by Archivist Dennis Copeland of the California History Room at the Monterey Public Library but inserts additional bracketed information as well as silent emendations for clarity.

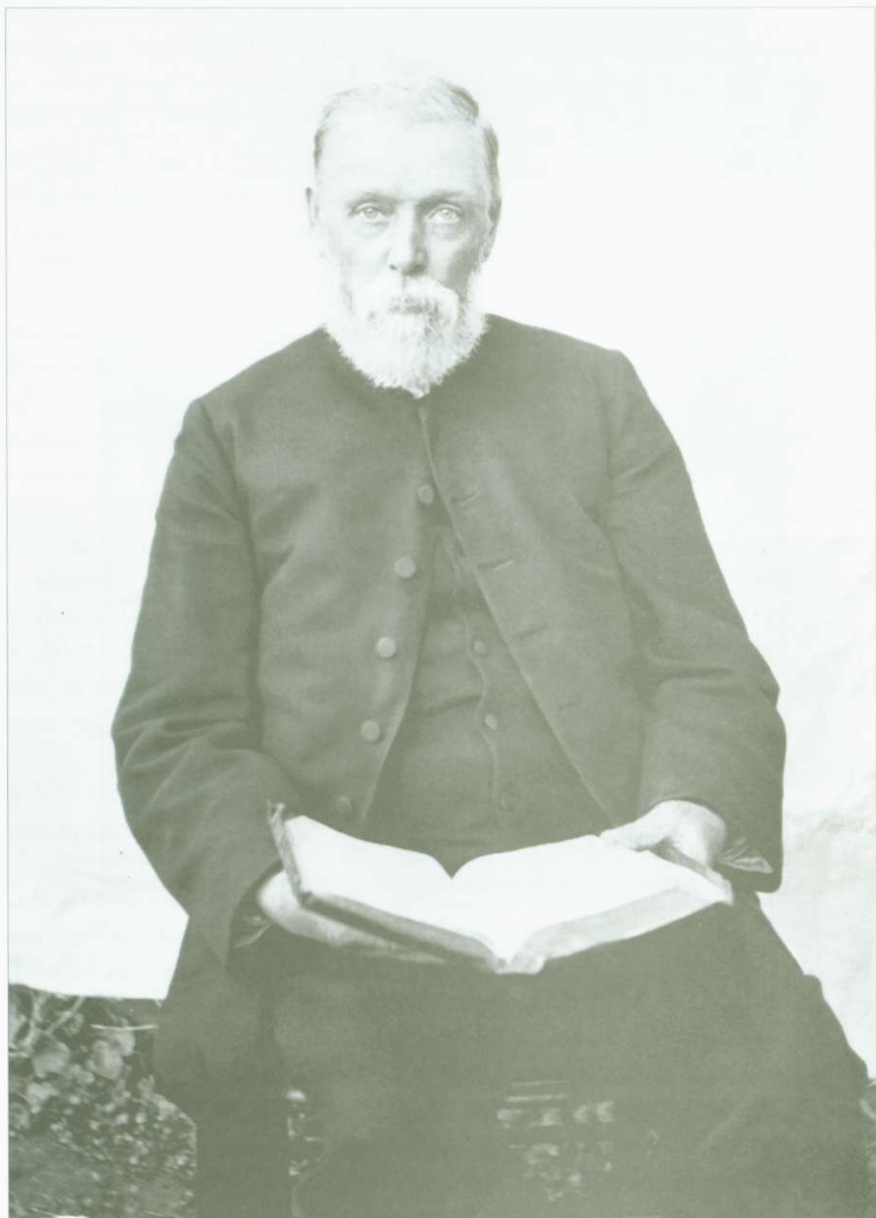
—The Editor



It was on July 6, 1873 that I arrived at San Jose, California from Platteville, Wisconsin. On that date I attended evening services in Trinity Church conducted by the Reverend George W. Foote, then rector.

By the advice of our family physician, I had come to California seeking to benefit the health of my oldest son. Having had no call from any parish in the Diocese, I had made a venture of faith. When I notified Bishop Kip of my intentions, I did not know that I would have to hew out a path for myself in new fields of church work.

The following day, July 7th, I went to my brother's home in Watsonville, where I learned that, a few days before, there had been a lynching party in Monterey [the hanging of Matt Tarpy]. This news gave me a little shock, since I thought I had come to a civilized state.



Episcopal priest James Shannon McGowan built St. James Mission Church, the first Protestant Church in Monterey; the building now houses Mayo Hayes O'Donnell Library. Photograph from the Library's collection courtesy of descendant Geraldine McGowan Ward.

I gave my first service at St. Stephen's Church in Gilroy, then served by the Reverend Mr. Cowan. On July 14th I called upon Bishop Kip and handed him my Letters Dimissory from Bishop Armitage of Wisconsin. The Bishop asked me to take the town of Watsonville, but a few weeks later I found that the field had been assigned to another.

The Bishop then asked me to take in Castroville and Salinas. According to him, the Missionary Board was bankrupt, so I had to put my venture of faith in practice and live upon faith for five months. This was a good test of the California climate—to live upon thin air, and not half so bracing as the air of Wisconsin!

There was no Sunday service at Castroville because Sunday was their busy day of trade. To an Eastern man, this was pain and grief: that the Lord's Day, which was kept in such honor by the primitive Christians, would be thus desecrated and made a day of gain!

I held service all the same. Some came to worship and others perhaps to see. I had no processional hymn, nor crucifer, nor cross. In the missionary field, we cannot indulge in these luxuries.

The railroad had been extended from Castroville to Salinas, and I began regular services there on August 10th. I was able to rent the Methodist Church South for my services, the hour being 3pm. I was charged a rental fee of \$1.50 per Sunday, and a friend paid this sum for me for three months. At Salinas, I found one communicant and a few more who had been raised in the Episcopal Church. The average of my Salinas congregation was from seven to fifteen souls.

It was not altogether with a willing mind that some of the local denominations received me. They said, "We do not see why Mr. McGowan comes here, since he has but one member of his church. He must come to steal."

The Sunday after this item was told me, I informed my congregation, "The Reverend Mr. McGowan is here, and the church is here and cannot be driven out, but will remain in Salinas. Those who think the Church should wait until certain people say it might enter can make up their minds that I have jurisdiction in this new field." At that point, one man in the congregation lost his dignity, saying audibly, "Hit 'em again!"

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Railroad fare at the time was rather high at seven cents per mile. Your humble servant was not rich and did not always have the amount on hand. To keep my promise and my threat to "hold the fort," I had several times to tramp

it along the railway track from Watsonville to Salinas—a distance of twenty miles—in order to keep my appointment with my parishioners.

There was at this time but one hotel in Salinas, the Diamond. Because it had no parlor, I sat in the barroom, where I saw lots of poker games with stacks of silver upon the round table. Some of the good-natured fellows eyed me as a clergyman. One, skeptical of Bible truths and thinking that he would have a little fun with the preacher, turned to me and said, "I can never believe the doctrine of the Trinity because I never could find anyone who could explain it to me."

I told him that it was not a matter of explanation but a fact of revelation, and that the proofs for the revelation were miracle and prophecy. When I ventured, "I think I can get you to admit that you believe some things that you cannot explain," down went the cards from every hand and a voice called out, "Let's hear it."

"When I was coming from Watsonville," I proceeded, "I saw an ox eating grass. Do you believe this statement?"

"Yes, of course," came the reply.

"Now, on the ox the grass becomes fur; on the sheep, wool; and on the goose, feathers. Can you explain this?"

"No, I can't," the man replied.

"Then you believe some things that you cannot explain," I told him, and those seated around the table clapped their hands and told my doubting brother to "take a back seat." Some of these men attended my service that afternoon, and we were always good friends after that.

The town of Salinas began to grow with the advent of the railroad, and I began to think that it was time to build a church. Lots were donated and over \$1000 was raised by subscription. I secured about \$1000 more from the churchmen of San Francisco and vicinity. Once the building was erected and paid for (I never allowed a dollar of debt on the seven churches that, under God's will, owe their existence to my efforts), St. Paul's Church, Salinas was consecrated by Bishop Kip on Sunday, July 4th, 1875—two years after my arrival in California.

+++

The first personal aid I received in the inception of this work was from some of the clergymen of the Diocese. From St. John's parish, San Francisco, I received over \$100, raised by Miss Terry. A large portion of this came from Colonel Edward Eyre, of Civil War fame, who showed me great kindness. After the work had been carried on about five months, the Board of Missions was finally able to give me aid.



The Washington Hotel in Monterey was owned by Albert Trescony, who gave James McGowan half-price rates, and later contributed to the St. James building fund. Photograph courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views, #89-33-52.

Before the consecration of the church at Salinas, I turned over the station at Castroville to the Reverend D.C. Kelly and took up work at Monterey. To do this, I had to drive twenty miles after my morning service at Salinas.

My first service in the old capital of the state* was given on March 14, 1875 in the dance hall of the Washington Hotel. There was a mixed audience of about forty persons present.

A letter had been sent from the proprietor of the Diamond Hotel of Salinas, where I had met my skeptical friend, asking the proprietor of the Washington to "show me all kindness" since I was a man "who attended to his own business." This, I suppose, was meant to be complimentary, since the kind host housed and fed me at half the going rate.

Monterey is a Spanish town, and few Protestants were to be found. I located but two members of the Episcopal church, and learned that Bishop Kip had given a service there in 1854, baptizing five children and confirming the mother of one of them. I found her still alive and active in church work, but her little one had passed away the following year and been laid to rest in the Monterey cemetery. The Bible given to this child by the Bishop on the occasion of baptism is now in the possession of St. James Church, Monterey, as a memento of former years.

The Roman Catholic Church of the San Carlos Mission was the only church building in town, so the work that faced me was, to say the least, "up

*Monterey was the official capital under both the Spanish and Mexican regimes, and military headquarters during the American annexation, but never capital of the State of California. Part of the land reserved for that purpose eventually became the Del Monte Shopping Center.

hill." Sometimes after driving twenty miles to keep my appointment, I found no congregation. So if I was asked, "How many did you have out at service last evening?" I had to answer like a true Irishman, "There was me, myself, my brother and I." This always, to my mind, made a congregation because a missionary had to learn "to labor and to wait."

Then, little by little, growth was made manifest and hope began to brighten. Churchmen [Episcopalians] from the far east section of the United States came to worship, and they gave words of cheer to the missionary. The dance hall was not a very fit place for divine service, but it was the best we could do at the time.

At one service a Dr. Parker from Oakland told me that, if I would build a little church in Monterey, his wife would give me fifty dollars. I thought this offer providential and worth a trial. A subscription campaign was started and the sum of \$575 was pledged for a building. I raised about \$600 dollars more in San Francisco and vicinity, \$150 of that coming from [steel manufacturer and philanthropist] George W. Gibbs.

The contract was let and the church completed at a cost of about \$1200. The building was consecrated by Bishop Kip on July 18, 1878. The first Protestant house of worship in Monterey has at present a membership of thirty communicants. The building is in good preservation and, after twenty years of missionary work in other parts of the Diocese, I am glad to keep up regular services within its consecrated walls. I may here add that Princess Louise, a daughter of Queen Victoria, worshipped with her husband [the Marquis of Lorne] in this little church when they were visiting California.



