

CASQ

Culture Alcohol & Society Quarterly
Newsletter of Kirk/CAAS Collections at Brown

Vol. IV no. 6 January/February/March 2010

This twenty-second new issue of the CA&SQ (since its revival in October 2004) is Volume IV, no. 6. The Editor apologizes again for its excessively over-late appearance, besides having erred in his numbering of the last few issues. We begin with "News and Notes," with "News" on recent and forthcoming work relevant to this newsletter's mandate, and a brief historical "Note" on the A.A. member who designed the "circus" cover of the 1st edition of the Big Book. After these "News and Notes" is printed (as a kind of very long note on High Watch Farm in the earlier days of A.A.) Marty Mann's talk on the 25th Anniversary of High Watch: this is followed by the second part of the editor's preliminary version of a paper on the founders and incorporators of the Washington Temperance Society of Baltimore (1840-1841) and – especially for comment and discussion – more material (Part II) from the editor's 2009 AHA/ADHS paper presented as "Prolegomena to Studies of Writers, Alcohol, Taverns, Plays and Stories." This was to be followed, as no. 28 in our "Washingtonian Notes and Queries," by new material for his paper on John Zug (an 1840 letter), continuing his publication in the last issue, but the issue is over-long as it is. Next issue (IV, 7) is scheduled to see more early *Grapevine* material, new *olla podrida*, more WN&Q, and, as usual, contributions on current work at Brown, plans for future work, and results of past work, from the collections and by those on the KirkWorks listserv. All receiving CASQ are invited to contribute notes, queries, studies, information on work in progress, or requests for data – Jared Lobdell, *March 31, 2010* (rev. *April 2011*)

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Washingtonian N & Q: No. 28 [postponed]

**News: *Helping Others: Spirituality, Science & Theology* (HOSST)
Conference Feb 27-8 2010 [General Theological Seminary NYC]**

Saturday February 27 Schedule

Moderator – S. G. Post

- 10:15-10:30 Welcome and Introductions
Meditation on AA, Spirituality, and the 12th Step– Rt. Rev. Ward Ewing, Dean and President, General Theological Seminary
Experiences with the 12th Step
- 10:30 – 11:00 Rt. Rev. Mark Hollingsworth, Jr., *Stories of Healing: The 12th Step*
11:00 – 11:30 Jane S, *Fingers Through the Wire: My First 12th-Step Call and my Spiritual Awakening*
- 11:30 – 12:00 Open Discussion
An Historical Interlude
- 12:00 – 12:30 Jared C. Lobdell, *The 12th Step: Background, History, and Meaning Within the S.S.T. Framework*
12:30- 1:00 Open Discussion
- 1:00 – 2:00 Working Lunch – Introductions of Guests and Project Goals
Spiritual & Therapeutic Perspectives
- 2:00 – 2:30 Stephen Post, *Integrating Science, Helping Others, and Spirituality*
2:30 – 3:00 Sydney Callahan, *Convergence of AA, Christian Spirituality, and New Psychological Findings*
- 3:00 – 3:30 Rt. Rev. Ward Ewing, *Theological and Pastoral Perspectives on the 12th Step*
3:30 – 4:30 Open Discussion (*Refreshments Available*)
- 4:40 – 5:00 Mary Lynn Dell, *Adolescence, Spirituality, and the 12th Step: A Practical Theology of Youth and Helping Behaviors.*
5:00 – 5:30 Open Discussion
- 5:30 – 6:00 Genevieve Baijan, *The Handbury Project*
Break 6:00 – 6:30
Working Dinner
- 6:30 – 9:00 Dinner Moran's Restaurant, 146 10th Ave. 800-613-1236
Dinner discussion of the day's themes in retrospect (7:30 – 9)
(Private Room)

Sunday February 28 Schedule

Breakfast

- 7:15-8:00 Tutu Center
The Science of the 12th Step
- 8:00 – 9:15 Panel: Maria Pagano & John Kelly, *AA, Narcotics Anonymous, and Young People*; J. Scott Tonigan, *Why Do Some People Refuse Help?*
- 9:15 – 10:00 Open Discussion

Note: Raymond M. C[-----], Artist

Here is an old aahistorylovers note on the artist who designed the circus dustjacket for the 1st edition of AA's Big Book, with a correction. First, the note: "Raymond M. C[-----] was approximately 44 years old when he designed the Dust Jackets for the Big Book. He was born on 12 September 1894 in New Haven Connecticut. During his lifetime he lived in Connecticut and Manhattan (NYC). In 1938, Ray lived at the Gipsy Trail Club in Kent, NY [CT?] which had a Carmel NY mailing address. Circa 1921 he married a woman named Fanny who was born in NY around 1891. Fanny predeceased Ray. Ray died in Orange, Connecticut (New Haven County) on 15, January 1986. Second, the correction: In fact, the Raymond C[-----] born in New Haven on Sept 12 1894 was Raymond Hughson C[-----]; Raymond Marcus C[-----] was born in Bridgeport on March 26 1896, was an architectural draftsman in New Haven in 1917-18, living at "Braeborn" at Kent CT in 1942, and his contact is R. G. Baker. He is not listed in the directory of Connecticut deaths 1949-2001. He was the Raymond M. Campbell married to Fanny Campbell, 39, in the 1930 Census.

Marty Mann's speech at the 25th Anniversary of High Watch

I'm sharing Wes [I-----]'s feeling of being really moved on this occasion. High Watch Farm has always meant a great deal to me. It's given me a lot, a lot more than I've ever given it, and I haven't been nearly as close to it in recent years as I would wish. To hear the kind of thing that Wes was saying about the exploits of the graduates, and to see this kind of a group gathered together to celebrate the 25th anniversary, I think tells its own story of what the farm has done and what it means to a great many people.

I want to start by telling you something I heard quite recently. I was in Kansas City two weeks ago and while I was there a friend of mine celebrated his 10th anniversary, and afterwards invited a lot of people to his home. A girl came over to me and said, "You're from the East, do you know anything, have you ever heard of High Watch Farm?" I said, "Yes, I have." She said, "Well, you know, we're all talking about it out here. One of our girls has come back from there, and she had the best quality AA that we've ever seen. I've been sober four or five years (I forgot which it was), but I want to go there and I am determined to go there next year. Can I go?" I said, "Yes, I think you could go, people do go there for vacation, too." Then she proceeded to go on and on and on about how wonderful this place must be because of what it had done for her friend in Kansas City. So you see, it isn't just in New York and Connecticut and around our own bailiwick that the farm has gained a wonderful reputation, but it's now spreading right across the country. I didn't realize that we were getting people from that far away, Wes. I think it's wonderful.

When I was thinking about what I would say tonight, it seemed to me that perhaps the thing that would come best at this time was a very simple description of how we, and I mean AA, found the farm, how we came in contact with it. Now, this involves a little bit of my own story and so I will begin there.

Many of you have heard my story, and I'm not going into all of it. I don't expect to cut too much into the time of the orchestra, and the dancing. Suffice it to say that at the end of five years of hell-on-earth—which I don't have to describe to very many people in this room—I had

finally found a doctor who was willing to take me under his wing. He was the eighth that I had tried in a year. None of the others were willing to take me on.

They had all told me that I had better commit myself to a state institution. When I said, "For how long?" they wouldn't tell me. So, they confirmed in my mind my own belief that I was insane and that it was the type of insanity for which there was no hope, and that once I walked in, and those gates clanged behind me, that would be it. So, I wasn't very eager to do it.

But, the eighth man said he thought maybe he could help me. His name was Dr. Foster Kennedy, and he was a very famous neurologist and psychiatrist. I had been given an appointment with him as a Christmas present by a friend who was impressed by the fact that I was trying not to drink. I'd lasted six weeks, and that was quite a feat, I can tell you. This had impressed her sufficiently and I was so anxious to get some kind of help, and she rather agreed with me that I was nuts. She felt maybe this man could help - that he thought maybe I was that one. On the chance that I was that one he would take me on as a patient. I might mention here that I was broke, that was why my appointment was a Christmas present. It had something to do, I think, with the turndowns I'd received from the seven doctors I had seen during the previous year. But, he told me that he would get me into his ward in Bellevue, the neurological ward. He did not think I was insane, he said. He didn't think I belonged in the psychiatric wing and he would put me in the neurological ward and he would see me there at least once a week and we would then see what happened. So, that's where I went.

I spent seven months in Bellevue. During that time I never got out of course, they take your clothes away when you go in there, and there isn't any way to get out—and so I was sober. I had a lot of minor ailments that they were taking care of. Actually, you get very good care in Bellevue, medical care, and every week, Dr. Kennedy would ask me how I felt about it, and did I think that I was ready to go out? I don't know where I got the insight, I don't know how I knew that much, but I knew enough to say, "No, I'm not." I'd probably be alright as long as things went well, but if I hit any problems—and I'm bound to, broke, no job, really nowhere to go—I know I'll drink.

I'd been incidentally, completely honest about my drinking with all the doctors. It just never occurred to me not to be, that made me think I was insane, so that's what I was there for. This was in 1937 and I never once heard the word alcoholism mentioned by anybody. I didn't know the word myself. I knew I drank too much. I'd certainly been called a lot of unpleasant names by friends, other names than alcoholic. That's a nicer name, I may add, compared to the other ones.

So, I recognized that if I drank again I would be right back where I was, that it would be impossible, and I was afraid to go out. I kept insisting to Dr. Kennedy that this wasn't enough, that just being locked up in the hospital and physically cared for was not going to straighten out whatever it was that was wrong, and that I needed a psychiatrist. Now, he didn't practice as a psychiatrist, he practiced more as a neurologist. I was quite aware, in any case, that I wasn't likely to get that much of his time. He was a fifty dollar a half hour man. The time that he gave to Bellevue, of course, was free. This was a free gift, a contribution that he made. So I saw him down there, but I wasn't likely to become a private patient.

