INSIDE
Before the Seattle International Film Festival—the formative years of the “film as art” movement in Washington

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COVER: Official poster, Third Annual (1978) Seattle International Film Festival (SIFF). Launched in 1976, SIFF is now one of the largest and most prestigious film festivals in the world. Before 1976, though, film culture in Seattle and King County was vibrant and the “film-as-art” movement was flowering. See related story beginning on page 5. (Washington State Historical Society, #1994.70.170.)
Dear Readers,

I am honored to introduce myself to you as the new director of the Washington State Historical Society. Having been at my post for about five months now, I feel at home in my new position, thanks in no small part to the warm welcome I have received from longtime Society supporters like you. A graduate of Wellesley College and the University of Oxford, I am a transplant to Washington—one who greatly enjoys our ready access to the mountains and ocean after having grown up in landlocked Kansas. For the past eight years I have served as director of the Harbor History Museum in Gig Harbor. Before that I had the pleasure of working for the Paul G. Allen Family Foundation in Seattle. I am grateful for the opportunity I have been given to serve the Historical Society’s members and history-loving citizens statewide.

Since I have come on board here, many people have asked me about my vision for the Society. In answer, I say that my vision is to carry out its mission: “...to make the Washington State Historical Society indispensable to the people of Washington.” My goal is to ensure that the exhibits, K–12 programs, online resources, and heritage support services we provide to the citizens of Washington are unique, relevant, enlightening, and entertaining. We must also meet the demands of our 21st-century audience by supporting new mobile technologies and engaging visitors to our museums through powerful, immersive, interactive experiences.

While my predecessor served as executive editor of COLUMBIA, I have appointed a very capable member of our staff, Shanna Stevenson, to serve in that capacity. Shanna has the experience and skills necessary to carry on the tradition of presenting the informative, accessible, and diverse articles you have come to expect from this publication. A graduate of both Gonzaga University and The Evergreen State College, her background includes many years of researching and writing local history and over 20 years in historic preservation in the Thurston County area. Since 2006 she has been coordinator of the Washington Women’s History Consortium, a program of the Washington State Historical Society. Reflecting on her new appointment, Shanna states:

As a public historian I have especially relished the well-written, well-researched community stories featured in COLUMBIA. I admire the broad perspective of Washington history told by many voices, which is a hallmark of the publication. I look forward to working closely with the magazine’s staff to maintain its excellent quality and visual appeal while exploring new perspectives and interpretations of our state’s past—honoring COLUMBIA’s 25-year tradition of scholarship presented for the general reader.

Thank you for your support of the Washington State Historical Society, which not only makes publications like this one possible but also ensures our ability to serve 18,000-plus schoolchildren every year through on-site visits, 85,000-plus visitors to our flagship museum in Tacoma, and thousands more through our online resources and outreach services. I look forward to all that we can accomplish together in 2012.

—Jennifer Kilmer, Executive Director

Shanna Stevenson
Lincoln Wolverton’s Introduction to the Civil Rights Movement

By Robert Keller

Lincoln Wolverton moved to Tacoma from Vashon Island in 1952, at the age of 10. He had three sisters and a younger brother. His mother worked for the Red Cross, and his father Charles wrote for the Tacoma News Tribune. A few years later, Lincoln was part of the first class to enter Tacoma’s new Woodrow Wilson High School, from which he graduated at age 16 with a scholarship to Dartmouth College in New Hampshire. He received a college degree in 1963.

Two years after Lincoln Wolverton had arrived in Tacoma, the United States Supreme Court decided Brown v. Board of Education (1954), ending a half-century of legal racial segregation in America’s public schools. A decade later, and a few months after the assassination of John F. Kennedy, Congress passed the comprehensive 1964 Civil Rights Act, a law that extended racial equality well beyond education to areas such as public accommodations.

Dartmouth College responded positively by supporting southern tutoring programs organized by Yale’s William Sloane Coffin. Having decided to participate in one of these programs during the summer of 1964, Wolverton traveled by car, bus, and train to Washington, D.C., then on to St. Augustine on Florida’s northeast coast. There he met Martin Luther King Jr. and worked with Hosea Williams. From St. Augustine he sent the following letter to his parents, then living in Vancouver, B.C.

[Thursday] July 16, 1964

Dear Folks,

We tutors are imprisoned in the Negro district of St. Augustine. Except for a few forays to the beach, we cannot go downtown without the risk of being mauled or of violating a boycott. The Ku Klux Klan has terrorized the whole community—Negroes and Whites. Just a week ago a Negro was beaten on a bridge as he was fishing in broad daylight. Forty stitches were required and his back probably still shows the welts of the bicycle chain.

The white businessmen, after complying with the Civil Rights Bill, are now resegregating in response to threats of the Klan. In a news conference today, Martin Luther King said that in terms of violence & brutality Saint Augustine is the worst city in the South.

(Sunday:) The Klan is well organized. At least three of their cars are equipped with Citizen’s Band radios. The telephone line to the SCLC (Southern Christian Leadership Conference) has been tapped. Cars patrol the streets of downtown St. Augustine.

Friday, four boys all colored were sent out to test Pape’s Restaurant, that is, to find out whether the manager would comply with the Civil Rights Bill. The boys couldn’t find the restaurant so they telephoned the SCLU office and from it got detailed instructions on how to get there. When they drove up to the restaurant (in the center of town) they noticed one “red-neck,” as they are “affectionately” called.

They walked toward the entrance when from behind parked cars and around the corner of the building about 50 (according to their estimate, which are usually extraordinarily accurate) Klansmen appeared. One boy was severely beaten. Three others ran, two to a State Patrolman about a block away, the other into the city.

The patrolman refused to take them into his car, but he did go to help the boy being beaten. When he approached, the Klansmen left. The two boys who called the patrolman ran through the center of town (in broad daylight) with the Klansmen in chase with automobiles & on foot. The automobiles, ignoring one-way signs, attempted to cut them off. This is quite easy to do for the streets are as narrow as alleys and the buildings are right up to the two foot wide sidewalk. Luckily a negro, driving along one of the streets, picked them up and they sped into the Negro district where the Klan is afraid to go near.

The beaten boy was taken to the Elk’s Rest which is, as it were, the union hall of the negro movement. The other boy
was missing. (He showed up two hours later after a long, long chase through the streets and woods). Bruce Lawder, a junior at Dartmouth, and I were just returning from the West Side in the VW microbus which had been rented for the summer by the tutorial project. (There are actually two Negro communities in St. Augustine. The tutorial project is thus conducted in two places about two miles from each other. I teach on the East side but go to the West side to teach drama.)

We noticed as we drove up that there were an unusual number of people standing around, waiting—as we discovered—for word on the missing boy. The injured boy was here and we were asked to take him to Flagler Hospital. We took him to the emergency ward (integrated) and were asked to wait in the waiting room and then, partly because of thirst and partly out of a combination of mischief, daring and malice, we decided to buy cokes [at] the lunch counter adjoining the lobby.

We were refused service and were asked to leave. We went through the ritual of asking for names, time, why, was it because we are negroes or with Negroes. We went then to the waiting room. We were asked to go to the colored waiting room, which we did. In testing one does not resist; the law will do the resisting. All that is needed are the facts. We sat for a while, people walking through the waiting room, mostly Negroes. After ten minutes a “redneck” walked through. They are immediately identifiable by the glare which they give you. He took the elevator upstairs. A few minutes later we saw him pacing back and forth in the white waiting room which we could see down a thirty foot corridor. We decided to move so that he could not see us to find out what he would do. About three minutes later he walked through the Negro waiting room and took the elevator up again. A short time later, Bruce went to ask about the boy in the emergency room. The doctor had not arrived (one hour later). This man and another were sitting at the lunch counter glaring at him.

Shortly afterwards three tough looking men stood outside the main entrance to the hospital on each side of the doorway. The doorway leads to the parking lot in which our microbus was parked. There is another doorway leading from the colored waiting room outside which was free. The Klan too is afraid (Thank God!). We were then told that the injured boy had been released. We made a quick telephone call to the Elk’s Rest for help. They sent a car to the back entrance. We ran to it and took off. (I get nervous even thinking about it.) Why the Klan did not cut off the road from the back of the hospital I do not know. Perhaps we took them by surprise.

Later, Hosea Williams, not having heard that we had returned, drove into the [hospital] parking lot. His car was showered with stones & bricks. Luckily he had all the windows closed and he managed to get out.

As we were driving out we noticed one of the radio cars in the parking lot call, I am sure, more and more Klansmen.

Last night the Klan also turned one of the Negro nurse’s cars on its side. For some reason they did not recognize the microbus and it was untouched when someone returned for it in the morning.

The situation above happens in some form or other virtually every day. More later.

Love, Link

Wolverton, who works as a private consultant on energy issues, recently described his 1964 motives as youthful idealism responding to violence against African Americans and northern Freedom Riders, a group that was working across the South to end segregation. That autumn Lincoln Wolverton returned to the Pacific Northwest to serve in the U.S. Army, 1964–66. Two years later he earned a master’s degree in economics from the University of Washington. In 1971 he and his wife Joan opened Salishan Vineyards in LaCentre, Washington, the first European grape vineyard in the western half of the state.

Robert Keller, professor emeritus, has been teaching history at Western Washington University for well over 30 years. After retiring from full-time teaching in 1994, he has continued to offer his distance learning course in Pacific Northwest History. Keller recommends watching the American Experience documentary Freedom Riders: Threatened, Attacked, Jailed (directed, produced, and written by Stanley Nelson), which can be viewed online at: http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/american-experience/freedomriders/.
FOR SO MANY Seattle film fans, 1976 is believed to be a kind of “Year One.” It was in 1976, after all, that the Seattle International Film Festival (SIFF)—which just celebrated its landmark 35th anniversary—was born. Certainly, there is every reason to celebrate. SIFF is a dynamo, having grown into one of the most prestigious, eagerly anticipated annual movie events in North America. To have stayed afloat for more than three decades is no small feat. Having also managed to progress and thrive and, finally, evolve into a legitimate civic institution—especially in such difficult times as these—SIFF merits praise and pride.