The Reverend James McGowan traveled this road and many like it with only his trusted horse for companionship. Photo courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views #87-99-01.

† † †

As the years and labors rolled on, I did not always find life so entirely blessed with peace and happiness as some religious enthusiasts would have it. "The rose has its thorns, and life has its bitterness," and "some days must be dark and dreary."

My health failed at Salinas. In trying to regain it, I sought Jolon or what is sometimes called the San Antonio region, in the southern part of Monterey County. From my sick bed in Salinas, I rose and went to St. Paul's Church to baptize some children of Mr. Claude Smith of San Antonio, who had traveled eighty miles for this purpose.

Mr. Smith asked me to visit him at San Antonio and expressed the thought that such a change would do me good. I accepted his invitation the following spring and, while staying with his family, began giving Sunday services in the schoolhouse near Jolon. Quite a goodly number attended services, with one churchman from San Miguel riding thirty miles to attend.

These people said they would make an effort to keep me in that new field. So when San Miguel and Jolon united in securing a pledge to the Board of Missions, I informed the Bishop. My health was somewhat better, and the Bishop was ready to transfer me to this new location.

Since I could find no house for my family in the neighborhood, I took up a homestead claim of government land and made preparations to build. We camped out under the oak trees for three months while the house was being erected. In 1884 two churches were begun, one at Jolon (see photo on page 7) and one at San Miguel. My son E.A. McGowan now has charge of these two churches as part of his wide mission field.

To hunt up the scattered sheep of the fold meant long drives over the mountains and through the canyons. As I drove to one place in search of Episcopalians, I asked an old man who looked as if he had seen a good part of frontier life if he knew of any in the neighborhood. He eyed me with a puzzled look and asked, "What might they be?"

When I explained, he replied, "I take no stock in them kind of people no how." I decided there and then that it was high time to build some churches in these communities as object lessons.

† † †

There were no bridges over the rivers at that time. In making the journey between Jolon and San Miguel, I had to ford the San Antonio twice, the Nacimiento once, and the Salinas once. And a new crossing had to be made after each freshet.

I had a fine horse called "Bay Dick," true and faithful. On one occasion, fording the Salinas after a heavy rain, I was unaware that the crossing had been changed. It was dusk when I reached the river and drove my horse in at the accustomed place. We had not gone very far before he went down in the quicksands.

Fortunately, before the sands packed around him, he threw himself out on his side and drew his feet from the engulfing sand so that he had a broader base to rest upon. Meanwhile, I divested myself of my clothing and tramped the sands so they might sink. While the water washed over the horse's body, I unharnessed him, lifted one wheel at a time off the buggy, pulled it back from the horse, and tramped a solid foundation for him to rise upon.

Dick had been quiet all this time, waiting for his master to bring him some aid. When I said at last, "Get up, Dick" he was soon upon his feet, true to his command. Indeed, he was more fortunate than Archimedes himself because he had a *pou sto* [stable spot] on which to rest. [Archimedes is remembered for saying, "Give me a place to stand, and I will move the earth."]

With my clothing attached to my shoulders by my suspenders, I tramped a path across the river, and my good horse and I were saved, although very much chilled. We cannot always have our way or go to heaven on beds of ease and roses.

The churches of Jolon and San Miguel were finished and paid for when Bishop Kip consecrated St. Luke's of Jolon on Sunday October 11, 1885. I met the Bishop at Soledad, at that time the terminus of the railroad, and with my own team we drove the fifty miles to my ranch. He remained with me there one week. Then on Sunday, October 18th, he consecrated St. John's



The Reverend James McGowan mentions crossing the swollen Salinas River in a "flying duck" like this one. Photograph courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views #89-29-09.

Church at San Miguel. These two churches are among those now supplied by my son Eddie.

When the railroad was extended from Soledad to Templeton, new towns sprang up along the line: King City, San Lucas, San Ardo, and Bradley. I gave services at all these places, even sometimes going as far south as Templeton, and organized missions at San Ardo and King City.

Once, after a seven days' rain, two spans of the new bridge across the Salinas River were swept away, or rather, two spans of the bank of the river. (As they say, "to speak twice an Irishman has always a right.") In order to reach the end of the bridge, I had to ride suspended in mid-air in a dry goods box, pulled by a rope over a distance of some one hundred yards, while the angry torrent rolled below.

It was during that storm that I started a subscription campaign for building a church. Some pled for a union church, but in a church building I never could see the wisdom of union, since it ends at last in dissension, and sometimes in bitterness. So I said, "If a church is erected by me, it must be Episcopal."

And I had my way. A lot was donated by Mr. Charles King, and a church erected at a cost of about \$1000. It was named St. Mark's and was consecrated by Bishop Nichols on April 2, 1891.



It would require a book to relate all my experiences while these missionary efforts were being put forth. Kind friends were ever ready to help me and, while this was pleasant, I could not control the winds nor rains nor tides.

One Sunday, I crossed the Salinas just in advance of a newly married couple whose nuptial knot I had tied. I drove into the stream, but the current had carved out a new channel and, as my horse and buggy struck the water, we found no bottom. My horse swam to a sandbar while your humble servant sat in water up to his shoulders. When we landed on the bar, my old buggy made more spouting than a whale.

The groom and bride, watching our progress from the bank, roared with laughter and concluded to turn back and take a dryer course for their marriage tour. That morning I preached in San Lucas with a dry surplice and stole cast over wet clothes.

Some time after this, I had a little adventure in the San Lorenzo Creek near King City. I was making my way to King City at dusk for evening service. A thunder storm had occurred up in the hills, and I did not know that the stream was so badly swollen. When I urged my horse in, she hesitated upon the brink, for she was wiser than I, then slid down the bank into the stream.

As the fore part of the buggy struck the bottom, the hind part tipped over the horse's back. I was caged in and could not prevail upon the horse to take another forward step. Indeed, why should she have, with a man and a buggy on her back?

With some effort, I eventually persuaded her to take that step, which threw the hind part of the buggy into place and released me from durance vile. But she would move no more, so I had to ford the stream and lead my horse at the cost of a clerical suit, not to mention a compulsory bath by summer shower and sandy creek. What my wife greatly deplored in this incident, however, was the loss of a box of eggs that she had sent to market, which instead went floating down the stream.

† † †

After the building of the church at King City, which was the fifth in the sequence, I was called back to St. Paul's at Salinas to be rector of the parish for nearly two years. Bishop Nichols then asked me if I would take a new field in the Sierras: Raymond, Gertrude, California Mills, and other places within thirty miles of Fresno Flats.

I consented and moved with my family into the field. We were a week driving across the country from Salinas to Fresno Flats, arriving late on a Saturday night. On Sunday morning, March 6th 1892, I held my first service in this new missionary field.

The community was largely infidel [unbeliever]. They had an organization of twenty-two members, and eighteen infidel papers were taken through the post office there. The Women's Auxiliary of the Diocese had taken up the work, establishing a reading room and a little Sunday School.

I did not intrude on the infidels, but if they should assail me, I was prepared to meet their objections. I kept to my own duties, and the fight never came. In fact, some of them were very kind friends to me. And when I left the Flats, only one infidel [secular] newspaper was taken, and the man who subscribed to it told me he had become tired of it and would discontinue it.

There was one infidel in that mission who had such a prejudice against the cross that he made a stipulation with the ladies of the mission who were getting up an entertainment that no cross should be placed in his hall. I said that we did not need any, since the three crosses in a style named after Saint Peter already on the doors of his hall were sufficient for our purpose. Although these head-down crosses were plainly to be seen in the mechanism of the wooden doors, our neighbor did not carry his zeal so far as to break down his own doors and burn them in the fire.

St. Thomas' Church at Raymond, the terminus of the railroad for Yosemite Valley, was consecrated by Bishop Nichols on October 8, 1893. On the hill among the pine trees in Fresno Flats is a pretty little church with stained glass windows and a bell in the tower to call people to prayer and to the hearing of the Word. It was consecrated as Christ's Church on June 20th 1894.



While in the mountains, I had some experiences among the Indians of the region, who are mostly of the "Digger" tribe, although some are Monos. One, called "Old Jim," dined at my house, upon his own invitation, about three times a week. He used to go about in clerical garb and seemed proud when I gave him a cast-off suit. He came often to Church service. I found him honest, sober, and good. I lately learned of his death, at the age of one hundred and twelve years.

"Tom Good Eye" was another who sometimes talked of the condition of the other world. He was called "Good Eye" because had but one that served him well. The Indians seem to be optimistic; we perhaps would have called him "Blind-eyed Tom." He expressed his views of the rich and the poor and the weight of wealth that ties men down to earthly things in this way: "Rich man, when he dies, cannot go up—too much money pulls him down. Me poor man, have no money; I go up quick and be happy."

Something ought to be done for these poor human beings who have been deprived of their hunting grounds and are left to cold, hunger, and poverty. I tried to do what I could for them while there. The Bishop held one service with them in their camp. Poor "Queenie" met the Bishop with tears of joy and gathered about twenty-five of these children of the forest into a circle that they might receive his benediction.



Here in Monterey I still have my horse "Birdie" as a memento of the past, for without her aid the work in that rough mountain region could not have been accomplished. She did me faithful service through heat and cold, sunshine and storm, but she has made up her mind now "to go as you please," acquiring bad habits in her old age.

Sometimes she is very good, but other times she is awful, balking like a spoiled child and throwing herself upon the ground in a hot passion until I unhitch her. She is perhaps in her dotage, dreaming of donkeys with packs upon their backs and drabbled squaws with bundles of reeds upon their



A camel poses contentedly in the police station yard in front of St. James Church while another pair looks on; neither Reverend James nor Dr. Julia comment on these unusual neighbors. J. K. Oliver photograph c.1890 courtesy of Margot Oliver Bergquist.

heads, of which [whom] she was in mortal fear. She continues to be fat and well-liked, for I have not the heart to turn her over to some cruel master.

These are a few of the experiences I had in founding some of the churches that I built. I sometimes think I was too rash, and do not advise any young man to do as I did. But at the age of three score and ten I still survive. And perhaps, if the opportunity came my way, I am still independent enough to take the same risks again.

These seven churches built and consecrated during forty years are witnesses of the cross and gospel of Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation. And if they did cost toil and privation and danger and weakness of the flesh, yet it is worth it all to know that some souls, longing for the light, have seen it, and that thirsty souls have drunk of the priceless waters of life. Others, I trust, will carry on the work of faith and the labor of love for His dear sake, who loved us and washed us in his own blood. To Him be glory and dominion and power for ever and ever. Amen.



DR. JULIA MOSS MCGOWAN'S LETTERS FROM MONTEREY

Catherine Gordon

Dr. Julia Moss McGowan, licensed physician and second wife of the Reverend James Shannon McGowan, lived in Monterey from 1900 until her death in 1914. During that time, she corresponded regularly with her niece, Julia Helen Moss Williams of Mobile, Alabama, known as Helen. This eldest daughter of Dr. Julia's youngest brother Francis Moss married and gave birth to two daughters during the period. Dr. Julia's letters to her, while predictably full of family news and medical advice, also recount public life and events in the Monterey community—inviting us to imaginatively re-experience Monterey in the early 1900s.