And yet, I had to have help from somewhere, and I finally convinced him. He found a young psychiatrist that was doing some research work at Bellevue who agreed to see me while I was there. I saw this young man, oh perhaps eight or ten times, during the course of which he came to agree with me that what I needed was long term psychiatric help, such as he could not give me. Nor could he see me on any real basis. He was seeing me when he had a chance. He

reported this back to Dr. Kennedy, and Dr. Kennedy took enough interest in me to find a private sanitarium that would accept me as a patient. He found that place. It was called Blythewood, it was in Greenwich, and its medical director was named Dr. Harry Tiebout.

Dr. Tiebout came into New York once a week to interview people who were thinking of coming to Blythewood, or whose families wanted to put someone in Blythewood. He saw me to see whether they would take me. Remember, I was broke. I had to be taken on as a charity case. Now, many good private institutions take a few people for free. They don't tell anybody else, so you aren't pointed at or anything, you aren't made to feel one bit different from the ones who are paying two or three hundred dollars a week. I had known that this was so because I had tried to get in on that basis to Riggs Sanitarium up in Pittsfield, Massachusetts some time before—Stockbridge, Massachusetts—and had not been able to do it. Tiebout interviewed me to see whether he thought I was worth taking on on that basis. Obviously, if they were going to take someone on for free they wanted it to be someone that they thought was worth helping. I was very fortunate in that he decided I was worthy and they accepted me. I moved from Bellevue up to Blythewood. It was like going from hell to heaven because Blythewood was a very beautiful place in Greenwich, had five hundred acres. This was in June that I made the move. I'd been in Bellevue since January 2nd. It was just almost too good to be true.

When I got there, I found that in the house where I was were the common rooms and also the dining room. The dining room was not too big, and there were two sittings. They assigned me to the second sitting, and they said that I would be sitting with three women. I was introduced to those three women, and I had dinner with them. We began to talk and it turned out that one of them I had heard all about because just a few weeks before there had been a wonderful story in the newspaper—I had read it in my hospital bed in Bellevue—of this young woman from the South whose husband had brought her up to New York and put her in Doctor's Hospital. Although her clothes had been taken away from her she had escaped from the hospital at two o'clock in the morning in her nightgown and mink coat and disappeared. The papers were full of this disappearance. Three or four days later the story was that she had been found.

Well, here she was, she was in Blythewood. I was enthralled with this story. I thought this was a fascinating thing she'd done, so I asked her all about it. Naturally, she was an alcoholic—I don't have to tell you that, do I? What she had done when she got out of there, she hailed a cab. Her nightgown and her bathroom slippers didn't look too different from an evening dress, so the cab driver had taken her.

She was so clever, she had gone to the Martha Washington Hotel. Now, that is a beautiful old ladies home, respectable to a degree, and certainly nowhere that anyone would look for an escaped drunk. So, no one had found her. She'd managed quite nicely by having things sent up to her room, until finally she decided she wanted to go out—and also she'd been drinking for several days by then—so she began calling up the department stores where she had accounts and having clothes sent down. That's how they found her. So, her husband had picked her up and there she was in Blythewood. This was one of the three.

The second one I don't remember too much about. She was not an alcoholic; she was a manic-depressive, it so happened. The third one was kind of a mystery. She claimed that she was in simply because she was convalescing from a severe illness and she had come there for the rest. Now, she lived in old Greenwich, just a minute away. Her name was Nona Wyman. She was not terribly amused by Martha's story—I was.

Martha and I became very great friends. Nona was kind of on the periphery. She was there, I would say, about six weeks after I came. Then she went home, and she used to invite

Martha and me for a swim. We would go over and have lunch with her and swim. As I say, she was a kind of a remote person. She didn't give very much. We couldn't quite make her out. We talked about it, and wondered. It seemed an odd thing to do, to go to a sanitarium of that type just to rest up from an illness, to be frank. We couldn't quite get it. But neither of us was suspicious. And now we will skip. I was in Blythewood in all for fifteen months. It was about eight months after I had come there that Dr. Tiebout called me in one day and said that he had come across something; he'd been given a book to read. It was a manuscript, it wasn't a book. He thought that maybe this was what I needed. Because, I must say that during that seven or eight months I had on several occasions gotten very drunk indeed, right there.

It's always possible to get drinks, you know. You can't be locked up really where you can't get drinks. Men get them in jails, in prisons, people get them in sanitariums, and I managed to get liquor. Also, we weren't locked up behind bars. We were free to go into Greenwich or Cos Cob shopping. Occasionally I could go into New York to the dentist, or to go to the theater. I'd go in and come back, perfectly alright, half a dozen times, eight times. The ninth time I'd come back roaring drunk. I never intended to. Tiebout and I would dig and try to find out why I'd done this and it never seemed to make very much sense. Except looking back later, I could see that one thing I'd been doing was testing out how well I was doing.

You see, Harry Tiebout was the only psychiatrist in that institution who told his patients, the alcoholics, that they could never drink again. All of the other psychiatrists were teaching their patients how to drink again. Because, of course, if this was purely an underlying personality disorder, and you got treatment for that and the disorder got straightened out, naturally, you'd drink the way you used to. Now, this is perfect logic. The only trouble is it doesn't work. But, I always figured I had the wrong doctor. Tiebout was the kind of guy [that] didn't like to drink much, you know. I just thought he was a sourpuss who didn't want anyone else to drink. Used to make me very angry. And particularly my friend Martha had a doctor who was teaching her how to drink. Several other patients that I knew well by that time, their doctors were teaching them how to drink, so why was I so unlucky as to get a doctor who said I couldn't drink?

So, naturally, I was trying it out to see how well I was doing. Was I arriving at the point where I could drink the way I used to, or wasn't I? I never was. But it had got to a pitch where Tiebout said to me frankly that if it happened again, there really wasn't much point in my staying there, because he felt he'd done all he could, and I had done all I could and if it wasn't working there wasn't any point.

Well, now here I was, this was my last hope. It was certainly something I had wanted desperately. And yet, I didn't stop drinking. I just took greater care not to get caught. This had been going on for a couple of months, and I hadn't got caught, when, as I said, Dr. Tiebout called me in and said that he had been reading this manuscript and he thought maybe this was something that would help me. He handed it to me and the title of it was Alcoholics Anonymous. Many of you have heard me tell of what happened to me with that book. I think I will tell you again, because I think it has a relation to the farm and to its meaning for me and many others. When I started reading the book I was thrilled to death, because here, for the first time, I found out what was wrong. Even Tiebout didn't use the word alcoholism. That word just wasn't used in the 1930s—by anybody. So, here was a description. It had a name and I was very happy about that. I loved the word "alcoholism." I never had the slightest trouble accepting it, or the word "alcoholic." It said it was a disease. It gave a description of the disease that explained what people had been unable to explain. It said that it was an allergy of the body coupled with an obsession of the mind, and that nothing could be done to change whatever this was in the body

that had gone wrong, or was always wrong, or whatever, which made it impossible for your body to take alcohol normally. But something could be done about the obsession of the mind that drove you to drink—against your own will very often—when you didn't want to. This was a program to deal with the obsession of the mind.

Well, at least I could understand why it was that I couldn't go back to drinking the way I used to. Something had changed in my body, or maybe it was always there, and I would never be able to take alcohol normally. I accepted it.

The only trouble with this book was that no sooner had I found these wonderful things in it that I fell flat on my face over the word God. This I couldn't handle. I wanted no part of it. I'd outgrown that when I was seventeen. It was self-hypnotism, oh, a long list of things. Anyway, I was telling people all about it at every session. I would read enough of the book to have ammunition and I'd go and tear it apart to him.

Also, I didn't like the way the book was written. They didn't know how to write, those people, whoever they were. They sounded like real weirdoes to me. It just wasn't for me. It was too bad, but it just wasn't for me. All I got from Tiebout when I'd get through with this harangue was that "You just go back and read a bit more."

So, I dragged my feet, and I spent over a month, not even getting to the middle of the book. A little weensy bit at a time. Hating every step of it. Fighting every step of it. Then something happened in my life that affected a member of my family. I felt that my being where I was, was the cause of it, I was responsible. There was nothing whatever that I could do about it. But nothing. It filled me with a kind of anger I had never felt before and I never have since, thank God, because I really saw red.

I was in my room. I had a little tiny room up on the third floor that had been an attic room in this house once. With a little window under the eaves. Apparently the book was open on my bed as I raged. You can imagine what I was thinking. I'm going out and get[ting] two bottles and I'm going to get drunker than I ever got, I'm going to tear this place apart and I'll show 'em. This is very typical of an alcoholic, as you all know. We are so smart that when we get angry at somebody else we pick up the biggest sledge hammer we can find and we beat our own brains in. Real intelligent we are. While this was going on, my eye fell on this book that was open on the bed. I couldn't read—I didn't try, I wasn't looking to read—but there, in the middle of the page, something stood out. A line. As if it was in block letters. Black, and high, and sharp. It said simply, "We cannot live with anger." That did it. God know[s] why. What it was in those words that acted like a battering ram to the last of my resistance, why those words did it, I have no idea. I only know that when I realized where I was I must have been on my knees beside the bed for quite a while, because there was a big wet spot on the bedspread from the tears. I had been praying. I knew. I knew not only that there was a God, but that God was there.

I had such a feeling of freedom. It's almost—it isn't possible to describe it. That was the sensation, that I was free. Utterly and completely free. So much so, that I knew I couldn't walk out of that little window under the eaves, up on the third floor, and keep right on walking. I knew it. I started over towards that window, and a grain of sense said, "Stop, go tell Tiebout first. Maybe you're really nuts now." So, I rushed downstairs and beat on his door—his office was in that same house. When he opened the door, when he saw my face, he put his patient right out, took me in. He said, "What's happened?" I told him, and he questioned me closely. He said at the end, he said, "No, you're not insane." He said, "I think you've had a perfectly valid spiritual experience. Many people have had them. There's a book about it. Get William James's *Varieties*

of Religious Experience and you'll see how many people have had things of this sort." He said, "It's a wonderful thing, hang on to it. Now, go on back upstairs and finish that book."

So, I did. Somebody had switched books. It was a brand new book up there. Never seen it before. It was the most wonderful book I'd ever read. Wonderfully written, I loved everything in it. I read it through at one gulp. When I finished I started and read it all over again. It was for me, that book.