Yet, to say that the birth of SIFF also marked the beginning of the film-as-art movement in Seattle (viewing film not merely as entertainment but also as a genuine art form) would be in error. If a person wanted to pinpoint a formative year or era in the history of Seattle’s film culture, it would be necessary to travel a bit further back in time—eight to nine years, in fact—to 1967 and 1968. It was during these two tumultuous but ground-breaking years that new approaches to cinema began to infiltrate the culture of western Washington in general and Seattle in particular. As Seattle Times arts critic John Hartl observed in a July 21, 1968, column, “Suddenly Seattle has become part of the experimental film scene.” Indeed,

One of the first film festivals to take place in the region, the Allied Arts event spanned two weeks in 1968. Peggy Golberg designed the poster.
starting in 1967 and 1968, the film-as-art movement that was spreading across the continent and the world with astounding speed finally made its way to the Pacific Northwest, with plenty of remarkable and stage-setting results.

The "Celluloid Explosion"

An article in the February 2, 1968, issue of *Time*—“Trends: The Student Movie Makers”—described what it termed the "celluloid explosion" in the United States, pointing out that film courses and film programs could at that moment in history be found in "dozens of U.S. high schools," as well as "more than 100 colleges and universities" across the country. Grade schools, too, were introducing film studies into their curricula; and even in locales where no formal film education was being offered, "students by the hundreds [were] forming their own film clubs and making movies with handheld 8 mm cameras, portable tape recorders, and the unpaid acting services of hammy fellow classmates or wary adults." In the May 1968 issue of *Puget Soundings* (published by the Junior League of Seattle), Mimi Pierce refers to the *Time* article and, in response, states that educators "recognize the value of film, both as one of the strongest forces in communication today and as a means of artistic self-expression." The *Time* article, however, goes one step further by remarking that many teachers, in fact, "foresee the day when film training will be an accepted and universal part of education." The belief in film as both an art form and a powerful educational tool was clearly gaining widespread acceptance.

It is no coincidence that these articles appeared just a year after President Lyndon Johnson established the American Film Institute (AFI), which was founded “to enrich and nurture the art of film in America.” Much like the creation of the National Endowment for the Arts in 1965, the creation of the AFI in 1967 brought new money and attention to its charge and, in the case of the AFI, served to inspire and support countless present and future filmmakers, teachers, scholars, actors, and technicians. It is also no coincidence that all of these activities were taking place during a time of monumental social change and unrest.

New approaches and experimentation were rampant in all of the arts, and in film the world of Hollywood and the so-called “studio system” were experiencing tremendous upheaval as a “new guard” of artists and companies battled relentlessly to introduce new themes, new techniques, new styles, and new structures (often influenced by European and Asian cinema) to what was perceived as an outdated and out-of-touch industry. The era of the independent “art house” and so-called “underground” film was in full swing, and some of the greatest of the
“next generation” of filmmakers were crafting their first, generally controversial works in college and university film programs. At the time of the AFI’s inauguration, for example, George Lucas and John Milius were directing short pieces at the University of Southern California, Francis Ford Coppola was just graduating from UCLA, and Martin Scorsese was hard at work putting the finishing touches on films that began as projects in his New York University classes.

King County Explodes

By 1967, KING COUNTY could actually boast a few theaters—the Town, the Rivoli, the Edgemont, and the Ridgemonthat screened what were considered to be experimental, avant garde, or non-mainstream films. In the case of the Rivoli, experimental and art films competed with the theater’s regular fare of erotic or “nudie” movies. The Edgemont and Ridgemon, owned by James Selvidge and, in the case of the Edgemont, managed by Richard Jameson—both true Seattle film pioneers—were dedicated to foreign and what John Hartl termed “near-underground” classics. They gave King County film buffs an opportunity to view many cinematic works that otherwise might not be seen without taking a trip to New York, Los Angeles, or Paris.

With the seeds supplied by these early alternative venues and the dedicated “cinemaphiles” who ran them, the art film and the film-as-art movement in Seattle slowly germinated. What accelerated the growth process in 1967–68, though, was the introduction of filmmaking and film appreciation classes in local schools and, perhaps even more critically, the development of the region’s very first film festivals and art film series programs, sponsored by community organizations and academic and cultural institutions.

Among colleges and universities, Cornish School of the Allied Arts and the University of Washington led the way. While both schools lacked full-fledged film programs, they made strong efforts to respond to the growing interest in film studies and filmmaking by offering courses taught by talented film scholars and practitioners. Cornish students in 1968, for example, could register for an “Introduction to Film Making” course, featuring Arthur Bleich, a motion picture producer and “former Fulbright professor of communications,” while the University of Washington provided its 1968 students with two class offerings—“The Film as Art” and “Film Making”—with notable underground film director Stan VanDerBeek. Furthermore, the University of Washington’s Henry Gallery, under the direction of another legend in the history of Seattle film culture, LaMar Harrington (with assistance from Robert Dale and Greg Olsen), opened up the world of experimental and non-mainstream cinema to students and members of the public alike with its regular “Films in Your Gallery” schedule of art films and foreign classics.

The SUCCESS of the Henry Gallery’s ongoing film screenings, the proliferation of film festivals in cities throughout the continent, and the understanding that film, as Mimi Pierce pointed out, was now viewed by the “younger generation” as “the most vital art form” all contributed powerful evidence to cultural programmers in the Pacific Northwest that local audiences were ready for new, cutting-edge film festivals. In 1967, Carol Duke and Mary Jo Malone in Bellevue and Sister Edwardine Mary in Seattle were among the first to respond.

Duke and Malone, both volunteers for the Bellevue Arts and Crafts Fair, proposed a film festival element for the well-established annual fair in 1967. Since they had no experience organizing such an event, they connected with as many American film festival “veterans” as possible (thanks to some vital assistance from recently hired Seattle Post–Intelligencer arts critic Tom Robbins). Shortly thereafter, the Bellevue Film Festival was in production, followed by its grand premiere installment, which took place at the Bel-Vue Theater from July 28 to 30, 1967. Ernest Callenbach, editor of the journal Film Quarterly, was the first festival judge (assisted by the Henry Gallery team), and a hefty grand prize of $1,000 was awarded to Chicago filmmaker Tom Palazzolo, for his psychedelic documentary, O, which Chicago Reader critic Jack Helbig termed “a trippy montage of circus acts and street scenes.” An impressive 84 entries were submitted to this fledgling festival, and over 2,000 film fans made their way to the Bel-Vue over the course of the three-day festival.

Meanwhile, as reported by Rolf Stromberg of the Seattle P-I, Sister Edwardine Mary of Seattle’s Holy Names Academy was working diligently in 1967 with representatives from two other local Catholic high schools, Holy Rosary and Seattle Prep, to organize a festival of experimental short films and documentaries for students. This festival, which Sister Edwardine Mary organized again in 1968, was meant to complement the school’s “classes devoted to the movies as an art form.” Although it is unlikely that the sister was known directly by the editorial staff of Time, it is quite clear that she was one of the new breed of teaching professionals referred to in the magazine’s February 2, 1968, article—those who viewed film studies as “an accepted part of their curriculum.”

1968: The Beat Goes On

In 1968, THE influential civic advocacy group Allied Arts of Seattle sponsored a two-week, two-part film festival that was partially funded through a National Foundation of the Arts grant-in-aid awarded by the Washington State Arts Commission. The Allied Arts Film Festival, which was envisioned as an ongoing annual event, took place June 13–23 in two theaters at the Pacific Science Center and offered festivalgoers a whopping...
ALTHOUGH THE festival did not attract as many viewers as projected (attendance totaled only 1,150) and despite the lean profit earned (less than $200 after expenses), positive reviews and feedback encouraged festival organizers to look optimistically to the future. Moreover, a great many factors were suggested to explain the somewhat weak attendance, including the time of year, the somewhat high price of tickets (which may have discouraged students from attending), and the recent assassinations of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and Senator Robert F. Kennedy. The section relating to the film festival in the minutes of the Allied Arts of Seattle Board of Trustees meeting on July 16, 1968, declares enthusiastically that “with a few changes” the feeling in the organization was that a 1969 Allied Arts Film Festival could “be a great success.”

Fortunately, better timing and an added year of planning experience helped the second annual Bellevue Film Festival come off relatively painlessly. Big prizes, the excitement of a special guest judge (experimental filmmaker Robert Nelson of San Francisco), and a special guest judge (experimental filmmaker Robert Nelson of San Francisco), and the benefit of a continued association with the highly popular Film Festival come off relatively painlessly. Big prizes, the excitement of a special guest judge (experimental filmmaker Robert Nelson of San Francisco), and the benefit of a continued association with the highly popular Film Festival could “be a great success.”

By the end of 1968, Seattle and King County could say with authority that a very real and rapidly expanding film culture had taken root. John Hartl recognized this remarkable new development, which he observed “had been brought about by a strange combination of forces,” and seemed almost awestruck as he listed, in his July 21, 1968, Seattle Times article, many of the recent film programs that had taken place, as well as those that would be taking place in King County before the end of the year. Hartl characterized the cinematic momentum taking over the Pacific Northwest as a dynamic “surge.” Mimi Pierce, Rolf Stromberg, Tom Robbins, and many other local writers were in complete agreement with Hartl’s assessment.

1969 and Beyond

Rapid growth continued over the next two years. In 1969, the Harvard Exit and the Northwest Filmmakers Co-op, which also sponsored a short-lived Northwest Filmmakers’ Festival, both came into being. Allied Arts of Seattle, in keeping with the sentiments expressed at its July 1968 board meeting, staged a modified version of its 1968 film festival, this time a multi-media “happening” that included experimental film screenings and which the organization dubbed, “The Lively Arts.” Then, in 1970, some of the biggest names in Seattle film culture, including Robert Dale and Richard Jameson, helped establish the Seattle Film Society, which published the first issue of its homegrown film periodical Movietone News in 1971. By the time 1976 arrived, a very rich and sophisticated film culture was thriving in Seattle and King County.