Julia Narcissa Moss was born in Illinois on July 14, 1841. Three years earlier her parents, John and Julia Ann Warner Moss, had made the month-long trip from upstate New York—by way of the Erie Canal, the Great Lakes, and the Ohio, Mississippi and Illinois Rivers—to become part of a new community fifteen miles west of Peoria. Originally known as “Robinsnest,” the settlement would be renamed “Jubilee” after Jubilee College, founded in 1839 by Philander Chase, first Episcopal Bishop of Illinois, to train men for the ministry.

Mr. and Mrs. Moss were devoted members of the college chapel congregation. John Moss helped erect the college buildings and served as superintendent of the Sunday school for many years. The journal that Mrs. Moss kept for six decades reflects her faith and her active interest in the church. Jubilee College, closed in 1862, is now an Illinois State Historic Site.

Julia, eldest child and only daughter, became a teacher at age twenty and probably pursued this career into her thirties. Her brother John Morris Moss, five years her junior, suffered from



Julia Helen Moss Williams of Mobile, Alabama saved her Aunt Julia's letters. Photograph courtesy of Neal Iverson.

tuberculosis for almost a decade. When he returned home to spend his final days with his family, Julia was there to help nurse him. His death in 1876 may have influenced her decision to change careers. She entered Woman's Medical College of Chicago that same year, fulfilling "her great ambition of latter years" according to her mother's journal entry.

The school she chose was one of only five medical schools in the country dedicated to training female physicians. Its roster shows that students came from around the nation and even from abroad. Julia was one of five in the college's ninth graduating class. One unforgettable incident experienced by her senior class was later described by a classmate, Dr. Marie Mergler:

About two weeks before the close of the term in the spring of 1879, we five seniors were surprised to find a notice on the board inviting us to take part in the examination held at Cook County Hospital. At first we thought it was out of the question. We had no equal chance with other schools, especially in surgery, for we had not gone over half the ground.

The faculty as a whole did not encourage us. Not to go meant that we should perhaps never be asked again. To go meant to fail. We decided to go if only to show how little we had been taught in surgery. Our professor had spent more time dwelling upon the uselessness of teaching surgery to women than on the topic of his chair.

On our arrival at the hospital no one seemed willing to show us the examining room. Finally someone escorted us to the amphitheater, which was filled with a crowd of students and spectators who received us with deafening shouts and hisses. The Chairman looked daggers at us.

The examination was oral and fair in most departments. The gynecologist and the obstetrician tried to get us off balance by making vulgar jokes. The surgeon tried to wreck us. We faced things as best we could, but of course did not receive the appointment. One point we did gain, however: we made our surgeon feel ashamed of his work and anxious to turn over a new leaf... Ever since he has been a warm friend of the cause.

In 1879, at the age of 38, Julia received her medical degree and began practicing in Chicago. Three years later, in a ceremony held at Jubilee College chapel, she married the Reverend James Shannon McGowan, an Episcopal clergyman serving in the Diocese of California. Nine years her senior, James was a widower with five children; William, age 15; Robert, age 14; James, age 12; Mary, age 7; and Edward, age 5. The details of the couple's courtship are not known, but it seems likely that they had become acquainted twenty years earlier, when he was a seminary student at Jubilee College.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.

CATALOGUE OF STUDENTS.

FOR COLLEGE YEAR 1878-9.

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	PRECEPTOR.
AKERS, STELLA.....	Maine.....	Prof. Earle.
AKINS, ADDIE.....	Nashville.....	Dr. M. H. Thompson.
ANDREWS, SYRENA.....	Sycamore.....	Faculty.
BATES, MARY E.....	Chicago.....	Prof. Stevenson.
BEEKMAN, LILLIAN GRACE.....	Chicago.....	Prof. Stevenson.
BUSHNELL, KATE C.....	Evanston.....	Prof. Jewell.
CAMPBELL, GUSSIE SCOTT.....	Chicago.....	Dr. A. B. Campbell.
DAVENPORT, A. M.....	Indiana.....	Dr. C. M. Fitch.
DICKINSON, FANNIE.....	Chicago.....	Faculty.
GRAVES, LETTIE M.....	Crystal Lake.....	Dr. I. H. Graves.
GILCHRIEST, ELLA.....	Wisconsin.....	Dr. N. M. Dodson.
HAYNER, JENNIE E.....	Woodstock.....	Dr. L. H. Davis.
HONEY, M. LOUISE.....	Chicago.....	Prof. Hayes.
HOFF, ANNIE E.....	Danville.....	Dr. G. W. Jones.
JANSEN, CAROLINE.....	Denmark.....	Dr. John Bartlett.
LAMB, EMMA R.....	Chicago.....	Faculty.
MERGLER, MARY J.....	Palatine.....	Dr. F. R. Mergler.
McKITTRICK, ELIZABETH.....	Wisconsin.....	Dr. N. M. Dodson.
McMAHAN, C. A.....	Indiana.....	Dr. McMahan.
OLIVER, EMMA L. K.....	La Salle.....	Dr. W. H. Oliver.
PATTEN, JULIA M.....	Connecticut.....	Dr. Phebe A. Sprague.
PLATT, AMELIA.....	Marengo.....	Dr. Wereham.
REYNOLDS, MARY.....	Wisconsin.....	Dr. J. W. Fisher.
ROCKWELL, MARY L.....	Wisconsin.....	Dr. Rockwell.
SERCOMBE, HARRIET F.....	Wisconsin.....	Faculty.
SIMMONS, ELECTA U.....	Erie.....	Faculty.
SLATER, CATHERINE B.....	Aurora.....	Dr. Jennie G. Brown.
WINCHELL, ANN E.*.....	Norwood Park.	
WORCESTER, OLIVE.....	Sycamore.....	Faculty.

* Special Physiology.

GRADUATES — Class of 1879.

NAME.	THESIS.
BUSHNELL, KATE C.....	Inflammation.
MERGLER, MARY J.....	Repair of Nerve Tissues.
McMAHAN, C. A.....	Epilepsy.
► MOSS, JULIA A.....	Sedatives.
SLATER, CATHERINE B.....	Physical Diagnosis.



TENTH
ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE

Woman's Medical College,

OF CHICAGO,

337 ~~AND~~ 339 SOUTH LINCOLN STREET,

(OPPOSITE NEW COUNTY HOSPITAL.)

SESSION OF 1879-80.

CHICAGO:

HAZLITT & REED, PRINTERS, 172 AND 174 CLARK STREET.

1879.

Ordained in Illinois in 1863 as a deacon, and two years later as a priest, James had served small churches in that state and neighboring Wisconsin for a decade. In 1873, seeking a better climate for his eldest son, he decided to move his family to California. St. Paul's Church in Salinas was built and consecrated in 1875 under his leadership and St. James Mission Church on Pacific Street in Monterey three years later.

Soon after their wedding in 1882, James and Julia traveled by rail to California. The distance and unfamiliar terrain would have lent drama to the journey in her parents' eyes. Mrs. Moss wrote in her journal:

Numerous postals and letters reach us of the travelers wending their weary way over desert plains and mountain wastes. That vast extent of country can only be measured by journeying through it. They have most likely reached their home before this, but we must seven days wait for the intelligence to come to us!

The Reverend McGowan continued as rector of St. Paul's in Salinas for a time, other clergy having taken responsibility for the parish in Monterey. Leaving Salinas in 1883, James, Julia and the five children moved to southern Monterey County and established their home to the south-southwest of King City, at a place variously described as "near Lockwood" and "near Jolon."

In addition to serving as treasurer of St. Luke's in Jolon during these years, Julia cared for the children, did the church work expected of a minister's wife, and continued her medical practice. She was clearly determined to pursue her profession, having obtained her Monterey County license in 1882, the year she arrived in California.

Two brief newspaper items mention her work as a physician. The *Salinas Weekly Index* of March 21, 1889 reports that "Dr. McGowan of Jolon" attended an elderly Pleyto gentleman who was thrown from his carriage and subsequently died. On December 26th of the same year, the *Salinas Valley*



*John Moss and
Julia Ann Warner
Moss of Illinois,
parents of Dr. Julia
Moss McGowan.
Photographs courtesy
of descendant Neal
Iverson.*



Settler mentions her as one of two physicians who performed the autopsy and testified in court in the case involving the shooting of José Castro, also in Pleyto. (This small village and stage stop in southern Monterey County was subsequently submerged in the creation of San Antonio Reservoir.) These isolated news items give an idea of what medical practice might have involved in that rough, undeveloped country, although of course much of Dr. Julia's work as a local physician would have been more routine.

After returning to Salinas for a couple of years in the early 1890s, Mr. McGowan accepted an assignment to the Sierra foothills and moved his family to Fresno Flats, now Oakhurst. An entry in Mrs. Moss's journal at this time suggests that she viewed the course of her daughter's life with some puzzlement: "What a strange road she has traveled!... To climb so high up, then seek a lower level, and go out as missionary to other parts all yet unknown."

At Fresno Flats the minister was responsible for the building of Christ Church, where Dr. Julia again served as treasurer. A second church built during his pastorate was St. Thomas in Raymond, the Yosemite Valley railroad terminus. He also served other small mining communities like Coarse Gold and O'Neals, holding services in a schoolhouse in the first case, a rented hall in the second.

The Diocesan Woman's Auxiliary, which raised money to provide the McGowans with a buggy, clearly considered Dr. Julia's work a part of the church's mission. Dr. Julia reported the following information about her work for a history of her medical college published in 1896: "Fresno Flats, Cal. General practice, largely charitable, among the inhabitants of the mountainous districts." To date, no records of her patients, their medical needs, or the treatments she prescribed have come to light.

In 1900, the McGowans returned to Monterey, where he again became rector and later rector emeritus of St. James, and she was again parish treasurer, at least for the last six years of her life. She was also elected to represent the Monterey parish at the 1903 and 1904 Diocesan Conventions held at Grace Church, San Francisco. In 1904 the Diocese determined that convention delegates must be male, and created the Diocesan House of Church Women to meet concurrently with the Convention. Dr. Julia McGowan would be reelected as delegate to that body annually until 1912.

Although both Reverend James and Dr. Julia suffered ill health in their declining years, she continued seeing patients in Monterey at least into her mid-60s. She was also active in community improvement through the Monterey Civic Club, founded in 1906. The club organized fund-raising events and channeled the proceeds into civic improvement projects like the provision of trash receptacles on city streets.

Mrs. J. N. Moss McGowan, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Diseases of Women and Children
a Specialty.

Office and Residence — Corner of Pacific
and Jackson Streets,

MONTEREY CALIFORNIA

When Helen was bearing and raising babies, her aunt's letters were full of practical medical advice. In addition, Dr. Julia often commented on the health of James and the grandchildren as well as the church members who were under her care. She sometimes told Helen about making calls on certain of her patients—a woman with gout, a three-day old baby who needed special attention because no nurse was available, a “fleshy” woman who fell from her carriage and suffered a painful shoulder injury.

The California History Room at the Monterey Public Library holds a few prescriptions with her signature, dated between October 1904 and August 1905. In 1904 and again in 1906, the *Monterey New Era* carried an advertisement for her medical services—“women and children a specialty.”

As a physician, Dr. Julia was always concerned about public health. The following extracts from her letters to Helen indicate that the presence of contagious diseases in Monterey was often on her mind.