So, I walked around on a cloud for quite a few weeks, postponing the evil day when I might have to meet some of the people who had written the book. This I didn't want to do. I'd always been scared of people, particularly meeting new people. I got away with this for almost a month, until finally one day Dr. Tiebout picked up the phone, called New York, and said, "She will be in tonight." It was meeting night, once a week in those days, in Bill and Lois's house in Brooklyn, and I went.

That was my introduction to AA. I hadn't been in that room ten minutes before I knew that this was where I belonged. That I had come home. That I had found my own people. I have never changed that feeling. I get it frequently, all over again, when I go to a new country, for instance, or to a place where I hadn't been, and go into an AA meeting, or an AA club, and there's nobody there that I'd known before. In five minutes, you know how it is, you feel as if you've known them forever. I had that feeling immediately.

Dr. Tiebout wanted me to remain on at Blythewood, although I felt perfectly ready then to pick up and go my way. I was kind of a guinea pig. I think he wanted to see what would happen. So I stayed almost six months. Finally, in mid-September, I was due to go. This was 1939. I had attended my first meeting on April 13th.

Two days before I left the ambulance had screamed up, and a stretcher had been carried out. There was a girl in a straight-jacket on the stretcher. It was Nona W[---]. She had been brought back. Nona, of course, was an alcoholic. But, she wasn't giving in those earlier talks between Martha and me about our drinking exploits. She just never told anybody anything. I didn't get to see her because she was not seeable those two days.

She was a patient of another doctor. She was a patient of one of the doctors who taught his patients how to drink. I came back to Blythewood nearly every weekend for many months. I attempted to see Nona for two or three weeks running. Her psychiatrist did not want me to talk to her about AA. He didn't believe in it. He didn't know what it was that had happened to me, but apparently he didn't like it, or he didn't think it would last, or something. I was very distressed about this, but I wasn't getting anywhere, there wasn't much I could do.

One day in New York I had a telegram from her psychiatrist saying that she had run away, that she was apparently holed up in, I forget whether it was, not the Lexington Hotel, but the hotel on Lexington Avenue, and would I do what I could, would I go and see her. She was really in a bad way. She was terribly drunk, she was suicidal. It wasn't possible really to talk to her. We had a member in those early days who was a doctor, and I called him because she was really beyond my handling. And he came over and gave her a shot to quiet her and said he would try to get a nurse for the night if I would relieve the nurse at eight in the morning. He thought he could get one for the night, he didn't think he could get them around the clock.

He did get a nurse for the night, I did relieve her at eight in the morning, and Nona woke up more or less in her right mind and I started talking AA. Of course I had the book with me. And I started reading it out loud to her. She was receptive, she was willing to listen.

As we talked, and I read—this went on all morning long—she started telling me about a farm. She said that one reason she hadn't felt that she could talk about this, or even that there

was much needed to be done about it, was that she had found a part answer, that she and her husband both drank too much, but they had a friend who had suggested some three or four years before, that they go up to a place in Connecticut where this friend thought they might find some help.

They had started going up to this farm near Kent, which was run by a very strange little old lady who called herself Sister Francis, who was a deeply spiritual person. The farm was run on spiritual lines. She said, "You know, I believe that this AA that you're telling me about is exactly what she's trying to do. I think she'd be very excited about this, because Walter and I are not the only people like us who have gone to that farm. The interesting thing was that I never wanted a drink while I was up there. I never drank while I was at the farm. But I wouldn't be home very long before I'd start again." Walter, who came up for weekends, (she'd stay up the whole summer) never drank while he was up there either, no matter what condition he arrived in. Or for his vacation that he spent up there. She said, "It does something strange to you, I don't know what it is, it's wonderful. But of course we can't live there all the time, so there has to be something that will work when we're not there. But it has something, that place. I know that Sister Francis would believe in what you're telling me, because this is the kind of thing she's trying to do. You've got to come and see it."

Well, to collapse things a little bit, Nona and Walter had already separated and their affairs were in the hands of a lawyer. They'd started proceedings for divorce and she decided after four or five days that she would see Walter personally instead of just through the lawyer. She did, and she was sober and he was so startled he wanted to know how she'd done it. She told him about AA and he joined too.

A few weeks later the two of them succeeded in getting some of us to go up and see this remarkable place. It was a beautiful weekend at the end of October. We drove up—it was Bill and Lois, and Horace C[-----] and Bert T[-----] and myself, with the wives. All of you know what it's like as you come up to the top of the hill and suddenly there is that adorable little house, with just a smallish barn across from it in those days. And we were all much struck by it, and I think you all know how beautiful it is in October.

It was a lovely day. But as we got out of the car and walked up to the house, Bill was right behind me. We stepped over the threshold, and Bill turned to me and he said, "My God, you could cut it with a knife." And I said, "Yes, you could." The atmosphere, the feeling. There was something there, something that was really palpable that you could feel, and every one of us felt it. To say that we fell in love with it is not to use the right terminology at all. We were engulfed.

That was one of the most wonderful weekends I have ever spent. We walked through the woods; we saw all the little cabins. We had a roaring fire in the fireplace; we talked far into the night with this extraordinary woman called Sister Francis, who was a very lovely person. With a wonderful sense of humor, incidentally. She called us all sister and brother, every one of us. She did this because she had such a bad memory for names, and it solved the problem—she called everybody sister or brother. And the reason she called herself Sister Francis was because Saint Francis of Assisi was her favorite Saint, and she also had a great feeling for animals. That's why she was a vegetarian and would never wear any animal skin, she only wore canvas shoes. She didn't wear anything that had ever come from an animal, nor did she ever eat any meat or flesh. And she had adopted Saint Francis's name. Her real name was Ethelred Folsom. I'm not surprised she took Francis!

Before that weekend was over, and I think I'm making it clear as I intended to do that Wes and others have given me far too much credit. I was merely an instrument, I was a bridge. I was a bridge because I tried to help an alcoholic, named Nona. The farm was a direct result of something we all do that we call twelfth step work. For which no individual deserves any credit, in my opinion. And what is at the farm was already at the farm before we ever found it. It found us, in my opinion.

The story of that farm, as I had it from Sister Francis, is pretty fascinating. She had gone on a spiritual search, oh thirty, forty years before. Not finding what she wanted in her own orthodox church, she had become interested in the study of metaphysics. She had gone and studied with a woman named Emma Curtis Hopkins, who had been a teacher of metaphysics at the same time as Mary Baker Eddy, but lived longer than Mary Baker Eddy. And, who had gone in a different direction from Christian Science although there were many basic things that were similar.

Sister Francis had lived in Boston for several years, studying with Emma Curtis Hopkins, and had adopted this philosophy as her belief and her way of life. She had felt that she wanted to do something concrete about it, that this was something the world needed, that people needed. And, she had some money.

She set out looking for a place. Apparently she searched for a long while, until one day she found this, it's really a cup in the hills. There were three farms in this cup and she bought all three of them. Her original idea was that one of them would be for older people who could retire there and devote themselves to spiritual studies. One would be for children who were to be brought up in this way of thinking, without fear, and in love, and I'm quoting from Sister Francis. The middle one, this was to be the come and go one. This was the place for people who were in trouble—of any kind—whether it was physical trouble, or mental trouble, or spiritual trouble, material trouble. That they could come up there and stay as long as they liked. The idea being that they could try to find themselves, and if they did, they would go away refreshed, and able to once again to cope with life.

Well, Sister Francis was a true idealist; she lived up to her ideals. There was no money involved in this. There was a basket that hung on the door, and people who came were expected to put in the basket whatever they wanted to. So, it wasn't too long before she lost two of the three farms. Not enough money was in the basket. She herself had put most of what she had into the initial purchase. But the middle farm, the one that was the in-and-out farm, is the one that remained, and is the one that today we call High Watch. She called it Joy Farm.

She had incorporated for tax purposes and other reasons, because of the things that she did there was to print and distribute the writings of Emma Curtis Hopkins. In the wings of the house, down in the lower part, there was a printing press and enormous stocks of literature when I first went up there. They were mailed out from there, pamphlets all over the world. People came there from all over the world. There was an English woman living there, at that time there was a Russian woman, there were several Indians that were there on and off during the first couple of years. The farm was known all over the world, and people came there.

But, the first thing that really happened to Sister Francis when she met AA was that she fell in love with AA. This, she felt, was putting into practice what she believed in. She felt that those of us who she met were living the way she believed. And we, God knows, appreciated what was there. We all made use of the little chapel. We all went in there for our quiet time, and before the end of the weekend she'd offered it to us, lock, stock, and barrel. She said, "Take it." She said, "We're incorporated as a non-profit corporation, The Ministry of the High Watch

(that's where that name came from). There are two or three board members whom I know would agree with me entirely that you people can use this place the way it ought to be used. Take it."

Bill said, "No, we can't take it. AA doesn't own any property and doesn't want to. We can use it, but we won't take it." And that's how it was. Now Walter Wyman had already gone on the Board, at her request, even before he joined AA and sobered up, because after all, remember, she saw him sober when he was up there, and he was a very nice man, very fine man. She then asked if someone of us would go on the Board, and I was tapped for it, so I went on the Board.

We began making use of the farm. When I say making use of it, what I mean is that we would take somebody up there, for a week or two weeks, usually stay with them. Many of us, in those early days of '39, '40, '41, '42, didn't have jobs. We were free to do this kind of thing. There wasn't any money involved unless we wanted to put it down and we began making payments when we stayed up there, as much as we could.

Sister Francis lived there all the time, at that point. So did this English woman, and so did the Russian woman, in the first year. I went up there so frequently; I was working like a beaver to get some women into AA and not having very much luck. I was always taking someone up there. So I saw a great deal of it.

The following summer—by that time I had a job—I spent my vacation up there. There was a little cabin that became, in effect, mine, the one I always used and stayed in. Unfortunately it burned down one winter, somebody got the stove too hot and went out for a walk and it burned down. But, it was a real home for me; it was for most of us. We loved it.