The Bellevue Film Festival stayed strong and vital for a number of years, finally extinguishing in 1981. The Allied Arts Film Festival did not survive past 1969, and many other film-related efforts in Seattle and King County rose and fell rather quickly before 1976. There is no question, though, that the film-as-art movement was alive and well in the region by the time Dan Ireland, Darryl MacDonald, and Stage Fright, Inc., planted the seed that would grow rapidly into the most successful flower of all western Washington cinema spectacles, the Seattle International Film Festival.
Ella Shepard Bush established the Seattle Art League in 1894. The league offered classes in design, painting, and drawing, and was modeled after the Art Students League in New York, which Bush attended as a young woman. This interior shot of Bush’s studio, which was situated in downtown Seattle, shows a life drawing class in session. Women as well as men were allowed to take classes with clothed and unclothed models, a policy that was considered progressive at the time. Tuition for Bush’s curriculum cost $10 a month. The school closed in 1916 when the artist relocated to Southern California. Besides the Seattle Art League, she also founded the Conservatory of the Arts and the Society of Seattle Artists, and wrote an art column for The Weekend. Bush stayed active in the arts all her life and was an internationally recognized miniature painter. She died in Temple City, California, in 1948.

—Maria Pascualy
As the first male visitor to the Hudson's Bay Company's Columbia District who was not on a fur trade payroll, Scottish naturalist David Douglas arrived at the mouth of the river in spring 1825 with a very different perspective from any previous writer. He came as a botanical collector for the London Horticultural Society, fresh off a trip to mid-Atlantic and Great Lakes states that connected the British and American naturalist communities. Douglas held a clear idea of the economic scope of his work, which ranged from pretty garden flowers to promising new forest products, and carried letters of introduction from British company governors that would allow him to pursue these “treasures,” as he called them, all over the region.

The collector had pored over published works of the explorers who came to the Columbia before him, and from the moment he arrived listened carefully to oral accounts of fur traders and tribal members. He developed long-term relationships with the many Scottish clerks and agents inside the Hudson's Bay Company (HBC), as well as their Native American wives and mixed-blood children, and some of these people connected him to the deep tribal knowledge of local flora and fauna.

Douglas took advantage of these fortunate circumstances over the span of a decade in the Pacific Northwest, making three distinct visits before his sudden death in Hawaii in 1834. Taken together, his field journals, specimen papers, scientific publications, and rich correspondence illuminated tribal utilization of coastal and interior habitats over millennia before European contact. He described the effects of recent developments from the earliest surveys of the Columbia to the establishment of Fort Vancouver in the same year he arrived. And throughout his travels, the collector’s vision carried forward from the mature fur trade era to the birth of the agricultural, timber, and mining industries that created the Northwest landscape as we experience it today.

Douglas was only 26 years old when he crossed the Columbia bar for the first time, but he already had a veteran’s feel for the place. In his daybook he named off landmarks that ranged from Cape Disappointment and Baker Bay to visible Cascade volcanoes, all familiar to him through his readings of George Vancouver’s *Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean* and the mentorship of Archibald Menzies, who had served as surgeon and naturalist aboard Vancouver’s flagship. With that kind of foundation, the young collector
was able to refer to a particular area just downstream from the mouth of the Cowlitz River as he officially named the Northwest’s signature white oak, *Quercus garryana*, described its growth habits on prairie landscapes long managed by local tribes with set fires, and visualized its usefulness in future commercial endeavors. He found large oaks interspersed over the country in an open manner, forming belts or clumps along the tributaries of the larger streams, on which conveniently it could be floated down [for timber]. Plentiful on the north banks of the Columbia sixty miles from the ocean, and from that circumstance named by Captain Vancouver “Oak Point,” 1792.

In time Douglas ventured far upstream on the Columbia with fur trade brigades, and accompanied the first Hudson’s Bay Company cattle drive from Fort Okanogan to Fort Kamloops and across to the Fraser River. As he traveled upstream on the Fraser past Fort Alexandria, the collector realized a long-held goal of marking the spot where, in 1793, overland explorer Alexander Mackenzie had veered off on a tribal trail to reach the Pacific at Bella Coola.

Douglas had read Nicholas Biddle’s edition of the Lewis and Clark journals with particular attention to the captains’ time on the Columbia. He had also seen Frederick Pursh’s accounts of their plant specimens, so it is not surprising that one of the Scotsman’s first daybook entries after getting ashore at Cape Disappointment corrected the Americans’ pronunciation of another iconic Northwest plant: “Called by the native ‘Salal,’ not ‘Shallon’ as stated by Pursh.”

This awareness of Lewis and Clark can be traced throughout Douglas’s work. After his first stint at Fort Vancouver in the spring and early summer of 1825, Douglas returned to the coast with an ethnobotanical connection in mind:

*July 19 Set out for a journey to the shores of the ocean, principally for the purpose of searching for and inquiring after the tuberous-rooted plant described by Lewis and Clarke, the root of which is said to afford the natives food something like potatoes when boiled….*

Douglas had studied a bighorn sheep collected by Lewis and Clark on the Missouri River at Charles Willson Peale’s Museum in Philadelphia and knew of Lewis’s “sewellel” robe, fashioned by Chinook people from *Aplodontia rufa* (mountain beaver) pelts. Although he never saw either animal in the wild, with tribal help Douglas managed to get specimens of both back to England, including a cape very much like the one Lewis delivered to Philadelphia.

On a return trip to London in 1827, Douglas delivered a paper on mariposa lilies to the Horticultural Society that both displayed his knowledge of Lewis’s plant work and amplified the American’s discoveries:

*We derive our knowledge of this hitherto little known Genus of Plants…from a solitary
specimen found by Lewis and Clarke in their expedition across the continent, during the years 1804, 5, and 6 in the recesses of the Rocky Mountains. I was fortunate enough to find the species already described by Pursh, and in addition two others not before observed.

In the course of this taxonomic exercise, Douglas introduced the beautiful sagebrush mariposa lily to British gardens and provided a Columbia Salish name and cooking method for its edible root, Koo-e-oop.

The Corps of Discovery was not the only expedition that occupied Douglas’s mind. When John Franklin had returned to London in 1822 after his first Arctic expedition, he quickly produced a best-selling account of his horrific misadventures. As the hero prepared for a second voyage, Douglas consulted Franklin’s two naturalists, John Richardson and Thomas Drummond, with questions about his own upcoming voyage to the Pacific Northwest. While on the Columbia in 1825 and 1826, Douglas tracked news of Franklin’s northern progress through the fur traders who supplied the undertaking. Douglas met Drummond, Richardson, and Franklin during his overland trip to Hudson Bay in 1827, then continued to see his fellow travelers back in England in 1828–29. Several of Douglas’s mammal collections in the Columbia District are only known from credits in John Richardson’s landmark *Fauna Boreali-Americana*.

A nother important influence on Douglas was North West Company agent and surveyor David Thompson. Between 1807 and 1810, Thompson had established a circle of trading posts on the Columbia’s major eastern tributaries. In 1811, after following an Iroquois guide across Athabasca Pass, Thompson completed the first formal survey of the Columbia from source to mouth, marking out the major Northwest trade routes that Douglas and all other visitors would travel over the next four decades.

Thompson had retired back to Montreal in 1812, and none of his writings or maps had been published, but Douglas heard enough oral accounts about the surveyor’s journeys that he suggested naming a dangerous riffle below Kettle Falls “Thompson’s Rapids.” The collector’s awareness was no doubt due to the fact that several members of Thompson’s crew had remained in the Columbia country and ended up on the HBC payroll when it absorbed the North West Company in the early 1820s. Two of these men, Finan McDonald and Jaco Finlay, spent considerable time with Douglas and provided him not only with local plant and animal collections but also with information about faraway places such as the Klamath, Snake, Flathead, and Clark Fork rivers.

If David Thompson represented the beginnings of the Northwest fur trade, John McLoughlin symbolized its state when Douglas arrived. McLoughlin served as chief factor of the Columbia District and had been charged with the responsibility of streamlining the HBC’s new, unwieldy empire. Even so, he managed to assume the role of David Douglas’s main protector and provider, supplying the newcomer with everything from pressing paper for collections to the loan of his favorite horse for a rough trip to the Umpqua drainage. When Douglas was not on the trail, McLoughlin also invited him to live in the factor’s unfinished quarters at the nascent Fort Vancouver. It was there, while observing the post’s initial attempts at European-style gardening, that Douglas documented the adaptability of New World pocket gophers.

*These little rats are numerous in the neighborhood of Fort Vancouver…they commit great havoc in the potatoe-fields adjoining to the Fort, not only by eating the potatoes on the spot, but by carrying off large quantities of them in their pouches.*

McLoughlin’s wife during tenure at Fort Vancouver was a mixed-blood woman from the East named Marguerite Wadin, whose story reached back to the very beginnings of the western fur trade. Alexander McKay, her first husband, had served as a valued member of Sir Alexander Mackenzie’s 1793 trip across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific. By the time David Douglas moved in with them, Marguerite and John
lived with four offspring of their own, not to mention Joseph, the teenaged son of a Chippewa wife McLoughlin had left behind at Red River. This kind of mixed-blood, blended family—with connections rippling through all three fur trade companies, back to eastern Canada, and around tribal bands on both sides of the Rocky Mountains—was not at all unusual in that era.

Although the strong feminine influence that grew out of such relationships seldom surfaced overtly in Douglas’s writings, the benefits he gained from sharing meals and talk with fur trade families greatly enhanced his work. For example, the collector’s journal included information from Finan McDonald about the range of plants in the Clark Fork and Flathead drainages but never mentioned the fact that Finan’s wife was a Kalispel woman called Peggy who had grown up traveling those rivers and utilizing what grew there. When agent John Work presented Douglas with a nightcap spun from fine goat fleece at Kettle Falls, Douglas never broached the possibility that Work’s mixed-blood Spokane wife Josette Legace, known as Little Rib, might have been the one who arranged the gift.