April 1, 1906. A severe form of tonsillitis has been very prevalent among children and even older people, mostly in those portions of the town where the water has been standing for weeks.

October 21, 1907. Just now there is a case of small pox, quarantined of course, but living right upon the main thoroughfare... A sad death occurred on Sunday morning from meningitis: a little girl six years of age, who attended school in apparent good health on Friday.

In a letter written in December of 1907, Dr. Julia mentions a case of smallpox at 222 Pacific Street, not far from the McGowan home at 303

Pacific Street. (See photograph on the following page.) According to the *Monterey Daily Cypress*, this was the third case in town, and a rigorous quarantine was instituted—none too soon, in Dr. Julia's opinion.

December 8, 1907. Another case of small pox has developed in the next block to us, but the authorities have waked up at last and it is quarantined and well published [publicized]. I had publicly threatened to report their careless neglect to the State Board of Health. I hope it may not spread any farther.

From 1905, the Reverend James, then in his 70s, was seriously ill several times. After 1908, Dr. Julia appears to have limited her medical practice in favor of assisting her family and parishioners. Her letters occasionally mention her own nagging coughs and rheumatism, and by 1912 she was concerned about her chronic lameness.

February 28, 1909. I have had such a racking cough, day and night, that I have felt completely exhausted... I feel as if I would like to remain in bed for a week.

January 8, 1910. There is a great deal of la grippe [flu] around. I think the unseasonable weather has very much to do with the unhealthy conditions.

Dr. Julia's letters often refer tellingly to the routines of her daily life and these, too, constitute part of Monterey history. The McGowans lived on Pacific near Jackson Street, to the east and on the opposite side of the street from St. James' Church. On their 90' x 150' lot, Julia had room to raise chickens and to grow some of the family's produce, as was the practice in many local households at the time.

By the time the McGowans returned to Monterey in 1900, the children were grown, and some had children of their own. William, the eldest, worked as a carpenter and "vulcanizer," Robert practiced law in San Francisco, James was a dentist in Monterey County, Mary was a trained nurse, and the youngest, Edward, would be ordained an Episcopal priest in 1902.

In addition to regularly entertaining family and church groups, the McGowans frequently kept boarders. Dr. Julia did her own cleaning and baking, and she once reported spraining her wrist while pushing the lawnmower. The family evidently had no car, for Dr. Julia mentions an automobile ride as a rare treat. She also enjoyed social events at the homes of friends, a few hours at the beach, and a series of cooking classes.

June 8, 1905. We have strawberries, raspberries and loganberries. The latter I am canning and making into jelly; the first two we use upon the table... I have 2



Reverend James McGowan and his wife Dr. Julia McGowan pose in front of their Monterey home at 303 Pacific Street in the early 1900s. Photograph courtesy of Moss descendant Neal Iverson.

regular boarders now and then, another for a week or so at a time. Our daughter went away this morning after a few weeks' visit at home after graduating from the Hospital Training School for nurses.

August 2, 1909. Indeed the house is full to overflowing. I am sleeping upon a lounge and my regular boarder—a very quiet, accommodating girl—has a cot in the sewing room. Probably there will be another arrival some time this week... They are all rather loud talkers and fond of all talking at the same time. Often I have to send them all out of the kitchen so I can collect my wits enough to get the meals ready. I can yet do a good deal of hard work, in spite of my age, if there is not too much confusion around me. Tomorrow is the sixteenth birthday of the young lady and, with her mother's approval, I have asked a half dozen young girls near her age to come over in the afternoon for a few hours. I shall serve ice cream and cake.

May 21, 1910. Tomorrow morning I go out to the cemetery to look after some work being done there. In the afternoon I have a committee meeting, and possibly may have to attend the parish trustees meeting in the evening. Besides that, I have to bake bread. Ruth [a granddaughter] and her mother are here, and my boarder returned tonight.

July 28, 1910. As usual, I washed upon Monday, which was the off-week, so I had little ironing. Tuesday made yeast, did some extra sweeping, and at 2 p.m. the Reverend Dr. Hazlett and family arrived, four in all. The youngest daughter, a girl of 10 and for many years a partial invalid, was brought in upon a stretcher. [This was the third summer the Hazlett family had stayed with the McGowans]. I got lunch for them and then got my ironing out of the way. Wednesday baked bread. I had invited our organist, choir girls and a few others to spend a few hours at the house in the afternoon for conversation, music, recitations, etc. Mr. McGowan and Dr. Hazlett came in later when I served ice cream and cake. (I bought both of them ready-made.) Just before parting, we sang the long metered doxology, standing. It is not very wonderful [surprising] that I am tired tonight.

April 19, 1911. Our gas and electric plant has recently changed hands, and the new company is making some innovations. This week they are running a cooking school for the purpose of demonstrating the advantages of gas. Though I have used the latter ever since it was first introduced here, I have been much interested in the demonstrations, and picked up quite a number of useful hints. The articles, prepared and cooked before our eyes, are afterwards tested by our taste. A large room comfortably seated is well filled each afternoon for a couple of hours, with

J.S. Kirk - Mrs.

Montrey Calif.
June 20th 1905

My dear Helen

Your letter at hand - and I am going to improve this smoky afternoon in replying - The home had so much cold and fog this spring - that we thoroughly enjoy a dose of sunshine when it takes. The summer is passing so rapidly that one can scarcely realize it - though we had such late rains the hills are getting brown and bare - I can appreciate your enjoyment of the fresh green look - how well I remember - the fragrant odors which arose from the fields - after a refreshing

even several Chinese women present. Who says the Chinese are not in the line of progress?

Once in a while, Dr. Julia manages to take a break from her chores and commitments in order to enjoy her unique surroundings:

December 22, 1907. Yesterday afternoon I managed to get an hour for a walk and [with my Boston lady roomer] went down upon the beach. A plank walk has been laid for a half mile just above the high water mark, which is a great convenience. We passed the fisherman's wharf and watched them land a boatload or two, then went to the [Hotel Del Monte] bath house and watched a few lone individuals swimming in the huge tanks, and gazed for a time upon the breakers rolling in and dissolving in spray as they met the resistance of the shore.

Dr. Julia's letters mention the fires and floods that are part of California's natural weather cycle:

Monterey, May 10, 1905. We are having a very late spring—at least very late rains—which tend to keep every thing green and luxuriant much longer than usual. Last Saturday night was I think the hardest [storm] of the season. The basement of the electric works was flooded, so all the machinery was stopped. Although the entire force of men was immediately set to work to repair the damage, the street cars were unable to run most of the day and the town was in darkness the greater portion of the night, but everything was in running order on Monday. Yesterday we had a severe north wind with high breakers, but today has been pleasant.

Dr. Julia enjoyed strolling on this boardwalk that extended from the foot of Alvarado Street to the Hotel Del Monte Bath House. Photograph courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views #87-92-01.



October 7, 1906. We have been suffering from extreme heat here, largely caused by the great fire which is raging in the country along the coast south of us. A strip of land twenty miles long and three wide has already been burnt over, destroying much feed and timber, also many barns, fences and outhouses—and is still spreading. So far I think no lives have been lost and few houses burned. Much of the country is very rough and wild, thinly inhabited and largely given over to stock-raising, so it is very difficult to fight fires. There will probably be a heavy loss in the life of cattle, as they are expected to live upon the range all the year round, and all the dry feed is hereby destroyed.

September 21, 1913 And now comes the news that a live ember carelessly left by some tramp started a conflagration which devastated six square miles of farm and forest [and] completely destroyed the longest railroad tunnel through the San Luis mountains, costing \$150,000 and completely demoralizing all through trains between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Mighty engines were pumping steam into the still-burning tunnel from each end, and hoped by Monday to have the fire so far under control as to be able to make some estimate of the damage done. At this season of the year, every condition of nature favors extensive fires... Not a single section of the state but suffers to a greater or less extent every year from such accidents.

Searching through Dr. Julia's letters for information about local events, it is puzzling to find no letter written in the immediate aftermath of the great San Francisco earthquake of April 18, 1906. Surely she would have written to Helen in some detail soon after this momentous occurrence. Although no such letter has been found, Dr. Julia did mention the local impact of the earthquake in letters written that May and July:

May 26, 1906. We have not had any earthquake shocks since a week ago last Thursday, when we had quite a severe one lasting several seconds. But our nerves do not seem to get steady, and we involuntarily start at any sudden or unexpected jar or noise... Quite a good many people are sick in town—not with acute diseases but with nervous troubles from which they do not seem to rally.

July 8, 1906. Monterey seems to be out of the present track of the heavy earthquake shocks, though we had a slight one night before last. Three miles distant, it was quite a severe shake.

For the wife of a clergyman, the parish was like an extended family, and naturally Julia was actively involved at St. James. Church records show that she was treasurer of the parish from 1905 until her death in 1914, and was

frequently called upon to be godmother at baptisms. Every year from 1902 onward, she was also elected a delegate to either Diocesan Convention or the Diocesan House of Church Women. Although the first anniversary service program of the latter group (facing page) was found among her papers, no letter has surfaced in which she mentions her diocesan work. Indeed, she did not customarily write to Helen about her formal church roles, but instead related more homely activities: helping with Guild and Sunday School events, decorating the church for holidays, attending weddings and funerals.

December 27, 1906. Owing to your uncle's illness, nearly all the chores of the place fall upon me and, besides, the past week has been a very busy one. The preparations for the Sunday School Christmas tree all fall upon me, and the decoration of the church comes under my supervision. Christmas morning there was an early celebration and, in spite of the rain, quite a number attended. The usual services were held at 10:30, a very good attendance for this place and a stormy day. Afterwards we had our married children and their families, fourteen in number, for dinner.

December 22, 1907. I am very busy just now preparing for Christmas. Have all the presents for Sunday School children bought, wrapped up, directed, and ready to place upon the tree, candy bags made and ready to be filled... Under the best of circumstances, some of the young ladies will come to assist in decorating the church.

September 19, 1909. We had a church wedding yesterday—quite a military affair as the groom and all his attendants are officers in the army. The bride, one of our church girls, looked beautiful in her attire of pure white. Her friends had decorated the church with huckleberry bushes and very light pink blossoms, which harmonized beautifully with the rich altar hangings.

April 19, 1911. We had a good congregation on Easter and, best of all, they were our own people. Never since we have been here have our Lenten services been so faithfully attended as this year... The Sunday School numbers less than twenty, yet their Lenten offering for general missions was something over eight dollars—very creditable, I think.

August 25, 1912. Our Guild is preparing for a garden party at the house and grounds of one of our members who lives within the Del Monte enclosure and since the Hotel is now full of guests, many of them wealthy church people, we hope to make a success thereof.

FIRST
Annual Memorial Service
 of the Establishment of the
House of Church Women
 in the Diocese of California
 To Be Held at the Foot of the
PRAYER BOOK CROSS



The Prayer Book Cross was consecrated January 1, 1894, as a memorial of the service held on the shore of Drake's Bay, about St. John Baptist's Day, June 24, 1579, by Francis Fletcher, Priest of the Church of England. Chaplain of Sir Francis Drake, Chronicler of the service.

First Christian service in the English tongue on the Pacific Coast.

First use of Book of Common Prayer in our country.

One of the first recorded Missionary Prayers on our continent.

