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Irish Identity in Literature and the Popular Press

In the California environment of the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries, Irish immigrants and Irish Americans found a land of economic, social, and political opportunity. Equally quickly, they found a literary and journalistic voice for their own Irish identity. Virtually free of the condescension and repressive atmosphere inhibiting such creativity in some American communities, Bay Area Irish Americans turned to the popular novel to explore and articulate the issue of their own ethnicity within the rapidly changing landscape of California. In the first essay, Matthew Jockers demonstrates how a number of significant Irish-American writers, from the 1870s to the 1930s, reflected on the role of their community in California and produced what he aptly describes as a "Literature of Good Fortune."

During the same chronological period, the Irish took a leading role in the popular press in San Francisco and the surrounding area. The *Monitor,* the official paper of the Catholic Archdiocese of San Francisco, was quite consciously founded to be as much Irish as it was Catholic. However, that critical identification of the Irish with Catholicism was both challenged and strongly defended in the popular press. In the second essay, Steven Avella recounts the vigorous, and sometimes vituperative, conflict between two of Northern California's leading Irish-American spokespersons, Father Peter C. Yorke and C. K. McClatchy. For all its rancor (and despite Yorke's penchant for assuming the role of Catholic victim of bias or religious bigotry), the very public controversy in two widely read newspapers, each edited by an Irish American, testifies to the considerable security, comfort, and success of the Irish in the greater Bay Area environment.

A Literature of Good Fortune

Matthew L. Jockers

Since 1889 when San Franciscan George Jessop published *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* the Bay Area has been a rich source of Irish-American fiction. Drawing on a history marked by success, Irish writers in California have presented the most consistently positive fictional portrait of Irish-American life in the country. Indeed, in Jessop and in other Irish-American writers from the state, success among the Irish is taken for granted: it is the norm rather than the exception. But even more impressive than the stories of success explored in these fictions is that the best of these writers were prolific during a period in Irish-American literary history when many Irish authors were avoiding ethnic themes. In *The Irish Voice in America,* Charles Fanning categorized this period as an era of "wholesale cultural amnesia."[1] In "A Generation Lost," chapter seven of the same text, Fanning specifically explores the factors which contributed to this "decline in Irish self-consciousness."[2] He points out that between the turn of the century and 1930, "Anglo-Saxon supremacist, Anglophile, and anti-Catholic influences would have been particularly unhealthy for aspiring Irish-American writers."[3] While these forces may have muted many of Irish America's would-be authors, at least four Bay Area writers were producing works which not only portrayed the Irish experience in the state but celebrated it.

Early Missionary Voices

The first works of Irish-American literature from California were an atypical blend of fabrication and history. Produced primarily by missionaries who were stationed in California or by Irish travelers who visited the West, these Famine-era writings offered Irish readers both in Ireland and on the East Coast the promise of a better place. Hugh Quigley's *The Irish Race in California and on the Pacific Coast,* published in 1878, provides a detailed and focused study of the California Irish. The book supplies the first full-scale chronicle of the Irish in the West, and it does so with an amusing, albeit indulgent, style. An immigrant priest from Tulla in County Clare, Quigley came to the United States in 1848 and began work as a missionary in upstate New York. He later served in locations across the country includ-

ing a post in Eureka, California, where he worked among the miners in the years following the great booms of the 1850s. During his time as a missionary in America, he wrote three novels and his peculiar history of the Irish in California. Quigley's history, like his novels, has an inherent bias and heavy-handed didacticism. The first 129 pages of the text are occupied with exploring and justifying the international contributions of the Irish. The remaining pages, focusing on California, assert that the Irish were instrumental, perhaps even essential, in the development and success of Californian society and civilization. On all these points, there is a fundamental truth, but Quigley's flair for exaggeration keeps readers ever conscious that he was a novelist first and then an historian.

Quigley's nineteenth century account of the state paints a tempting picture for would-be immigrants and provides some insight into how the Irish may have begun to believe, at least at some fantastic level, that California was the longed for Tír-na-nÓg of Irish myth: "Though the State is eight hundred miles long by about two hundred broad, there is no part of it that a man cannot, in the journey of a day, and often of an hour, reach the extremes of heat and cold, from zero to 100 degrees in the shade. This pleasing variety of climate is what constitutes the charm of California and causes emigrants from the East to imagine that they have found a terrestrial paradise when they feel the agreeable sensations of the Pacific skies."[4] Quigley's rich portrayal continues for many pages moving from descriptions of the land to the bounty of the state's resources, including, in particular, wine grapes and mineral riches. Throughout the text, Quigley envisions California through Irish eyes. He notes, among other things, that the Irish "manage to surmount all the obstacles thrown in their way toward advancement and success. . . . They seldom or never return to the East after having pitched their tents under the glorious skies of California. They do not all become millionaires, like the more fortunate of their countrymen, but if there is any life in the labour market, they are the soul of it."[5] By the end of the text, these and other assertions about the pluck of the Irish make it clear, at least in Quigley's estimation, that without the Irish, California might well have split off the mainland and sunk into the ocean.

But Quigley was not the only enthusiastic Irish missionary to embellish his accounts of California in prose. Other pioneer priests, such as those described in Henry Walsh's 1946 history, *Hallowed Were the Gold Dust Trails,* ventured into California during the years around the 1849 boom and wrote letters and essays about their adventures. In recounting the history of this "Celtic Vanguard," Walsh reprints these letters, many of which possess an element of the romantic, a touch of the adventurer's spirit. Father Eugene O'Connell, one such Irish missionary to California in 1851, wrote in a letter to Ireland that "California is not inferior to any other country on the face of the globe; nay more, it is superior to many, not even Italy nor the south of France excepted; it abounds not only in the necessaries, but even the luxuries of life. The vine and olive flourish; immensely large watermelons and pineapples, lemons and oranges, are all the production of California."[6] In another letter reprinted in Walsh's book, O'Connell speaks of the mission where he was stationed and of the man-

ner in which California missionaries were to travel from place to place: "The Mission [was] provided with a horse, equipped in California style with wooden stirrups, and armed, if [one] wish, with a lasso coiled around the pommel of the saddle, for the purpose of ensnaring bears which [one] is liable to meet after dusk."[7] Though O'Connell's description of the horse and saddle is an accurate one, he is clearly exaggerating when he posits the idea of roping a bear, a feat that is as impossible as it is ridiculous. As with Quigley's embellishments, O'Connell garnishes his accounts of California with romantic fabrications.

First Fictions

With a legitimate history of success in California as an immediate background, and with a series of historically embellished stories such as those from early Irish missionaries and pioneers as a literary tradition, the Irish who fictionalized their experiences had a singular and energetic tradition on which to draw. The first extended works of Irish-American fiction in the state were written shortly after the boom years of the 1850s and 1860s when Irish immigrants not specifically interested in mining began to come to California for other reasons. George Jessop, a journalist, was one of the later immigrants, and his 1889 collection of short stories *Gerald Ffrench's Friends* presents the first full-scale fictional rendering of the Irish experience in the state. Drawing largely on his own career as a journalist in California between 1873 and 1878, Jessop's collection explores the experiences of a first generation Irish-American newsman in San Francisco.

Jessop notes in his Preface to the work that he wishes to "depict a few of the most characteristic types of the native Celt of original stock, as yet unmixed in blood, but modified by new surroundings and a different civilization."[8] Unlike other parts of the country where a "different civilization" meant signs reading "No Irish Need Apply," California does not provide a backdrop in which we find Irish immigrants struggling to survive. To the contrary, Jessop's "depictions" reflect the success of the Irish and present Irish men and women prospering in California.

Jessop was a native of Ireland. Born in County Longford, he later studied at Trinity College. In 1872 Jessop arrived in San Francisco and began writing for the *Overland Monthly*. The six stories which make up *Gerald Ffrench's Friends* were all written and published in *Century* between 1888 and 1889 and are all connected through the presence of the central protagonist Gerald Ffrench. The other Irish characters, the "friends" of the title, are people who Ffrench encounters as he moves throughout California society in his role as a reporter for several San Francisco newspapers. In each chapter, Jessop explores the various Irish "types" to be found in California before the turn of the century. These include Irish nationalists, loggers, barmen, assayers, and, perhaps most interestingly, fully assimilated descendants of Spanish-Irish marriages.

In the first story of the collection, "The Rise and Fall of the 'Irish Aigle,'" Gerald Ffrench arrives from Ireland and, having exhausted his Ascendancy inheritance, takes a job editing a nationalist news-

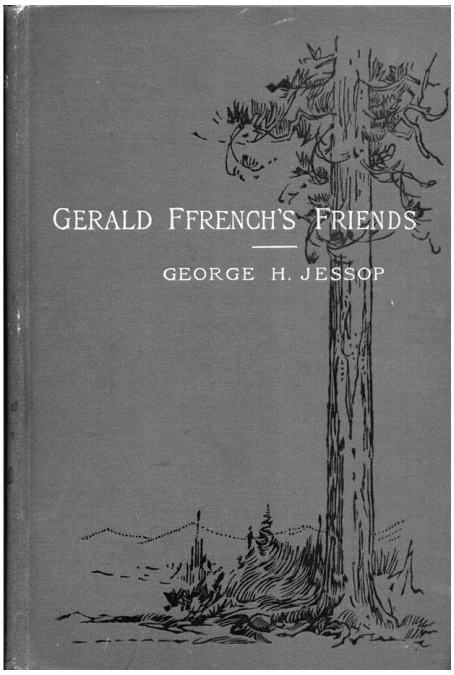

Figure 1-1 *Gerald Ffrench's Friends* by George Jessop, published by Longmans Green, 1889.

paper for a group of Irish immigrants. The founders of the "Irish Aigle" newspaper were all "patriots of the most advanced type," determined to free "old Ireland from the bloody and tyrannical yoke of the Saxon oppressor."[9] They are agreed that the "pin is mightier nor the sword" and know that in publishing the "Irish Aigle" they will sound the "death knell of Saxon opprission."[10] The five members of the "Thryumvirate," as they are called, are portrayed as zealous to the point of foolishness. Charles Fanning notes in *The Exiles of Erin,* "Jessop uses the story to satirize their ignorance, pompous and windy rhetoric, and obsession with the past, excessive drinking and facile support of violence—as long as it takes place six thousand miles away."[11] But while perhaps buffoons, even cowards, all have achieved a degree of material and social success in California, and only because of that success are they able to leisurely contemplate and subsequently commence printing of this nationalistic paper. Though Jessop is sometimes critical of the Irish-American characters he portrays, it is significant that all the Irishmen that Ffrench encounters have achieved conspicuous success while in the Golden State.

In the story that follows, "A Dissolving View of Carrick Meagher," Jessop departs from his critical, satirical stance to portray another recently arrived Irishman in California. The story is a retrospective told fifteen years after Gerald Ffrench was the editor of that "ephemeral sheet" the *Irish Eagle.*[12] Ffrench relates how one morning he was visited by a mysterious Irishman with a "distinct and unmistakable brogue."[13] The man introduces himself as Carrick Meagher, a fellow countryman and journalist recently arrived in San Francisco from Peru where "sarcumstances . . . compelled [him] to abandon a lukkerative position."[14] It turns out that Meagher has come to the *Eagle* to apply for a job. His clothes are ragged, and Ffrench, having been in a similar position several weeks earlier, sympathizes with the man's impoverished condition. Unable to offer him a job at the *Eagle,* Ffrench offers a drink instead, and the two retreat to McKeon's bar where a "free lunch was spread with true Californian prodigality."[15] Once there, they meet with Martin Doyle, the *Eagle's* founder, and they all retire to the back room where Doyle hires Meagher to write weekly articles at three dollars each.

Meagher soon relates that he was once a metallurgist, and one day while Ffrench is examining rock samples, Meagher notices that the samples are too divergent to be from a single mine. In mak-

ing this observation, Meagher reveals a hoax that was being attempted by some unscrupulous characters: "'Curses not loud but deep' were breathed on the 'meddlesome little Irishman.'"[16] Some days later, after a visit to the theater, the two men are accosted while walking home on Mission Street. In the ensuing fight, Meagher pulls his gun and shoots two of the three assailants. Though he is later acquitted, with a verdict of justifiable homicide, Meagher decides to leave California. Ffrench argues with him, reminding him "you're doing well here; you're happy and comfortable,"[17] but the Irishman will not be swayed: "I haven't much confidence in a jury. I saw too much of them in Ireland when I was a boy. What odds what wan jury says? Did you niver hear of a flaw in an indictment, an' isn't it full as aisy ti find flaws in an acquittal? No, I'll skip out to China while I'm free."[18] The following day, "Gerald, with many another friend, was on the wharf when the big steamer moved out, for the little Irishman had become both popular and famous."[19]

The story ends on this melancholy note; however, it is important to recognize the elements of San Francisco's Irish culture that Jessop's story takes for granted. All of the central characters move within a unified and organized Irish-American community. Within this community there is no poverty, no ethnic intolerance, and with the exception of the fight, no conflict of any sort. To the contrary, the characters enjoy a freedom which allows for frequent visits to the theater and the luxury of dining at fine restaurants where the talk is of Shakespeare and other cultured subjects. Here, at least, being Irish opens up a network of opportunity, and within a matter of months Meagher goes from being an impoverished unknown to a well-paid columnist with a loyal following of readers who are fond enough of his work to see him off at the wharf.

In "The Last of the Costellos," one of the most compelling stories in the collection, Jessop presents an engaging view of the connection between the Irish and the Spanish in the state. Well before the Rush of 1849, Catholicism was established in California, and the Spanish in the state welcomed Irish-Catholic immigrants. Historian Patrick Dowling has noted that for Irish Catholics entering California, "religion actually proved to be an asset."[20] Though not specifically about religion, Jessop's story presents a fascinating perspective on the cultural and historical bond between the Spanish and Irish, both in and out of the United States. When the story opens, Gerald Ffrench is in Ireland: "He was a young journalist, holding a good position on a San Francisco daily paper, and he was enjoying what was left of a three months' vacation in Ireland."[21] While there he discovers a mysterious coffin hidden in the tall grass of a graveyard. Solving the mystery of the coffin's presence and discovering the identity of the unknown woman found within it becomes Gerald's obsession for the remaining days of his visit. Ultimately, he returns to California unsatisfied. But before departing he manages to learn that the crest embroidered on the woman's handkerchief was that of the family of Costello who had lived in Westmeath for many centuries.

Several months after returning to San Francisco, Gerald is sent to Marysville where he is assigned to report on "an encounter between the Mexican holders of a large ranch in Yuba County and certain

American land-grabbers, who had set up a claim to a portion of the estate."[22] Gerald goes to Marysville where he meets Señor Don Miguel Vencenza, a "Spaniard" with the "manners of a gentleman."[23] Vencenza's financial position is complicated by a variety of complex family matters, and Gerald eventually discovers that it is Don Miguel's sister who is the real owner of the property. Don Miguel had been granted power of attorney since his sister was currently traveling in Europe. After a series of plot twists, Gerald discovers that the woman in the coffin was, indeed, Don Miguel's sister, and that she was a descendant of the Costellos from Westmeath. The California Costellos, we learn, were descendants of the Irish Costello who had "been one of the midland chieftains in Cromwell's time; [his] clan had offered the most determined resistance, and it had been extirpated, root and branch, by the Protector."[24] Armed with a scattering of facts, Gerald approaches Don Miguel and eventually persuades him to confess the details of the story regarding his sister and the family ties to Ireland:

> "She was one of the old Costellos, and she was anxious to visit the ancient home of her race. That was what brought us to Ireland."
>
> "I thought the Costello family was extinct," observed Gerald.
>
> "The European branch has been extinct since 1813, when Don Lopez Costello fell at Vitoria; but the younger branch, which settled in Mexico toward the end of the eighteenth century, survived until a few months ago; until Catalina's death, in fact, for she was the last of the Costellos . . . She was very proud of the name, poor Catalina, and she made me promise, in case anything happened . . . that she should be laid in the ancient grave of her race—in the churchyard of Drim."[25]

Jessop's construction of this complicated and intriguing mystery links the Spanish and Irish in a manner which brings a new dimension to the relationship of these cultures within California. Though the story's plot is improbable, even fantastic, Jessop uses the plot to comment on the important bond between the two peoples in California. Though the name "Costello" had lost its original pronunciation and become the Spanish "Costelyo," Catalina, who was more outwardly Spanish than Irish in both speech and custom, considered herself a descendant of the Irish chieftain Costello. To Irish and Spanish readers in California, this story must have had an especially poignant meaning.