David Douglas visited Jaco Finlay at the abandoned Spokane House in May and August of 1826 and spent several weeks during that summer combing the nearby Colville Valley for specimens. His journals from this period contained a wealth of ethnobotanical knowledge about lichen cake recipes, bitterroot and camas snacks, wild onion stews, currant picking times, delicately scented mints, earth-oven baking techniques, and a close approximation for a Spokane word—msawi—that refers to edible valerian, a less common root still baked and eaten by some Spokane families today. Although no woman’s name appeared in any of those entries, Jesuit church records reveal that Finlay’s wife at the time was a Spokane woman named Teshwintichina. A later fur trade letter and report indicate that David Douglas fathered a son, called David Finlay, with a daughter of Jaco and Teshwintichina. A girl listed as Josephte in a sacramental book of the period would have been about 15 years old in 1826. It’s easy to speculate that mother and daughter might well have been the ultimate source for Douglas’s knowledge of local food.

None of this should come as a surprise to anyone familiar with the way several communities in the early Northwest—including the Willamette and Nisqually country west of the Cascades, and the Colville, Okanogan, and Jaco valleys on the dry side—sprang up around the original fur trade posts that Douglas visited. Many of the names from fur trade company pay lists remain prominent today on tribal rolls and in rural and urban communities throughout the region.

David Douglas happened to arrive in the Northwest as this social dynamic was beginning to accelerate. Although the flora and fauna that he described have endured a tumultuous two centuries in the wake of this human explosion, a surprising number of his collections have managed to survive very near the sites where he originally saw them. Pieces of what appears to be our own hopelessly fragmented puzzle show up in written and oral stories from Douglas as totem species and landmarks that still carry local weight. This makes it seem as though, through his singular perspective, the collector is sensing our past and future at the same time. Each one of the players that he described—from mountain beaver to mariposa lily, from deeply rooted family to the rawest new arrival—is a survivor of the toughest kind, with a fresh, unpredictable part to play in the ongoing journey.

This essay is adapted from the Curtiss Hill Lecture that author Jack Nisbet presented at the Washington State Historical Society’s annual membership meeting last June. Nisbet’s latest projects are a book (due out in November) and museum exhibit titled David Douglas: A Naturalist at Work. The exhibit opens at the Northwest Museum of Arts and Culture in Spokane this September.
OUT OF WASHINGTON’S BASEBALL PAST

Pitcher Bill Radonits played for the Seattle Indians in the Pacific Coast League from 1933 to 1935, pitching a total of 11 seasons in the minor league.

Len Gabrielson, first baseman for the Seattle Rainiers, leaps into the air to catch a high fly ball. In 1938 the Rainier Brewing Company bought the Indians and changed the team’s name to the Seattle Rainiers. Gabrielson played eights seasons in the minor league, taking the field for his final game on April 21, 1939.

These original photographic prints were part of a donation made to the Washington State Historical Society by the Stroh Brewery Company in 1999.

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—Fred Poyner IV
ON DECEMBER 24, 1835, the 380-ton HMS Sulphur, with a complement of 109 men, set forth on a survey mission from Plymouth, England, bound for Valparaiso, Chile, under the command of Captain Frederick Beechey. Originally launched by the Royal Navy as a 10-gun war vessel in 1826, the Sulphur was converted to a survey ship in 1835. Accompanying the Sulphur was the 109-ton HMS Starling, fitted as a support vessel under the command of Lieutenant Henry Kellett. Upon reaching Valparaiso, Captain Beechey was taken ill and forced to return home. The survey expedition continued under the acting command of Lieutenant Kellett, who was to proceed with the survey work as far as Panama and there await further instructions.

Meanwhile, the Admiralty appointed Captain Edward Belcher to replace the ailing commander. Belcher reached Panama in March 1837 and set out in the Sulphur, accompanied by the Starling, to carry on the survey expedition of the Pacific coast. Reflecting the ongoing U.S.–Great Britain boundary dispute west of the Rockies, one of his orders from the Admiralty read, “Political circumstances have invested the Columbia river with so much importance, that it will be well to devote some time to its bar and channels of approach, as well as to its inner anchorages and shores....”

After surveying the coast of Mexico, the two ships reprovisioned in the Hawaiian Islands and then, in August 1837, headed north to Alaska, planning to work their way down the coast to San Francisco. Although Belcher had intended to examine the Columbia River during this leg of the journey, the weather intervened. He noted:

On the morning of the 9th October, having completed our observations at Friendly Cove, Nootka, we sailed, intending to call off the mouth of the...
river Columbia, and if tranquil enter; but twenty-four hours after our departure the weather proved boisterous, attended by a long westerly swell, which rendered it necessary to preserve our offing, and make the best of our way to San Francisco.

Continuing their survey of the Pacific coast down to Peru and the Galápagos Islands, the expedition returned to Hawaii in May 1839. After a short stay, Belcher directed the Starling to conduct a preliminary survey of the mouth of the Columbia while he took the Sulphur to complete some unfinished surveying of the coast of Alaska.

On July 28, 1839, the Sulphur joined the Starling at the mouth to the Columbia and conducted detailed surveys over the next six weeks. Of crossing the Columbia bar, Belcher wrote:

*The shoals in the entrance of this river have most materially changed their features within the last two years. Just at our last tack, which would have taken us safely to our anchorage, the ship tailed, and the flood forced her instantly on the bank, where it continued to press her inwards. Before any assistance could be rendered, the tide fell, and our anchors being already down, we had to wait the night tide, when less sea prevails. She floated off on the flood, a breeze off shore having helped her, and anchored in security until the morning, when we weighed and ran up to our berth in Baker's Bay. Not so the Starling; in weighing (in ten fathoms) she tailed, and instantly lost her rudder.*

Tucked closed to the eastern shore of the Cape Disappointment headland, Baker's Bay provided a safe anchorage for the two ships while they constructed and installed a temporary rudder for the Starling. This would allow them to sail upriver to Fort Vancouver where, under the auspices of the Hudson’s Bay Company (HBC), they could repair the original rudder.

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The expedition first sailed the few miles up and across the river to visit the HBC’s Fort George (formerly the Pacific Fur Company’s Fort Astoria), where they were greeted by the company’s agent, James Birnie. Belcher found the fort disappointing:

*One would rather take it for a commencement of a village than any noted fort…. The scenery is similar to that of all the northern coast—wooded to the water’s edge, and differing little excepting in the varieties of pine. The outline is pleasing, but no field for the painter, there being no contrast of tints, and too stiff an outline.*

Birnie gave the visitors a tour of the area and advised them on navigating the river to Fort Vancouver. The following morning they departed with a pilot, a guide, and an interpreter from Fort Vancouver on board. Not without incident did they make their way to the vicinity of Pillar Rock, some 15 miles upriver from Fort George. Belcher recorded:

On the morning following we proceeded on our voyage through the intricacies of Tongue Point Channel, and after grounding occasionally,
which I take to be according to practice, managed by sunset to find a soft berth for the night on “an unknown spot where no bank ought to have been” according to our pilots.

This delayed us one day, because vessels grounding on the top of an evening flood do not float off with the returning day tide; consequently we were compelled to wait the night tide, which is generally higher in the Columbia by about five feet, and probably caused by the sea breeze which blows strong near sunset.

Our detention occurred close to “Pillar Rock,” considered the second stage in the journey up. There is little to interest one here—all the river between this and Tongue Point, as well as ten miles above, being an immense archipelago of islands and flats. Pillar Rock rises abruptly from the river in five fathoms, and is about thirty feet above sea level. The summit has an area of ten feet by five, with light bushes and long grass.

The two ships reached Fort Vancouver on August 9—four days after leaving Pillar Rock—and were greeted by chief trader James Douglas. Captain Belcher described the fort as follows:

As to the appellation of Fort Vancouver, it is clearly a misnomer; no Fort Vancouver exists; it is merely the mercantile post of the Hudson’s Bay Company.

In the neighbourhood, about two miles down river, they have a very extensive dairy, numerous cattle, sheep, pigs, goats, &c.; and about three or four miles up the stream, water-mills, for grinding, sawing planks, and an establishment for curing salmon—the latter two objects forming the principal export to [Hawaii].

During the period of the Starling’s refit at Fort Vancouver, Belcher documented life at the fort and described the politics and commerce of the region in his journal. With the Starling’s rudder
Born on February 27, 1799, in Nova Scotia, Edward Belcher grew up in a family that had been in North America for several generations. His father Andrew was a member of the Nova Scotia Council, and his great-grandfather had been the colonial governor of Massachusetts Bay, New Hampshire, and New Jersey.

In 1812, at age 13, Belcher enlisted in the British Royal Navy and saw action at the Battle of Algiers in 1816. He rose quickly through the ranks. Besides acquiring a reputation as a good sailor, he was recognized for designing and inventing a number of nautical devices. In 1820 he was part of an expedition that investigated coastal channels near Bermuda. In 1825 he was with Captain Beechey’s four-year exploration of the Pacific coast of North America, which included an unsuccessful attempt to join up with the expedition of William Edward Parry, which had been searching for the fabled Northwest Passage from the East. During this period, as expedition surveyor, Belcher explored the north coast of Alaska for several hundred miles and afterward authored some scientific papers using data from these voyages.

Belcher’s survey of England’s Lancashire coast, begun in 1836, was cut short when he received orders to take over Captain Beechey’s Pacific coast survey. In 1840 he was sent to join British naval forces fighting in a conflict against the Chinese. During these operations Belcher’s crew was the first British contingent to take possession of Hong Kong for the Crown. After returning to England in 1842, Belcher received a knighthood, becoming Captain Sir Edward Belcher. In 1843 he published the two-volume Narrative of a Voyage Round the World—Performed in Her Majesty’s Ship Sulphur during the Years 1836–1842. Belcher’s interest in science is reflected in a six-part publication, The Botany of the Voyage of the HMS Sulphur under the command of Captain Sir Edward Belcher during the years 1836–42.