"Soli Deo sit semper Gloria."

"Our General, with his companie, in the presence of those strangers, fell to prayers; and by signs in lifting up our eyes and hands to heaven, signified unto them that that God whom we didst serve, and whom they ought to worship, was above: Jesus being God, if it were his good pleasure to open by some means their blinded eyes, that they might in due time be called to the knowledge of him, the true and ever living God, and of Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent, the salvation of the Gentiles. In the time of which prayers, singing of psalms and reading of certain chapters of the Bible, they sate very attentive." (Extract from *The World Encompassed*).

Prayer Book Cross, Golden Gate Park
 San Francisco

Nativity of St. John Baptist and Second Sunday
 after Trinity, June 24, 1906, 3 P. M.

Dr. Julia kept abreast of Monterey's economic development and frequently commented about maritime and construction activity and the occasional inconveniences:

May 10, 1905. Our bay has been quite lively for the last month. A number of oil boats [petroleum was piped from the central valley to be shipped from holding tanks in Monterey] have come, loaded, and departed. A section of the Pacific Squadron lay at anchor here while our regular passenger and freight boats made their usual calls, all of which gave greater activity to the small craft.

December 17, 1905. The past month has been quite a busy one upon the bay: several oil ships load weekly, the usual freight and passenger boats make their regular trips, and an extra schooner or lumber boat is not infrequent. Last week a couple of Uncle Sam's armed vessels spent twenty-four hours with us.

August 19, 1906. Quite a little building is again in progress this fall. Our new post office is just finished and has quite the air of one belonging to a more pretentious city.

June 25, 1911. Some new buildings are being talked of for the town. Work upon our streets—which, if ever completed, will add very greatly to good looks, comfort and convenience—for some reason seems to have ceased, leaving some of them in an almost impossible condition. The contract called for their completion by July 1st, which no amount of energy and diligence can now accomplish.

In the following letter Dr. Julia is probably commenting on the new Goldstine's clothing store, originally established in Monterey in 1879. The *Monterey Daily Cypress* of August 17, 1907 described the new store as "a handsome brick structure of two stories...costing in the neighborhood of \$25,000," complete with "an automatic cash transfer system" and electric lights throughout.

August 18, 1907. One of our dry goods stores moved into their new, beautiful building last week, and this makes possible four other business moves within the next two weeks. Some of our new business blocks are approaching completion, and will be models of beauty and convenience.

The military presence in Monterey was important to both local economy and social life. Dr. Julia mentions this segment of the population from time to time, always in respectful and approving terms:

GOLDSTINES
 Invite the Public of Monterey Peninsula to the
Formal Opening
 Of their New Alvarado Street Store on
Saturday Evening, August 17th, 1907
 Devoted to Ladies', Gents' and Young Folks'
WEARING APPAREL

We would esteem it an honor to have you express an interest in the new store by a personal visit during our opening day. You will see one of the most up to date stores on the coast.

GOLDSTINE
 The long store on the corner
 Alvarado, Franklin and Main Streets, Monterey

1.00	1.50
2.00	2.50
3.00	3.50
4.00	4.50
5.00	5.50
6.00	6.50
7.00	7.50
8.00	8.50
9.00	9.50
10.00	10.50
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40.00	40.50
41.00	41.50
42.00	42.50
43.00	43.50
44.00	44.50
45.00	45.50
46.00	46.50
47.00	47.50
48.00	48.50
49.00	49.50
50.00	50.50

July 8, 1906. Yesterday was the sixtieth anniversary of the raising of the American flag here at Monterey. The taking possession of California for the Union was celebrated at the Presidio by the Army, Navy and citizens with a procession and music... We had quite a pleasant time.

November 1, 1908. The merchants are complaining of very dull times, but the soldiers will be back in about a week [having] been gone over a month at general maneuvers about a hundred and forty miles south of us. Their return will make more crowds upon the street.

Certain short-term visitors to Monterey were less welcome in Dr. Julia's eyes, and her comments show that, even a century ago, the economic benefit from tourism could have its negative aspects.

October 7, 1906. A large excursion came down from the city [San Francisco] today so that crowds are upon the beach and streets. So far I have not heard any disturbance, but often a good many rowdies contrive to miss their train, and make night hideous, as we have not policeman enough here to deal with a very large rough crowd.

Dr. Julia comments at greater length on a social issue that had been given significant play in local newspapers, although its focus was in San Francisco. In 1906, the San Francisco School Board decided to enforce a ruling that Japanese children should attend separate Chinese schools, rather than the regular public schools. Japan, a rising world power, interpreted this decision as a reflection of general anti-Japanese sentiment throughout the United States. President Theodore Roosevelt waved his “big stick” while pressing a settlement, and the school board backed down, but California opinion was strident against his pressure, which explains Dr. Julia’s reference to the secession that triggered the Civil War, an event she had experienced as a young woman in Illinois. And she clearly had no patience with the widespread contention that the Japanese were taking jobs away from Americans.

February 21, 1907. I think the newspapers exaggerate the dangers from the Japs [sic]. As for the school excitement, it was utterly unnecessary. Pupils over age were attending the primary grade, which would not have been allowed with our own children and, if the same law had been enforced, there would have been no trouble and no excitement. Then the President aroused ill feeling by his hasty threat to employ the whole force of the army and navy if necessary, which was not needful and would certainly have provoked another secession. I fear it will be some time before the feelings stirred up by hasty words will entirely have subsided. The cry [over] the Jap taking the food from the white man is altogether nonsense. I have been trying for a week to get a man to...clean some carpet, and though there are dozens of them standing idle upon the streets, was obliged at last to get a Jap who worked faithfully for 25 cents an hour and did a good job. Now I suppose I shall get the reputation of being in league with the Orientals. I wish our own people could learn a little sense.

Another social issue that we might have expected Dr. Julia to be involved in was temperance, yet she mentions the alcohol problem only once in her letters to Helen, evidently in response to her niece’s information about the passage of a prohibition law in her locale.

December 1, 1907. I am glad the prohibition succeeded—although I think regulation of the liquor traffic is more reliable than prohibition, which I doubt ever prohibits.

During these years, Monterey was bustling with social activities, many organized to raise money for civic causes. Dr. Julia wrote about helping at a garden party “given for the benefit of the library association” in 1905. Her letters frequently mention the Monterey Civic Club, founded in 1906 by



The elegant Hotel Del Monte, constructed in 1880 and rebuilt in 1887, hosted the California Federation of Women's Clubs in 1909. R.J. Arnold photograph taken after 1907, courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views #82-03-08.

thirty-six women, herself among them. She served as treasurer more than once (in 1907 and 1912) and was president for half of 1908. Early minutes mention the club members' work to improve footpaths and bridges, reduce the hours of saloons, and control the "dumping of garbage and dead animals on the beach."

April 1, 1906. The better class of women in this town are at present organizing a Civic Club to improve and beautify the city. As one of the ladies remarked, "improve" has a very broad signification, and I hope they will work upon its broadest lines.

August 18, 1907. Our Civic Club gives an entertainment next Wednesday afternoon and evening in the form of a garden party and musicale for which a small admission will be charged. The proceeds will help defray the expense of some very much needed improvements at our public school. Our first intention was to beautify the grounds—but the committee appointed to look up the needs reported the out-building in such a disgraceful condition that we decided it wiser to make decency possible before thinking of beauty.

April 12, 1908. Our Civic Club held their Annual election last Friday, and made me their president for the coming year. I would much rather not have held office

this year. As treasurer last year, nearly a thousand dollars passed through my hands.

When the state-wide organization of women's clubs met at Hotel Del Monte in 1909, there was some concern that the elite social setting might discourage attendance by women who lacked sufficiently fashionable apparel. This issue interested Julia enough to prompt her to quote the Federation President, reiterating the serious purposes for which civic clubs were founded.

May 16, 1909. The State Federation of women's clubs meets at Del Monte in annual session four days the present week. The mornings are given up largely to business, hearing reports from varying departments, etc. Monterey Club entertains them Friday afternoon, with walking tours to the historic parts of this old town or tea at Colton Hall. Some of our members had intimated that they were sorry that everything was to be under the auspices of such a fashionable resort as Del Monte [because] they would not be able to participate as they would like. This gave rise to the reading of a letter from the State President. [First], that this was a gathering of intellectual women who did not ape the fashions of the hour, and who were not meeting to discuss the styles of the hour, but rather the important questions bearing upon the welfare of society in general. [Second] that the exhibition of ballroom finery would be entirely inappropriate and it was hoped that none would absent themselves on account of clothing. And finally, that the place itself might hereafter have a more notable history than merely as a fashionable gathering spot, but instead as a place where great events for the good of the State had been born.

The many civic clubs of California were demonstrating that "organized womanhood" could improve local communities, but as the suffrage movement gained momentum, some clubs began to emphasize political action. In 1896 California legislators had passed a constitutional amendment giving women the vote, but the male electorate rejected it. In 1907, the legislature narrowly failed to pass a similar constitutional amendment extending the vote to women. Another chance came in 1911, when a constitutional amendment for suffrage was passed in Sacramento. When she wrote to Helen in June of that year, Dr. Julia mentioned the coming November election without venturing to guess its outcome, but she clearly understood the urgency women felt after so many disappointments. Her letter of June 25, 1911 indicates that she was torn between keeping the Monterey Civic Club focused on improving the community and devoting the members' time and energy to the cause of women's suffrage.

June 25, 1911. I think the women's clubs of the country have done a vast amount of good in the betterment of very many conditions—physical, mental and moral—but just now I am afraid some of them are going to lose their heads upon the suffrage question. But perhaps there is a reason, as our legislature passed an amendment to the State constitution (which must of course be submitted to the people at the next election) giving the women of the state the ballot...

During her 30 years in California, Dr. Julia journeyed back to Illinois to see her parents only once, in 1893, when she was 52 years old. Traveling alone, she went by train from Fresno Flats to San Francisco; then to Ellensburg in Washington state, where she visited her brother Clark; then on to Chicago, where she took in the Columbian Exposition; and finally to Jubilee where her parents, in their eighties by that time, eagerly awaited her visit.

On October 6th, Mrs. Moss wrote in her journal: "Time hath dealt carefully with her; still there are some changes. Perhaps when she is rested from her three thousand miles of travel she may look less changed. How glad we are to hear her voice and ready laugh once more." Five weeks later, Julia said goodbye to her parents for what they all knew would be the last time and made the return trip to her home in the Sierra foothills.

Dr. Julia McGowan died of pneumonia at Monterey in 1914, at the age of 72. The local newspaper eulogized her as "one of the best known and loved women on the peninsula....a woman of sterling qualities." A year and a half later, James McGowan followed. The pair are buried side by side in Monterey's El Encinal Cemetery near Lake Estero.

Dr. Julia's regular correspondence from Monterey offers a rich resource for information about the life of her community. Her profession, family life, roles within the church, and sense of civic duty all influenced the activities in which she took part and what she chose to relay in her letters. As a woman of decisive opinions and a highly developed sense of duty and compassion, Dr. Julia Moss McGowan was a transitional figure whose life illustrates the expansion of women's sphere in both domestic and public roles.