Gerald Ffrench's Friends contains other interesting tales from the Bay Area, and in his career, Jessop wrote other stories, three novels, and even several plays. His novel *Judge Lynch; A Romance of the California Vineyards,* published in the same year that *Gerald Ffrench's Friends* was collected, is also set in the Bay Area, but does not engage a specifically Irish dimension. The novel, a mystery involving the vigilante lynch laws imposed in Northern California's wine country, has but one Irish character. Pat Byrne, however, is ultimately more of a stereotype of the Irish character than a realistic portrayal. Like characters in *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* Byrne immigrates to California and ascends to a position of influence, but unlike characters in Jessop's earlier stories, Byrne is two-dimensional.[26] With *Where the Shamrock Grows: The Fortunes and Misfortunes of an Irish Family,* Jessop returns to his theme of examining the Ireland-California connection. In this work, however, Jessop examines what

happens to an Irish expatriate to California who returns to the old sod on a visit. Though at times clever, the novel is flat. For several chapters, there is much ado about a gold mine in California, throughout a lot of horse racing, and then some mundane romance, but the novel is, like *Judge Lynch,* unimpressive and falls short of the potential hinted at in *Gerald Ffrench's Friends.*[27] Similar problems arise in Jessop's plays where he shifts away from character and away from realism to become obsessed with contrived plots and popular romance.

With *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* however, Jessop made an important contribution to Irish-American literature in California. His vignettes of the Irish in places like San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Humboldt County provide a lasting picture of Irish life in California before the turn of the century. Sadly, Jessop does not maintain this vigor in later works, and like many of his generation he sways toward popular fiction and away from serious literary work.[28]

Kathleen Norris and the San Francisco "Irishocracy"

Writing from San Francisco shortly after Jessop, Kathleen Norris provides another view of the life and status of the Irish in the Bay Area. Born in San Francisco in 1880, Norris was raised within the Irish Catholic middle class and grew up among influential and successful Irish Americans. Her maternal grandfather, Paul Moroney, was a "wandering Irish actor" who came to America from London at the age of twelve.[29] He and his wife Margaret Sexton eventually made their way to St. Joseph, Missouri, where they purchased "a wagon and stock to set forth for the golden West."[30] This was in 1852, and when they arrived in California, Margaret was pregnant with Kathleen's mother, and Paul shipped out for Chile following rumors of another fortune to be made in South America. Kathleen's paternal grandmother, Maria Teresa O'Keefe, was from County Cork where she had married John O'Sullivan, a ship's captain who was later lost at sea. Shortly after their marriage, Maria sailed to Hawaii where she was to meet her husband. When he never showed, she considered the unconsummated union dissolved and married Fredrick Rand Thompson. Maria eventually opened a boardinghouse which she ran successfully for ten years before moving to San Francisco where she opened another.[31] Within a short time thereafter, Maria's son Jimmy and Maroney's daughter Josephine were brought together within the social circles of San Francisco's tight knit "Irishtocracy" and were married.[32] Kathleen was born "in a seven-room, two-story brick house, far down Jones Street, only a few minutes' walk from the shores of the bay. The house had iron balconies and a garden, and smelled of eucalyptus, verbena, nasturtiums and the good salt sea."[33]

In fiction, Norris was prolific and wrote over ninety books. Generally concerned with domestic issues and the daily life of the middle and upper classes, her stories and novels center around family, marriage, and society. Though most of her work is not overtly concerned with ethnic identity, her earliest fiction explored the lives of Irish-American families within the privileged middle and upper class world of San Francisco's Irish community. Two such stories, found in her 1913 collection *Poor*

Figure 1-2 Kathleen Norris in a photograph clearly illustrating her "good fortune." In her correspondence with her future husband, Charles Norris, she signed herself "your devoted Irishwoman, Kathleen." *Photo credit: Kathleen Norris,* Noon *(New York: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1925), frontispiece illustration. Department of Special Collections & University Archives, Stanford University Libraries.*

Dear Margaret Kirby and Other Stories, focus on young Alanna Costello whose Irish parents "were very rich, and had been very poor."[34] The first of the stories, "What Happened to Alanna," explores the intersections of Catholicism and society. Alanna lives in the "stately halls of Costello"[35] with her pious Catholic mother and equally devout father who was an "undertaker by profession, and mayor by an immense majority."[36] The story centers on an upcoming church fair being held in their parish. Mrs. Costello, an involved member of the church and important socialite, unwillingly volunteers to help with one of the booths at the fair. Her older daughter, Teresa, is assigned a post, but Alanna, too young to participate, is teased by her older brother and sister and called a "baby." Alanna, extremely depressed at not being able to help the "Children of Mary," appeals to her father who suggests that she be allowed to keep the record book for a big raffle.

Living near the Costellos was a neighbor named Church. She was a "pretty, clever young woman [who] . . . pleased Mrs. Costello by asking her advise on all domestic matters and taking it."[37] However, Mrs. Church was "not a Catholic,"[38] and Mrs. Costello warns Alanna not to bother her about buying tickets for the raffle. But Alanna does approach her neighbor, and Mrs. Church buys "chance after chance."[39] Young Alanna, "familiar with raffles and their ways, realized what a very small chance Mrs. Church stood."[40] When the day of the fair arrives, Alanna has lost the record book. Called upon by the Bishop to reveal who holds number "eighty-three," Alanna, not knowing what to do, says "Mrs. Church, your Grace."[41] Later on, plagued by guilt over her fabrication, Alanna lay "in bed for many mornings, for the secret weighed on her soul. . . . She grew weak and nervous, and one afternoon, when the Bishop came to see her, worked herself into such a frenzy that Mrs. Costello wonderingly consented to her entreaty that he should not come up."[42] About a week after the fair, the Costello's Irish maid, Annie, discovers the lost book and returns it to Alanna. Alanna then "tried to think of an appropriate prayer"[43] before opening the book which reveals that Mrs. Church had indeed won the raffle. "She looked and looked. She shut the book and opened it again and looked. She laid it on the table, and walked away from it, and then came back

suddenly and looked. She laughed over it, and cried over it, and thought how natural it was, and how wonderful it was."[44] A happy, almost trite, ending such as this one is hardly characteristic of Irish-American fiction at the time, and Norris's tale registers the distinct nature of the Bay Area's Irish prose. Indeed, one of Norris's Irish-American contemporaries, Jim Tully from Ohio, was writing in the same years what Charles Fanning has characterized as "authentic glimpses of life at the *bottom* of American society."[45] Norris, like Tully, wrote from personal experience, but her experience in the Bay Area was quite removed from the experiences of her Irish-American peers elsewhere in the country.

In "The Friendship of Alanna," issues of prestigious social status are even more the focus. In this story, Mrs. Costello risks her newly acquired social standing and her reputation to help a less fortunate classmate of her daughter. Alanna attends a Catholic school where the students and faculty are about to celebrate "Mother Superior's Golden Jubilee" with a play and other festivities including a "special march" in which the girls will have a salutation and present the Mother Superior with a bouquet. The young girl chosen to give the salutation is Margaret Hammond, the daughter of Joe Hammond whose wife had died several years earlier. As a result of his depression, which caused him to drink and make mistakes at work, Joe had lost his job and was getting by with little money. When Mrs. Costello learns that Mr. Hammond is unable to buy his daughter a new dress, she purchases one for Margaret along with those she buys for her own daughters. Rather than take the Costello's charity, however, Joe Hammond forbids his daughter from playing with Alanna and makes poor Margaret return the gift.

The story climaxes when Margaret shows up for a rehearsal wearing her brother's white surplice which he wore in his role as an altar boy. When one of the other girls spitefully reports to Sister Rose that she "thought it was wrong to wear a surplice, that was made to wear on the altar, as an exhibition dress,"[46] Alanna Costello comes to her rescue, proclaiming, "that's not a bad thing to do! Me and Marg'ret were both going to do it, weren't we, Marg'ret? We didn't think it would be bad to wear our brothers' surplices, did we Marg'ret? . . . And mother wouldn't have minded, would you mother?[47] As an important member of the community and as a woman of Catholic piety, everyone in the room then turns to hear Mrs. Costello's response: "Well, Sister, I don't see why they shouldn't. . . . After all, . . . a surplice is a thing you make in the house like any other dress, and you know how girls feel about the things their brothers wear, especially if they love them."[48] To all of this Sister Rose replies, "I think it's very lovely . . . to think of a little girl so devoted to her brother as Margaret is. I could ask Superior, of course, Mary," she added to Mrs. Costello, "but I know that she would feel that whatever you decide is quite right."[49] Later that night, when Alanna and her mother return home, they are greeted by more good news about the Hammond family. During the day, Mayor Costello had given Mr. Hammond a job and restored the friendship between their families. Thus, the story ends on a wholly positive and encouraging note.

In writing these stories, Norris portrays the San Francisco Irish with what Fanning calls an "unembarrassed admiration [which] would have been difficult in New York or Boston."[50] Norris's later work does not attend to these same issues, and such a shift might well be attributed to her move from California to New York, where she may have felt that such subjects would not be appreciated or accepted. In the early part of her career, however, Norris drew her characters from the state that she knew best. This state she once described as "a land dreaming in eternal sunshine, humming with bees, [and] washed by waves of fruit blossoms."[51] She spoke of her hometown of San Francisco as a personal possession, saying that it was "mine, my own people had builded [sic] it, had shared the fierce, simple, thrilling days of the Gold Rush with adventurers and horse thieves, Spanish rancheros and tonsured Franciscan priests."[52] Though she would later become comfortable writing about more cosmopolitan themes, including stories about the lives of people in New York and even Paris, her early work captures the spirit and enthusiasm of the successful San Francisco "Irishtocracy" of which she was a part.

Peter B. Kyne: Popular Appeal and Ethnic Conflict

Born in San Francisco in 1880, the same year as Norris, Peter B. Kyne is another second-generation Irish American who flourished as an author in the period between 1900 and 1930. From 1909 when he published his first story in the *Saturday Evening Post* to his death in 1957, Kyne wrote 25 novels and over 1000 short stories and articles. Something of an adventurer, Kyne left school when he was fourteen to work in his father's cattle business. He later worked as a clerk, infantry soldier, lumberman, journalist, and eventually as a novelist. Not surprisingly, most of his novels are adventures that draw on his personal experiences in California, but a few are sea stories or genre westerns. He is best known for his novel *Cappy Ricks* about a rough-and-tumble shipping magnate.[53] In 1918, Kyne sold the dramatic rights for this novel to be produced as a play. Unfortunately, the venture was unsuccessful, and though several episodes were later adapted for the radio, legal complications kept them from being aired.

Kyne had no pretensions about his work, and in the dedication to his novel *The Pride of Palomar,* he says of his work, "I know it isn't literature."[54] In many respects, Kyne was a shrewd businessman who had discovered the formula for commercial success. His novels were popular, and Kyne wrote novels in order to be popular. According to James Smith, Kyne once wrote, "when an editor buys a story from me for a good price, he expects it to help circulation. If I sell him a product which is not a good story or a serial with not as much pull as I can give it, I'm not an honest businessman."[55] But despite Kyne's assertion, his novels are not without literary merit nor are they lacking in realistic introspection. Although his plots are designed to be popular and successful, beneath the surface Kyne is often commenting on important social and ethnic issues of the day. In several novels, for example, Kyne examines the plight of the Spanish in California and shows contempt for the "tide" of Anglo immigrants who are usurping the land from the Spanish *patrons.*

Ironically, Smith accuses Kyne of using "racial stereotyping in many of his novels and stories to assert that Aryan and other 'pure' races are superior to mixed races."[56] While there may be some truth to Smith's assertion, it is a complicated thesis to advocate. In at least two novels, *The Pride of Palomar* and *Tide of Empire,* Kyne explores how men and women of Irish and Spanish ancestry not only fought together against oppression from Aryan types but intermarried and gave birth to characters who Kyne portrays as heroes rather than outcasts. Indeed, in both of these novels Kyne expresses contempt for the "white" miners who usurped and profaned the California that Kyne loved.

Throughout many of Kyne's novels, the ethnicity of characters is carefully described, but such description is not made in order to discriminate, but rather, to provide foregrounding for motivations. Though Smith argues that Kyne is a racist, it might be more accurate to suggest that he a "classist." If Kyne's work is prejudiced, it is against the lower class, and Kyne's novels are rather even-handed in their denigration of lower-class members of most every race and ethnicity. Kyne is aware of ethnic traditions and cultural norms and often delineates the heritage of his characters, but his cognizance of ethnicity is not some overt attempt to further a racist agenda but rather is designed to give readers insight into the nature of California society. Nor is Kyne unaware of the realities of ethnic conflict, and, in some cases, he seems determined to dismantle racial stereotypes and help readers develop a new outlook on race. His works are, therefore, peopled with characters from all sorts of ethnic backgrounds, and Irish characters surface in and out of many. In his 1918 novel *Valley of the Giants,*[57] for example, the protagonist Bryce Cardigan is a logger from Humboldt County who traces his lineage back to Ireland. He even travels to Ireland where he returns with Irish lace from Belfast for his surrogate mother, Mrs. Tully. In other novels, Irish surnames surface here and there among the loggers who fall redwoods in the North and among the cowboys who work the ranches of the South. But it is not until 1921 that Kyne begins to fully explore and seriously develop an Irish ethnic dimension in his fiction, and not until 1927 do we get a full treatment of the Irish in California.

In 1921, Kyne published *Pride of Palomar,* the story of Miguel José Maria Federico Noriaga Farrel. As the name implies, Mike Farrel is of both Spanish and Irish descent. During a conversation early in the novel, Farrel explains his unique ancestry:

> The first of my line that I know anything about was a lieutenant in the force that marched overland from Mexico to California under the command of Don Gaspar de Portola . . . They arrived in San Diego on July first, 1769. So, you see, I'm a real Californian. . . . My grandmother, as I have stated, was purebred Castillian or Catalonian, for I suppose they mixed. The original Michael Joseph Farrel (I am the third of the name) was Tipperary Irish, and could trace his ancestry back to the fairies—to hear him tell it. But one can never be quite certain how much Spanish there is in an Irishman from the west. . . . So I suppose I'm an American.[58]

Some pages later, a woman he meets on a train notices his "funny little clipped accent," and this gives Farrel the opportunity to joke about his ethnicity. Feigning astonishment, he says to her,

"Unfortunate young woman! . . . 'No wonder she sits in public with that pudgy son of a chrysanthemum, when she isn't even able to recognize a greaser at a glance. Oh Lord!"

"You're not a greaser," she challenged.

"No?" he bantered. "You ought to see me squatting under the avocado tree, singing the 'Spanish Cavalier' to a guitar accompaniment . . ."

"That doesn't prove anything except that you're an incorrigible Celt . . ."