For several years, we didn't think about doing anything more than simply taking people up there. It was the atmosphere that we took them for. First place, it got them away from the drinking situation and their own situation, whatever it was. In the second place, there isn't any question there was something healing just about being there.

It was during that time, several years after that, I think, that my mother came east. We were supporting my mother, and I didn't have very much money, and neither did my sisters or brothers, and mother went up and she ran the farm for about a year. Then I was up there a great deal, and saw a lot of it. Incidentally, it was open the year round in those days.

Before my mother came east there was one other very personal connection I had with it. I've never hidden the fact that I had three slips after I came into AA. The first and the third were both over the holidays, Christmas and New Year's. The other one was in the middle, in the summer. Three within one year. It was my first year and a half.

The third slip that I had, I started to drink, and I called for help. It was the day before New Year's, and a friend drove me to the farm. The snow was about six feet deep. You couldn't come in from the Kent side, we came in the back road and got stuck in the snow and had to walk the last mile and a half, and I was like this [unknown gesture and laughter]. So I know what the farm means to someone who needs it, because I needed it and I found there what I needed. So I've had that experience with it too. These are some of the reasons why I feel so close to it, and why I am so deeply moved by this event here.

Gradually, Sister Francis was getting older, and didn't feel that she wanted to be there all the time, and felt that someone from AA who knew how to deal with these people ought to be there. We began trying to find somebody who would manage it. It was during this period that I was Vice President of the Board. Sister Francis was President, but she wouldn't act, so I had to act as President. Ed Hare tells me that he has been looking through some of those early records

and it was "Marty Mann did this", "Marty Mann did that"—well, she had to! There wasn't much choice. We hadn't been able to get too much interest in doing any work about it.

But little by little, people became more interested in it, particularly as people came away from there and stayed sober. Dating way back from the period of my mother—sitting right down in front of me is Mary H[---]. There are a number of people here that were early High Watch graduates, before it was even thought of to do the work on the basis that is being done now. But gradually, little by little, it was transformed into truly an AA place. Now, you know that AA as such doesn't own it. But in effect, today, AA runs it.

There's something I very much want to say. As a Board member, I served during a number of years when we were having difficulty finding the right person to run the farm. Long after I went off the Board the difficulties persisted. It was not easy to find the right person, and sometimes we had someone who was the right person but didn't want to go on doing it, and it was somewhat of a problem. But from all that I hear, and from all that I've seen when I've been up there, that problem has been ended ever since the I[----]s moved to the farm. So this makes me particularly happy, that after twenty-five years here is a going concern, doing a tremendous amount of good, being used to its fullest potential. I think anyone who has been there knows what I'm talking about when I talk about the atmosphere, and I know one thing, I know that Kay and Wes know exactly what I'm talking about and that they have been able to use that to see that people coming up there had the chance to feel it and appreciate it.

It's a very great gift that was given to us, I think. I know of no one who was happier at the way that gift was being used than Sister Francis herself. Her only unhappiness was when she was in a place that was too far away for her to get to the farm as often as she wanted to in her last few years. Many of us who have known it and loved it will always feel that it's ours too. I suspect that anyone that's been up there gets that feeling. You can't help feeling a little proprietary about it. It enters your heart in such a way that it does become a part of you. It is a great healing force. It is a very wonderful thing that has been made available to us.

I have visited a great many places that have indeed sprung up in its image and others that sprang up not knowing anything about it. Many of them are very good, and many of them are doing a good job, and helping a lot of people. But I have never been anywhere in the world that has the thing I'm talking about that exists at the farm. It's a feeble word, *atmosphere*. I don't quite know how to describe it. There is something in the air; God has his finger on it, thank God.

The Founders and Incorporators of the WTSB: Part II (Originally prepared as "William K Mitchell and the First Year of the Washington Temperance Society of Baltimore 1840-1841")

About John Adler, since we began these inquiries, we have learned a fair amount. I find no John Alter or John Adler or John Atter in the directories on in the 1850 Census, but there was a J. Adler of Harford County who shipped on the *Charlotte*, out of Newburyport to San Francisco, as noted in the *New York Herald* for January 26 1849. This is certainly the John Adler (sometimes given as Alter), who left Baltimore for California in January 1849 (*Argonauts of 1849*, p. 491) and is listed as a fruit gardener at Big Oak Flats in the Census thereafter. This I think may be the John G. Adler who married Caroline Hoover in 1825

In the International Order of Odd Fellows records for Yosemite Lodge 97 in Big Oak Flat (Tuolumne County CA), I am informed there is a notebook that appears to be perhaps from the

1920s, hand-written in pencil, about ten pages long, apparently a brief history of the lodge and some of its earliest members. John Adler is mentioned twice. First mention, page 1: "John Adler joined Franklin No. 2 Baltimore Maryland in the year of 1822, the second Lodge instituted in the U.S. He passed away April 6th 1878, fifty-six years a member" Then about halfway through the book is the second mention: "April 6th, 1878 Brother John Adler passed away. Brother Adler at the time of his death he was one very few remaining, who were contemporary with Thomas Wildey the Father of the order in America. Brother Adler was made a member of the second Lodge instituted, Franklin No 2 Baltimore Maryland in the year 1822. He joined Yosemite Lodge as an Ancient Oddfellow in September 1860."

Also, on ancestry.com John Adler is recorded in the 1870 non-population census (agriculture). It shows he had 100 acres of land, an orchard and he produces wine. The land may be closer to Chinese Camp (down the hill from Big Oak Flat). It also looks as though he paid someone \$20 per year to "work" the farm. He is found on the 1870 Census of Tuolumne Co., CA / Series: M593 Roll: 93 Page: 399 Line 23/ P.O. Big Oak Flat / as ATTER/ADLER JOHN 70 M W b. MD. His parents appear to have been foreign born.

Francis Gallagher is almost certainly the Delegate from Baltimore City to the Assembly – but who was this? Francis Gallagher would seem to have been the Delegate from Baltimore in the Sessions of the Legislature of 1837, 1839, 1840, 1841 (March session), 1841, 1842, 1844, 1847 (unless a younger Francis Gallagher for whom the Maryland Historical Society has the dates 1816-1866 held that position in 1847). The mystery would lie partly in the absence of obituary in the Maryland Historical Society Baltimore *Sun* index for any older Francis Gallagher. What we have for the putative younger Francis Gallagher is printed here.

"Death of Captain Francis Gallagher – Yesterday, Captain Francis Gallagher, a well-known citizen, especially in political circles, died of consumption at the residence of Mr. John B. O'Donnell, No. 144 German Street, in the 51st year of his age. The deceased, during several sessions of the General Assembly, some years ago, was a member of the lower house from Baltimore city, and was the originator of the movement which resulted in the abolishment of imprisonment for debt in this State. He was subsequently admitted as a member of the bar, and on the breaking out of the war he entered the United States service and became a Captain in Cole's Cavalry, with some distinction. At the close of the war the deceased was appointed an Inspector of customs at this port, a position which he filled up to the time of his death. He was extensively known throughout the State as a political orator of more than ordinary ability, and leaves many friends among all parties. He was liberal in politics and generous in nature. His funeral will take place from the residence of Mr. O'Donnell at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon." (*Sun*, December 11, 1866)

In the *Sun* for December 13, 1866, we find another notice (first of three paragraphs quoted). *"Funeral of Francis Gallagher, Esq. – Tribute of Respect to his Memory* – The funeral of this well-known and regretted citizen took place yesterday afternoon, at two o'clock, from the residence of John B. O'Donnell, Esq., No. 144 German st., and was largely attended by his relatives and friends. The Social Club of the Loyal Maryland Line, to the number of about sixty, under Gen. Andrew W. Denison, attended in a body, eight of the members acting as pall-bearers. The deceased, bearing the appearance of much suffering, was encased in a handsome mahogany coffin, with silver ornaments. After the usual religious ceremonies at the house, the train proceeded to St. Peter's Catholic church, on Poppleton street, where the Rev. Edward McColgan delivered a sermon. The cortege, under the charge of Mr. George Reilly, proceeded to the Cathedral cemetery, where, after proper religious exercises, the body was deposited."

If there were two Francis Gallaghers, the elder Francis Gallagher would probably be the Francis Gallagher, cordwainer/shoemaker, rather than the Francis Gallagher, attorney, who is clearly this younger Francis Gallagher. (The F. or F. H. Gallagher of the Baltimore Directories was a Ferdinand H. Gallagher.) The letters in the Francis Gallagher collection in the Maryland Historical Society all date from Jan-Feb 1848, while Gallagher was seeking information from other jurisdictions concerning the abolishment of laws requiring the imprisonment of debtors. What we have on Francis Gallagher (or the two Francis Gallaghers) is roughly this: For an elder Francis Gallagher, born about 1786 (according to the Baltimore entries for Francis Gallagher in 1830 and [no name] Gallagher in 1840), we have one of his name serving as incorporator for the Cordwainers' Association in 1833, a listing as shoemaker in 1848 (though that could belong to the younger, or another Francis Gallagher), and possibly the 1830s and earlier 1840s service as Delegate to the Assembly from Baltimore City. For a younger Francis Gallagher, we have no Census entries, service as a Delegate from Baltimore city in the later 1840s, later service in Cole's Cavalry of the Maryland Loyal Line., and death aged fifty in December 1866.

In the end, of course, it may not matter hugely which Francis Gallagher was Delegate in 1841, so long as the Incorporator was the Delegate, as seems likely. My guess is the younger was also a cordwainer /shoemaker like the elder, but was apprenticed to another (possibly the Patrick Gallagher in the 1845 and 1847-48 Directories) and living with that other in 1830 and 1840. (In the 1840 Census, Patrick G. Gallagher had three persons between twenty and thirty years of age living with him.) The younger Francis Gallagher would be the Francis Gallagher, shoemaker, in 1848, and the later lawyer. I would hazard a guess that the elder was the Francis Gallagher who served as Delegate in 1844, and the younger came into the Assembly in 1847, at that time beginning his work on the abolishment of imprisonment for debt. There are other Francis Gallaghers in the Baltimore Directories, including a Sea Captain in 1829, carpenters, and others, but I think the presence of several Gallaghers of different names as cordwainers/shoemakers gives us a good clue here. My suggestion, by the way, is that the break between the two Francis Gallaghers occurs between the 1844 Session and the 1847 Session, but we still should find out if the Francis Gallagher b. ca 1786 is a good candidate as the elder Francis Gallagher.