*Dr. Julia Moss McGowan;
photograph courtesy of Neal Iverson.*

Acknowledgements

Descendants of the Moss family generously provided copies of the letters on which this essay is based. Lamar (Neal) Iverson of Houston, Texas furnished several of the illustrations. Karen Deller, Special Collections Assistant at Bradley University in Peoria, Illinois lent help and encouragement. Archivists at Hahnemann/Drexel University in Philadelphia, Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois and the University of the South in Sewanee, Tennessee also contributed to the research. I am indebted to Archivist Dennis Copeland of the California History Room at the Monterey Public Library and especially to library volunteer Noble Stockton, who suggested this essay for *Noticias de Monterey* and offered helpful suggestions on early drafts.

About the Author

Catherine Gordon received her undergraduate and professional education at the University of California, Berkeley, where she worked for two decades as a librarian as well as a faculty member in the School of Librarianship. She subsequently attended the Church Divinity School of the Pacific in Berkeley, where she received her Master's degree in Theological Studies in 2001. She has dedicated the past five years to researching women in church history.

ARCHIVES

Special Collections Center, Bradley University, Peoria, Illinois, for Jubilee College, Jubilee township, and the Moss family.

MCP Hahnemann Archives, Drexel University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for Woman's Medical College of Chicago archives.

California History Room, Monterey Public Library, for the McGowans family in Monterey.

Local and Family History Collection, The Newberry Library, Chicago, Illinois, for Dr. Julia McGowan's medical education and practice in Chicago.

Archives of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, for the journals of Mrs. Julia Ann Moss.

The Archives of the Episcopal Church, Austin, Texas, for the journals of Mrs. Julia Ann Moss and copies of the *Pacific Churchman*.

Archives of the Episcopal Diocese of Illinois, Chicago, for early ministry of the Reverend James S. McGowan

Lane Medical Library, Stanford University, Stanford, California for Dr. Julia Moss McGowan's medical school, date of graduation, and license.

Flora Lamson Hewlett Library, Graduate Theological Union, Berkeley, California for 19th-20th century Diocesan journals and issues of *The Pacific Churchman*, as well as various secondary historical works.

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"La Belle Epoque"

Perry Downer Costume Gallery
January 27–April 22

*"The Gilded World of Kate Carew:
Artist, Interviewer, Caricaturist"*

Maritime & History Museum Lobby
March 10–May 29

Sponsored by The BookHaven



THE LATE, GREAT KATE CAREW: AN “EX POST FACTO” INTERVIEW

Julianne Burton-Carvajal

The following interview is a *Noticias de Monterey* “exclusive,” thanks to the generous cooperation of Christine Chambers and Virginia Horning, who have given permission to reassemble material from interviews by their grandmother Mary Reed (a.k.a. Kate Carew, 1869-1961), and to supplement Kate’s writing with pertinent facts from the historical record *as if relayed in her voice*. All actual quotations from Kate’s published writings appear within quotation marks. Responses *without quotation marks* have been reconstructed by the interviewer, who takes her cue from Kate’s own example, particularly “Confessions of an Interviewer” (*Pearson’s Magazine*, December 1904) and “Kate Carew Interviews Herself” (*The World Magazine*, February 1910). Other quotations come from “Kate Carew Sees Some ‘White Slaves’ and Their Owners” (*The New York American*, April 17, 1910) and “Women I Have Caricatured” (*Illustrated Sunday Herald*, April 4, 1915), among other illustrated interviews. Supplementary facts derive from articles in *The Santa Helena Star* (September 22, 1939), *The Monterey Peninsula Herald* (October 16, 1940 and July 13, 1943), *The Carmel Pine Cone* (March 19, 1943) and *The New Yorker* (February 9, 1998).

Q: I understand that you moved from place to place during your career as an artist, drama critic, interviewer and caricaturist, but didn’t you live in Monterey longer than anywhere else? Perhaps we could begin by discussing what made you decide to settle here permanently.

A: Begin wherever you wish, my dear—it’s the interviewer’s prerogative! Although I dare say that, as you become more adept, you may learn to avoid starting out with a question that risks a response as lengthy as the one I’m about to give you!

It’s true that I spent the last two decades of my life in Monterey. That was really the only time I managed to stay put. Your Aunt Kate (this is how I refer to myself in interviews) was born under a gypsy star.

My father, a mining engineer, often worked in remote locations. I was born in Oakland and spent much of my girlhood with my maternal grandmother—either at her towered mansion on Filmore Street in San Francisco or at Roselawn, her grand Victorian summer house in St. Helena.





When Mother had an unexpected windfall, she decided that the best way to spend it would be taking her children to the Continent for a European arts education. I was already on my own, so I stayed behind, but later Father took me over for a family visit.

In 1900, at the age of thirty, I left San Francisco for New York. The *New York World* sent me to London in 1901 and again to London and Paris three years later. I moved to Europe in 1911, alternating between the glittering capitals and quaint, painterly spots in the countryside of Wales and Provence. I even lived for a time in Algeria. In those palmy days, my dear, we traveled with the season and in the grand style—by steamship and private railway car.

Q: Many people say that the Monterey Peninsula reminds them of Europe. Was it that certain Mediterranean something that drew you here?

A: Isn't Monterey considered "a mecca for artists?" I was still a girl learning to capture likenesses on paper when I came for the first time in 1889 with fellow art students from San Francisco's Academy of Design. We were looking for models from among the old Spanish families.

Twenty-five years later, when the first World War compelled me to leave London, I took temporary refuge here—first at Carmel, where the Golf Club House on Carmel Point was my "painting shack," later at the Gordon House next to Colton Hall, and finally at Casa Barreto-Dutra on the Monterey Mesa, an adobe from the early Spanish days. My Monterey circle included painters E. Charlton Fortune, Mary De Neale Morgan and Armin Hansen, along with poet Robinson Jeffers and philanthropist Margaret Jacks. It was during that period, on a visit to Hollywood, that I married the gallant Englishman John Reed, who had followed me out to California. After the armistice, we returned to Europe.

Q: Then World War II sent you back this way?

A: Not exactly, dear. In 1937, John and I journeyed to California to attend the wedding of my cousin Frances Mein. By that time John's health was declining and a second world war was looming, so we were unable to return to Europe as planned.

Cast adrift after John passed away in St. Helena, I decided to return to Monterey, where I had friends from sunnier days. In 1942, I purchased a Mediterranean-style duplex on the Mesa, built twenty years before for

another artist. It stood just across a little ravine from the remodeled adobe that John and I had so happily shared, and reminded me of our house in Hyeres, near the French Riviera. Your Aunt Kate lived out the rest of her days in that Monterey Mesa house, which a friend dubbed "Sobre la Mesa."

Q: May I ask if you occupied the entire house?

A: Having lived so much of my life in hotels and grand homes, I was used to things being done for me. An artist's first obligation must be to her art, you know, and at Sobre la Mesa I rediscovered my first love—easel painting. So at my request, my son Colin and his family moved out from New York City to live in the adjacent apartment and help out.

When my daughter-in-law Esther Chambers died in 2000, my two granddaughters inherited the house where they grew up, along with what survived of my artwork, published writings, and memorabilia. And you can be sure that I left behind more than just pen-and-ink scratchings, although it was certainly not easy for an artist to pursue her calling with two rambunctious little girls growing up on the other side of her studio wall. I do believe that the British system of boarding schools has a good deal to recommend it, don't you?

Q: Speaking of England, commentators have remarked that your skill as a caricaturist and your wit as an interviewer made you "famous on both sides of the Atlantic"—first as "the only woman caricaturist" and later as "the world's greatest woman caricaturist." How did you manage to carve out this unique niche?

A: "Really and truly I was innocent of any such malevolent ambition. I was a comparatively harmless painter person who had set up a studio in New York with a single eye to serious work—Art with a capital A, you know. In a mischievous moment I inked over some grotesque sketches of actor John Drew that I had made on the margin of a theater program and sent them to a newspaper, hardly expecting ever to hear from them again."

Q: But of course you did hear from the newspaper?

A: "I did, and the sequel throws light on the hunger for novelty that is the ruling passion of bright young editors. In this case, the bright young editor was trained by Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the *New York World*, and within two days, I was engaged—at what, to a lowly painter of portraits, seemed a ridiculously handsome figure—to supply the paper twice a week with two columns of theatrical caricature seasoned with frivolous comment."

Q: *What was the response to that particular novelty?*

A: "I awoke to find myself pseudonymously famous. The alias with which I signed the sketches—I had selected 'Kate Carew' at random—shouted at me from advertisements and posters. 'The Only Woman Caricaturist' was flaunted before the public with a persistence which made me thank my lucky stars that I had not signed my real name."

Q: *Would you tell us what that is?*

A: I was born Mary Williams, but my name at the time I began my New York career was Mary Chambers. Since 1915, when I married my darling Englishman, it has been Mary Reed.

Q: *Wasn't your previous husband the Australian journalist and playwright Harrie Kellett Chambers?*

A: He was, but I wish to stress that I was more than passingly familiar with the world of the theater, having worked since 1889 as an illustrator and drama critic for the *San Francisco Examiner*. It was the writer Ambrose Bierce who suggested me for that job. We met while I was teaching art to his son Lee at my St. Helena studio.

My job for Mr. William Randolph Hearst's paper was to cover all the theatrical premieres, make sketches of the actors and actresses, and write interviews. I had to file my stories in the wee hours of the morning, so I did a lot of my work at the only all-night spot in San Francisco, the Zinkand on Market Street, where I mingled with the after-theater crowd, drinking hot milk in a beer stein and hoping not to be found out. The idea of moving to New York in 1900 to pursue a career in portraiture was suggested by my friend and fellow artist Maynard Dixon, who had the desk next to mine at the *Examiner*.

Q: *Were theater people also the primary subjects of your New York interviews?*

A: Hardly, my dear. I covered the theater in New York, London and Paris because that was a world I knew and loved, but in New York I was soon commissioned to produce full-page illustrated interviews for the *Sunday World* edition. My editor determined who my interview subjects would be, and saw to it that I met with people from all different walks of life.

Q: For example?

A: Our publisher, "Joseph Pulitzer, was pre-eminently a publicist, so most of the victims were politicians and statesmen. Unless it be true, as I am prepared to believe, that a statesman is only a politician who happens to be dead."

Q: Wasn't the political arena rather daunting for a woman of that era?

A: "Knowing nothing of politics and caring less, I had the proverbial luck of the beginner. The Governor of the State of New York waxed confidential with me at a time of great political excitement arising from his having apparently usurped the power of the 'Boss' of his party." I went on to interview everyone from mayors and police commissioners to street sweepers and cops on the beat.

Q: Did your political coverage reach beyond the boroughs of New York?

A: I should say so, my dear. "More than once I spent weeks at a stretch in Washington, D.C., gathering in the high panjandrums of American statesmanship:"—the oldest member of congress, the youngest member of congress, the shortest member of congress, the only female in the president's cabinet, the postmaster general, even—dear me!—the secret service.

Q: What about foreign diplomats?

A: I carried my sketchbook into the presence of ambassadors from France, Persia, Mexico, Japan... "And then there was the Chinese Ambassador, Sir Chentung Lian Cheng. Talk of distinction! Compared to him, our rulers and masters seemed an uncurbed and triumphant peasantry."