"I'm a really serious person ordinarily. That little forget-me-not of language is a heritage of my childhood. Mother taught me to pray in Spanish, and I learned to swear in English with an Irish accent . . ."[59]

Though Farrel is comfortable jesting about himself as a "greaser" and apparently aware of the foolishness of ethnic stereotyping, he is not without his own ethnic reservations. Indeed, we soon learn that Farrel has a very serious problem with the Japanese farmers who he believed were taking over the land in southern California. His comments about the "Japs" are at times quite direct, and even the fact that he "had had some unpleasant clashes with Japanese troops in Siberia"[60] does not completely excuse the fact that he "can't bear the race" at all.[61] Even in 1921, when one critic noted that the book was a "very good, well-proportioned, vigorous story" in which the "Japanese peril is integrally a part of the plot," at least one reviewer noted that Kyne's "outpouring of sentiment against the Japanese . . . supply the foundation [for] a prose hymn of hate to be chanted by all good Jap-haters."[62] While Kyne may have been enlightened about ethic matters between the Irish and Spanish, it does appear that he has an axe to grind when it comes to the Japanese. The best that can be offered in his defense is that he does make a point of not generalizing about all Japanese and notes that there may be differences to be found in class distinctions.

More significant than *The Pride of Palomar,* in 1928 Kyne published *Tide of Empire* which centers on an Irish immigrant adventurer to California during the height of the Gold Rush. Early reviews of the novel noted that Kyne had rendered a "stirring picture of historic days" and that it was a "fairly accurate page out of a chapter in American history."[63] While an adventure story of sorts, the novel has a more serious side which chronicles the dissolution of the Spanish culture in California. Sympathetic to this culture, perhaps because of his own ethnic heritage and history, Kyne censures the tide of "Anglo" migrants who rushed into the state during the Gold Rush and briskly dispossessed the Spanish residents. To explore the cultural conflicts that arise from this clash of old and new, Kyne examines the situation through the eyes of a recently arrived Irish immigrant. Presumably, Kyne had his own father in mind when he created his central protagonist, Dermod D'Arcy. In fact, the novel is dedicated to Kyne's father:

TO MY FATHER
Dear Exile of Erin and
Worthy Adopted Son of California
This book is Affectionately Dedicated.[64]

The protagonist, Dermod D'Arcy, has recently arrived from Galway and travels on horseback to northern California where the novel opens. Like other Irish novels of the American West, *Tide of Em-*

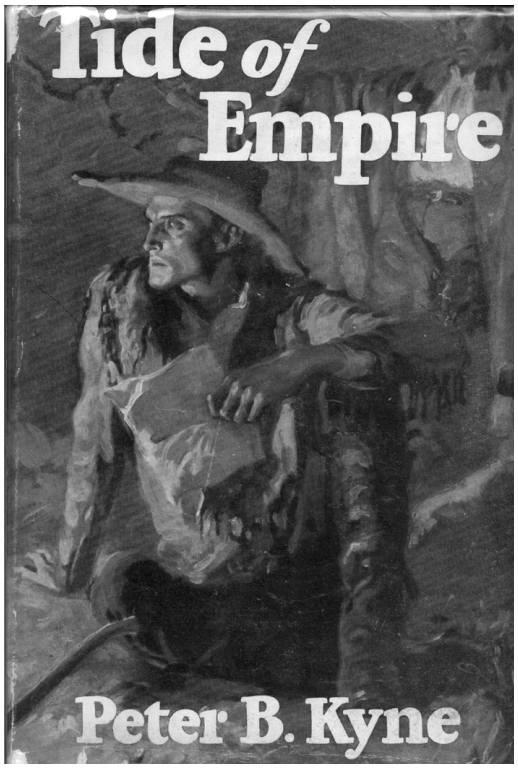

Figure 1-3 Dermod D'Arcy, the fictional Irish immigrant hero of *Tide of Empire.* He spoke with a "faint burr that hung like dewdrops in his speech." *Photo credit: Original cover, Peter B. Kyne,* Tide of Empire *(New York: Cosmopolitan Books, 1928). Department of Special Collections & University Archives, Stanford University Libraries.*

pire opens with a description of the landscape and is filled with paradisiacal imagery. Flowers, birds, wild game, and clear rivers all converge to create what the narrator calls a "transcendent beauty."[65] Amidst this beauty rides Dermod D'Arcy, an Irishman with a "faint Celtic burr that hung like dewdrops in his speech."[66] D'Arcy's first impression of California is one of awe, and as he tops a ridge and beholds the valleys spreading out before him, he exclaims, "Ah, California, but 'tis sweeter you are than ever I dreamed. A young land for young men you are, my California, *acushla.*"[67] From here, the novel moves quickly away from description to action as D'Arcy finds himself in an altercation with a man named Cannon. After settling their misunderstanding, the two men travel together and converse. We learn through this conversation that D'Arcy has traveled most recently from Springfield, Illinois, where along the way he met Indians who he reports to be "fine fellows . . . who offered hospitality grander [than] in county Galway."[68] Their conversation continues, and D'Arcy reveals that he is alone on his trip to California and that he has no plans upon arrival other than to seek out some "Spanish settlement" on the Pacific. He does, however, admit to having heard about California and relates his understanding of the West as "a grand country for a poor man to get his start."[69] Given the time period in which the novel is set, on the eve of the Gold Rush in the spring of 1848, what D'Arcy has heard was true, and the events of the novel will show that his timing was perfect.

Before the two men retire to their bedrolls that evening, D'Arcy produces a flute and plays several Irish tunes including "The Bard of Armagh" and "The Wind that Shakes the Barley."[70] Especially in these opening chapters, Kyne is intent on reinforcing D'Arcy's ethnicity. The next day they arrive at a Spanish ranch where they are treated with great hospitality. When their host, Don Juan Barillo, notices their poverty, he offers them a pouch of gold to help them reach their destination. D'Arcy refuses the money and instead buys a horse from Don Barillo who is impressed by D'Arcy's gentlemanly nature. Soon after departing the ranch, D'Arcy and Cannon part ways, and D'Arcy meets another Californian who introduces himself as Carlos Felipe Maria Antonio Sanchez y Mon-

talvo. D'Arcy, who speaks Spanish without an accent, is mistaken for a Spaniard and replies, "I am an Irishman."[71] He then goes on to explain the origin of his French sounding name: "It was the fashion of the French, in days gone by, to come to Ireland to help us whip the English. The first D'Arcy of our line, however, fled to Ireland to escape the Massacre of St. Bartholomew."[72] When D'Arcy explains that he has just arrived in California and that he has no friends, Montalvo contradicts him, saying, "You ride with a friend and presently you will be among other friends."[73] Thus, within the first twenty pages of the novel, D'Arcy meets and quickly befriends two Hispanic residents, the second of whom becomes a close friend. The depth of the bond becomes even more striking when, several pages later, Montalvo expresses his outrage about the "gringos" who are flocking to California since the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill. Though a part of this group of "gringos," D'Arcy is excluded from Montalvo's commentary, and with five words Montalvo accentuates the historical connection that bound the Irish to the Spanish in California. Montalvo says to his new friend, "You are a different gringo."[74]

Throughout the novel, Kyne explores the conflict that arose between the established Hispanic culture and the gold seekers of the late 1850s. The chasm between the Hispanics and the "gringos" is accentuated when various other Anglos in the novel refer to the Hispanics as "greasers." D'Arcy, however, does not share in this derision. It is clear that his sympathies lie with the Spanish. But Kyne also seems aware of his own position as a "gringo" and uses the novel's hero to express a unique kinship between the Irish and Spanish. After an invitation to a great *fiesta,* D'Arcy thinks to himself about California's Hispanic population: "A wonderful people doomed to oppression and extinction as surely as the Indian. All that these Californians desire from strangers is courtesy and a square deal; dwelling here in pastoral peace, practically without government, dependent upon a code of gallant human conduct, they will be as helpless in the hands of the eager, greedy, empire-building Anglo-Saxon as a sheep in the maw of a tiger. For the wonderful *dolce far niente* spirit that is theirs they will be hated by men who know not how to suck the sweetness from life."[75] During the *fiesta,* D'Arcy is introduced to Señorita Guerreo, who appreciates his command of Spanish and remarks that he might actually be capable of "understanding [her] people."[76] D'Arcy explains that he learned "Spanish and French in Trinity College, Dublin. . . . A German taught me Spanish, an Irishman taught me French, and my nurse taught me Gaelic."[77] Like Gerald Ffrench in Jessop's fiction, D'Arcy has come from a privileged class. Still, we learn within several pages that he identifies more with the native Celtic population than with the Ascendancy. Though his father was "Anglo-Irish" and a "country gentleman," his mother was "Celtic Irish—old, old stock."[78] D'Arcy reveals that he had a deep love of Ireland but hates the government. In his youth he had mixed in politics and is accused of treason. His mother gave him "two thousand pounds and [put him on] a ship bound for America."[79] Being an adventurer and possessing a fighting spirit, he joined the United States Cavalry and distinguished himself in battle. Following his discharge, he made up his mind to go to California.

D'Arcy is eventually joined in California by several companions who head north and establish a mining camp. Among the party is another Irishman, Humphrey O'Shea, who, it turns out, knew D'Arcy's family in Ireland. Here again, we see similarities with Jessop's fiction emerging; in Jessop too, old countrymen are reunited and California is portrayed as meeting place for Irish exiles. O'Shea was most recently an officer in the British Navy, but when his ship docked in San Francisco, he deserted his post for the promise of easy gold.

Later on, O'Shea is stricken with smallpox, and he thinks back fondly on the old sod while reflecting more positively on California:

> I've been coming home from the sea forty years, but—I'll not see Kinsale Head again. . . . I've been lying here thinking, lad, and this thought came to me: The discovery of gold in California is but a trifling uncovering of her riches. Gold will not breed gold in these lovely hills, but it will, lad, farther down in the valleys, beside the harbors and on the brown hills where the wild cattle roam.
>
> Don't take your fortune back to the ould green isle and buckle down to the life of a country squire. 'Tis deadening. Here is a new empire with opportunity for a brave, clean young man like you to play an emperor's part. Ah, California, 'tis the end of the rainbow ye are, acushla. . . . [80]

In a nostalgic delirium brought on by the disease, O'Shea wanders back to Ireland where he utters phrases in Gaelic and watches a "horse-race at the Curagh of Kildare."[81] But these memories are recognized as such, and though he loves his homeland, he has no real wish to return.

When spring arrives, O'Shea has survived, but is blind and scarred by the disease. D'Arcy, who has prospered immensely, is eventually able to abandon mining for the life of a landowner, having realized quite early that it was land and not gold that would become California's most valuable resource. After a series of romantic plot twists, he woos and marries Señorita Guerreo who learns to accept him as a "different type of gringo." When the novel ends, D'Arcy has sold his mining shares to settle down on the ancestral lands of his bride, and the two are able to observe the Anglos who are invading the state and threatening the harmony of its old world habits and traditions.

More than a novel of adventure and romance, *Tide of Empire* ultimately grapples with the racial and cultural change that typified California's late nineteenth-century character. Dedicated to his father, an Irish exile, Kyne acknowledges the significant role of Irishness in his novel and within the novel's historical context. Kyne's portrayal of Dermod D'Arcy merging into the existing society rather than overcoming it is consistent with the historical assimilation that occurred between the Irish and Spanish in the state. Only through the eyes of an Irishman is Kyne, a gringo, able to fully and convincingly penetrate the emotions of the established Spanish culture and in turn bring an insider's perspective to the sensitive social and cultural transformations which ultimately consumed centuries of Spanish tradition. Like the Irish, the Spanish of California were displaced by an invading culture. This new "Empire," like the British one, used force, coercion, and violence to uproot an existing society and replace it with another. Family lands were taken, rich were made poor, and lives

were dramatically altered. In this sense, Kyne's novel is both a lament for a dying culture and a celebration of a bond that existed between two cultures.

Thomas Lennon: Nationalism and Exile

Thomas Lennon began his writing career in 1927, the same year that Kyne published *Tide of Empire.* Lennon was born in San Francisco and educated at St. Joseph's Academy, Berkeley, and at St. Mary's College, Oakland. After graduation, he wrote for both the *San Francisco Bulletin* and the *San Francisco Examiner.* Following World War I, he studied law and for a while practiced in San Francisco, San Rafael, and San Jose. In 1927, he gave up his law practice for journalism and began working for the *Oakland Post-Enquirer.*[82] In 1929, he sold his first story, "For Dear Old Dublin," to the *Saturday Evening Post* and followed it with other short narratives including "Dinky at the Bat" and "Greased Pig." Six years later, in 1934, he published *Laughing Journey,* his first and only novel.

In this novel, Lennon explores the cultural ties between California and Ireland while commenting on the ultimate futility of Irish rebellion. He explores the lives of several immigrants who left Ireland near the turn of the century, and primary among these immigrants is the narrator, Shane Conor, who immigrated to San Francisco from Ireland to avoid being jailed by British soldiers in Kerry. Conor relates how he escaped on a ship to America and how he left his fiancée, Hestle Breen, pregnant in Ireland. Once in the United States, Conor moves to San Francisco where he "feed[s] on free lunch"[83] and meets a man who tips him off to a job at the fire department. Years later, while growing old on his fireman's pension, he narrates how he came to the States and how his son, Shane Erskine, staged an unsuccessful rebellion in Ireland. In addition to the narrator, other Irish immigrants to San Francisco are prominent in the story—specifically, the McVey family who come to San Francisco from Ireland when their cousin, also an immigrant from Ireland, dies and wills them a lucrative San Francisco trucking business. Other characters, such as heroine Rosaleen Fair and her ex-suitor, Mr. Grashen, visit the Bay Area, allowing Lennon further opportunity to comment on the contrasts between Ireland and West Coast America. But the great bulk of the novel takes place in Ireland, and the thrust of the plot centers around the life of Shane Conor's rebel son.

Shane Erskine, who inherits his first name from his father and gets his last name when his mother marries a Scotsman, grows up to be a champion for Irish freedom. Like his unknown father before him, he lives one step ahead of the British soldiers. During his various exploits, he meets Rosaleen Fair, whose once wealthy father had lost all of his possessions to a London banker during "a depression."[84] This reference to "a depression" is somewhat vague, and though Lennon may have had the Great Famine in mind, his intent seems to be to depict the ubiquitous nature of problems in Ireland rather than to reference a specific time period. After a brief encounter, Shane and Rosaleen fall in love, but knowing the danger, Shane convinces her to move to America. Unwillingly, Rosaleen moves

to San Francisco where she is reunited with Irish relatives. She later meets Jim McVey, who, as it turns out, was once a member of Shane's rebel band in Ireland.

In depicting the paradoxical nature of Irish politics and rebellion, Lennon is particularly adept. While it is clear that his sympathies are with the Irish, he prudently explores both the complexity and the futility of rebellion. Lennon is careful to avoid specific historical references and seems intent on commenting on the fruitlessness of rebellion rather than upon the success or failure of a specific event. Unlike the Irish-American patriots that George Jessop mocks in "The Rise and Fall of the Irish Aigle," Lennon's portrayal is serious and unsentimental. Nowhere in the novel do we find him advocating dynamite solutions, nor does he make his rebel leader Shane Erskine into a national hero. Even though Shane is painted as an imposing figure who carries a whip on his belt, he is still very human. Indeed, Lennon gives us reason to doubt his bravery altogether: during the climactic moment of the novel, when Shane's meticulously planned and carefully timed rebellion is to begin, Shane retreats to Dublin to await the outcome of the battle rather than fighting alongside his rebel band. Nor is Shane's ultimate capture and hanging at the end of the novel represented as a martyrdom for the cause; to the contrary, his followers are few and most have turned on him completely.