David Martin may be the David Martin, draper and tailor at 192 Baltimore street, dwelling at 99 Saratoga, in the *Matchett's Directory 1847-1848*, who may in turn be the David A. Martin of David A. Martin & Co., cotton yarn stores (warehouse), dwelling at 397 W Fayette, in *Matchett's 1855-1856 Directory*. There are, of course, a number of other David Martins in the directories. There is one distinguished David Martin of the right age with an obituary in the *Sun* Tuesday, January 14, 1879 – "The funeral of the late Mr. David Martin, who died on Friday last [aet. 83], took place yesterday afternoon from the residence of his son-in-law Dr. Edward T. Schultz, No. 340 North Carey street. The services were conducted at the First English Lutheran Church, corner of Fremont and Lanvale streets, by Rev. John G. Morris. Six grandsons of the deceased, namely, Luther Martin, Vincent Jackson, Harry Jackson, Luther Jackson, Thomas Jackson and Luther Schultz, were the pall-bearers from the house to the church. At the church the casket was delivered to the Messrs. J. F. Fizeon, J. C. Bridges, Otho Swingley, J. C. Berry, W. Bridges and James Gerty, six elders chosen from the Second English Lutheran, St. Mark's and St. Paul's Lutheran Churches. The interment took place in London Park Cemetery. Mr. Martin was in the 84th year of his age. He came to Baltimore with his parents when only four years of age, from Bucks County, Pa. His father, David Martine, was a native of Switzerland, and after coming to this country enlisted in the continental army and served under the Marquis de

Lafayette until after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, when General Washington appointed him chief steward at Mount Vernon. David Martin, Jr., though only a youth, took part in the battle of North Point. He afterwards lived for some time in Carroll county, and married there, but came back to Baltimore and entered the tailoring business with Mr. James Matthews, at the corner of Lexington and Charles streets. For many years, however, he was connected with Sisco Brothers, on North Charles street. He was one of the founders of the First English Lutheran Church, on Lexington street, between Park and Howard streets, which was burned in the fire of 1873. He was a prominent Odd Fellow for over fifty years, and was associated with the late Thomas Wildey. He was also a prominent Mason, having been Past Grand Prior of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, a member of Concordia Lodge No. 13, and also of Maryland Commandery. He had only been sick a few days, having contracted a severe cold. After his death there were found among his papers written directions as to the manner in which his funeral should be conducted, which were strictly observed. Many prominent Masons were present at the funeral."

One medical doctor, Dr. Thomas L. Murphy, appears among the Incorporators. Thomas L. Murphy, physician, 50, b. Maryland, appears in the 1850 Census. He may be the Thomas L. Murphy who m. Ann Caroline Harrison in Baltimore September 2 1822. He is almost certainly the Thomas L. Murphy, physician, in Cecil County 1860, aged 60, with wife Rebecca 54, and thus the Thomas L. Murphy who m. Rebecca Creswell November 8 1850, and thus the Dr. Thomas L. Murphy described in a letter in the February 5 1876 *Cecil Whig* (see *CASQ* II, 1), as highly educated, an eloquent and vigorous public speaker, and possessed of rare conversational powers, in which were mingled wit, humor, sarcasm, imagery or poetry as circumstances indicated. He died before 1880. We have a notice on Dr. Thomas L. Murphy from *The Medical Annals of Maryland 1799-1819* - "Murphy, Thomas L., 1827. Born at Baltimore. M.D. University of Maryland, 1819; Physician to the Hibernian Society; edited *Republican* and *Argus*; performed the first ovariectomy at Baltimore, in 1848, on a Mrs. Reeside, a teacher in the public schools. She continued to teach after that for thirty years. The operation was done in South Baltimore. Shortly after, Dr. Murphy retired from practice and spent the remainder of his life in Cecil County, marrying the mother of Senator Cresswell; left no children. He never operated a second time. Died at Port Deposit, Md."

Robert Neilson seems to have been a known temperance advocate from pre-Washingtonian days (though that may be reading too much into his obituary). There was a Robert Neilson who married Anne Ogle (1803-1850) at the Ogles' Belair Country Estate, November 19, 1839. There was a Robert Neilson, veteran of the War of 1812, who had perhaps been part of the firm of Burns & Neilson in 1829 (*Matchett's 1829*) and even perhaps of Sands & Neilson in 1835 (*Matchett's 1835*) and 1837 and 1842. He may however be the Robert Neilson, customs house officer, in the 1837 *Matchett's*, though that could possibly be the "Robert Neilson" of the Customs House in 1847-48, at which time Mrs. Catherine Neilson, relict of Robert, is living on Courtland Street: she survived at least until 1868 (*Laws of Maryland, War of 1812, Pension Act of 1868*). Note that Anne Ogle was a connection of the Tayloe family. Here is the obituary for Robert Neilson from the *Sun* July 23, 1845 - "On Sunday morning, 20th inst., after an illness of several weeks, Robert Neilson, Esq., printer. Mr. Neilson was one of those who defended Baltimore at North Point in 1814, and in the various relations of life he discharged his duty faithfully and honorably. He was a conspicuous and zealous advocate of the cause of temperance, and contributed largely to its promotion by his example. In short he was a worthy man and a good Christian."

Incorporator Daniel A. Piper is almost certainly the Daniel A. Piper of Daniel A. Piper & Co., "preservers for exportation, hermetically sealed oysters, fruits, etc." in *Matchett's Directory 1855-56* and *Wood's Directory 1856-57*. I have not found him under this spelling in earlier directories. To these Directory entries may be added the Census data on Daniel A. Piper, Census of 1870, born Virginia, age 60, with Alice B., age 14, and the obituary notice of Daniel A. Piper (*Sun* June 28, 1875) – "The funeral of Daniel A. Piper, the Grand Tyler of the Grand Lodge of Masons, who died on Friday evening last, took place yesterday afternoon at Masonic Temple [here follows a long list of distinguished Masons taking part]." Unless the relevant Francis Gallagher is Francis Gallagher the younger, Daniel Piper was the youngest of the Incorporators.

Elijah Stansbury was the only one of the Incorporators who is mentioned by John Zug as a Missionary. In some ways Stansbury, the last survivor of the Incorporators, was the best known and the most unusual. Here is the *Sun* obituary (*Sun*, December 20, 1883). Colonel Elijah Stansbury, after a useful and vigorous life, passed quietly away yesterday morning about a quarter past eleven o'clock, in his 93rd year... He had no doctor in attendance, as he was a Thomsonian and a physic-hater all his life.... He was always hale and hearty, and his invariable answer when asked about his health, even toward the last, was a twist of his fingers through his silver hair and the words, 'Hearty as a buck, sir!'

The funeral will take place from Holy Innocents' Protestant Episcopal Church, at 2 p.m. Saturday... Col. Stansbury was born in Baltimore county in May, 1791. He was the sixth son of Elijah Stansbury, Sr., one of the earliest settlers of Maryland... Young Stansbury came to Baltimore and served an apprenticeship of four years as a bricklayer under his brother. When the War of 1812 broke out, Stansbury had just reached manhood. Though somewhat lame, he was a lusty lad, and could handle a musket with the best. He became a private in Capt. John Montgomery's Baltimore Union Artillery and in the Battle of North Point fought gallantly and was personally complimented by his commander, who was afterward his steadfast friend.

Stansbury kept up his membership in the Maryland militia, and gradually rose to the rank of Colonel of the Twenty-Seventh Regiment. For ten years he worked at his trade of bricklaying, enlarging his business until he became a builder. Afterwards he merchandised in lime, cement and kindred stuffs, and also manufactured Thomsonian medicines... In politics Col. Stansbury was an uncompromising democrat of the old school. In 1824 he was elected to the first branch city council from the fourth ward. At the same election his old commander, Capt. Jno Montgomery, was elected mayor. Several other Old Defenders were elected to the council... When Lafayette revisited the United States as the nation's guest, Col. Stansbury, together with the other members of the city council, assisted in his formal reception. The Colonel used to speak with lingering fondness over the heartiness and grandeur of the occasion... Among [other] events of the past about which Col. Stansbury could speak graphically was the riot in Baltimore in 1835... Col. Stansbury was a witness of the riot. Col. Stansbury was elected to the Legislatures of 1843, 1844, 1845. The Hon. Robert M. McLane and Comptroller Vansant were his colleagues in the Legislature. In 1848 Col. Stansbury was chosen mayor of Baltimore. His administration was marked by energy and progressiveness, and when he retired he was held in higher esteem than ever before.

He was a member of the Masons, the Odd Fellows, Druids and red Men. He received the first degrees in Masonry a few weeks before the battle of North Point. He attained to the highest rank of Masonry, and has been chief officer of both Masonry and Odd-Fellowship. He had been a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church since 1822. He lived under every administration of

the United States from Washington to Arthur, inclusive... Mr. Stansbury's wife was Miss Eliza Eckels of Baltimore. She has been dead about seven years. They had no children.

One of the more interesting items in the Stansbury biography may be the reference to Thomsonian medicine. Samuel Thomson (born 9 February 1769, died 5 October 1843 in Boston, Massachusetts) was the founder of the "Thomsonian System" of medicine. He was born in Alstead, New Hampshire, the son of John Thomson (1744-1820) and his wife, formerly Hannah Cobb. He married Susanna Allen on July 7, 1790 in Keene, New Hampshire and together they had eight children. When his wife nearly died after being treated through conventional medicine, Thomson brought her to a herbalist, who treated her and taught Thomson some of the herbalist methods. Thomson began developing his own theory of herbal medicine during the 1790s, practicing on his family. Over time, he built a reputation as a healer in his native New England. In the early 1800s, he began to market his system to others.