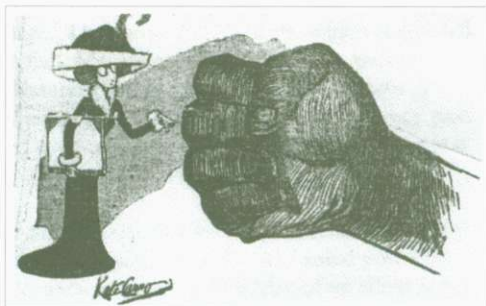
Q: I don't suppose you ever got to interview the President of the United States?

A: "I suppose it would be *lese majesté* [an offense against the dignity of a sovereign] to omit mentioning that I interviewed President Teddy Roosevelt. As usual, he was boiling over with energy. I once saw him shaking hands with 3000 people, his teeth set, his face shiny with perspiration. His method was to seize each hand in a powerful grip and give it a forward jerk that sent



Chentung Lian Cheng

during our interview was 'Delighted!'—a phrase that has since become a popular symbol of the presidential cordiality—but he was worth a page to me, just the same." Later, I sailed across the pond with President Roosevelt and his entire entourage.



Q: Your long list of interviewees also features famous European authors like William Butler Yeats and Emile Zola, writers of the American West like Bret Harte and John Muir, entertainers like Douglas Fairbanks and Sarah Bernhardt, inventors like the Wright Brothers and Marconi, religious leaders—even a boxer!

A: Pugilist, my dear. And not just any pugilist, but the first of the black race to overturn the Caucasian hold on the championship. I confess I was rather awed by his size and strength.

But for the most part, "the genus celebrity soon lost its terrors for me because one broiled live celebrity per week was the diet prescribed and rigorously enforced by my uncompromising editor. He organized a staff of one, whose duty it was to hunt down the designated victims. The staff would make an appointment, and I would follow with the instruments of torture, consisting of an inquiring eye and a pencil stub."

Q: Your very first "victim" was Mark Twain. Wasn't he quite a monumental figure by then?

A: Indeed. He was also the only subject I ever interviewed without his consent. But then, I never consented to his lack of consent. Do let me explain:

"Mark Twain had just returned to his native land after many years of absence. His publishers were paying him a princely retainer for the exclusive rights to his every word, spoken as well as written. Under this contract, he steadfastly refused to be interviewed, which seemed to my editor a good reason why Mark Twain should be marked as the first victim for experiment.

"If I had known about the publishers and the contract and all that rest of it, there would be no story to tell. But the sagacious editor merely remarked that he would like me to make some sketches of the great humorist and would send an intermediary to ask his consent and introduce me to him. And, as if by way of afterthought, he muttered that whatever I might induce Mark Twain to say would be of value to the paper.

Winter 2006 *Noticias de Monterey* Erratum

The underlined segment was inadvertently omitted from the bottom of page 55 and the top of page 56:
...a forward jerk that sent the owner hurtling into the discard before he could say 'Jack Robinson!' All
President Roosevelt said to me during our interview was 'De-lighted!'..."

"Mark Twain consented to be sketched as he sat at breakfast in his hotel. And yes, he did utter a few sententious remarks now and again as I sat nervously fumbling with my pencil at the other side of the table.

"Such a wholesome, rugged, gnarled old man, crowned with voluminous white! And so reticent! But some of his few grudging words were positively golden.

"To my unbounded astonishment—and Mark Twain's, too, I dare say—that interview occupied a whole page in the *New York Sunday World*, seven of my sketches taking up a great part of the space. Can you wonder that he once again fled from this land of his birth?

"My editor chucked quietly, but I never heard what Mark Twain's publishers thought. Although American journalism resembles love and war in its standards of fairness, I have never since interviewed a man without his knowledge."



Q: Have you been equally scrupulous with women?

A: If anything, more so, my dear! "I must confess that I have not really caricatured the women I am writing about—not because I didn't want to, or didn't try to, but because I simply couldn't. It is very difficult to caricature a woman and do it kindly. This isn't because they are vainer than men—wild horses will never drag that admission from me—but because their features do not lend themselves so readily to the caricaturist's art.

"A man's features are already merely an exaggeration of a woman's. Therefore, any exaggeration of a woman's features only tends to make her more masculine, and that is indeed a libel. Irregularity of feature, or features showing strongly marked individuality, are almost fatal to beauty in a woman.

"But not so a man. Increase the hump on a man's nose and you only make him resemble the Duke of Wellington or Napoleon—a distinct compliment. Men do not depend so much upon classic outline in order to pass for handsome. A moustache sometimes covers a multitude of sins. Indeed, a quite ordinary-looking man with a good mustache and hair may acquire the reputation of an Apollo.

"When they see themselves as the caricaturist sees them, some women find out things about themselves that their mirrors never tell them, and are wise

enough to profit thereby. It is great joy to caricature women when there is appreciation from the victims.

"Mademoiselle Nellie Melba good-naturedly said she did not mind being caricatured if it was not done too severely, because in opera the artists are always more or less representing exaggerated types and consequently are already caricatures of themselves."

Q: Outside of polite society, there are women who are victimized by their attractiveness. Have you ever used your skills to penetrate beyond the façade of wealth and glamour?

A. You underestimate me, my dear! Far from limiting myself to the rich and famous, I used what entree I had to speak with and for the weak as well as the strong. In 1910, I wrote a piece on white slaves and their owners as observed at the New York City night court. Your Aunt Kate may be "lamb like by nature, but seeing girls behind bars was enough to make an Emma Goldman out of her." Allow me to give you a taste of that deplorable business:

"Tonight and every night, the most important night in all eternity pours into the Night Court its follies and troubles, hot from the making, the actors in them still quivering with the emotions of their parts. Only an hour ago the now rueful chauffeur was joy driving, the now damaged gentleman was celebrating his birthday, the now tearful girl with the green feather was drifting under the street lamps with her sidelong smile.

"The green feather girl is a white slave. (Yes, dears, it's a horrid subject, but very interesting. Apart from the human interest in it, there are great property interests mixed up in white slavery, and that makes it quite respectable.) Her history was ordinary: poverty and privation at home, a few dollars a week for working long and drearily in a store, temptation on the outside in the person of a lover who refrained from telling her that he designed to train her to support him in a life of leisure.

"She described him as being of elegant appearance, wearing a nobby gray suit and eyeglasses. He took all her money. She said she was proud of him. The eyeglasses evidently struck her as an aristocratic detail. And that's the only glimpse we shall have of him, as he didn't get into the night court, which seems a pity.

"Somebody told me the pen was full of white slaves, and I slipped out of the courtroom to see them, and then I was sorry. They were in a man-made pen of iron bars. One of them had eyes like [the actress] Ellen Terry.



Nellie Melba

"No, I couldn't look at them any longer than duty demanded. Even white slavery should have some rights to balance its amazing wrongs. And somehow it doesn't seem so shameful to be inside the pen as it does to be outside the pen, doing nothing.

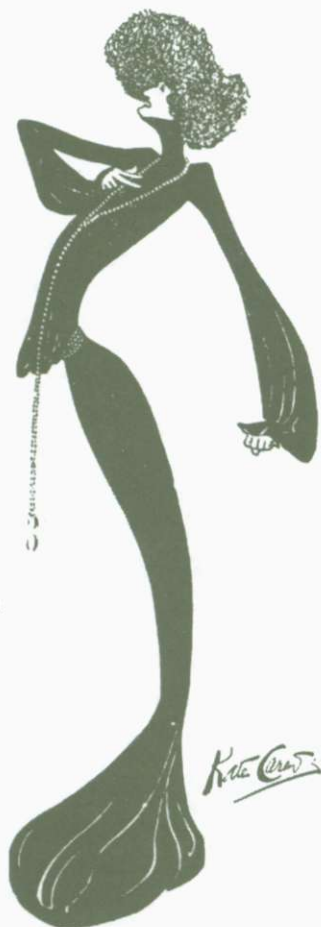
"That man-made pen inspired me to a fantastic wish: I wished that it was large enough to hold all the women in the country, and that all would crowd into it with these girls, as a protest against the whole diabolical man-made white slave system—from the rich merchant who pays his girls but \$6 a week, through the wheedling gentlemen who don't want to work, to the policemen and police captains and hotel-keepers and church-going real estate owners and political bosses, all of whom prey on these ignorant girls, and drive them this way and that, and at length into the pen, into the workhouse, into the hospital, and (mercifully) into the grave."

Q: When you published that piece, weren't American women still a long way from winning the vote?

A: Women in my native state of California won the battle for suffrage the following year, but things took a whole decade longer in the East. Over the years, your Aunt Kate provided a print platform to several suffragettes. Of course, I also pride myself on having published an interview with the leader of the National League for the Civic Education of Women, an anti-suffragette organization that I described as "embracing the cream of the ladies who desire not to vote and the cream of the gentlemen who desire not to let them vote." It requires a special knack to be sardonic and gracious at the same time, don't you agree?

Q: Wasn't it around that time that you decided to make your home in London?

*A: The invitation to write and draw for *The Tattler* beginning in 1911 was opportune. Of course I already knew my way around London and Paris because the *New York World* had sent me to Europe in 1904 to write a column called*



Sarah Bernhardt

"Kate Carew Abroad." Sometimes, the contrast between my subjects was a story in itself. Allow me to give you some examples, dear.

"The adorable Madame Adelina Patti, on a new 'farewell tour' with a new husband, swept a sentimental audience off its feet by warbling, as only she can warble, 'Home, Sw-e-e-e-t Home.' Afterwards she talked to me for half-an-hour in her hotel apartments, with the lucky Baron von Cederstrom hovering sentimentally by. I marvelled greatly that this bonny, bird-like, matter-of-fact little body, who reminded me of nothing so much as a Java sparrow, could excite any emotion deeper than a desire for another lump of sugar in one's tea.

"For, with all her charm—her preeny, sparkly, soft, round-eyed, restless, bright, bird-like charm—Madame Patti is quite devoid of that element of magnetism which for want of a better word I will call mystery. She is all there—all open and above-board—a sweet little, neat little, tidy little tea-party lady who can twitter well-bred trifles in eight languages. But of the subtlety that one looks for in an emotional artist she is as bare as the palm of one's hand, so far as can be discovered in private conversation. In fact, no human being has ever baffled me as completely as Patti, and yet none was ever more charming.

"Which reminds me of my favorite interview subject, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who was—well, different. Oh, the mystery in the eyes that look out from the shadow of her hair! And in the hands, and the lips, and the draping of the gown, which gives her the lines of a slender vase still bearing the faint aroma of Greek wine."

Then there was Mrs. George Cornwallis West, the American-born Miss Jerome of New York, who became Lady Randolph Churchill, mother of the destined-to-be-famous Winston. In London, Mrs. West kept herself occupied by—among other things—"forming committees of titled ladies to further the interests of the Shakespeare National Theater. 'There's so very much to be done that I cannot understand how women can sit with folded hands and not take part in the world's work,' she declared with feeling. Sailing through the seas of her many occupations serenely, she is brisk, businesslike, and cheerful, and apparently doesn't know what fatigue means.

"Not a bit less fascinating was Mrs. Arthur Paget. If ever I were threatened with the fate of becoming a woman of society, I think I should pray, 'Please God, make me as like



Mrs. Arthur Paget



W.B. Yeats

Mrs. Paget as you can.' She discussed the importance of not being sentimental in society, the philosophy of international marriages, the sort of cleverness necessary to a woman who would please the King, and other absorbing topics. Would you know Mrs. Paget's recipe for the making of a successful hostess? 'Just use a little tact,' she confessed. 'That is the whole secret.'"