In the final scene, however, Lennon does provide a paradoxical glimmer of hope for Ireland. As Shane is walking to the gallows, he meets several young boys. Shane asks them if they know Gaelic and one boy says, "I do" and recites "Ireland her own and all therein from the sod to the sky. The soil of Ireland for the people of Irelan—."[85] Shane cuts him off before he can finish, but reflecting on the meaning of what the boy has said, he wonders: "most of Ireland knows it, or knew it, but what does it mean? What can it ever mean?"[86] Hope for Shane has died with his botched rebellion, and in his words we sense that Ireland's people have forgotten their heritage and the meaning of their struggle. Present in the boy's recitation, however, is the hope of youth.

In juxtaposing success in San Francisco with failure in Ireland, Lennon offers California as an alternative to the struggles of poverty and violence. Even Shane senior, who was once intent on getting even with the British for forcing his exile, is quick to start a new life in America and forget about his Irish home and even his Irish fiancée. The message of the failed rebellion and the failed martyrdom seems to be that Irish insurrection will never succeed because the people have lost or forgotten for what it is they were fighting. In its place, Lennon offers San Francisco as a place where the Irish are doing well and prospering. Nowhere do we see the East Coast portrait of struggling immigrants, and nowhere do we encounter poverty except in those sections of the novel which deal with Ireland. Indeed, California is represented as a healthy and prosperous place where people like Shane Conor can escape persecution and prosper, and where those more unfortunate Irish, like McVey, can escape poverty to achieve respectability and success. The full measure of their success is marked by the ease with which these San Francisco Irish travel back to Ireland. Like Gerald Ffrench in "The Last of the Costellos," Rosaleen and Shane Conor of *The Laughing Journey* are able to travel freely between Ireland and California.

A Literature of Good Fortune

Though a great deal of Irish and Irish-American literature has sprung from a background of adversity, the Irish novels of California's Bay Area community are unique in that they have arisen from an experience typified by ethnic tolerance, achievement, and prosperity. Here of all the Irish-American literature in the country is the most optimistic collection, and while these authors do acknowledge the difficulties and pitfalls of California's turn of the century character, they do so as an aside which tends to intensify the magnitude of their optimism. Both intentionally and unintentionally, these works register the historically impressive successes of the Irish in the Bay Area. Particularly interesting are those cases where success is taken for granted and social and financial achievement is the rule rather than the exception. Free from the pronounced religious, social, and economic forces that conspired to keep many Irish Americans from fulfilling their potentials, the Bay Area's Irish community advanced quickly and nimbly. In prose from Jessop to Lennon, the Irish-American experience is consistently and explicitly portrayed in positive terms: ethnic conflict is absent, hardships are overcome, and fortunes are made. In California, at least, Irish-American fiction is indeed a literature of good fortune.

Notes

1. Charles Fanning, *The Irish Voice in America* (Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 1990), 3.
2. Fanning, *Irish Voice in America,* 238.
3. Fanning, *Irish Voice in America,* 240.
4. Hugh Quigley, *The Irish Race in California and the Pacific Coast* (San Francisco: A. Roman, 1878), 131–132.
5. Quigley, *Irish Race in California,* 173–175.
6. Henry L. Walsh S.J., *Hallowed Were the Gold Dust Trails: The Story of the Pioneer Priests of Northern California* (Santa Clara, CA: University of Santa Clara, 1946), 22.
7. Walsh, *Hallowed Were the Gold Dust Trails,* 23.
8. George Jessop, preface to *Gerald Ffrench's Friends* (New York: Longmans Green, 1889).
9. Jessop, *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* 4.
10. Jessop, *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* 5.
11. Charles Fanning, *The Exiles of Erin: Nineteenth Century Irish-American Fiction* (Notre Dame, IN: University of Notre Dame Press, 1987), 191.
12. Jessop, *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* 40.
13. Jessop, *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* 42.
14. Jessop, *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* 42.
15. Jessop, *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* 44.
16. Jessop, *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* 62.
17. Jessop, *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* 68.
18. Jessop, *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* 69.
19. Jessop, *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* 70.

20. Patrick Dowling, *California: The Irish Dream* (San Francisco: Golden Gate Publishers, 1988), 9.
21. Jessop, *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* 146.
22. Jessop, *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* 164.
23. Jessop, *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* 165.
24. Jessop, *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* 158.
25. Jessop, *Gerald Ffrench's Friends,* 191–192.
26. George Jessop, *Judge Lynch; A Romance of the California Vineyards* (Chicago, New York, and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke, 1889).
27. George Jessop, *Where the Shamrock Grows: The Fortunes and Misfortunes of an Irish Family* (New York: Baker & Taylor, 1911).
28. Fanning discusses this tendency in *Irish Voice in America.* Pages 183–185 specifically discuss Jessop.
29. Kathleen Norris, *Family Gathering* (New York: Doubleday, 1959), 12.
30. Norris, *Family Gathering,* 12.
31. Norris, *Family Gathering,* 13.
32. Norris, *Family Gathering,* 20.
33. Norris, *Family Gathering,* 22.
34. Kathleen Norris, *Poor Dear Margaret Kirby and Other Stories* (New York: Doubleday, 1920), 63.
35. Norris, *Poor Dear Margaret Kirby,* 61.
36. Norris, *Poor Dear Margaret Kirby,* 62.
37. Norris, *Poor Dear Margaret Kirby,* 68.
38. Norris, *Poor Dear Margaret Kirby,* 68.
39. Norris, *Poor Dear Margaret Kirby,* 69.
40. Norris, *Poor Dear Margaret Kirby,* 69.
41. Norris, *Poor Dear Margaret Kirby,* 76.
42. Norris, *Poor Dear Margaret Kirby,* 77.
43. Norris, *Poor Dear Margaret Kirby,* 77.
44. Norris, *Poor Dear Margaret Kirby,* 78.
45. Fanning, *Irish Voice in America,* 254. (emphasis added)
46. Norris, *Poor Dear Margaret Kirby,* 93–94.
47. Norris, *Poor Dear Margaret Kirby,* 95.
48. Norris, *Poor Dear Margaret Kirby,* 95.
49. Norris, *Poor Dear Margaret Kirby,* 96.
50. Fanning, *Irish Voice in America,* 243.
51. Kathleen Norris, *The Best of Kathleen Norris* (New York: Hanover House, 1955), 601.
52. Norris, *Best of Kathleen Norris,* 611.
53. Peter B. Kyne, *Cappy Ricks, or, The subjugation of Matt Peasley* (New York: H. K Fly, c. 1916).
54. Peter B. Kyne, preface to *The Pride of Palomar* (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1921), vii.

55. James Smith, "Peter B. Kyne," *Dictionary of Literary Biography: American Short-Story Writers 1880–1910,* ed. Bobby Ellen Kimball, vol. 78 (Detroit: Gale Research, 1989), 241.
56. Smith, "Peter B. Kyne," 242.
57. Peter B. Kyne, *The Valley of the Giants* (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, Page, 1918).
58. Peter B. Kyne, *Pride of Palomar,* 12–13.
59. Kyne, *Pride of Palomar,* 34–35.
60. Kyne, *Pride of Palomar,* 27.
61. Kyne, *Pride of Palomar,* 31.
62. *Booklist* 18 (December 1921), 85. *New York Times,* 2 October 1921.
63. *Booklist* 25 (December 1928), 121. *Boston Transcript,* 18 July 1928.
64. Peter B. Kyne, *Tide of Empire* (New York: Cosmopolitan Books, 1928).
65. Kyne, *Tide of Empire,* 2.
66. Kyne, *Tide of Empire,* 4.
67. Kyne, *Tide of Empire,* 2.
68. Kyne, *Tide of Empire,* 11–12.
69. Kyne, *Tide of Empire,* 12.
70. Kyne, *Tide of Empire,* 13–14.
71. Kyne, *Tide of Empire,* 20.
72. Kyne, *Tide of Empire,* 20.
73. Kyne, *Tide of Empire,* 20.
74. Kyne, *Tide of Empire,* 23.
75. Kyne, *Tide of Empire,* 32.
76. Kyne, *Tide of Empire,* 34.
77. Kyne, *Tide of Empire,* 35.
78. Kyne, *Tide of Empire,* 60.
79. Kyne, *Tide of Empire,* 61.
80. Kyne, *Tide of Empire,* 332–333.
81. Kyne, *Tide of Empire,* 340.
82. Thomas Lennon, *The Laughing Journey* (New York: John Day, 1934).
83. Lennon, *Laughing Journey,* 29.
84. Lennon, *Laughing Journey,* 34.
85. Lennon, *Laughing Journey,* 234.
86. Lennon, *Laughing Journey,* 234.

Irish Catholic Identity and California Public Life

Peter Yorke versus C. K. McClatchy, 1890–1916

Steven M. Avella

On the eve of St. Patrick's Day, 1909, the respected Democratic politician, James V. Coleman held forth in St. James's parish hall in San Francisco. "No land owes more to the indomitable Celt than California." He declared: "You cannot tell the story of the mines without pointing to the stalwart figure of the Irishman, to the growth of California's agriculture without repeating Irish names. The birth of irrigation here compels a reference to Irish aid. The railroad system of the state is tied with Irish builders. . . . Science, art, literature, statesmanship, law and medicine are tinged red with Irish blood in the telling of California's story. . . . California should love her Irish foster son. And that son who has breathed the magic of her tonic air, returns her love with interest."[1] The editor of the *Monitor,* Charles Phillips, heartily agreed with Coleman's sentiments. "Can you find a spot in all our state where progress and improvement have made way without the Irishman?" Phillips further observed, "If it can be said that the Irishman has done anything for California, it is because the Irishman is a Catholic. You cannot separate him from his religious faith."[2]

For these two St. Patrick's Day orators, as for many others of the first generations of Irish life in America, Catholicism was the connective tissue of Irish-American solidarity.[3] The Catholic Church was not only an outlet for a piety and spirituality calculated to the sensibilities of Irish immigrants and their descendants, but was also the medium of Irish culture, a forum for political activism, and an organizational basis for Irish-Catholic associational activities. Indeed, Catholicism was a way of life. Patrick O'Farrell sums up this Irish Catholic sensibility best when he states that it was more "than the official pronouncements of the hierarchy: it is a set of values, a culture, a historical tradition, a view on the world, a disposition of mind and heart, a loyalty, an emotion, a psychology—and a nationalism."[4]

But the reality of generational transition brought inevitable changes to the symbiosis of faith and culture in the Irish community of California. As was often the case, the second generation uncoupled itself from the worldview and loyalties of the first. In California, a highly symbolic moment in this transition was reflected in a noisy and long-lived public controversy between Father Peter C. Yorke of San Francisco and Charles K. McClatchy, editor of the *Sacramento Bee.*

Underneath the sound and fury of these bitter disputes were two competing views of what it meant to be Irish in America and especially in California. Yorke clearly represented an early ideal in which religion and culture were linked and perpetuated, even in the "land of exile." McClatchy, by contrast, represented a typical second-generation experience which valued and even celebrated assimilation into American life and society, had scant appreciation for Irish culture or Catholicism, and considered hyphenated-Americanism to be no Americanism at all.

Catholic Life in Northern California: San Francisco and Sacramento

Irish Catholic life and culture can rightfully be accounted as an important factor, amid others, that helped to shape the culture and identity of Northern California. This is especially evident in the development of the two major cities of the region, San Francisco and Sacramento. Both of these communities were created by the dynamics of the Gold Rush as the lure of El Dorado brought in a heavy influx of single Irish men, and later scores of women.[5] Historians William Issel and Robert Cherny note that by 1860, "San Francisco stood not only as one of the nation's leading immigrant centers, but also as a particularly Irish—and Roman Catholic—city."[6] Sacramento's population was much more religiously and ethnically heterogeneous; however, Irish men and women did make the state capital their home and the Catholic community grew slowly and steadily into a vital force in the city's existence.[7]

In the early days of the Gold Rush, San Francisco and Sacramento vied for regional dominance. While Sacramento did manage to secure the state capital in 1854, economic and cultural hegemony in northern California, and on the entire Pacific Coast, went to San Francisco. Beset by floods and fires, Sacramento was nearly erased from the map on several occasions.[8] Sacramento did muster the collective will to turn back the forces of nature and maintain the city in its original location. However, its long-term future was only assured when it became a major repair and construction center for the Southern Pacific Railroad and a processor of the agricultural products of its hinterlands. In terms of the visibility of religious institutions, Sacramento also lagged behind the Bay City.

Between 1850 and 1894, Sacramento had only one parish and two churches, St. Rose of Lima, which served the small but growing Catholic community from 1850 until 1887, and the magnificent Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament that opened its doors in 1889 and served as the primary worship site. By 1928, there were eight parishes in greater Sacramento. San Francisco, by contrast, had erected forty-eight parishes between 1779 and 1928. Of these, thirty-seven were "territorial" parishes largely dominated by Irish Catholics.[9]

However, despite these differences, the two cities shared much in common. Linkages of commerce, trade, and communications kept San Francisco and Sacramento yoked to each other in the framework of a regional economy. Culturally as well, ethnic groups in both cities maintained close contacts with one another and shared membership in benevolent and fraternal organizations that brought them together on occasion. The bonds of Irish-American solidarity were an especially strong conduit

for interchange between the two major cities of Northern California. Historian John F. Delury points to the rich associational life of the Northern California Irish as evidence of the bonds between the two cities.[10] For example, both communities had Fenian Circles, Irish Sufferers Relief Circles, chapters of the Land League, the Robert Emmet Club, the Emmet Guards and Sarsfield Grenadier Guards, the Ancient Order of Hibernians (AOH), the Father Matthew Total Abstinence Society, the Hibernian Benevolent Society, and branches of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Institutes. These groups maintained regular contact with one another and reinforced the bonds of group solidarity. The San Francisco Irish often came to speak in Sacramento, and the Sacramento Irish marched in San Francisco parades. Annual meetings or conventions provided another outlet of interaction and support.

Formal ecclesiastical ties bound just as tightly. Until 1886, Sacramento was a part of the Archdiocese of San Francisco, which meant that the priests who served there were under the direction of San Francisco's archbishop. Many a Sacramento priest ended his priestly career as the head of large San Francisco parishes.[11] Moreover, the Sisters of Mercy who came to Sacramento in 1857 were sent by orders of Mother Mary Baptist Russell, who had begun her mission in San Francisco three years earlier.[12] Likewise, the Christian Brothers who opened a new boys' school in the state capital in 1876 were based in the Bay Area.[13] Ties and the mutual exchange of information were greatly facilitated by the commencement of the weekly *Monitor* in 1858. This "Irish and Catholic" newspaper circulated between the two cities, carrying tidbits of local church news and also reinforcing bonds of ethnic solidarity with substantial reports on Irish politics, religion and culture. In 1891, a major reorganization of the paper took place giving both the Archbishop of San Francisco and the Bishop of Sacramento a place on the organ's board of directors.[14] Two of the *Monitor*'s editors had important Sacramento ties. Bryan Clinch, who served as editor on two occasions, was also the architect of Sacramento's Cathedral. Thomas A. Connelly, editor from 1899 to 1907, founded the Sacramento *Catholic Herald* in 1908. The *Herald,* although smaller in size and circulation than its San Francisco counterpart, regularly reported on Bay Area happenings and highlighted news about Irish religious and social activities.

The two cities shared as well a common affection for the most prominent Irish-Catholic ecclesiastical figure in the West, the Reverend Peter C. Yorke. Virtually every aspect of Yorke's career has been probed by historians and essayists.[15] Born in county Galway on 18 August 1864, he attended Irish seminaries, including St. Patrick's Maynooth, and came to the United States in 1886. He completed his theological studies at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore and was ordained in 1887 for San Francisco where his mother had taken up residence. He continued advanced studies at the Catholic University of America and began his ministry in the Bay City in 1889. He served at St. Mary's Cathedral and in 1894 became chancellor of the Archdiocese of San Francisco. The next year he became the editor of the *Monitor.* He remained at this post until 1898 and served subsequently in a variety of parish assignments. Until his death in April 1925, Yorke was one of the most dynamic figures of Irish Catholic life in California.