Taking time off from his naval duties in 1850, Belcher served as an agent for the Universal Emigration and Colonization Company of England, where he selected a 27,000-acre site in Texas (in Bosque County near present-day Waco), as a settlement for a group of English colonists. Using his surveying skills, he supervised the platting of the property and stayed until the settlers had become established.

When Belcher returned to England in 1852 he was given command of five vessels to search for the missing Sir John Franklin, who had sailed into the Canadian Arctic in 1845 in search of the elusive Northwest Passage and had not been heard from since. Belcher’s arctic expedition returned to England in 1854 having explored new areas and conducted many scientific experiments, but also having lost four of his five ships in the ice. The loss of these vessels resulted in a court-martial. Though acquitted, he had his sword returned to him in silence, “without observation,” indicating the Admiralty’s displeasure with his handling of the expedition. He described his arctic ordeals in a two-volume work, The Last of the Arctic Voyages (1855). An American whaling captain salvaged one of Belcher’s ships (HMS Resolute) from the ice in 1855 and sailed it back to the United States. It was returned to the British in 1856 after being repainted and refitted with funds provided by Congress as a gesture of friendship between the two countries. In return, after the Resolute was broken up in 1880, a desk made from its timbers was presented to the White House (a gift from Queen Victoria to President Rutherford B. Hayes), where it now resides in the Oval Office. We see this link to Edward Belcher whenever the president is photographed or televised at his desk.

Besides naval and scientific works, Belcher authored a three-volume novel, Horatio Howard Brenton (1856), and his wife, Lady Diana Belcher, published Mutineers of the Bounty (1870), about the famous mutiny on HMS Bounty. Belcher’s reputation as a naval officer appears mixed. He was recognized as an excellent surveyor and naval scientist, but there are numerous stories of dissatisfaction by his crews, and reports of his skill as a ship commander were not always favorable. Nevertheless, Sir Edward Belcher was promoted to admiral in 1872 for his service to the Royal Navy. He died in London on March 18, 1877, at age 78.

—M.R.
On the way to Fort Vancouver, the two ships grounded occasionally and the Sulphur became stuck on a sandbank near Pillar Rock where the expedition had anchored for the night. Belcher was forced to await the next evening tide to free his ship.

repaired, the expedition departed for Fort George, surveying along the way. However, as soon as they reached Puget Island, about 35 miles from the mouth, the Starling's rudder again broke, this time catching on a snag. The expedition limped to Fort George, there to await assistance from Fort Vancouver to repair the damage.

With repairs accomplished and somewhat disappointed by the numerous problems recently encountered, Captain Belcher was glad to leave the “Great River of the West,” writing:

The Starling being again complete, we dropped down to Baker's Bay, taking leave of our friend Mr. Birnie, in charge of Fort George, who had been unremitting in his attentions. On the morning of the 14th September, we quitted Baker's Bay, with light breezes, but, owing to the peculiarity of the currents, did not clear the heads until the wind failed, compelling us to anchor.

Before tide had done, the sea-breeze came on strong; very fortunately, I had taken the precaution to reef and be in a good condition to beat out, and had just completed, when the strength of the breeze parted our cable. Sail was made in time to tack short of the dangers, and as the opposite course led to sea, I was heartily glad, after this second escape, to leave the anchor and get clear of this disastrous port.

Any attempt to recover the anchor would have proved futile and probably resulted in losing the only one remaining, with imminent risk to the ship. The Starling at the same instant met with a similar accident, leaving also her last anchor but one.

Heartily sick of this nest of dangers, we took our final look at Cape Disappointment, and shaped our course for Bodega [California]…."

Throughout his misfortunes in sailing the lower Columbia, Captain Belcher was mindful of his orders to survey the approach and inner anchorages of the entrance to the Columbia, thereby creating the first detailed navigational charts of the river’s mouth.

The thousands of soundings taken between the mouth of the river and the vicinity of Pillar Rock were plotted and published in the first edition of the charts in 1844. Sheet I covered the area from the ocean to Fort George (Astoria), and Sheet II covered the area from Fort George to just beyond Pillar Rock.

After leaving the Columbia River the Sulphur and the Starling continued their survey work southward to California, and early in 1840 the Sulphur was instructed to sail home via Singapore. New orders awaited Belcher in Singapore, and the Sulphur proceeded to China where it was involved in military action ending in November 1841. After that activity, Belcher and the Sulphur completed their round-the-world voyage, returning to England in July 1842. In 1843 Belcher published a two-volume account of his voyage.

The round-the-world voyage of the HMS Sulphur is itself of historic interest, and Captain Belcher’s survey of the mouth of the Columbia is remarkable in its meticulous detail. His Admiralty superiors should have found no fault in his accomplishment with this phase of their orders. The two charts covering the entrance of the Columbia, published in 1844, were the basis for subsequent Admiralty charts that incorporated additional soundings from a resurvey conducted by the United States Coast Survey of August 1868.

Apparently, Belcher’s working chart was never published and the published charts of 1844 appear to have been largely overlooked by historians. It is likely that after the boundary between the United States and the British possessions in the Pacific Northwest was established in 1846 at the 49th parallel—rather than along the Columbia—the British Royal Navy’s interest in charts of the river declined. Six years later, in 1850, the United States published its own chart of the Columbia River’s mouth, as surveyed by Charles Wilkes’s 1841 United States Exploring Expedition. It is similar to the Belcher chart and perhaps used some of the same soundings. In 1849 the Hudson’s Bay Company moved its Pacific Northwest headquarters from Fort Vancouver to Fort Victoria (Vancouver Island), thus further diminishing the need for British charts of the Columbia. Once superseded by the U.S. versions, Belcher’s charts were apparently relegated to the Admiralty archives and left to languish for over 150 years, until they recently caught the interest of historians and students.

Mike Rees is a retired aerospace engineer with a keen interest in regional history and the Lewis and Clark expedition. His most recently published work is The Remarkable Voyage of HMS Raccoon, 1813–14—Mission: Capture Fort Astoria on the Columbia River.
The story unreels like a cinematic cliché from a Hollywood Western. A gambler and a soldier confront each other in a frontier saloon. Their conversation becomes tense, then angry and laced with profanity. Suddenly, the gambler draws a pistol and shoots the soldier. Two days later the dead soldier’s comrades break into the county jail and lynch the gambler. This is no scene from *Hang ‘em High* or *The Wild Bunch*. No, this was Walla Walla in April 1891.

The Walla Walla incident was an act of vigilante justice. Vigilantism appears to have emerged in the West during the California Gold Rush. The practice spread to other parts of the frontier, including a famous event in Virginia City, Montana, where townsfolk summarily lynched 22 alleged criminals without a trial.

By 1891 Walla Walla citizens thought of their town, founded in 1859, as a modern city. A contemporary city directory proudly cited gas and electric lights, a streetcar line, and graded streets as signs of modernity. Its 600-seat opera house, college (Whitman), 13 churches and numerous fraternal organizations, two newspapers—the morning Union (Republican) and the evening Statesman (Democrat), rail connections, and Western Union and newfangled telephones bolstered their claim. A city marshal and county sheriff promoted law and order, and three volunteer fire brigades existed to respond to emergencies. And, as an example of the purest and highest form of civilization and modernism, Walla Walla’s baseball fans sponsored a professional minor league team to play in the Pacific Interstate League.

The town garnered security and financial gain from nearby Fort Walla Walla. The United States Army had briefly erected a post on Mill Creek (at what is now First and Main streets in downtown Walla Walla) in 1858 before establishing a fort on a small mesa one mile west of town. The 640-acre military reservation housed a 24-bed hospital, a 12-cell guardhouse, post exchange, library, chapel, biweekly newspaper, and baseball diamond. In 1891 the garrison, commanded by Colonel Charles E. Compton, boasted a contingent of approximately 320 officers and men from the Fourth Cavalry. The unit had arrived the year before from Fort Huachuca, Arizona, where it had most recently fought Geronimo and the Chiricahua Apaches.

Colonel Compton established a peacetime routine that allowed off-duty troopers to leave the post to visit Walla Walla for recreation between retreat (sunset) and tattoo (11 p.m.). It is worth noting that the 1890 edition of the Sanborn Fire Insurance Map...
shows that a single block—the north side of Main Street between Third and Fourth avenues—housed eight saloons and two cigar stores.

Modernity and peace aside, Walla Walla's frontier roots lay in shallow soil in the spring of 1891. A single gunshot disturbed the usual sounds in Charlie Rose's Saloon at 33 W. Main Street on Wednesday evening, April 22. When Constable Frank Morse arrived a few minutes later, he found Private Emmett Miller, D Troop, Fourth Cavalry, lying in a pool of blood while a "well-known" gambler, A. J. Hunt, stood over him, pistol in hand. Morse disarmed Hunt and summoned Dr. James Bingham to examine the unconscious soldier. Bingham quickly ascertained that the wound ultimately would prove fatal: the bullet had entered Miller's chest and lodged near his spine, causing massive internal bleeding. Following a telephone call to the fort, an army surgeon and horse-drawn ambulance arrived to transport Miller to the post hospital.

Miller and Hunt both had military backgrounds but never served together. Private Miller, age 31, had enlisted in 1878 and spent his entire career at Fort Walla Walla, serving successive enlistments with the First and Second Cavalry prior to his current assignment. The Statesman described him as "a very quiet man [who] was never known to have any trouble before." Hunt, age 65, had arrived at Fort Walla Walla with the First Cavalry in 1873 but had retired soon thereafter, remaining in Walla Walla, according to the Statesman, "to follow gambling for a living."

The exact motive for Hunt's attack never became completely clear. Miller and Private Charles Cutter had walked into town after retreat, stopping at Rose's saloon on the infamous north side of Main Street. They spent a few minutes in Rose's back room watching a faro game before returning to the bar. Hunt followed them out of the back room and engaged Miller in a conversation about their common service in the First Cavalry. According to the Statesman, when Hunt edged closer and referred to members of the unit as "s—s of b—s," Miller shoved him away. At that point, Hunt drew his revolver and shot the other man.