"I had the privilege of interviewing two other distinguished Britons—but hold! One of them was William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, so I hasten to take back the term 'Britons.' But the other was a Briton, and a delightful one: Henry W. Lucy, alias 'Toby, M.P.' [Member of Parliament]. Mr. Lucy proved to me that *Punch* was a humorous paper—a connection disputed by many Americans—while Mr. Yeats

discoursed vivaciously and brilliantly on souls, apparitions, symbols, the Irish drama, magic, the devil, religion, and other fascinating topics.

"In comparing English and American humor, Mr. Lucy said, 'Our humor is certainly kinder. We are not as savage as you; your humor always has a butt.'

"When I asked Mr. Yeats what he thought of American humor, he replied quickly, 'It's very unlike English humor in being good-humored. English humor always has a butt.'

"Dear me!' I gasped. 'That's a precise contradiction of what Mr. Lucy said.'

"Oh, but Mr. Lucy is an Englishman, and I am not!' retorted the poet with a shrug of his high shoulders."

Q: Who else was among your more memorable subjects?

A: Your Aunt Kate remembers Mr. Marconi, inventor of the wireless—I believe, my dear, that your generation calls it "the radio"—with particular fondness. Although I had to wait three days for our audience, once I finally breeched his over-protective



Henry W. Lucy, M.P.

secretary, the two of us “rigged our serial wires to the poles of question and answer and started right in to send and receive messages.” We were on the same wave length, so to speak, from start to finish, envisioning a future “when we will dispense with the ordinary methods of communication, such as telephones and letters, and be able to tune our minds. Mr. Marconi certainly has the penetrating power.”

Q: When and why did you give up doing celebrity interviews?

A: I crossed the Channel to Paris in 1913 to find the city totally changed. The French seemed to be drowning in a wave of Anglo-American imitation. I couldn't seem to find the Paris I remembered anywhere. In retrospect, I see that another world war was already casting its dark shadow over the City of Light.

My last interview was with a young artist, a Spaniard by the name of Pablo Picasso. I saw him at the apartment of an American patron who happened to be from my home town, but her name would have meant nothing to my readers at the time. I was puzzling over those “post-cubist” paintings, while Gertrude Stein was defending them and the dashing artist was busy broaching unrelated topics when, all at once, “the conviction reached me that he doesn't really care what we say about his work. I shall never believe that he is anything but sincere. He has an idea. He works toward it. He cannot help it if people do not follow him; he must pursue his course, and he does.”

Q: I believe that Picasso was the only visual artist among your over 200 interviewees. These days, his artistic trajectory is well known, but what about yours? Have there been retrospectives of your work?

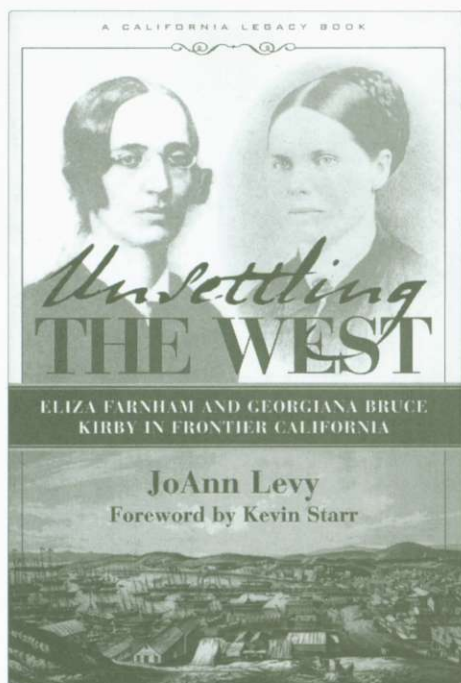
A: In 1920, the art gallery at Hotel Del Monte in Monterey featured a collection of my caricatures—24 originals and 11 reproductions. Two decades later, my son Colin Chambers arranged for a display of my caricatures and interviews in the lobby of the Monterey Public Library. Of course, these shows were limited in their range.

The exhibition that you have assembled for the Monterey History and Art Association with the assistance of my granddaughter Christine is the most multifaceted review of my work to date. It includes oil paintings and monoprints, family photographs and memorabilia, as well as panels of published interviews and original pen-and-ink caricatures. It truly evokes the world we knew during that glorious gilded age—so glamorous, yet so much more fragile than we ever dreamed it could be.



Forty-five years have passed since my death, so it will come as no surprise when I say that I could hardly be more pleased to be back in the public eye. I am eagerly looking forward to my projected rediscovery in New York and "points east" next year, thanks to the efforts of curator David Leopold. And wouldn't it be grand if his show should travel to dear old London and even...?

Well, I suppose making a reappearance in gay Paree after all these years is just too fantastical to contemplate, so let me hasten to say that being back in circulation, even in the rather limited radius of Monterey, is ample reward. Truly, who could have imagined that your old Aunt Kate—with her goggles, sketch book, and scribbles—could still spark interest after all the high living, the passionately defended causes, and the celebrated "victims" of her pen have been reduced to dust and memories?



Unsettling the West: Eliza Farnham and Georgiana Bruce Kirby in Frontier California, by JoAnn Levy; foreword by Kevin Starr. Santa Clara: Santa Clara University; Berkeley: Heyday Books, 2004. 343 pages, 42 illus.

Reviewed by Judith Steen

JoAnn Levy's *Unsettling the West* chronicles the lives of two educated, outspoken women who brought their reformist ideals from the East with hopes of transplanting them in the fertile but isolated pioneer environment of the mid-nineteenth-century American West.

Eliza Farnham (1815-1864) and Georgiana Bruce Kirby (1818-1887) both arrived in Santa Cruz in 1850. Farnham waded ashore from a boat moored in Monterey Bay with her two small sons and a nanny. The widow of writer-adventurer Thomas Farnham, polemical defender of the putative rights of Americans in Mexican-era California, she came to claim his land.

That same year, the unmarried, English-born Kirby joined her friend, riding on horseback from San Francisco over Santa Cruz Mountain trails. Both were in their thirties and had already lived colorful lives in the East—Farnham as a matron at New York's Sing Sing Prison, Bruce as a member of Brook Farm, the renowned Massachusetts experiment in communitarian

living. In Santa Cruz, they donned bloomers and set to work building a house and planting crops.

Farnham had already "unsettled" many in the East with her unconventional notions. Her passionately expressed views on subjects such as the superiority of women, spiritualism, phrenology, and prison reform were respected by some and ridiculed by others. In Santa Cruz she penned *California In-Doors and Out; or, How We Farm, Mine, and Live Generally in the Golden State* (1856), marketed as the first book about California written by a woman.

Bringing with them their feminist ideas, Farnham and Kirby believed that women of the West, and especially those of California, would be the salvation of America. They believed that the components of a civilized society were racial equality, women's rights, universal education, health care, prison reform, humane treatment of the physically and mentally disabled, art and music appreciation, freedom of expression, and reverence for the beauty of the land. Their concerns still resonate today.

Levy skillfully weaves all of these themes together, creating a readable, fast-moving story that makes extensive use of quotations from the published and unpublished writings, lectures, and letters of both reformers. In addition to giving a clearer picture of the convictions, intellect, fervor and wit of these two remarkable women, the lengthy quotations provide a valuable service to scholars because many of the sources are difficult to obtain. The bibliography and richly detailed endnotes attest to meticulous research.

Few physical traces of Kirby and Farnham remain in the city of Santa Cruz. A landmark plaque and bronze marker identify Kirby's home, still standing at 117 Jordan Street, a block from its original Mission Street site. (The photograph in the book is not the Kirby home where Georgiana lived but another built by family members after her death.) A private school for gifted students also bears her name. Farnham's eccentric dwelling, which she and Kirby built in 1850, was demolished just 18 years later. In recognition of her 1846 book on Illinois, *Life in Prairie Land*, Farnham's is one of the 36 names carved into the exterior frieze that encircles the Illinois State Library.

Levy's *Unsettling the West* brings much deserved attention to two relatively unknown writers, social reformers, and women's rights advocates. Like her previous book, *They Saw the Elephant: Women in the California Gold Rush* (1992), it makes a major contribution to the history of women in the West.

Judith Steen is an editor and a retired University of California, Santa Cruz, librarian. With Carolyn Swift, she co-edited Georgiana, Feminist Reformer of the West: The Journal of Georgiana Bruce Kirby, 1852-1860. (Santa Cruz County Historical Trust: 1987.)

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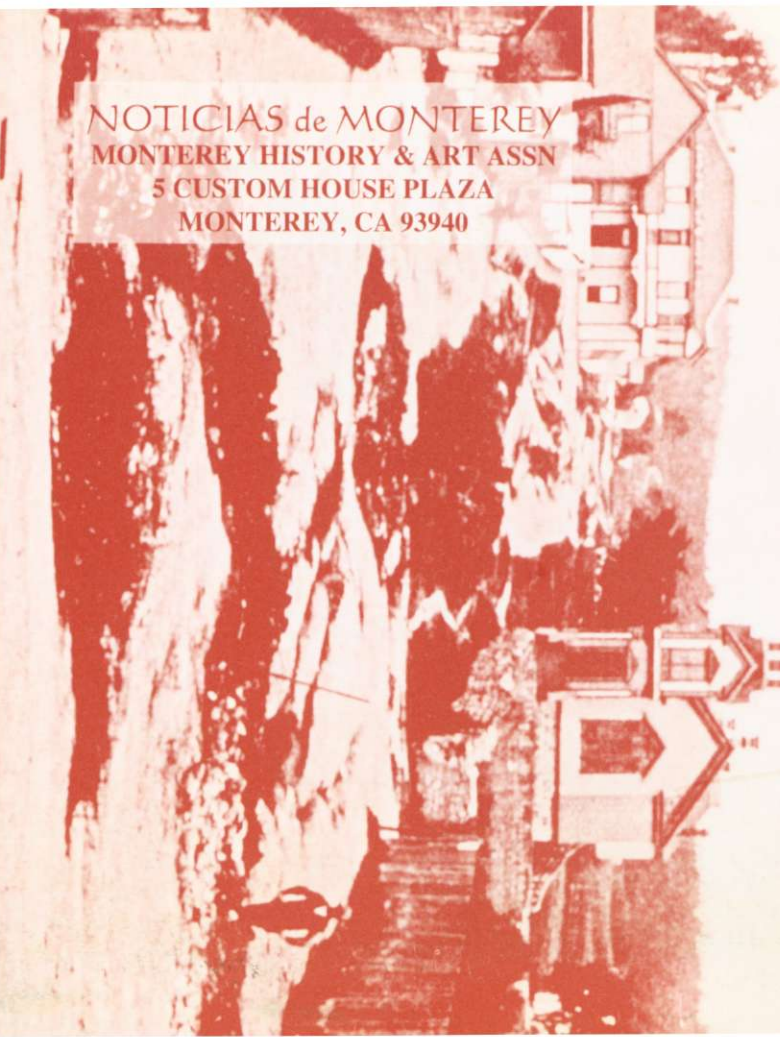
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