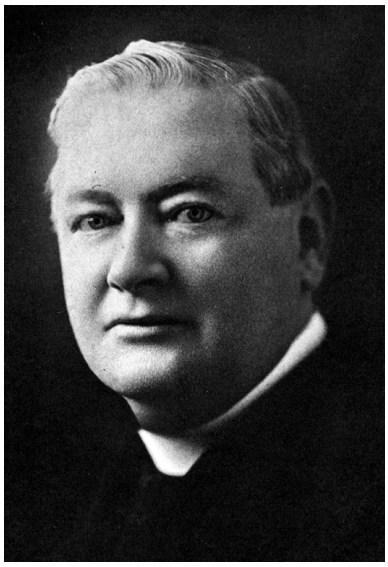

Figure 1-4 Reverend Peter C. Yorke. *Photo credit: James P. Walsh Collection.*

Yorke visited Sacramento periodically and appeared to have a strong following, especially among the local clergy. Bishop Thomas Grace (1896–1921) regularly gave his permission for Yorke to preach or lecture in the city. He enjoyed widespread popularity among a variety of Sacramentans, lay and clerical. His closest clergy friends in the state capital were the Fathers John and William Ellis. Natives of County Westmeath, the Ellis brothers were among the most erudite and cultured Irish-born clerics in the city. John Ellis, the elder brother, served for a time as rector of Sacramento's Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament.[16] His Roman-trained younger brother William was for a time stationed in Eureka but was summoned to Sacramento in 1906 to found Immaculate Conception Parish in the suburb of Oak Park.[17] Both brothers were fervent Irish nationalists and strong supporters of the revival of Irish culture. At their invitation, Yorke occasionally traveled to Sacramento to assist in fund-raising endeavors and liturgical celebrations. Yorke never disappointed them, and his public appearances always played to packed theaters or churches. His presence turned out other clergy and a respectable showing of public officials.

Yorke was the virtual apotheosis of the union of faith and culture that was at the heart of Irish-American Catholicism. In his public ministry Yorke resembled a tribal chieftain almost as much as a Roman Catholic clergymen. Fiercely protective of his clan, he defended them from external foes. Within the tribe, he was the *Monitor* and arbiter of orthodoxy. He confirmed the faith of many and took to task those who deviated from the paths of righteousness. He had no reluctance to separate the sheep from the goats.

Yorke's devotion to the old country and its organic connections between religion and life was characteristic of many first generation immigrants who cherished close ties and nostalgic remembrances of the homeland. In a speech after the Easter Rising, he characterized the nature of his love for Ireland, even though he lived in the United States. Comparing the Irish American to a married man, he noted, "He is no longer bound to obey his father but he is not released from the obligations of honor and love and help and support. In the same way when a man leaves his native country and becomes a citizen of this he is thereby emancipated from all allegiance to the government of that country, but neither the laws of the United States prescribing the conditions of citizenship nor the dictates of human nature prescribe that he should forget his country, that he should cast it out of his heart or that written in the laws of his adopted country he should refuse to succor it in it dire distress."[18]

But not all shared Yorke's symbiosis of faith and culture. As inevitably happened, generational change and shifting values, even among the Irish, produced another generation of Irish-American

leaders who did not see things the same way. In the natural attrition of Americanization, many slipped the moorings of faith and culture brought over from the old country. This was especially prevalent in the American West where rates of denominational affiliation were the lowest in the country.[19] Others, however, moved away from their Irish Catholic roots as part of their embrace of the tenets of Progressivism and a condition for acceptance in the cadre of reforming politicians and journalists. In their embrace of the agenda of Progressive reform, they distanced themselves both from their childhood Catholic faith and "hyphenated" identity. Historian James Walsh has noted that although Yorke himself had a reformist agenda, he maintained a deep suspicion of California Progressives, believing them to be prejudiced against Catholics and immigrants, whom they considered to be of a lower social breed.[20] Indeed, Yorke reserved a special measure of disdain for those public figures of Irish descent who distanced themselves from their Irish-Catholic background. He scornfully derided these "Judases" for their ingratitude to the people and culture that spawned them.[21] Among the leading targets of this particular rage were Congressman and gubernatorial candidate James G. Maguire and San Francisco mayor and later United States senator, James Duval Phelan.[22] At one point Yorke even questioned whether graft prosecution lawyer, Francis Heney, was ever baptized.[23]

Yorke's role as an avenging angel against apostates to the cause of Catholicism and Ireland reached over the coastal range to the state capital where he entered into a rhetorically violent dispute with a second-generation fallen away Irish Catholic, Charles K. McClatchy, the editor of the Sacramento Valley's most widely circulated daily, the *Sacramento Bee.*[24] A bitter public quarrel erupted between Yorke and McClatchy in the 1890s which continued intermittently for nearly twenty years. Like many quarrels, it was fueled by the passions of the moment and the distinctive personalities of the combatants. Yorke and McClatchy were equally matched in the rigidity of their characters and their capacity for indignation. The two of them fought like two scorpions in a bottle—neither asking for nor giving the other quarter.

C. K. McClatchy

Charles Kenny McClatchy was the second son of James McClatchy, a Protestant Episcopalian from county Antrim, and Charlotte Feeny McCormack, a Nova Scotia–born widow of Irish lineage.[25] Married in November 1856, James and Charlotte had four children: Valentine (1857–1938), Charles (1858–1936), Fanny (1860–1948), and Emily (1862–1946). Although James was an Episcopalian, he had his marriage solemnized at St. Rose Catholic Church in Sacramento, and the devout Charlotte insisted that all of the children were reared as Roman Catholics. The McClatchys did not put much faith in the poorly run boys' parochial school and sent their children to Sacramento's Franklin Grammar School. However, when the time came for advanced study in 1872, Charles, known as C. K., followed his elder brother Valentine to the Jesuit-run Santa Clara College.

Santa Clara's historian, Gerald McKevitt, notes the impact Jesuit Edmund Young had on the McClatchys.[26] Young formed a student debating society based on the rules of the United States Congress

where he had served as a page during his youth. Under Young's tutelage, C. K. became a member of the Philhistorian Debating Society and debated such topics as the pros and cons of the recent Franco-Prussian War and whether the legal profession is better than the medical profession, and served as a judge on a debate as to whether the press was more prejudicial than beneficial to morality.[27] These skills prepared him well for his later career in journalism. Both C. K. and his brother Valentine probably enrolled in the college's commercial course. C. K. may have had plans to complete a college degree at Santa Clara, a plan that was cut short when he failed the mathematics examination in 1876 and returned home.

Taking Over the Bee

McClatchy returned to Sacramento where he joined his father and went to work at the *Sacramento Bee.* Established in 1857, the *Bee* had become the capital city's most widely circulated daily after a period of time. C. K. was phased into the paper's operations, assuming a number of different tasks from various phases of production (rather unsophisticated in those days) to reporting and some early editorial writing. On 2 November 1879, two days after his twenty-first birthday, C. K. was admitted to active partnership in the paper. There is no doubt that James McClatchy was the most important influence on C. K.'s life. Indeed, in such reverence did the two McClatchy boys hold their father that when they built a new *Bee* building on Seventh between I and J Streets, they caused the biblical-sounding inscription "The Sons Have Builded a House to Their Father" to be placed over the main portal.[28]

Upon James's death in 1883, the twenty-five-year-old C. K. became the general editor of the paper while his brother Valentine became the business manager. Although they both had a say over each other's operations, Valentine pretty much stayed in the business side while C. K. set the editorial direction. This arrangement lasted until 1923 when a long simmering dispute over succession to the editorship of the paper broke the brothers apart. C. K. bought out Valentine's share of the company and assumed full-control of the enterprise.

C. K. perpetuated his father's crusading and anti-monopoly thrusts and developed his own punchy style of editorializing especially through his personal column "Merely Some Private Thinks." Under his guidance, the *Bee* developed a reputation as a mouthpiece for Progressive reform and became a virtual mouthpiece for Progressive giant Hiram W. Johnson. Although often overshadowed by the giant papers of the coast, especially William Randolph Hearst's San Francisco *Examiner,* Michael deYoung's *San Francisco Chronicle,* and Harrison Gray Otis's *Los Angeles Times,* McClatchy was clearly the most powerful voice in the Sacramento Valley. Taking keen advantage of market realities, McClatchy expanded his newspaper's reach to the relatively under-populated areas of the northern Sacramento Valley (an area he grandiloquently termed "Superior California") and also extended circulation to Nevada. Later, he purchased papers in Fresno and Modesto extending the *Bee*'s reach through the entire 450-mile length of California's Central Valley. During C. K.'s nearly sixty years with the paper, he witnessed a steady growth in its advertising revenues and circulation.

Religion and Ethnicity

In his adult years, McClatchy was a nonpracticing Catholic. His religious odyssey bears many resemblances to the lives of other California Progressives who were also reared as Catholics.[29] Santa Clara's record books reveal that while McClatchy may not have been good at math, he consistently improved his grades in religion. Indeed, by the time he was ready to leave the college, a time during which he later claimed he had lost his religious faith, he was voted fifth in his class, in his mastery of the catechism.[30] He not only knew the content of his religious faith, but was also immersed in Catholic devotion and practice at Santa Clara. The regimen of the early college was much like a seminary, especially for the boarding students like McClatchy.[31]

However, as he recalled later, his years at Santa Clara marked the end of his formal affiliation with the Catholic Church. "I had nothing to do with the Catholic Church long before I left college," he confided to his friend James Barry in 1896. "My father was an episcopalian [sic] and my mother a Catholic. As to what I believe in you know as much or rather, I might say as little as any man in the state."[32] Although his wife Ella Kelly McClatchy was a practicing Catholic and his children were baptized and reared as Catholics, McClatchy himself rarely went to church, even on holidays, and spent a portion of every Sunday in his office. A thorough investigation of his voluminous correspondence reveals few allusions to Catholic doctrine, piety, liturgy, or devotion. In his last illness, he was a patient in the nonsectarian Sutter General Hospital in Sacramento (as opposed to the Catholic Mercy Hospital), and there is no evidence that even at the hour of his death that he sought or received the sacrament of Extreme Unction—a ritual that even more hardened ex-Catholics often wished. His remains rest in the nonsectarian East Lawn Cemetery of Sacramento rather than the consecrated ground of the Catholic St. Joseph.[33]

McClatchy did admire and affirm the moral and ethical dimensions of religion and expressed admiration for the "Lowly Nazarene" in repeated editorials. However, he regarded all denominations as pretty much the same and resisted vigorously any efforts on the part of churches to "meddle" in public affairs. Franklin Hichborn, who went to school with C. K. and worked closely with him, best summed up the public dimensions of McClatchy's religious beliefs when he noted "Charlie McClatchy was what I would say was an American, politically speaking, before he was a Catholic."[34] Indeed, for the editor, a higher law than the Bible was the Constitution of the United States and especially the first amendment. If Congress could make no law establishing a religion, neither would McClatchy's *Bee* give preference to any one religion over any other. "The Bee knows no religion; cares for no religion; is wedded to no religion; believes in no particular creed."[35] He also noted his essential skepticism concerning the tendencies of religious denominations to abandon their fidelity to their own principles: "Beneath the broad and all-embracing shelter of the Stars and Stripes there is room for every religion, protection to every creed. There is not one of them that has not drifted far

away from the teachings of the lowly Nazarene, and choked the spirit of the Gospels while endeavoring to twist them into combined approval of its own symbols and practices."[36]

On the subject of his ethnicity, he was equally emphatic. He was no fan of "hyphenated Americanism" and believed strongly that people should assimilate into American society as rapidly as possible. He applied this rigorously to his own heritages and refused steadfastly to identify himself culturally, socially, or intellectually with the Irish people. "Every drop of blood in my veins comes through the Irish race," he noted in 1916, "And I am proud of it. . . . But I am an American citizen, as was my father before me, and I know no other country, no other flag—as he never did."[37] McClatchy never appeared to cultivate any interest in his Irish heritage (apart from historical investigations of his father's beginnings), Irish literature, Irish language, music or any facet of Irish life. As in the case of religion, there were aspects of the Irish struggle against Britain which he admired and praised effusively (such as land reform). However, this admiration stemmed from his own political opposition to monopoly of any sort and not from a sense of Irish-American loyalty. Indeed, at times he echoed the arguments of those who blamed Ireland's difficulties on the meddling of the papacy.[38]

McClatchy's ideas on religion and ethnicity appeared regularly in the *Bee* largely in service to his unflinching devotion to Progressivism. He was a vigorous foe of the "forces of reaction" including the alliances of corrupt politicians with unassimilated immigrant groups and leaders. He shared a common belief of some Progressives that these groups were to be distrusted because they resisted the advance of democracy and freedom and cooperated with those elements of American life that thwarted the will of the majority. This occasionally led him to jab at Catholic leaders and teachings that offended his Progressive views.

Typical of McClatchy's irreverence toward Catholic leaders were his comments on Pope Leo XIII over the case of Father Edward McGlynn. McGlynn was a controversial New York pastor who publicly campaigned for mayoral candidate Henry George in 1886. McClatchy, a strong supporter of George, noted McGlynn's courage in endorsing George especially when this got the priest into trouble with his archbishop, Michael Corrigan. Likewise, McGlynn's actions aroused hackles in the Vatican where George's ideas were held suspect.[39] When McGlynn persisted in his support of George and incurred excommunication for a time, McClatchy rallied to his defense and branded Pope Leo XIII as "the autocrat of the Vatican."[40] Even after the matter faded from public view, McClatchy occasionally needled the pontiff's utter unfamiliarity with democratic ways. These little rabbit punches at the pope and other religious leaders enraged Catholics in Sacramento and elsewhere. However, complaints, suspensions of subscriptions, and even physical threats did not dissuade McClatchy who believed that McGlynn was poorly treated for defending the cause of reform.[41]

Peter Yorke noted with disdain McClatchy's comments on the McGlynn matter and other issues and declared, "It is a fact that no clergyman in Sacramento can open his mouth to his people in the most ordinary and legitimate subject without subjecting himself to the scurrilous abuse of this Gen-

tleman McClatchy."[42] In another place, Yorke mildly upbraided his co-religionists in the state capital: "If the Catholics of the Capital City were not, as so many of them are, milk and water, they would have long since for this impudence alone dumped McClatchy and his belongings into the Sacramento River."[43] Yorke would do what he could to defend his clerical friends and to consign McClatchy to oblivion.

The Battle Joined

On the pages of the *San Francisco Monitor* (which also had a wide circulation in Sacramento), Yorke had a convenient forum to attack McClatchy.[44] Yorke's first public disagreement with McClatchy came in the summer of 1894 when serious labor disturbances among railway workers in Sacramento prompted McClatchy to call for a larger standing army. Yorke ridiculed "the principles of the apian philosopher" and wondered "if such unmitigated trash is ever read or if read its tendency understood. . . . A free people cannot be persuaded into peace by bayonet." Yorke concluded, "The servile fear of riots is responsible for this Sacramento theory."[45]

However, this dust-up was soon forgotten when Yorke made common cause with editor James Barry of the *San Francisco Star* (a close McClatchy friend) and McClatchy himself in attacking the American Protective Association which was beginning its moment of prominence in California politics. Both Yorke and McClatchy turned the full force of their sarcasm and ridicule on those whom Yorke derided as the "beetle-browed" leaders of the organization.[46] Yorke of course condemned it for its blatant anti-Catholicism and its attacks on the loyalty of the foreign born, while McClatchy deemed it an affront to American principles of justice and fair play. In 1896, during the final act of the organization's play for state power, Yorke had enlisted McClatchy's aid in exposing efforts of John D. Spreckles to "purchase" the support of the APA in his senatorial campaign and revealed the perfidy of the leaders of the organization who allowed themselves to be bribed.[47]

But as much as Yorke may have appreciated McClatchy's support in some of the battles of the 1890s, he did not like or trust the Sacramento editor and sniped at him from time to time for the benefit of the *Monitor's* Sacramento readers. From his friends in the Sacramento clergy, he had come to know of McClatchy's fallen-away status, and from the clippings they sent him, he knew of the editor's propensity to dig at certain aspects of Catholic life. As an ardent teetotaler, he was appalled by rumors of McClatchy's alcoholism.