A trooper who knew both men told the newspaper that Miller and Hunt had experienced some unspecified troubles seven or eight years earlier and that "the shooting was the result of the former row." The Union offered additional information, citing Hunt's fellow gamblers, who asserted that Miller had provoked the confrontation because of "bad blood" between the two men who had once competed for the "affections of a fair, but morally frail, damsels." Private Miller himself denied any trouble. Interviewed as he lay dying in the post hospital, he testified, "I have seen [Hunt] before but never had any trouble with him."

Although County Prosecutor Henry Blandford announced on Thursday morning, April 23, that he intended to charge Hunt with intent to commit murder, Miller's comrades publicly discussed vigilante justice. According to the Statesman, "When the enlisted men of Miller's troop learned about the shooting, they became very indignant and threats were made of coming to the city and mobbing Hunt."

On Thursday evening an army surgeon telephoned Sheriff Joshua McFarland to say that Miller had regained consciousness and wanted to tell his story before he died. The sheriff decided to take Hunt, guarded by Constable Morse, to the post to allow Miller to make a formal identification of his assailant. McFarland hired hack driver Ott McKinzie to make the trip.

The army's official account noted, "The soldiers of the garrison, on learning that Hunt was in the hospital, became excited." In fact, a soldier told the hack driver waiting outside the hospital that troopers planned to ambush the sheriff's party as it left the post and lynch Hunt. Sheriff McFarland promptly requested assistance: "Colonel, I understand your men are going to mob [Hunt], and as sheriff of this county I appeal to you for protection." Accordingly, Compton detailed Captain Theodore Wint and an armed squad to escort the sheriff back to town.

As the sheriff's party passed through the fort's main gate at Poplar and 13th, a large number of masked soldiers suddenly appeared out of the dark to block Wint's path. One yelled, "We are going to have that man Hunt! We are bound to have him!" Wint ordered the men...
to disperse. When they refused and again demanded Hunt’s surrender, Wint directed McKinzie to return “at the double quick” to the post where Wint placed Hunt in the guardhouse.

Called to the scene, an angry Compton assured McFarland that he would use all means necessary to return the sheriff and his prisoner to Walla Walla. The colonel again detailed Captain Wint, this time joined by all 50 members of C Troop, to escort McFarland. Compton also ordered his trumpeter to sound “Assembly,” mustering the regiment on the post’s parade ground. He kept the other troopers on parade for an hour in a spring evening rain, until Wint returned from town, berating them as a disgrace to their regiment for their mutinous and murderous behavior.

Sheriff McFarland now decided to lodge Hunt in the county jail. He believed that the jail, which occupied the basement of the county courthouse, would provide greater security. A single door on the courthouse’s north side, facing Main Street, provided access to the jail from street level.

The soldiers continued to threaten, quite openly, to avenge their dying comrade with another attempt to lynch Hunt. Based on these threats, McFarland hired six additional guards, armed with Winchester repeaters, to supplement the jailer, Fred Wells, and Deputy Sheriff Marcus Colt. A Statesman editorial

[Colonel Compton] would just as soon “expect the members of the Episcopal Church to sack their church as that his men would attack the county jail.”

McFarland and Prosecutor Blandford arranged to meet with Colonel Compton on the post to discuss the situation. Riding west on Poplar Street toward the fort’s main gate at seven in the evening, they passed a large group of soldiers walking into town. As the two officials met Compton in his private quarters, the prosecutor formally requested that the colonel recall his troops and restrict them to the post. Blandford echoed this request, citing the soldiers’ most recent threats. He believed that an attack would occur later that night and explained that he did not consider the jail to be sufficiently secure. He advised Compton that “a man with a pickax” could easily break through its brick walls. Although armed guards could prevent an attack by an amorphous civilian mob, he also asserted they could not defeat “a body of soldiers well armed and disciplined.”

Compton offered little comfort to his visitors. He explained that he had no means to recall those troops who had already left the post for the evening and, in any event, he would just as soon “expect the members of the Episcopal Church to sack their church as that his men would attack the county jail.” Compton nonetheless promised to place Captain Allen Smith and A Troop on alert to serve as a rapid reaction force in case of trouble.

Wholly unsatisfied with Compton’s assurances, Blandford and McFarland rode back to town. The sheriff returned to the jail to check on his arrangements. Slightly over an hour later, a fusillade of shots disturbed the evening. The Statesman’s Saturday edition described the disturbance succinctly:

Exactly at 9:15 last night A. J. Hunt, the gambler who shot and mortally wounded Private Miller, was taken from the county jail by about one hundred soldiers from the garrison to the courthouse square and riddled with bullets. Thus was the shooting of their comrade avenged.

The soldiers had carried out the operation with military precision. They slowly converged on the courthouse square around half past eight. Some cut the telephone lines between town and the fort while others extinguished the electric lights that illuminated the courthouse square. Armed soldiers established a skirmish line around the courthouse, preventing curious townsfolk from approaching the square. Troopers halted Ott McKinzie, for example, and told him, “We all know you, Mac, and if you will stand on the opposite corner you can see how we will do up old Hunt.”

Finally, with preparations in place, an assault team advanced to the courthouse. A soldier pounded on the jail door, demanding entrance in a loud voice. McFarland refused, calling back that Hunt would receive a fair trial. The troopers then threatened to blow up the courthouse with dynamite. Guard Thomas Mosgrove later quoted the soldiers, “They said they would kill every s— of a b— in the building if the door was not
opened.” McFarland, who later testified that he feared for the lives of his deputies, capitulated: “I then opened the door, and as I did so there were twenty or twenty-five armed soldiers… [who] shoved cocked revolvers in my face and demanded the keys, and I gave them up.” As a soldier unlocked Hunt’s cell, he yelled, “We have got the s– of a b–.” The soldiers then dragged Hunt outside and killed him. According to McFarland, the entire incident lasted no more than five minutes.

The Statesman described what happened next:

When the first report of the guns was heard it seemed to startle everybody. Men poured out of the saloons and stores by the hundreds and ran in the direction of the courthouse square. In a very short space of time the square was black with a moving mass of people. The fire alarm bell was then rung and people could be seen coming from all portions of the city. When the first ones reached the yard, not a soldier was to be seen but about midway between the court house steps and the northwest entrance of the yard lay the body of Hunt in a pool of blood.

Civilian and military officials immediately blamed each other for the violence. Sheriff McFarland accused Colonel Compton of negligence for not restricting his troops to the post. Prosecutor Blandford agreed: “I think this outrage is due to the criminal negligence of the commanding officer at Fort Walla Walla.” He also argued that McFarland could have recruited an infinite number of guards but could still not “stand a siege from the troops.” Compton, on the other hand, blamed the two officials for making only “vague” and “insubstantial” references to a possible threat in their Friday evening meeting. He particularly singled out McFarland: “I looked upon the jail as a fortress. Had they made any defense whatever they could have held the jail until now. The soldiers made a demand and the door was opened. It was all over in a flash.”

Walla Walla’s newspapers weighed in as well. The Statesman admitted an ironic ambivalence: “There is an almost unanimity of feeling and expression amongst our citizens that, in the tragedy of Friday night, the soldiers did a good thing, that it is well [and] there were no more lives lost, but they ought not to have done it.” The Daily Union, however, applied blame equally to all: “Stated in the worst possible light, the first shooting was murder in the heat of passion. Stated in the mildest form, the second shooting was a cold-blooded murder.”

The lynching provoked similar editorial responses throughout the Northwest. The Portland Oregonian condemned the incident as a “pure outbreak of mob violence, a sheer outburst of public passion, without sense or pretext.” The Seattle Telegraph, however, portrayed a more accepting view of vigilante justice:
There is a promptness and completeness about the work of Judge Lynch which compels admiration. When he gets through there are no arrests of judgment, no filing of exceptions, no new trials, no setting aside of verdicts and judgments, no costly bills of expense, no foolishness of any kind. The cost of a coroner’s inquest and a pine coffin squares the whole account.

Other newspapers focused on the role of Fort Walla Walla’s soldiers. The Spokane Spokesman cited a sense of betrayal: “If [soldiers] are to turn against the law, the foundations of the country’s peace and order are upset. They must quell mobs. For them to create mobs is as unnatural as for mothers to kill their children.” The Seattle Post-Intelligencer echoed the idea that civilization had replaced the frontier:

“It is not as though [the soldiers] had been stationed on a wild frontier, surrounded by savages and outlaws, where civil authority was unknown or powerless, and where they might be excused for resisting assault upon their garrison or upon themselves as soldiers, suppressing with the strong hand deeds of violence that were otherwise unpunishable. These troops were stationed in the immediate neighborhood of a civilized and law-abiding community.

Meanwhile, Hunt’s final fate fulfilled a Western tradition. Undertaker John Picard displayed the gambler’s body at his funeral home at the corner First and Alder through the weekend. Local photographers snapped pictures of the body for publication as postcards. Hunt’s fellow gamblers contributed to a burial fund and arranged for Reverend H. W. Eagan of St. John’s Episcopal Church to officiate at a brief ceremony, attended by few, at Mountain View Cemetery where Hunt was buried in an unmarked grave on Monday afternoon, April 27.

Ironically, Private Miller died a few hours later. He received a more formal interment, “with all the military honors due a soldier,” on Tuesday afternoon, April 28. The Fourth Cavalry band led the procession to the fort’s small cemetery. Miller’s cavalry mount, “dressed in full garb, reversed boots and all,” followed the hearse. Squad mates from D Troop fired three volleys

formal investigations—a grand jury in town, a court of inquiry at the post—began immediately. Superior Court Judge William Upton impaneled a grand jury on April 29. He randomly selected 12 jurors and 2 alternates from the voter rolls and appointed William Reser as foreman. In his directions to the grand jury, Upton drew strong contrasts between a grand jury, which reflected “a peaceable, intelligent, and law-abiding community,” and vigilante justice, which, he said, produced a “less desirable” solution. He reminded the jurors to investigate the crime fairly:

“It is nothing to the point that the victim was a gambler himself, accused of a crime. I know but one law for the saint and the sinner, for the rich and the poor, for the soldier and the civilian. The vilest criminal, the meanest vagrant is as fully entitled to the protection of the law as the priest at the altar; and when that protection is denied the chief support of our liberties is undermined.