By 1813, he had patented his system and began to sell "family rights certificates" which gave the buyer a sixteen page instructional booklet and allowed them to buy unadulterated domestic drugs. Thomson believed that plants were beneficial because they grew towards the sun, the source of heat, light and life. Minerals, like mercury, were harmful because they came from the ground, which was cold, signifying illness and death. Thomson's therapeutics aimed at restoring the body's heat directly with plants and plant derived drugs and indirectly with emetics, enemas, and purges to cleanse the body and prepare the way for heat to return. Thomson used sixty to sixty-five herbs and drugs including ginseng, peppermint, turpentine, camphor, and horseradish. His favorites, however, were lobelia, used to induce vomiting and cleanse the innards; cayenne pepper to raise the temperature; and steam vapor baths to raise a sweat. Thomson developed a unique system of "courses" of treatment numbered one through six. Each course included powders, tinctures, syrups, enemas and infusions. Thomson wrote his *New Guide to Health; or Botanic Family Physician* in 1822, and sold "patents" to use his system of medicine to any family for \$20. He sold over 100,000 patents by 1840.

A Thomsonian cure was not easy on the body. Although it did not include the toxic mineral drugs that a regular doctor might prescribe and probably caused less harm than mercury, the heavy doses of up to thirty ingredients, hot steam baths and scalding teas were rugged. There is little information on whether the remedies actually worked. Regular doctors derided the Thomsonians as "puke doctors and steamers" and pointed out that otherwise harmless plant drugs could have narcotic and intoxicating effects in large doses. They resented Thomson's appeal to the mistrust that ordinary people felt toward educated doctors. However, Americans flocked to Thomsonian medicine in the early decades of the nineteenth century. In the 1830s, when Thomsonianism reached its peak, the movement had its own lecture circuit, infirmaries, health practitioners, network of Friendly Botanic Societies, and publications. Thomsonian medicine championed self-reliance and is thought to have tapped into the discontent of the common man, especially in the Midwest. It may be seen as part of a broader movement that mobilized working people against the privileged elites. Thomsonians joined other health reformers to try to break the regular physician's legal monopoly on the practice of medicine. Phrenologists, Grahamites (followers of Sylvester Graham of the Graham Cracker) and others supported and championed Thomsonian medicine. [This information on Thomsonianism is taken from Chapter 3, "The Thomsonians: Every Man His Own Doctor," in David Armstrong and Elizabeth Metzger Armstrong, *The Great American Medicine Show* (New York 1991)]. Stansbury's lifetime adherence to the "Democracy," would put him in line to be a Thomsonian, and as a Thomsonian a circuit lecturer: it may be worth noting that he was also the only one of

the "other" nine incorporators to be recorded (in John Zug's little book) as going on tour for the Washingtonian Society. There is, of course, the chance that there is confusion here between Col. Elijah Stansbury (1791-1883) and his nephew/(cousin?), Elijah Stansbury (1812-1874), son of the Colonel's older half-brother (cousin?), William Gorsuch Stansbury (1781-1858).

The John Werdebaugh buried at Greenmount Cemetery, who died October 19th 1871, aged 84, was presumably the John Werdebaugh, aged 86[sic!], born in Prussia, listed in the 1870 Census, and the John Werdebaugh, merchant, aged 60[sic!], listed (with John Werdebaugh, 23, clerk) in the 1850 Census, also presumably the John Werdebaugh who married Amelia Ration in Baltimore November 13th 1817. The elder John Werdebaugh was an accountant in 1835, bookkeeper in 1842, clerk in 1845 (*Baltimore Wholesale Business Directory and Business Calendar 1845*), clerk in 1853-54. He is connected with an address at 168 Saratoga. The younger John Werdebaugh was at 101-103 Mulberry in 1855-57. One of them was associated with the firm of Werdebaugh Smith & Co., fancy and variety goods, at 292 West Baltimore. There was also as John Werdebaugh, hardware merchant, in 1847-48, when no clerk or accountant or bookkeeper is mentioned.

John Wright the Incorporator could be the John R. Wright, shoemaker, of the 1850 Census (4th ward), with wife Rebecca, 59, and children Alfred, 26, Robert T., 21, Amanda M., 19, Isabella, 16, and John, 11. The obituary of John Wright, in the *Sun*, January 19, 1875, suggests this – "Funeral of an Old Citizen – Mr. John Wright, an aged citizen of Baltimore, and one of the defenders in the War of 1812-14, who died Friday [Jan 15, 1875], was buried Sunday at Greenmount Cemetery, was born on the Hookstown road, near Pikesville, Baltimore county. He moved to this city about sixty-six years ago, and for a long time carried on a boot and shoe factory on Howard street, near Lexington street, and was subsequently a justice of the peace. In 1840, while a member of the Washington Society, he sent a pair of beautifully worked slippers to General Lafayette, and received a letter of thanks from the general. He retired from active business life about twenty years ago and always turned out with the Old Defenders. He was a Royal Arch Mason. Rev. Dr. Gibson officiated at the funeral."

It is, of course, not entirely clear which, if any, of the "other" nine incorporators were former drinkers. One way of looking at the question would be to look at the probable ages and renown of the nine men. Robert Neilson (d. 1845) was known as a temperance advocate, but no other connection with the Washingtonians reported, which may suggest he was known as a temperance advocate before the Washingtonians. The line notice on the death of John Werdebaugh adds nothing to our knowledge of him. The obituary of John Wright has a confused reference to the Washington Society (no one could have sent a pair of slippers to Lafayette in 1840 and received an answer, as the Marquis died in 1835, but the combination of "Washington Society" and "1840" suggests our Washingtonians). John Wright was an Old Defender and eventually a J.P. – we cannot say whether he was a drinker before, though it may be worth noting he was apparently born in 1789. Of Daniel A. Piper, we know from the Census that he was born in 1810, making him the youngest of the Incorporators (unless it was the younger Francis Gallagher), and while he was active in Masonry and might be counted a distinguished citizen later on in his life, his youth in January 1841 suggests he might have been a drinker (but there is no proof, and the youngest of those involved with the Washingtonians, John Zug, was emphatically not a drinker). David Martin (if this is the right David Martin) was both a distinguished Mason and a distinguished Odd Fellow – and an Old Defender. He was born in 1796, son of George Washington's steward at Mt. Vernon. A sixth sense in reading what we

have on him before 1849 suggests the possibility of a drinking life, but not so much so as to make a wager on it.

In short, in its great days of success, the Washington Temperance Society of Baltimore was very much a Baltimore society. Of the six founders, one was then an Alderman, one became a City Councillor, one married into a distinguished family and had distinguished children, another was a silversmith of distinction, another – a blacksmith – had a sizable obituary in the *Sun* when he died. The other nine Incorporators included a future mayor, a Delegate, several distinguished Masons and Odd Fellows, and a significant number of Old Defenders. Is it a coincidence that Hoss (carpenter, b. 1792) and Stansbury (bricklayer, b. 1791) were both builders? And would it be a coincidence that an Incorporator's father was Washington's steward at Mt. Vernon, or that another Incorporator (and a founder) was involved with Lafayette's Reception at Baltimore's Washington Monument in 1824-25? It is almost certainly not a coincidence that the founders and incorporators died (a great number sober), full of years, in Baltimore (or in one case in Cecil County), while the Washingtonian Movement died young when it left Baltimore.

AHA/ADHS Paper 2009: Part II

“Reflections on the Globe, the Mermaid, and Shakespeare on his Birthday: Prolegomena to Studies of Writers, Alcohol, Taverns, Plays and Stories”

V. PILGRIMS, WAYFARERS, MILITARY MEN – AND STUDENTS

We have some records of wayfaring life through the ages, and particularly from Elizabethan England – fragmentarily from the Roman Empire and the Middle Ages. We have records of far-travelers from earliest times and particularly, in the Middle Ages, of pilgrims – but most of these are from those who intended to return home, and they are chiefly of value to us for their occasional glimpses of the life of the roads. What we have in abundance is records of the actions and attitudes of soldiers – from both the soldiers and commanders on the one hand, and those they victimized on the other. From earliest recorded history, certainly throughout the Middle Ages and into the Renaissance, and in more modern times, soldiers have celebrated victories (and even excoriated defeats) with riotous and drunken behavior, and have whiled away the hours of garrison life and other boring assignments by getting drunk. Freed from restraints of home and church, living a sporadically violent life, seeking companionship in isolated places far from the customary skies, they have turned to bottle or wineskin or beer-mug, or more than their portion of grog at sea. That much is well-known. What has been less examined (partly because of insufficient evidence left from the past) is the degree to which professional armies of the past – which means, in effect, all armies until the *levée en masse* of Revolutionary France in 1792-3 – were armies of alcoholics. Nevertheless, it is to the records of these armies, and their soldiers – and any contemporary literary evidence – we may look for any discussion of drinking and drunkenness in earlier ages. Our immediate purpose when we come to the appropriate place, however, will be not to examine these records, but to take one dramatic presentation of an alcoholic soldier in fiction, and see what it tells us.

Of course, Shakespeare himself (*pace* Duff Cooper) need not have trailed a pike in the Low Countries, though I have always found the suggestion attractive. But even if, as more

recent commentators have suggested, he was a traveling player during his "lost years" (or even a not-so-traveling player), he was still not rooted in a local community – even if, as has been suggested, he was rooted in the wider recusant community. And, of course, there is another rootless community to be considered here – the students. We cannot forget the Goliards, nor their modern successors who sing (or listen to singing) of "sex, drugs, and rock-and-roll" – not so different (except in order) from "wine, women, and song." Nor should we forget their interim successors up through the Whiffenpoofs who began to sing for their supper at Moriarity's Temple Bar in New Haven a century ago (or thereabouts).

Of course, the soldiers also sang – "Let me the cannikin clink!" And our National Anthem is a drinking song – giving rise to considerable inquiry as to how it could be sung by those drinking – or was that the point? And old drinking songs were adapted as regimental marches by British regiments in the Nineteenth Century, including "Come Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl!" And even Yale's "Whiffenpoof Song" is based on Kipling's poem about "Gentlemen Rankers" – attesting to a linked rootlessness (however romantically linked) in the community, soldiers and students. After all, in the days of hitch-hiking in the United States, who were the principal hitch-hikers – and the principal stand-by travelers on the airlines?