Yorke took aim at the Sacramento editor's strong opposition to any exemption of churches from property taxes (he claimed that this would remove "tens of millions of dollars of the most valuable property" from tax roles and cause assessors to shift the burden elsewhere). Yorke countered that McClatchy had seriously overstated the value of church property and that a tax exemption would have very little effect on the state economy.[48] However, Yorke could not resist exposing McClatchy's personal foibles. On one occasion when Yorke ridiculed as "illiterate" a series of columns McClatchy

had written on the Bible, the Sacramento editor defended his work, insisting that the Bible's riches were available to all people, not just clergy or Catholic periodicals. He noted, "We have no time to ascertain if the name of the *Monitor* is blown in a bottle before uncorking some of the sunshine and the grace of God which we believe abounds about us." In reply, the tee-totaling Yorke made a snide allusion to McClatchy's reputation for excessive drinking, "Tell us C. K. dear, if the sunshine and grace of God abound about you, why is it necessary to uncork them? And if it be necessary to uncork them do they abound about you because you crawled into the bottle and pulled the cork after you?"[49]

Yorke's ridicule of McClatchy turned to white-hot anger when the Sacramento editor jabbed the Catholic Irish. For example, during the Spanish-American War, McClatchy reprinted a London dispatch suggesting that the Catholic Irish were pro-Spanish and hence false to their love of liberty. Yorke denounced McClatchy, deriding his opinions as the braying of "a wild ass of the desert" and dismissing the *Bee*'s editor as "simple enough and gullible enough to believe this." He insisted that England's despoliation of Ireland was far worse than anything Spain did in Cuba.[50] McClatchy retorted, "Whenever the *Bee* writes anything which pleases the San Francisco *Monitor,* the latter journal falls upon the neck of this paper and proclaims to the heaven that we are of the elect. . . . Let the *Bee,* however, irritate the epidermis of the Pope, be it ever so slightly, and we immediately become 'a wild ass of the desert.'" McClatchy joked, "It is gratifying that the *Monitor* recognized a kinsman even at this."[51]

Reform Politics versus Irish Catholic Solidarity

The first major battleground and the source of their ever-deepening hatred was the 1898 gubernatorial campaign which pitted Populist Democrat James G. Maguire against Henry T. Gage, a Republican. A strong supporter of Henry George's single tax theories, Maguire was also opposed to the retention of lands secured from Spain, a foe of the Southern Pacific railroad, as well as land and water monopolies. Gage, by contrast, owed his nomination to the Southern Pacific railroad whose political agent, William F. Herrin had colluded with *San Francisco Chronicle* proprietor Michael H. deYoung to garner the prize.[52] McClatchy and *San Francisco Star* editor James Barry (who attempted to succeed to Maguire's seat in congress) strongly endorsed Maguire whose program perfectly dovetailed with McClatchy's own reformist agenda. In this now familiar story, Maguire earned Yorke's disdain not only because he had retained the allegedly pro-APA Supervisor Henry Clinton on his campaign board, but also because the candidate was a fallen-away Catholic who had written *Ireland and the Papacy,* a treatise which blamed medieval popes for England's domination of the Emerald Isle. (McClatchy had read and agreed with the arguments in this book.) At a charity gathering in Oakland on the eve of the election, Yorke denounced Maguire, singling out the candidate's disloyalty to faith and culture: "False to your father's people, false to your mother's creed, you needed but this crowning infamy, James G. Maguire, that you should be false to your own pledged word."[53] Yorke then threw his backing to Henry T. Gage, a former railroad lawyer who had at one point openly opposed the APA in Republican circles.

When it became evident that Yorke's comments had been "leaked" to the press in advance of their delivery, McClatchy sputtered in rage at Yorke's brazenness. After the Oakland speech, he fired off a telegram to Archbishop Patrick Riordan demanding to know if this was the official policy of the archdiocese.[54] Riordan replied that Yorke's positions were his own. Yorke's condemnation may have contributed to Maguire's loss to Gage in the 1898 election. Clinton also went down to defeat and Phelan held on to his office by a slim margin. Gage's election depressed McClatchy who laid the blame for the "disaster" at the feet of the priest. "Father Peter C. Yorke, no longer editor of the *Monitor,* voicing his own personal bitterness, took advantage of a Catholic Fair in Oakland to become a political haranguer. He used his holy office to bitterly denounce Clinton, Phelan, and Maguire. Under the guise of a champion of civil and religious liberty, he vented his personal spleen and attacked honest, manly, God-fearing noble American citizens—two of them stalwart followers of the Catholic faith—because they would not do his arrogant bidding."[55] McClatchy's hatred for the San Francisco priest intensified when the governor later rewarded Yorke's support with an appointment to the Board of Regents of the University of California.[56] McClatchy always considered it a pay-off "prearranged and probably prepaid" for the 1898 support.[57]

Labor's Rights versus Social Order

The conflict between the two men escalated in August 1901 when San Francisco's Longshoremen walked off the docks provoking a general strike that nearly shut down the city. Battle lines hardened as the Employers Association denied the right of the workers to unionize and refused to bargain with their leaders. Violence erupted as non-union strike breakers attempted to move stalled cargo—in all 5 persons would die and 336 would be injured as the strike dragged on through the summer and into the fall. Yorke, freed from the editorship of the *Monitor,* was enticed by strike leaders Andrew Furuseth and Michael Casey to support the workers. Seeing the opposition to the strike as harmful to the well being of his flock, Yorke injected himself into the fray and invoked the authority of Pope Leo XIII as ample justification for the rights of the workers to form unions and bargain collectively.

McClatchy followed conditions on the San Francisco waterfront closely—especially after Yorke became involved. McClatchy had a basic empathy towards organized labor and was often critical of the treatment of workers at the hands of capitalists. However, he drew the line at labor violence of any sort and constantly lectured union leaders on the need to purge their ranks of radicals and other agitators who would end up doing more harm to the cause of labor than good.[58] As the tension mounted in San Francisco, a fateful meeting took place between Mayor James Duval Phelan and the strike leaders. When Phelan allegedly urged the workers to get back to work "if they do not want to be clubbed," Yorke seized on this ugly threat and spread it far and wide through an interview with the *Examiner.* Phelan denied having said this, but Furuseth pledged to take an affidavit that he had said words to that effect. After the affidavits were taken, McClatchy declared Yorke's version of the event "a gross

Figure 1-5 C. K. McClatchy, circa 1915. *Photo credit: Eleanor McClatchy Collection, Sacramento Archives and Museum Collection Center.*

falsification."[59] Believing that Yorke was only making matters worse for the workers, McClatchy declared, "Instead of preaching peace, he advocates disturbance. In place of directing his flock in the ways of moderation, he endeavors to incite them to deeds of turbulence. When disorders occur he blackguards the authorities who have endeavored to preserve peace and to protect the citizens from assault and murder. . . . Clothed with the authority of a Catholic priest, he has acted, not as a counselor, but as a firebrand. . . . Peter C. Yorke cares no more for the workingmen of San Francisco than for the dust under his feet. He is infatuated only with his own notoriety."[60] Tensions rose until the strike was ended by Gage's personal intervention and a highly public meeting with Yorke in his rectory that October. The Employer's Association, which had fought the strike, struck a bargain with the workers that Yorke helped to sell to the disgruntled working men.

His reputation as a friend of labor burnished by his actions in the 1901 labor unrest, Yorke took his ideas on the rights of labor right into McClatchy's backyard. In January 1902, the priests of the Cathedral arranged for the popular preacher to come to the state capital to deliver a benefit lecture for St. Stephen's school being started in Sacramento's impoverished west end. To a full house at Sacramento's Clunie Theater on 28 January 1902, Yorke spoke on "The Rights of Labor."

McClatchy fairly ignored the content of Yorke's speech and focused on the arrangements at the Clunie Theater which provided prominent places for all the important members of Gage's administration, including the governor's chief political operative Daniel Kevane. Since Gage was up for re-election in the fall, McClatchy informed his readers of the real intent of the gathering: "In Oakland a few years ago he used the cause of charity at a Catholic fair as a mantle from behind which to stab at James G. Maguire, and in the garb of a Roman Catholic priest, do political work for Henry T. Gage. He repeated that performance last night. Behind the shield of a benefit to St. Stephen's Church and in talk upon the rights of labor, the reverend gentleman adroitly shaped his lecture into an effort to turn the votes of the laborers Gageward." Almost as an afterthought, McClatchy disputed Yorke's interpretation of Pope Leo XIII's social encyclical *Rerum Novarum:* "He distorted the meaning and intent of the encyclical letter of the pope until one would believe that Leo in Rome extended his apostolic benediction to every crowd of six and twenty in San Francisco who demonstrated Yorke's idea of the 'rights of labor' by breaking with crowbar and other weapons the wrists and arms of those who dared to work."[61]

Yorke replied to McClatchy in one of the first editorials of his newly founded journal, the *Leader:* "The agency responsible for the appearance of the *Bee* (and by the way it is published in Sacramento) is an illiterate person named Charlie McClatchy. We say illiterate advisedly because, though the Jesuits taught him to read and write, even they, one of the most successful bodies in Christendom could not educate him. It passes the powers of nature to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." But, as he had done with Maguire, he underscored McClatchy's basic lack of credibility because of his fallen away status. "We have had in California, and still have certain persons with Catholic names who still keep up his calumnies against religion. Yet such are his high principles that he is always ready to enter the Church by the kitchen door provided he smells dinner-a-cooking . . . One of the chief objects of this person McClatchy, who at feeding time claims to be a Catholic, is to cast ridicule and scorn on the venerable pope . . . the idea is preposterous—this two-bit editor, in his half-witted paper abusing the head of Christendom."[62] McClatchy retorted by denying Yorke's right to speak for the Catholic Church, "The trouble with Peter C. Yorke is that he is swelled with an exalted idea of his own importance. He considers himself a Liebig's Extract of the Pope, the College of Cardinals and the Catholic priesthood. . . . He is not the Church of Rome. He is not even a commendable nor admirable priest therein. He is a tool of Henry T. Gage, working among the Catholics of this state in the interest of that individual for Governor, and not at all particular as to the truth of his statements in championship."[63] Yorke would not let the editor have the last word and hit him again for his apostasy: "If this fellow were a parishioner, were an attendant at Mass, one might say that he had some color of title, but a self-confessed goat such as he is, an open renegade and a blasphemous apostate, what right has he to force himself between pastor and people. . . . But what can one expect from a defiler of his own name? For years his pen has scratched away at everything good, high and pure, if connected with the Catholic religion or the Irish race."[64]

The Graft Trials

The Maguire defeat of 1898 and the Longshoremen's strike inflamed the antipathy of the two men. But the famous Graft Trials in San Francisco between 1906 and 1909 focused as never before the wide differences between the two men over urban reform and politics. Much has been written about the meaning of the trials and especially their significance for the rise of California's Progressive era.[65] Recently, the religious dimensions of the struggle have come under scrutiny.[66] What these studies suggest is that class and economic status played a major role in determining the "sides" one took in the controversy (Catholics and Protestants and Jews ranged on both sides of the issue). However, the controversy did polarize the city along religious lines—especially after Peter Yorke declared his opposition to the prosecution forces. In like manner, C. K. McClatchy made it his task to ferret out religious opposition to the prosecution and denounce it publicly.

Among California journalists, there was no more dogged and persistent supporter of all phases of the prosecution than Charles K. McClatchy. Indeed, even after the sensationalism of the trials against the alleged "graft-takers" Eugene Schmitz and Abraham Ruef were over, McClatchy continued to support the prosecution of the "graft givers" including his one time close friend, former Attorney General and General Counsel for the United Railroads, Tirey L. Ford. McClatchy knew all of the figures, great and small, associated with the case and breathed hell-fire and damnation against anyone who disagreed. It certainly did not surprise him that Yorke would be a supporter of the indicted mayor (and fellow Catholic), Eugene Schmitz. However, McClatchy truly believed that all right-thinking religious persons should endorse the prosecution as an effort to restore honesty, morality, and virtue to civic life. Consequently, he was deeply disappointed when the Roman Catholic archbishop, Patrick Riordan (whom he knew from private sources was disaffected with Yorke) took a neutral stance and refused to actively endorse the prosecution.

In the wake of the near assassination of prosecutor Francis Heney in 1908, Riordan made his views known in the *Monitor* through an editorial written by his chancellor, Monsignor Charles Ramm. The piece appeared around Thanksgiving and expressed gratitude that Heney was on the road to recovery. However, it noted, "Here is her [the church] answer to those who have found fault with her for not having 'Come out for the prosecution.' She does not conceive it her duty to do so. She teaches the principles of morality, she does not feel called upon to support parties . . . It is not her business to accuse individuals without judicial proof. Public anathemas make enemies not penitents. Vindictiveness is no part of her spirit." He went on to encourage the work of the legal system to identify and punish the guilty, "But she has never regarded it as her duty to declare them guilty from her pulpits."[67] The *Monitor* piece was reprinted on the pages of the anti-prosecution organs such as Hearst's *Examiner* and the *Oakland Tribune* and helped to slow down the momentum that the earlier phases of the trials had generated. McClatchy condemned the editorial as "milk and water" and was especially incensed since it seemed a vindication of "that notorious and shameless disgrace to the Catholic Church or any other religion—Peter C. Yorke."[68]

Seizing the opening McClatchy's criticism of Archbishop Riordan provided, Yorke compared McClatchy to a civet, a breed of skunk, and declared again his disdain for apostates to faith and fatherland:

> McClatchy belongs to a species of politician that we believe is indigenous to California. The Maguires, the Barrys, the Dunnes [a judge in the graft trials] are specimens of the kind. They are of Irish descent and should be Catholics. Two things are characteristic of them. First, that, though they have probably renounced the faith and certainly abandoned the practices of the Church, yet they can't keep out of the sacristy. Second, that they are continually rampaging up and down the state, denouncing everything and everybody and proclaiming themselves as the only true, pure, independent, single-eyed, white souled patriots from Siskiyou to San Diego and from the Sierras to the sea. . . . The priest in politics has been their shibboleth. Judge Maguire wrote a book to prove that all Ireland's troubles came from political Popes and political priests. . . . As McClatchy has been one of the noisiest of the associated scolds we are

> using him now as an example. . . . During his early youth he must have been bootblack to a priest. . . . It is said that he misspent some time at Santa Clara but how he issued from there so innocent of the relationships of the parts of a sentence is more than we can comprehend. His tie with the Jesuits seems to be chiefly of a gastronomic nature as he is always around when there are any slops thrown out of a kitchen. His abuse of priests is untiring. He can never forgive that at some time some one of the cloth must have shown him a kindness.[69]

Later, a cartoon depicting McClatchy as a wounded dog appeared with the caption, "Driven to the Kennel Again."[70]

Yorke's "support" for the anti-prosecution forces in San Francisco was the last straw for the Sacramento editor. McClatchy unleashed a torrent of pent-up opprobrium on his clerical foe. Opening up private investigative files he had been compiling for years, McClatchy penned a lengthy column entitled "The Plain Truth About Peter C. Yorke" which appeared in the *Bee* on 10 December 1908. Among the many unsavory items McClatchy included in his diatribe was the revelation that Yorke's brother Frank M. Yorke had been convicted of attempted rape in British Columbia and also gotten a shady street construction contract from Ruef and company. McClatchy rehearsed once again the 1898 support of Gage over Maguire, the stirring up of strikers in 1901, the 1902 Sacramento "labor talk," and decried the use of charity events for Yorke's own political agenda. Evoking Dickensian imagery, McClatchy closed, "He has ever been the friend and champion of the Fagins, the Bill Sykeses and the Black Barts of municipal thievery . . . blackguard of the cloth, a boodling Bedouin of the priesthood, a pirate in the pulpit, he stands today the degradation and the shame of the Catholic Church in California, a travesty upon manhood, a slur upon common honesty, a scandalous blasphemy against Christ whose religion he uses to exalt the public boodler and to provide a sanctuary for the public thief."[71] McClatchy later had this column printed in pamphlet form and distributed to clergy all over Northern California and elsewhere.