During the next four weeks the jury examined 71 witnesses: 54 soldiers and 17 civilians. Based on this investigation, Foreman Reser notified Upton on May 26 that the jury had voted out a true bill, indicting 7 soldiers. When news of the jury’s action leaked out, rumors quickly began to circulate through Walla Walla that members of the garrison would resist their comrades’ arrest. This time, however, Sheriff McFarland took more effective precautions. He recruited 30 special deputies and arranged with Governor Elisha Ferry to equip them with military weapons borrowed from local National Guard armories.

Judge Upton made the indictment public on May 28, five weeks after Hunt’s murder. The grand jury charged Troopers Patrick McMenamin, Charles Trumpower, Joseph Trumpower, and Charles Cutter of D Troop, Thomas Clinton of H Troop, Bernhard Mueller of C Troop, and James Evans of A Troop with first-degree murder in that they “did feloniously, purposely, and of other deliberate and premeditated malice kill and murder said Andrew J. Hunt, shooting and mortally wounding him, with certain loaded guns or loaded pistols.”

Sheriff McFarland and his deputies immediately proceeded to the post to arrest the soldiers. McFarland found four of the troopers already detained in the guardhouse awaiting courtmartial on charges related to the incident. He arrested the other three in their quarters. The Statesman’s account noted with some relief that other soldiers did not resist the arrest of their comrades. Colonel Compton himself detailed an officer and eight armed troopers to accompany the prisoners, handcuffed and riding in an army ambulance, back to town. According to the Statesman, more than 100 Walla Wallans gathered to watch McFarland lodge the prisoners in the same jail that had held Hunt. Prosecutor Blandford arraigned the defendants, each of whom pleaded not guilty, on June 2. Judge Upton then set a trial date for two weeks later and granted Patrick McMenamin’s petition, for unknown reasons, to have his trial severed from that of the other defendants.

Public opinion, shaped in part by the Statesman’s coverage, sided with the troopers. Statesman owner and editor Frank Parker himself told a Seattle reporter, “I think it is impossible for [the defendants] to be convicted.”

As the trial approached, the prosecution and defense legal teams could not have presented a stronger contrast. The troopers, each of whom earned a monthly salary of only $15, had somehow arranged to hire two of Walla Walla’s most respected
attorneys—Senator George Thompson, who currently represented Walla Walla in the state legislature, and Thomas Brents, a former superior court judge. The prosecution, on the other hand, consisted of Prosecutor Blandford, who had passed the bar the previous year, and John Sharpstein, a somewhat more experienced attorney, hired by the county commission for $300.

Judge Upton gavelled the court to order on Wednesday, June 17, for jury selection. Because of the extensive publicity surrounding the case, the judge had great difficulty finding 12 citizens willing to serve. Several prospective jurors admitted they had already formed strong opinions regarding the defendants’ guilt or innocence. Others stated their moral opposition to capital punishment. Upton needed to call three successive 12-man panels, the last literally dragged off the streets of Walla Walla, before he could seat a jury.

When the trial began on June 18, Prosecutor Blandford called only four witnesses. Deputy Marcus Colt and courthouse guard George Thomas established the now-familiar events leading to Hunt’s death. Dr. W. E. Russell described his postmortem examination of Hunt’s corpse, citing multiple bullet wounds as the obvious cause of death. Russell noted 16 separate wounds and testified that at least 10 would have been fatal. He also testified that someone had used a blunt object, presumably the butt of a carbine, to crush Hunt’s skull. The defense asked only a few questions on cross-examination to clarify minor details.

The final witness, Sheriff McFarland, provided the testimonial capstone for the prosecution. Under Blandford’s direct examination, the sheriff described in great detail the original attempt to lynch Hunt on Thursday evening, his unsatisfying conference with Compton on Friday evening, and then the tragic events of the lynching itself. The sheriff provided compelling testimony but no new information.

Blandford’s questions then turned to McFarland’s role in the grand jury proceedings. McFarland testified that he could not initially identify individual members of the lynch mob because they all looked alike in their uniforms. He only recognized the alleged perpetrators when he served grand-jury subpoenas on witnesses from the post. In a Perry Mason moment, he provided a dramatic answer to Blandford’s final question: “To the best of my knowledge, I recognize the six defendants, Evans, Mueller, Charles Trumpower, Joseph Trumpower, Cutter, and Clinton as being in the crowd that lynched Hunt.”

Defense attorney Thompson immediately challenged McFarland on cross-examination. He first made McFarland repeat his earlier testimony that he had not recognized any trooper during the original incident but could only identify them later, during the grand-jury phase of the investigation. Thompson then asked McFarland, with great sarcasm, if this belated identification had anything to do with the county offering a $1,500 reward for the arrest and conviction of those involved in the lynching. Although Blandford objected to this line of questioning, Thompson had made his point with the jury. The defense also forced McFarland to deny that he had prematurely released vagrant Walter Alexander, who had occupied the jail cell next to Hunt’s, and then paid him to spy on troopers as they visited Walla Walla saloons in the days after the lynching in the hope that they would admit something incriminating.

The defense presented its case by calling more than 30 witnesses to provide alibis for the defendants, skillfully establishing the exact location of each defendant at the time of the incident. Testimony placed five of the defendants on the post. The sixth had come into town, but witnesses saw him elsewhere on Main Street at the fateful hour.

Following closing statements on Saturday morning, Judge Upton turned to the jurors to give them final instructions before their deliberations. He noted, “No man who is accused of a crime is under any obligation to prove his innocence. The state must prove his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt before [he] can be lawfully convicted.” The jury returned after only 10 minutes of deliberation. Foreman Harry Turner read out the verdict: “We, the jury, do hereby find the defendants not guilty of the offense charged in the information.” The Statesman described the ensuing uproar, “The large audience assembled began a loud applause by the clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and throwing hats up to the ceiling.” Jeopardy had not ended for the soldiers, however. An armed detachment escorted them to the post guardhouse to face military justice.
A military court of inquiry, which resembled a grand jury in function, had convened on the post in May to investigate the involvement of military personnel in the incident. In the ensuing testimony, several troopers claimed that the initial attempt to lynch Hunt had occurred because they expected civil authorities to move him to more secure surroundings. They also believed that Blandford would not prosecute Hunt because his fellow gamblers had contributed substantially to the prosecutor’s recent election campaign. Successive soldiers nonetheless testified, under oath and often under hostile questioning, that they had no knowledge of the actual events of the lynching.

The court concluded its work with an examination of Colonel Compton. He stoutly defended his actions while placing primary blame on Prosecutor Blandford and Sheriff McFarland. He accused Blandford of making only a “vague and insubstantial” case during their conversation on Friday evening, April 24. Compton then described the difference between Captain Wint’s behavior and McFarland’s. Wint had resolutely refused to surrender Hunt to the first mob on Thursday evening. McFarland, on the other hand, had submitted quickly: “The soldiers made a demand and the door was opened. It was all over in a flash.”

Compton described his own efforts to investigate the incident, citing an inquiry that heard testimony from approximately 60 military witnesses and led to the arrest of an NCO and five troopers. He also acknowledged that six men had deserted during the investigation, presumably to escape punishment. Compton, who had commanded the Fourth Cavalry since 1887, felt betrayed by his men’s actions: “I felt a pride in my regiment. It has all gone.”

Following deliberations, the members of the court recommended that the army court-martial Colonel Compton for dereliction of duty and six troopers for “conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline under the sixty-second Article of War.”

Compton’s court-martial convened at Fort Walla Walla on July 16. He hired C. E. S. Woods, a civilian attorney from Portland, as his counsel. Captain Charles McClure, the court’s judge advocate (prosecutor), read the charge and specifications. The first specification asserted that Compton had failed to identify or punish the soldiers involved in the “mutinous and seditious” events of April 23. The second accused him of failing to act on the warnings of civil authorities and that he had therefore “failed to take measures or precautions to hold at the post the men of his command then present or cause the return of the men then in town, or in any way to watch, restrain, or discipline” his men. The final specification contended that Compton had not taken “sufficient measure or actions to apprehend the men or to detect the men so engaged in the killing of Hunt.” Compton pleaded not guilty.

The court-martial moved swiftly. The judge-advocate called witness after witness against Compton, focusing particularly on the second specification, “failing to take measures…” Woods attempted to repair the damage by calling witnesses sympathetic to the defense. Several civilians testified that they had not believed rumors of an impending lynching. Judge Upton, for example, described the information that Blandford and McFarland took to Compton as nothing more than “common rumor on the streets, which everyone had heard and no one regarded.” Compton himself took the stand on July 22, addressing each specification in turn but adding no new evidence.

Compton’s testimony failed to convince the court. The officers sitting in judgment found Compton guilty on all counts. As punishment, the army suspended him for three years and placed him on half pay. The Statesman noted that the people of Walla Walla responded to this news with “great regret.”
The court-martial for the troopers convened at Fort Sherman, near Coeur d’Alene, Idaho, in August 1891. The defendants included Corporal Clarence Arnold, Blacksmith Stephen Luport, and Privates Charles Trumpower, Patrick McMenamon, and James Miller. The court quickly dismissed charges against four of the defendants, citing a lack of evidence, but retained the indictment against Arnold for distributing guns to the lynch mob and Charles Trumpower for accepting a revolver from Arnold. After several days of testimony, the court-martial found both defendants guilty, sentencing Arnold to eight years and Trumpower to four years in the military prison on Alcatraz Island in California.