VI. CHAUCER AT THE TABARD, WILL'S GLOTONYE, MORALITIES, FALSTAFF

Chaucer's pilgrims may be portraits of types (in which the Middle Ages excelled) but Chaucer in the *Tales* is the portrait of an individual person by an individual poet. Moreover, Chaucer read the *Tales* (and certainly the Prologue) to those who knew him, and there is a dramatic contrast among and between Chaucer the Poet, Chaucer the actual reader of the *Tales* (especially at his brother-in-law of Lancaster's court), and Chaucer the character in the *Tales*. Here we have an individual performance (or set of performances at different places before the same or different audiences), and though there were MS copies made of the *Tales*, and disseminated within a few years of the poet's death, they went out along the great roads from London to the houses of those who had heard at least some of the *Tales* from Chaucer (a point made in my 1961 Yale thesis, "Chaucer and the Audience of the Canterbury Tales," and I have missed further study on the point, while I wandered in other realms of gold – or not). There are signs of an observant chronicler of what goes on in taverns here, but while the presentation is, of course, individual, there is still something of the type – of Gluttony.

Here is the relevant passage from the mouth of the pardoner (in a modernized text, ll. 1-46): "In Flanders, once, there was a company / Of young companions given to folly, / Riot and gambling, brothels and taverns; / And, to the music of harps, lutes, gittersns, / They danced and played at dice both day and night, / And ate also and drank beyond their might / Whereby they made the devil's sacrifice / Within that devil's temple, wicked wise, / By superfluity both vile and vain./ So damnable their oaths and so profane / That it was terrible to hear them swear; / Our blessed Saviour's Body did they tear; / They thought the Jews had rent Him not enough; / And each of them at others' sins would laugh. / Then entered dancing-girls of ill repute, / Graceful and slim, and girls who peddled fruit, / Harpers and bawds and women selling cake / Who do their office for the Devil's sake, / To kindle and blow the fire of lechery, / Which is so closely joined with gluttony; / I call on holy writ, now, to witness / That lust is in all wine and drunkenness. / O gluttony, of you we may complain! / Oh, knew a man how many maladies / Follow on excess and on gluttonies, / Surely he would be then more moderate / In diet, and at table more sedate./ Alas! A foul thing is it, by my fay, / To speak this word, and fouler is the deed, / When man so guzzles of the white and red / That of his own throat makes he his privy, /

Because of this cursed superfluity. / But truly, he that such delights entice / Is dead while yet he wallows in this vice / A lecherous thing is wine, and drunkenness / Is full of striving and of wretchedness. / O drunken man, disfigured is your face, / Sour is your breath, foul are you to embrace, / You fall down just as if you were stuck swine; / Your tongue is loose, your honest care obscure; / For drunkenness is very sepulture / Of any mind a man may chance to own. / In whom strong drink has domination shown / He can no counsel keep for any dread. / Now keep you from the white and from the red. / And now that I have told of gluttony...

And here is Long Will Langland's Glotonye at the tavern (recall that *Piers Plowman* was not reprinted between 1561 and 1842, but Shakespeare *might* have read the 1561 edition – though he need not have): "There was laughyng and louryng and 'let go the cuppe!' / And seten so til evensonge and songen umwhile, / Tyl Glotoun had yglobbed a galoun and a jille. / His guttis gunne to gothely [grumble] as two gredy sowes / He pissed a potel [two quarts] in a *paternoster* while, / And blew his rounde ruwet at his rigge [back]-bon ende, / That alle that herde that horne held her nose after, / And wissheden it had be wexed with a wispes of firses. / ... whan he drowgh to the dore, than dymmed his eighen, / He stumbled on the thresshewolde, and threwe to the erthe. / Clement the cobelere caughte hym bi the myddel, / For to lifte hym aloft, and leyde him on his knowes; / As Glotoun was a gret cherle, and a grym in the lifynge, / And coughed up a caudel in Clementis lappe; / Is non so hungry hounde in Hertfordschire / Durst lape of the levynge, so unlovely thei smaughte."

That (B ver. ll. 344-363) is giving not only concreteness but life to an abstraction, and if we see a resemblance to tavern drunkards in Shakespeare's day – and to Sir John – well, he who reads may run, perhaps. When we come to Act II, Scene iv of *Henry IV Part I* (the East-cheap tavern scene), we find Prince Hal both describing and playing Falstaff, after first introducing himself *in propria persona*: "I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap." And he goes on to say "They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life." Then, he describes Falstaff, "this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch" whose lies are "like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, grease tallow-catch," and then calls him "this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,--" And this, "Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?" – "That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan." Until, at the end of the scene, Falstaff is "fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse."

I do believe Falstaff's ancestry lies in the Mediaeval type of Gluttony, and remembering that the Mediaeval sins are illnesses (what has been called the disease concept of sin), just as *accidie* (Sloth) has a considerable resemblance to manic depression, so Gluttony (for which both Chaucer and Langland use as type the Drunkard) hints at alcoholism. As with Langland, so with Shakespeare, there is observation here, even individual observation, but the created character is

still a type – though presented with greater detail than, say, Gluttony in *The Castle of Perseverance* or even Sandie Solace in Lyndsay's *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis* (1552), our only surviving (and of course very late) Scottish "morality" play.

Gluttony in *The Castle* does not, in fact, have the good lines, but they are clearly lines referring to drunkenness: "A lad has called out gaily over the ground; / Of me, gay Gluttony was all his tale. / I stamp, and leap, but then stagger around; / To a certain death I swoon so pale. / Whatever boys with their bellies, in my bonds be bound, / Both their bodies and blood through torment I trail. / I incite folk to fight 'til their death be found; / When some have drunk a drought, they drop down all pale -- / On me is all their mind! / Man's flourishing flesh, / Fair, frail, and fresh, / I trap in my mesh, / For that is my kind."

The lines in Lyndsay's *Satyre* are, of course, much better, and in fact, Sandie Solace is one of the first drunks in fiction or drama to tell us (at least parts of) his life story. In ll. 154-164 we find "Thocht I ane servand lang haif bene / My purchais is nocht worth ane preine / I may sing Peblis on the Greine / For ocht that I may tursse / Quhat is my name? Can ye nocht gesse? / Sirs, ken ye nocht Sandie Solace? / They callet my mother bonie Besse / That dwelt between the Bowis / At twelf year ould scho lernit to swyve / Thankit be the Great God on lyve / Scho maid me fathers four or five / But dout there is no mowis." When Placebo asks Sandie Solace where he has "trayit so lang," Sandie answers (ll. 183-189) "The feind a faster I nicht gang / I nicht not thirst out throw the thrang / Of wyfes fyftein fidder / Then for to rin I tuik ane rink / Bot I felt never sik ane stink / For our Lordis luif gif me a drink / Placebo, my deir brother." And the stage direction reads "Heir sall Placebo gif Solace ane drink."

Now this is much better than *The Castle of Perseverance*, but it is not an inward view of drinker, drunk, or alcoholic, nor even much of an individual view (though there is no sign that Sandie is fat like Glotonye or Falstaff) – and of course Lyndsay has no influence on Shakespeare. Nor – though there is an interesting piece of timing here, rather like the 1561 edition of *Piers Plowman* – can we see any influence of the remarkable Hellenistic portrait of Ptolemy Philopator (r. 221-205 BCE), devotee of Dionysius, in the 1549-1551 texts containing the oddly called *Third Book of Maccabees*. In 1549 we have *The volume of the bokes called Apocrypha: Coteining these bokes following. The thyrd boke of Esdras. . . The .iii. boke of Machabees*; John Daye and W. Seres (London). [3 Macc. translated by Edmund Becke.]; in 1550 we have *The Thyrd Boke of the Machabees, printed with: A brief and compendious table in manner of a concordance . . .* by Henry Bullynger . . . Imprinted at London for Gualter Lynne; and in 1551 we have *Matthew's (or Tavener's) Bible*, with Edmund Becke's trans. of 3 Macc.; Jhon Daye (London).

Briefly, in this story, Philopator visits the Jewish temple, wants to go into the Holy of Holies, is told he cannot, says in effect, "But don't you understand, look who I am?" And he persists, until finally, on attempting to enter the sanctuary, he lurches from side to side, shaken "on this side and that as a reed is shaken by the wind, so that he lay helpless on the ground and, besides being paralyzed in his limbs, was unable even to speak" (2:35, *New Oxford Annotated Bible*, 1977 p. 309). Thinking the Jews had cast spells on him, he vows vengeance and summons his elephants, planning a massacre of the Jews by trampling. The king passes from drunken feast to drunken feast, his mahout gets the elephants drunk, but they all pass out before the king can give the word: the next day, it is hard to rouse the king – and when he is roused, he simply returns to drinking and asks (drunkenly) why the Jews are still alive. Follows a repeat performance of the night before, and in the morning the king has forgotten what he was planning and asks his councilors why everyone is there. There follows another night of drunken revels,

and this time, in the morning, the king sets the stage again for the massacre – and then suddenly he inexplicably veers over and begins praising the Jews. Their troubles are over for the moment, and that is where the novel (or novella) ends. The author credits the Most High God of Israel and the steadfastness of the Jews. But Philopator is quite clearly a drunk and at least arguably, on the evidence, an alcoholic (and after all, he is the descendant of one of Alexander the Great's generals and heirs). He is also a devotee – quite literally – of the god Dionysios. One is tempted to believe that the writer has misunderstood the story, which presumably he had before him as he wrote. In any case, it cannot be taken as an Elizabethan story. But it was available to Shakespeare, though he seems to have made no use of it – preferring his own observation.