Yorke was not slow in retaliating, bringing to bear the full brunt of his influence with the Catholic Irish of Northern California. Pro-Yorke priests of the Sacramento diocese, such as Westmeath-born Father William F. Ellis of Eureka (soon to move to Sacramento to open a new parish in the suburb of Oak Park), denounced the pamphlet as "the outpouring of a fool heart, contaminated mind and an imagination that can picture only the base and low."[72] Kerry native Father Thomas W. Horgan of Sparks, soon to move to nearby Woodland, declared, "As I read it [the pamphlet] I was reminded of the fugitive days of the privilegium asyil tugging at the church door for protection and I believe he did not present half as pathetic a spectacle as McClatchy writhing beneath well deserved castigations and appealing for the sympathy of parochial houses."[73]

Yorke also mobilized a phalanx of Irish associations and societies against McClatchy. The pamphlet also elicited formal condemnations from the Oakland Council No. 784 of the Knights of Columbus and the state officers of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.[74] One San Francisco Council of

the Knights of Columbus, Council 615, threatened to expel any member who circulated the offensive pamphlet.[75] On 29 January 1909, two thousand people packed the Van Ness Theater to cheer the priest with enthusiasm.

Two years later, in December 1911 Yorke appeared again in Sacramento to deliver a benefit lecture for the construction of Immaculate Conception Church, whose pastor, William F. Ellis had so vigorously denounced McClatchy and defended Yorke in 1909. Ellis arranged for a large and enthusiastic audience to throng the 1600-seat Diepenbrock Theater on Twelfth and K Streets to hear him speak on "The Drift Towards Socialism." In attendance were Sacramento's mayor, Marshall Beard, judges of the Superior Court, Senate chaplain Father Henry Wyman, and Irish clergy from around the diocese.[76] Even before the address, Yorke's affirmation by the Sacramento clergy and people galled McClatchy who groused to his friend James Barry (also a Yorke antagonist):

> It strikes me that Peter C. Yorke is being revived in the Church. What is the matter? Is the Archbishop Riordan afraid of him? It would look that way. Within a week or so the twenty-fifth anniversary of St. Francis de Sales Church . . . in Oakland will take place. That is Father McSweeney's church. Now I know that Father McSweeney does not like Yorke. Yet the Mass is being celebrated by Archbishop Riordan and Peter C. Yorke is to preach the sermon. . . . Now Peter C. Yorke could not deliver that address in Sacramento without the permission of Bishop Grace. Rev. Wm. Ellis would not have asked Father Yorke to come here without the permission of the Bishop and the Bishop would not have consented without the consent first being obtained of Archbishop Riordan. All of which makes me sick—not that I care a whoop in the infernal regions where Yorke goes or what he does, but it seems to me disgusting to have men like Riordan kow-towing to him after all that has been done, all they know of him.[77]

The Hyphen Controversy

The culmination of the feud between these two verbal brawlers over the issue of Irish-American identity came in reaction to events abroad. The occasion was the passage of a Home Rule Bill for Ireland in 1914. When it was promptly suspended by the British government for the duration of World War I, Ireland seethed, and finally in Easter Week of 1916, a rebellion erupted that was harshly repressed by British troops.[78] The repression made martyrs of the Irish rebels and elicited widespread support from Irish Americans. The Easter Rebellion came as Britain was enmeshed in World War I and provided a difficult moment for American foreign policy makers who had been supporting the British and French against Imperial Germany for nearly two years.

Naturally, these events stoked the concern and anger of Irish Americans. Even before the uprising, the Sacramento Irish had already been roused to militancy by England's deferral of Home Rule in the Emerald Isle. Defending their loyalty as Americans and sons and daughters of Erin, the chief orator of 1916 St. Patrick's Day celebrations, Father (later Bishop) Patrick J. Keane of St. Francis de Sales Church in Oakland exhorted his fellow ethnics: "We Irish-Americans are proud of these Stars and Stripes and the great Republic of which we are a part. But hyphenated we are, and hyphenated

we shall be." McClatchy took note of Keane's speech and in reply reported in detail the speech of Peter Collins, a lecturer for the Knights of Columbus who denounced hyphenated Americanism. "The enthusiastic cheers which greeted this remark," McClatchy noted in an editorial, "were an additional rebuke to the Father Keanes of this state."[79] McClatchy's displeasure notwithstanding, Keane mobilized Irish Sacramentans to join with their German fellow citizens in a rally at the local Turner Hall to organize against Woodrow Wilson's reelection that fall. Taking note of this gathering and the presence of Father William Ellis, a leader among the Sacramento Irish (and a close friend of Yorke), McClatchy declared, "The latter [Ellis] of Irish birth evidently brought his hatred of England over to this country and now joins an organization to crystallize the 'German vote' because the President of the United States had not leaned toward the side of Germany in this conflict against England!" He continued, "What do you think about this, Americans? And when the Bee says Americans it means Americans of Irish blood and English blood, and German blood and French blood, and Russian blood, and Scandinavian blood, and Italian blood, and the blood of all the other nations of the earth that have come into this melting pot to make up citizenship of America. . . . A man is either an American or he is not an American. He cannot be a 'German American' nor an 'Irish American.' And any man who says he is either such a hyphenated contradiction is not a good American citizen."[80]

With tensions running high between McClatchy and the Sacramento Irish, Yorke waded into the midst of the controversy in Sacramento in May 1916. The occasion was the dedication of Father William Ellis' Immaculate Conception Church to which Yorke had been invited to give the dedicatory sermon. In the context of his remarks on this occasion, he invoked the prayers of Mary for "our kith and kin" who were fighting British tyranny.[81] McClatchy was traveling in Washington, D.C., at the time. Fresh from imbibing the patriotic air of the nation's capital and talks with the nation's foremost proponents of preparedness, he exploded in rage at the report, and cabled a rare front-page editorial to the *Bee* condemning Yorke. Denouncing "Irish windbags," he slammed Yorke and all other supporters of the Irish as "disloyal," "traitorous," and even appropriated the language of religious devotion, declaring Yorke to be "blasphemous" for invoking the Mother of God in behalf of the Irish cause. "A true American citizen," he solemnly proclaimed, "can have no divided allegiance."[82]

But this time Yorke did not rise to the bait. Reverting to his first strategy of ridicule, he closed out the last serious outburst between the two men by deriding the editor as "Chump" McClatchy whose "specialty is throwing fits." "At the present time Chump McClatchy is throwing fits on the hyphen. . . . We may well leave the Irish in Sacramento to deal with him—that is if there are any Irish in Sacramento that dare to call their souls their own. But we are consumed with curiosity to know just why Chump McClatchy is so rabid on the Irish hyphen, considering his father's name." Yorke then launched into a humorous etymological investigation of the meaning of McClatchy's name, determining that it derived from a disreputable band of Scottish tinkers "whose favorite recreation is wife-beating" but "who drop all hostilities to attack a stranger." He concluded, "There must be some-

where in him [McClatchy] a dim atavistic remembrance of what his tribe was . . . in the case of McClatchy it is remarkable how the laws of Mendell [*sic*] are verified."[83]

Yorke then must have watched with pleasure as Bishop Thomas Grace took the lead in Sacramento in organizing Irish relief and William Ellis, McClatchy's clerical enemy in the city, headed the committee.[84] Meanwhile, Ellis' brother John, now a pastor in Amador County, defended Yorke's invocation of Irish loyalty: "On consultation of your American history, you will find that your sweeping condemnation of hyphenated Americans embrace many of the noblest citizens and soldiers that lived and died for the United States. Barry, the father of the Navy, was an Irish American. Meagher of the Civil War, too, was hyphenated, so were myriads of equally patriotic men and they are as numerous today as ever, who refuse to forget their historic and honorable ancestry and at the same time maintain a spirit of real neutrality and a standard of citizenship second to none, hyphen or no hyphen."[85] The ultimate moment of satisfaction came when even the pusillanimous Sacramento branch of the AOH finally stepped out of the shadows and called for a boycott of McClatchy's paper.[86] By this time, however, it was too late to do too much to damage the *Bee* which was by now the largest circulating medium in the city and in California north of San Francisco.

When Yorke died in 1925, the *Bee* buried the notice on page eleven of its final edition—C. K. rarely forgot a grudge.[87] But by the mid-twenties, it would have been hard for anyone to reconstruct the reasons for the once white-hot quarrel. Yorke had faded from public view and no longer commanded the position of cultural and social leadership that he held earlier in the century. C. K. McClatchy also had moved on to other things. He had endured a bitter break-up with his brother Valentine and was now the sole owner of the newspaper. Anxious to retire, he attempted to turn over day-to-day management to his ambitious son Carlos and spent much of the 1920s traveling abroad—in part as relaxation from his labors and also as a self-imposed exile from the conservative Renaissance of the New Era. C. K. could not bring himself to live easily in the land of Harding and Coolidge or the California of Friend Richardson.

But more importantly, the generational differences over ethnic loyalties and Americanization had also faded from the scene. Thanks in part to immigration restriction and also the greater integration of the Irish into the American mainstream. There was less reason to do battle over hyphenated Americanism or insist on tribal loyalty to Catholicism. McClatchy no longer felt it necessary to worry about the clash between denominational loyalties and the need for reform, and he even endorsed Al Smith for the presidency in 1928. Yorke supporter, Irish-born Bishop Patrick Keane of Sacramento proved to be a model citizen of the state capital and participated actively in the city's building revival in the 1920s—to the delight of the civic-minded McClatchy who eulogized him as the "Gentle Knight of the Holy Cross." Generational differences were bridged in the respect the two men had for each other.

In Sacramento, the Americanization of Catholic life proceeded apace, even though Irish priests and nuns continued to dominate well into the middle of the century. After Ireland finally secured her freedom, interest in Irish politics, Irish culture, and Irish public identity began to wane in Sacra-

mento—although periodically resurrected on St. Patrick's Day. Ethnic and religious inter-marriage, the success of a homogeneous school system (Sacramento had only one public high school until 1937), and the demands of a successful commercial life detached many of the Sacramento Irish from the moorings of church and culture. Sacramento's Irish no longer needed a tribal leader like Yorke. C. K. McClatchy no longer had a foil for his reformist sympathies.

Notes

1. "The Story of the Irish in California," *Monitor,* 27 March 1909.
2. "The Story of the Irish in California."
3. Lawrence J. McCaffrey argues this point in *The Irish Catholic Diaspora in America* (Washington DC: Catholic University of America Press, 1997).
4. Quoted in Lawrence J. McCaffrey, "Irish Nationalism and Irish Catholicism: A Study in Cultural Identity," *Church History* 42 (December 1973), 528.
5. Patrick Blessing, "West Among Strangers: Irish Migration to California, 1850 to 1880," (Ph.D. dissertation, University of California, Los Angeles, 1977).
6. William Issel and Robert Cherny, *San Francisco, 1865–1932: Politics, Power and Urban Development* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1986), 14.
7. The only study of the size and composition of Sacramento's Catholic community is Sister Marie Vandenberg, "Attitudes and Events Leading Up to the Establishment of the Christian Brothers' School in Sacramento, 1871–1876," (M.A. thesis, California State University, Sacramento, 1968), 31–43.
8. Sacramento's precarious existence is best described in Marc A. Eifler, *Gold Rush Capitalists: Greed and Growth in Sacramento* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2002). See also Thor Severson, *Sacramento: An Illustrated History: 1839–1874* (San Francisco: California Historical Society, 1973); Joseph A. McGowan and Terry R. Willis, *Sacramento: Heart of the Golden States* (Woodland Hills, CA: Windsor Publications, 1983), 34–47; and Steven M. Avella, *Sacramento: Indomitable City* (Charleston, SC: Arcadia Press, 2003).
9. A bit of caution is necessary in ascribing Irish domination to all territorial parishes. Many of them served mixed communities of various ethnic groups. In San Francisco, the predominantly Irish parishes were St. Peter's, St. Patrick's, St. Rose's, St. Brendan's, St. Joseph's, St. Paul's, and St. John's. In Sacramento likewise, the two earliest parishes, St. Rose's and the Cathedral and later St. Francis's were mixed. St. Rose's and the Cathedral were led by Irish priests and had a preponderance of Irish families, but also sizeable contingents of Germans and other national groups. St. Francis's Parish, founded in 1894, was designed to cater to Sacramento's German-speaking populace, but always included a substantial number of English-speaking parishioners.
10. John F. Delury, "Irish Nationalism in the Sacramento Region (1850–1890)," *Éire- Ireland* 21 (Fall 1986), 27–54.
11. Three typical examples, the following pastors of St. Rose's, Sacramento ended their priestly careers in the Bay City: Father James Cassin went to St. Francis's Church in 1862; Father Thomas Gibney became pastor of St. Patrick's; Father Patrick Scanlan went to St. Joseph's.
12. Mary Aurelia McArdle, *California's Pioneer Sister of Mercy* (Fresno, CA: Academy Library Guild, 1954). M. Evangelist Morgan, *Mercy, Generation to Generation: History of the First Century of the Sisters of Mercy, Diocese of Sacramento, California* (San Francisco: Fearon Publishers, 1957).