VII. AFTER FALSTAFF, MICHAEL CASSIO: FROM TYPE TO INDIVIDUAL

On the other hand (or hands), Othello's lieutenant, Michael Cassio, in Shakespeare's *Othello: The Moor of Venice*, is recognizably an individual alcoholic, contemporary, viewed pretty much from inside. Iago invites him to drink, and he responds "Not tonight, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking." Iago (who is trying to get Cassio in trouble) argues "But one cup; I'll drink for you." To which Cassio answers "I have drunk but one cup tonight, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity and dare not task my weakness with any more." But he cannot stop with one: Iago persuades him to have another (it does not take much persuasion), and soon he's drunk again. Here, in a mercenary army, in a late sixteenth-century (or early seventeenth-century) context, is a picture of the alcoholic as we know him. The play goes on to describe Cassio's carouse and drunkenness, which may be of interest here, as evidence of understanding of what we call alcoholism around 1600, as well as putative evidence that Shakespeare himself (who died from hypothermia when he fell drunk in a ditch celebrating his 52nd birthday) may well have been an alcoholic – thus writing of alcoholism from the inside. (It is told by John Ward that he died after a night of celebratory drinking with Michael Drayton and the ruddy and corpulent – and heavy-drinking if not alcoholic – Ben Jonson.)

Iago has full knowledge of Cassio's "weakness" – when asked if Cassio is always thus (that is, drunk at night), he remarks (Act II, sc. iii, ll. 134-136) that "'T is evermore the prologue to his sleep. He'll watch the horologe a double set [all day and all night], if drink rock not his cradle." Just before this, Cassio has taken the drink Iago has enticed him to, commenting favorably on the English drinking songs sung by Iago's "gentlemen" – "And let me the cannikin clink, clink, / And let me the cannikin clink. / A soldier's a man, / O, man's life's but a span, / Why then let a soldier drink!" – and then the ballad "Bell My Wife" (ll. 73-103). Then he says, tipsily (ll. 117-120), "Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk. This is my ancient [=ensign=Iago], this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now. I can stand well enough and I speak well enough." But shortly thereafter he is pursuing Roderigo, crying (ll. 155-156) "A knave teach me my duty? I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle." And when Montano intervenes (ll. 161-162), saying "I pray you, Sir, hold your hand" (which seems reasonable enough), Cassio responds, "Let me go sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazard." (Those who have drunk wine from a bottle encased in wicker have drunk from a "twiggen bottle" – and "mazard" is slang for "head.")

And on the morning after (ll. 300-302), "O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!" Iago asks (ll. 303-304), "What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?" To receive the response (l. 305), "I know not." He asks (l. 306) "Is 't possible?" Then (ll. 307-312), "I remember a mass of things, but

nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God! That men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause transform ourselves into beasts!" And when Iago comments that he seems well enough now, and asks how he recovered, comes the answer (ll. 315-317), "It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath. One unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself." Iago counsels him disingenuously (ll. 320-321), "I could heartily wish this had not so befallen. But since it is as it is, mend it for your own good." And Cassio responds that he will ask Othello for his place (as Lieutenant) again, but (ll. 322-327) "he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O, strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil!"

In brief, he needs to drink in order to sleep; he cannot stop drinking when he wants to; he has blackouts; the morning after, he is angry with himself, indeed despises himself; alcohol is his devil, but he cannot let it go. Recalling that there is no dramatic need specifically for Cassio's fault to have been drunkenness, and recalling that Shakespeare was himself both soldier (arguably) and traveler (certainly – if not as soldier, then as circuit lawyer's clerk, strolling player, and even perhaps as writer-for-hire), it seems likely that Cassio's experience is from his own, even if not his very own (though I rather think it is).

VIII. AFTER SHAKESPEARE, WHAT? LINES OF DEVELOPMENT 1616-2016.

So far, then, up to Shakespeare, where the individuality of the age, reflected in a portrait of the alcoholic from life, as well as in the rise of the market as idea and commercial exchange as the basis of society – and the tavern – gives rise to new creativity. And the rise of printing makes possible new forms of publication – as with Shakespeare's plays and most particularly the First Folio. There exists a considerable field for study in the interrelationship of public-houses, public places, and publication – tavern, theatre, and market – as Grub Street (and its taverns) replace the Globe and the Mermaid after the London theatre is for all effective purposes pretty much put down by the Act of 1737. And we should take a good look at market, tavern, and theatre – and altered consciousness – in this country in the Colonial and Revolutionary periods and in the Early – otherwise known as the "Alcoholic" – Republic.

I suspect that New York in the Eighteenth Century (and early Nineteenth) may be a fruitful area here – at least it's an area I intend to look at. Possibly Professor Kadel's study of Irish pubs and Irish Nationalism may point a way. Thereafter, we can look (as I intend to) at Baltimore in 1840 and immediately thereafter, from which there came two developments particularly interesting in examining the nexus of alcohol, alcoholism, and creativity. The group of writers meeting at one tavern included (as noted above) both Edgar Allan Poe and Timothy Shays Arthur, who made a Centerville (Ohio) tavern the scene of his stories in *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room* – and then, the stage on which the dramatic version was played was the representation of the bar-room (complete with a plaintive singing of Tim's "Father, Dear Father, Come Home with me Now" – coming 180 degrees from plays that were presented *in* taverns or public drinking-places at fairs and markets. At a second tavern there met six Baltimore artisans (for want of a better word), who told their drinking stories to each other to keep sober (still meeting for a while in the tavern) and creating the Washington Temperance Society of Baltimore. Tim Arthur got his writing start portraying the Washingtonian "Experience" meetings in his *Six Nights with the Washingtonians*. And – with such fugitive exceptions as Sir David Lyndsay with Sandie Solace, and (less fugitive) Shakespeare with Michael Cassio (or the memoirs of William

Hickey published some time ago [1962] as *The Prodigal Rake*, edited by Peter Quennell) – they began the first-person drinking narratives that run from temperance preachers like John Gough, to Jerry McAuley (*Transformed: The History of a River Thief*) and Samuel Hadley (*Down in Water Street*), the White Logic of Jack London's *John Barleycorn*, the two-part narrative of giving up drinking by Samuel George Blythe, to the stories in the "Big Book" called *Alcoholics Anonymous*. That's material for yet another paper – or two.

Lest we think the question of writer's alcoholism (possibly genetically connected with their genius) unimportant, the list of writers noted by the teetotaling Upton Sinclair in *The Cup of Fury* might suggest otherwise – even if we couldn't add still others. Among the alcoholic writers (and artists) he knew personally and writes about in *The Cup of Fury* were Jack London, George Sterling, O. Henry, Stephen Crane, Gene Debs, Sinclair (Hal) Lewis, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Maxwell Bodenheim, George Cram Cook, Scott Fitzgerald, Zelda Fitzgerald, H. L. Mencken, William Seabrook, Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, Klaus Mann, Horace Liveright (the publisher), Douglas Fairbanks, Hart Crane, Dylan Thomas, Isadora Duncan, Finley Peter Dunne, Eugene O'Neill (who stopped) and his son (who didn't until he killed himself) – and then there was Ernest Hemingway.

Just as it is unlikely that the large number of manic depressives Kay Redfield Jamison has tracked down among British writers represents a mere coincidence, so it is unlikely here that the widespread alcoholism of American writers and artists in the first two-thirds of the Twentieth Century represents a mere coincidence. As I wrote some years ago in *The Rise of Tolkienian Fantasy* (Chapter Three on "Children of Lear: Breaking and Re-making Reality") considering the breaking and re-making of reality in Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson), and the Handley Cross novels of Robert Smith Surtees (I trust my readers will note the Tolkienian allusion to the Prancing Pony, and recall the Inklings meeting at the Bird and Baby): "There was claret and port at the High Table for Mr. Dodgson, marsala for Mr. Lear ("He drinks a great deal of Marsala, and never gets tipsy at all"). I do not know what Topsy [William Morris] drank as he wrote of *la belle jaune giroflée*, but his successor Chesterton wrote of the medieval times, when the rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road. This is, perhaps, another way of breaking and re-making reality.... I should not be surprised if the *Zeitgeist*, still wearing his runcible hat, has not put off his Carrollian or Coleridgean robes, and is riding with the grocer of Great Coram Street on the Handley Cross Hunt. And stopping at The Prancing Pony."

Note: The "Lines of Development 1616-2016" (running, in the end, through several papers – or chapters) will include **(1) study of the interrelationship of public-houses, public places, and publication – tavern, theatre, and market – through the years of the English Revolution, to the Georges** when after a while Grub Street (and its taverns) replace the Globe and the Mermaid as the London theatre is for all effective purposes pretty much put down by the Act of 1737. This will be followed by **(2) study of market, tavern, and theatre – and altered consciousness – in this country in the Colonial and Revolutionary periods and in the Early – otherwise known as the "Alcoholic" – Republic**, looking particularly at New York in the Eighteenth Century and early Nineteenth, up to Baltimore in 1840. Thereafter **(3) we can look at Baltimore in 1840-41, from which there came two developments particularly interesting in the nexus of alcohol, alcoholism, theater, story and play.**

At one tavern (3a, so to speak) were both Poe and Arthur – Arthur, who made a Centerville (Ohio) tavern the scene of his stories in *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room* – and then,

the stage on which the dramatic version was played was the representation of the bar-room (complete with a plaintive singing of Tim's "Father, Dear Father, Come Home with me Now" – coming 180 degrees from plays that were presented *in* taverns or public drinking-places at fairs and markets. **At a second tavern (3b) met the six Baltimore artisans who told their drinking stories to each other to keep sober, creating the Washington Temperance Society of Baltimore, pretty much beginning the inward first-person drinking narratives** that run from [Washingtonian] temperance preachers like Hawkins and Gough, to Jerry McAuley and Samuel Hadley, Jack London, Samuel George Blythe, and thus eventually to the stories in the "Big Book" called *Alcoholics Anonymous*. The fourth and fifth papers (or chapters) will look at the **two lines of descent (through the first century and a quarter) from the mixed inward/outward descriptions of 1840 Baltimore, looking at (4) the outwardness of plays (except the soliloquies), coupled with their commercial nature, and (5) the inwardness of personal narrative, and how that fits into theories of exchange.** The sixth paper (or chapter) is planned to look at **(6) the fifty years from 1965/6 to (say) 2015/6, with some attention specifically to (an outside) look at Alcoholics Anonymous.**

Comments and suggestions (and, of course, grants) will be welcomed.

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[postponed]