13. Ronald E. Isetti, *Called to the Pacific: A History of the Christian Brothers of the San Francisco District, 1868–1944* (Moraga, CA: Saint Mary's College of California, 1979).
14. Evelyn G. Varnier, "A History of the *Monitor*" (San Francisco, 1945) typescript in the Bancroft Library; see also James Gaffey, *Citizen of No Mean City: Archbishop Patrick Riordan of San Francisco (1841–1915)* (Wilmington, DE: Consortium Books, 1976), 142–145.
15. There are an abundance of works on Yorke and various aspects of his career. I cite only the following: Joseph Brusher, S.J., *Consecrated Thunderbolt: A Life of Father Peter C. Yorke of San Francisco* (Hawthorne, NJ: Joseph F. Wagner, 1973); James P. Walsh, "Regent Peter C. Yorke and the University of California, 1900–1912" (Ph.D. dissertation, University of California Berkeley, 1970); Bernard Cornelius Cronin, "Father Yorke and the Labor Movement of San Francisco, 1900–1909" (Ph.D. dissertation, Catholic University of America, 1943).
16. "Beloved Priest Is Taken, Father John Ellis," *Superior California Register,* 29 October 1933.
17. "Solemn Ceremonies Mark Pastor's Funeral," *Catholic Herald,* 16 September 1922.
18. "Friends of Irish Freedom," *Leader,* 27 May 1916.
19. This phenomenon has been noted in several sources. A good summary is to be found in Patricia Nelson Limerick, "Believing in the American West," in Geoffrey C. Ward, *The West: An Illustrated History* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1996), 207–213.
20. James P. Walsh, "Peter Yorke and Progressivism in California, 1908" *Éire-Ireland* 10, no. 2 (1975), 73–80.
21. James P. Walsh, *Ethnic Militancy: An Irish Catholic Prototype* (San Francisco: R and E Research Associates, 1972), 90–91.
22. James P. Walsh and Timothy O'Keefe deal at length with the conflict between Yorke and Phelan and give considerable insight into Phelan's religious odyssey. *Legacy of a Native Son: James Duval Phelan and Villa Montalvo* (Los Gatos, CA: Forbes Mill Press, 1993), 16–17; 56–58; 67–79; 175–180.
23. Walsh, *Ethnic Militancy,* 90.
24. The Yorke-McClatchy feud receives some coverage in virtually every serious treatment of Yorke's life and career. Brusher gives it the most coverage, although Walsh and O'Keefe treat it as well. However, since Sacramento is physically and socially remote from the center of much of Yorke's activities, his struggles with McClatchy are not treated in much depth, even though Yorke himself devoted a considerable amount of ink to attacking the Sacramento editor. This essay seeks to fill the void in this aspect of the career of both men and introduces materials from the recently opened McClatchy papers. These are located at the Sacramento Archives and Museum Collection Center, Sacramento, California (hereafter SAMCC).
25. There is no biography of Charles K. McClatchy. The best study of his ideas can be found in Bernard A. Shepard, "C. K. McClatchy and the *Sacramento Bee,* 1883–1936" (Ph.D. dissertation, Syracuse University, 1960) which provides a good overview of his editorial policies. In its brief biographical section, it provides no background about his religious beliefs and ethnic identity.
26. Gerald McKevitt, S.J., offers a good look at the conditions of the college at the time of the McClatchy's attendance. *The University of Santa Clara: A History, 1851–1977* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1979). For Young's influence, see p. 102.
27. McKevitt, p. 102; Student Record Books, 1872–1873, 1873–1874, 1874–1875, University Archives, Orradre Library, Santa Clara University.
28. James McClatchy had a substantial reputation in the firmament of Western journalism. He adhered to the free-soil and unionist principles embodied in the Republican party of the mid-nineteenth century. Mc-

Clatchy railed incessantly against land monopoly or monopoly of any kind as inimical to principles of democratic fairness and freedom. He strongly supported Lincoln's efforts to preserve the Union and claimed a role in exposing a Confederate plot to detach southern California for the rebellious states. He took credit for inspiring and directing young Henry George's ideas about taxation and worked to stop the ravages of hydraulic mining, supported small farmers over ranchers in the Sacramento Valley, and pressed for democratic reforms such as the direct election of senators and the president. Just as important was his commitment to Sacramento's growth, development, and beautification. The McClatchys had grown up with the city and were intensely dedicated to its ongoing development and steady improvement.

29. Walsh and O'Keefe provide some fascinating insights on the religious development of James Duval Phelan. Like McClatchy, Phelan also began his life in the context of a practicing and devout family environment. He also attended a Jesuit college (St. Ignatius) and during his teenage years quietly detached himself from the moorings of the Catholic faith. Although he still thought of himself as a Catholic, he ceased the public practice of his faith. Nonetheless, he became a generous benefactor for selected Catholic institutions and charities. Unlike McClatchy, Phelan was never compelled to make a public issue of his religious affiliation, and most Californians thought him to be a model Catholic layman. See Walsh and O'Keefe, 16–17; 175–180.
30. Student Record Books, University Archives, Santa Clara University.
31. McKevitt, *University of Santa Clara,* 76–81.
32. C. K. McClatchy to James H. Barry, 15 May, 1896, McClatchy Papers, Letters Book March 1890–July 1896, SAMCC.
33. While McClatchy's two sisters, Charlotte and Fanny, apparently remained faithful Catholics until their death, the other members of his family followed a similar path in their religious life. C. K.'s children did not maintain their Catholic faith to any visible degree and Valentine and his large family joined the Episcopal Church.
34. Hichborn interview, "Recollections" File, McClatchy Papers, SAMCC.
35. Hichborn interview.
36. "Un-American-Cowardly," *Daily Bee,* 7 June 1894.
37. "Irish American Windbags Prove If St. Patrick Drove the Snakes Out of Ireland He Sent Some to These Shores," *Sacramento Bee,* 19 May 1916.
38. Editorial, *Sacramento Bee,* 25 July 1903.
39. The full details of this famous quarrel can be found in Emmet Currans's *Michael Augustine Corrigan and the Shaping of Conservative Catholicism in America* (New York: Arno Press, 1978). For McClatchy's support of McGlynn, see "A Brave Catholic Priest," *Daily Bee,* 24 December 1886.
40. "Pope and Priest," *Daily Bee,* 20 January 1887.
41. By contrast, McClatchy loved the even more authoritarian Pius X who rose from peasant stock. "The rich red blood of the common people—we are all common enough even those who tilt their noses up and often principally those—the rich red blood of common people flows in the veins of Pope Pius X. His parents were Italian peasants, one sister a dressmaker, another married to a peddler, another wedded to the keeper of wine shop, while his brother sells tobacco and pork and acts as a postman in the little country village. Pius is a man fashioned from the lowly stock from which Christ preferred to pick his disciples—the best stock after all when it come to honor and principle and charity and true religion." *Evening Bee,* 9 August 1903.
42. "Reverend Peter C. Yorke Presents a Second Batch of Arguments," *Evening Bee,* 11 March 1902.

43. "Reverend Peter C. Yorke Presents a Second Batch of Arguments."
44. The *Monitor* reported on Sacramento events and issues in virtually every edition. The amount of ink given to Sacramento was relatively small, but it included copies of Bishop Patrick Manogue's activities, the details of the building of the Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament, and notices of Catholic fairs, picnics, and public lectures as well as the meetings of Catholic organizations.
45. "The Foundations of Government," *Monitor,* 1 June 1895.
46. A sample of agreement between the priest and the Sacramento editor in this matter is found in an editorial of the *Evening Bee,* 5 December 1895.
47. Valentine McClatchy to Peter C. Yorke, 12 June 1896, McClatchy Papers, SAMCC. See also David Joseph Herlihy, "Battle Against Bigotry: Father Peter C. Yorke and the American Protective Association in San Francisco, 1893–1897," *Records of the American Catholic Historical Association of Philadelphia,* 62 (June, 1951), 97; Joseph S. Brusher, "Peter C. Yorke and the APA in San Francisco," *Catholic Historical Review* 37 (July, 1951), 129–150.
48. "Editorial Notes," *Monitor,* 30 January 1897.
49. "Editorial Notes."
50. "Ireland and the United States," *Monitor,* 7 May 1898.
51. "Some Private Thinks," *Evening Bee,* 11 May 1898.
52. For details of the election see, H. Brett Melendy and Benjamin F. Gilbert, *The Governors of California: From Peter H. Burnett to Edmund G. Brown* (Georgetown, CA: Talisman Press, 1965), 259–263; and Royce D. Delmatier, Clarence F. McIntosh, and Earl G. Waters, *The Rumble of California Politics, 1848–1970* (New York: Wiley, 1970), 133–137. For Yorke's role in the Gage victory, see Brusher, *Consecrated Thunderbolt,"* 44–48; and Walsh, "Regent," 102–108.
53. Quoted in Walsh, "Regent," 106–107.
54. Charles McClatchy to Patrick Riordan, 2 November 1898, Riordan Papers, Archives of the Archdiocese of San Francisco.
55. Editorial, *Evening Bee,* 2 November 1898.
56. "Peculiar Appointments by the Governor," *Evening Bee,* 29 December 1902.
57. "The Plain Truth About Peter C. Yorke," *Sacramento Bee,* 10 December 1908.
58. A good synthesis of McClatchy's attitude towards organized labor is found in Shepard, "C. K. McClatchy and the *Sacramento Bee,"* 95–120.
59. "A Gross Falsification Brazenly Repeated," *Evening Bee,* 28 September 1901.
60. "The 'Soggarth Aroon' of Virginia City, and the 'Soggarth' Without the 'Aroon' of San Francisco," *The Saturday Bee,* 28 September 1901.
61. "Working Laborers and the Church for Henry T. Gage," *Evening Bee,* 29 January 1902.
62. Editorial, *Leader,* 18 February 1902.
63. "The Political Priest and His Present Crusade," *Evening Bee,* 19 February 1902.
64. Editorial, *Leader,* 8 March 1902.
65. See Walton Bean, *Boss Ruef's San Francisco: The Story of the Urban Labor Party, Big Business and the Graft Prosecution* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1952); George E. Mowry, *The California Progressives* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1951); Fremont Older, *My Own Story* (Oakland, CA: Post-Enquirer,

1925); Spencer Olin, *California Politics 1846–1920: The Emerging Corporate State* (Golden State Series, San Francisco: Boyd & Fraser, 1981); Issel and Cherny, *San Francisco 1865–1932.*

66. See Douglas Firth Anderson, "A True Revival of Religion: Protestants and the San Francisco Graft Prosecutions, 1906–1909," *Religion and American Culture* 4 (Winter 1994), 25–49; Anderson, "We Have Here a Different Civilization: Protestant Identity in the San Francisco Bay Area, 1906–1909," *Western Historical Quarterly* 23 (May 1992), 199–221; and Paul A. Herman, "Religious Identity and 'The Fight for Reform': Catholic and Jewish Responses to the San Francisco Graft Prosecutions, 1906–1909," (M.A. thesis, Pacific School of Religion, 1996).
67. "Fiat Justitia," *Monitor,* 21 November 1908.
68. "One Catholic Voice Shameless—The Other Non Committal," *Sacramento Bee,* 26 November 1908.
69. "The Ravings of Civet McClatchy," *Leader,* 5 December 1908.
70. *Leader,* 26 December 1908.
71. "The Plain Truth About Peter C. Yorke," *Sacramento Bee,* 10 December 1908; reprinted in pamphlet form, copy in McClatchy Papers, SAMCC.
72. Ellis's letter is reproduced in "Ravings of the *Bee* Condemned by Priest," *Leader,* 16 January 1909. Other priests also launched into McClatchy for sending the pamphlet and rose to Yorke's defense.
73. "Ravings of the *Bee* Condemned by Priest."
74. "McClatchy Denounced by Knights of Columbus," *Leader,* 16 January 1909; "State Offices, A. O. H. Condemn C. K. McClatchy," *Leader,* 13 February 1909; "A. O. H. County Board Scores Civet McClatchy," *Leader,* 27 February 1909.
75. "The Only Yorke Issue Is Again Plainly Stated," *Sacramento Bee,* 11 February 1909.
76. "An Enthusiastic Throng at Lecture," *Leader,* 23 December 1911.
77. Charles McClatchy to James H. Barry, n.d., 1911, McClatchy Papers, SAMCC.
78. Fuller details of these developments are found in George Dangerfield, *The Damnable Question: A History of Anglo-Irish Relations* (New York: Barnes and Noble Books, 1976), 56–220.
79. Editorial, *Sacramento Bee,* 3 April 1916.
80. "Making American Citizenship Secondary to Foreign Sympathy," *Sacramento Bee,* 7 April 1916.
81. "Father Yorke Fears Persecution of Catholics After War," *Sacramento Bee,* 6 May 1916; "Father Yorke's Dedicatory Sermon Delivered at Blessing of Immaculate Conception Church," *Catholic Herald,* 20 May 1916.
82. "Irish American Windbags Prove if St. Patrick Drove the Snakes Out of Ireland He Sent Some to These Shores," *Sacramento Bee,* 19 May 1916.
83. "A Hyphen-Examined Home," *Leader,* 27 May 1916.
84. "Irish Relief Fund to Be Started Here," *Sacramento Bee,* 19 June 1916.
85. "Priest Takes Sides with Father Yorke," *Sacramento Bee,* 25 May 1916.
86. Mention of this boycott is made in Elizabeth A. McKee, "The Irish in Sacramento," (Sacramento Ethnic Communities Survey, SAMCC), 75.
87. "Father Yorke Dies at Home in San Francisco," *Sacramento Bee,* 6 April 1925. Several Sacramentans attended the funeral including Bishop Patrick Keane, Father John Ellis, two Christian Brothers, and a layman, William Douglas, who was an honorary pallbearer.

The Irish Literary and Historical Society of San Francisco

Donald Jordan

The Irish Literary and Historical Society of San Francisco was founded in 1945 by a small group of young Irish Americans as a way of learning more about their Irish heritage. Sixty years later, the society continues to flourish and remains true to its founding principles of providing an open, nonsectarian, and nonpolitical forum for discussing any and all aspects of Irish history, literature, society, and culture. The society was the brainchild of Michael Deavers, who recruited John F. Henning (later to become United States Undersecretary of Labor, Ambassador to New Zealand, and head of the California AFL-CIO), Ted Smythe and John Cavanaugh (both former classmates of Henning's at St. Mary's College), and Philip O'Rourke. Initially, the monthly meetings of the Society were in members' homes, with the first meeting being held at Deavers' house. Initially, only men were invited to the meetings, but after overcoming what Henning refers to as "the real chauvinist pig traditions of the Irish," the wishes of Deavers and Henning prevailed, and within the first year of its founding women became full members of the Society.[1] As a result of its rapid growth, within a few years of its founding, the society moved its monthly meetings to the Druids Hall on Page Street, where it remained for nearly thirty years. Druids Hall was also the location of the society's first St. Patrick's Day gala affair in 1946, which soon evolved into the annual banquets that continue to this day.

From the outset, the founders insisted that the society be nonsectarian. As Henning puts it, "we made two decisions at the beginning. Number one we would be above religion and not identify with any religious group. Therefore, we were not invited to the annual St. Patrick's Day parade because that was a Catholic festivity. . . . I was a Sinn Feiner from birth. I wanted the unity of the Protestants and Catholics. I didn't favor a Catholic state. So we held to the truth in that."[2] The second decision was to be apolitical, despite the strong republican sentiments of Henning, Deavers, and other founding members. According to Henning, these two founding principles made the Literary and Historical Society a "breath of fresh air" among the

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many organizations that had been part of the Irish-American culture in San Francisco since the Gold Rush.

Over the years, the society has sponsored talks by many of Ireland's and America's most illustrious poets, novelists, musicians, and scholars as well as representatives from both the Irish and Northern Irish governments. These speakers have reflected the diverse cultural and religious traditions that comprise contemporary Ireland. Another of the society's most important functions has been to provide a forum for many local amateur scholars who have been able to present the fruits of their research, personal and family experiences, and literary endeavors to an appreciative audience.

During the past few years, the society has expanded its mandate of inclusiveness by inviting speakers and encouraging participation from the various cultural communities that make up the Bay Area and the West. Speakers from the African American, Native American, Hispanic, Italian American, and Jewish communities have highlighted the common experience of America's many cultural traditions as well as the many places where their history and that of the Irish have intersected.

To honor the thirtieth anniversary of its founding, and as part of America's bicentennial celebrations, in 1975–1976 the society sponsored a lecture series supported by a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities. A number of the lectures presented during the series were later edited by Dr. James P. Walsh and published by the society as *The San Francisco Irish, 1850–1976*.[3] More recently, the society has sponsored another scholarly undertaking, carrying forward the work of its distinguished predecessor. This collection of essays on the Irish in the San Francisco Bay Area reflects the wide range of contemporary Irish studies as well as the interests that have nourished the Literary and Historical Society throughout its history. Most of the essays are written by university-based scholars in Ireland and America. In addition, several of the essays draw upon personal and family experiences to provide highly personal insights into the Irish experience in the Bay Area. The book, published on the sixtieth anniversary of the society, reflects both the history and principles of the Literary and Historical Society and its continuing commitment to the sponsorship of Irish and Irish-American scholarship.

Notes

1. John F. Henning interview with Donald Jordan, James Walsh, and Edward Callanan, 22 August 2000.
2. Henning interview with Donald Jordan, James Walsh, and Edward Callanan.
3. *The San Francisco Irish, 1850–1976* (San Francisco: Irish Literary and Historical Society, 1978).