Colonel Compton returned to active duty with the Fourth Cavalry at Fort Walla Walla in February 1893, after President Benjamin Harrison commuted his sentence. He retired in June 1899 after 38 years in the army. Prosecutor Blandford experienced no substantial political harm for losing his only major trial as prosecuting attorney. Although he narrowly lost an election for the state senate in November 1892, he later served several terms as city attorney and maintained a successful private law practice. Sheriff McFarland alone suffered backlash from the fateful events. He decided not to run for reelection in 1892 and disappears from city directories thereafter.

Following the bloody interlude of vigilante vengeance, the rule of law returned to Walla Walla. The military and the townspeople were probably anxious to put the incident behind them, and it quickly disappeared behind the curtain of history. Professor William Lyman of Whitman College published two seminal works on the history of Walla Walla: An Illustrated History of Walla Walla County (1901) and Lyman’s History of Old Walla Walla County (1918), neither of which makes reference to the lynching of A. J. Hunt.

Terrell D. Gottschall teaches European history and researches 19th-century German naval history at Walla Walla University. His interest in local history stems from his pioneer roots.
Between 1942 and 1945, the United States Army secretly converted Hanford from a barren landscape along the Columbia River to America’s lone plutonium factory. Hanford’s isolation attracted federal officials planning the Manhattan Project, and workers soon flooded nearby Richland. But as World War II gave way to the Cold War, the mid Columbia’s seclusion stymied Richland’s attempts to evolve from Hanford’s bedroom community to a thriving municipality. Because Richland’s economy revolved around Hanford, the town remained dependent on atomic development into the 1960s. When the federal government scaled back plutonium production in 1964, Hanford’s mission hung in the balance. The 1970s energy crisis promised some diversification to Richland boosters who eyed a transition to atomic energy, but the environmental movement and the inefficiencies of the peaceful atom threatened atomic technology by the end of the decade.

Clearly, Richland’s prosperity has always been entwined with that of Hanford. But boosters and environmentalists have only sparred over the area’s future during the past four decades. In that time, stakeholders have all become armchair historians whose respective visions of Hanford’s future have become dependent on their respective interpretations of Hanford’s past. Whereas Richland boosters celebrate Hanford’s contributions to victory in World War II and the Cold War, environmentalists bemoan Hanford’s ecological and human costs. The historiography of Hanford has proven equally divisive. But Made in Hanford and Atomic Frontier Days offer reinterpretations of Hanford’s past that strike a refreshing balance between triumph and tragedy.

Hill Williams is both enthralled and appalled by America’s atomic history. The son of the Pasco Herald editor during World War II, Williams observed the secret development of Hanford firsthand. Unfortunately, he does not harness that perspective to great effect. Apart from two chapters about the secrecy surrounding the Manhattan Project and the federally mandated media blackout on Hanford news, Made in Hanford pays little heed to Hanford’s place in the Pacific Northwest. Instead, Williams paints a dramatic portrait of the breakthroughs of European scientists who developed atomic theory and the human consequences of atomic testing on the Marshall Islands. Those sections are captivating narratives told with a journalist’s eye to tension and human resilience. But readers interested in Pacific Northwest history will find that the author does not coherently entwine the histories of Hanford, Enrico Fermi, and the Bikini Atoll.

Hanford’s position in the Pacific Northwest is apparent on every page of Atomic Frontier Days, which caps a 20-year collaboration between University of Washington history professors John M. Findlay and Bruce Hevly. Indeed, this book is best read in tandem with their 1998 edited volume, The Atomic West. Taking a long view of Hanford history that stretches from the 1940s to the present, Findlay and Hevly trace several parallel narratives: Hanford as a federal enclave; Hanford as an agent of Tri-Cities development; Hanford as a political tool; and Hanford as an economic and ecological force in the Columbia Basin. Each of those themes garners a separate chapter that spans more than 50 years. This structure produces some redundancy, but Findlay and Hevly overcome that foible with graceful argumentation and thorough research.

Those assets are nowhere more apparent than in the chapter about how Hanford shaped Tri-Cities urban history. Findlay and Hevly illuminate the extent to which Richland identified itself as “the Atomic City of the West,” harkening backward to the frontier and forward to the atomic age. But Hanford shaped more than just Richland’s development. Atomic Frontier Days depicts the socioeconomic segmentation of Richland, Pasco, and Kennewick despite their common dependence on Hanford. That dependence produced growing pains. Indeed, the book illustrates how challenging it was for the Tri-Cities to diversify its economy beyond Hanford’s plutonium production.

Of course, that production relied on federal mandates, and Hanford’s relationship with the federal government has continually changed. Atomic Frontier Days emphasizes how “Hanford became less a fixture of the national security state and more a project of the welfare state.” Several factors contributed to that...
shift. The isolation that attracted Hanford planners in the 1940s made it difficult to proceed with plans for Richland's disposal and incorporation a decade later. By the time the federal government cut back on plutonium production after 1964, the Tri-Cities was far too dependent on Hanford, and economic diversification failed time and again. Meanwhile, Findlay and Hevly illuminate the success of Washington's congressional representatives to lobby for Hanford's continued federal support. That interpretation reshapes our perspective on Hanford, which is too often portrayed as "a federal imposition on a western place." Indeed, the authors draw attention to the agency of Westerners in their economic development and ecological evolution.

Many Hanford histories emphasize the mid Columbia's ecological perversion. But Findlay and Hevly deepen our understanding of power and place: "Americans may wish to designate the Hanford Reach as a national monument, and they may treat the Hanford Site as a national sacrifice area, but in fact the two places remain part of the same natural ecosystem and continue to affect one another profoundly." For handling such radioactive historical material, that is an uncommonly balanced analysis—one that stakeholders would do well to remember as they chart Hanford's future in the Pacific Northwest.

Blake Slonecker, a native of Oregon, is an assistant professor of history at Waldorf College in Forest City, Iowa. His writing appears in several historical quarters.

Dark Rose
Organized Crime and Corruption in Portland
Reviewed by G. Thomas Edwards.

Portlanders who experienced the 1950s may still recall something about their open city with its racketeers, corrupt city officials, and dishonest union officers. Unaware of this tumultuous period, current residents will benefit from reading Donnelly’s useful summary, including the roles of major participants—gangster James Elkins, reform mayor Dorothy McCullough Lee, corrupt mayor Fred Peterson, controversial sheriff Terry Schrunk, and the McClellan Committee hearings held in Portland featuring Chief Counsel Robert Kennedy. Fortunately, the author puts the story into context, stressing that Portlanders were long aware of urban crime, but "[i]t was not until the post World War II period that crime was as thoroughly organized and consolidated as it was in other cities like Detroit and New York City."

Serving as mayor during the World War II years, Earl Riley allowed a level of vice so notorious that it was disclosed in the famous City Club’s report. Seeking to improve conditions, Lee was elected in 1949—the first woman mayor in the city’s history. She sought to provide honest government and effective law enforcement during her four-year term. Druggist Fred Peterson defeated Lee in her reelection bid. Even more tolerant of racketeering than Riley, Peterson made it possible for hoodlum Elkins to dominate the city’s vice industries, including prostitution, bootlegging, and gambling. Politicians, police, and other local leaders provided him with necessary protection. People of varied economic status tolerated law-breaking, including popular punchboards, slot machines, and pinball machines. In 1955, Seattle mobsters and teamster leaders muscled in on Elkins’s vice operations. Fearing these outsiders, he taped conversations with them and turned the tapes over to Oregonian reporters Wallace Turner and William Lambert. In the spring of 1956 the newspaper published their sensational investigative reports, and this attracted the attention of the McClellan Committee, a special Senate committee investigating labor corruption. The two news- men won the coveted Heywood Broun Award. Donnelly argues, “Not until Woodward and Bernstein in 1972 would newspaper reporters risk as much as Turner and Lambert in their exposure of Portland’s corrupt officials.”

Donnelly’s scholarly account is too brief. Elkins spread his gambling operations to smaller towns, including Oceanlake. The author could have provided additional details about the long-standing problem of dishonest police departments. For example, William Gibs McDoo, a former New York City police commissioner, warned in 1906 that the “police under a corrupt city administration are generally shamelessly used to gather in graft for the men at the top.” While Donnelly consults many sources, he does not adequately utilize the public’s response to their open city. Additional quotations from letters of concerned citizens to civic leaders and editors would have enlivened the text. Their worries seem similar to those currently being expressed over the Oregon Lottery. A writer, for example, had asked: “How many children go hungry because the pay check was squandered on these harmless (pinball) machines?” In 1956 the Oregonian praised citizens for voting against these “nickel grabbers.” Many Portlanders expressed embarrassment about the local corruption exposed in the nation’s press. They labeled Portland a “hick town” and became cynical about politics, especially after Mayor Lee’s defeat by a fickle and ill-informed electorate.

Donnelly’s account offers several lessons, including the positive and negative effects of competing urban newspapers, the difficulties in eradicating prostitution, and the shortcomings of “good old boys” like Fred Peterson serving in high office. Despite the book’s brevity, it is a useful urban history of interest to scholars and general readers alike.

G. Thomas Edwards, an Oregon native, taught at Whitman College from 1964 to 1998, then retired in Portland. Among his books are Tradition in a Turbulent Age (2001) and Sowing Good Seeds (1990).
Christine Quintasket (1884–1936), better known by her pen name Mourning Dove, stood at a juncture in the history and culture of her people, the Interior Salish tribes, and the region they inhabit—the northern Columbia Plateau. She used her writing to honor tribal traditions, condemn government wrongs, portray relations between native and non-native people, and make a claim for tribal identity that would bridge that juncture. As critic Alicia Kent says, Mourning Dove aimed “to write her tribe’s cultural existence into the future.”

Mourning Dove was Okanogan, one of 12 tribes that comprise the Confederated Tribes of the Colville Reservation. She grew up near Kettle Falls on the Columbia River and attended mission schools and a government Indian school. After her mother died, she moved to Montana to be closer to her grandmother, the Stemteemä (in the Okanogan language), who lives in a teepee apart from the main house. And finally, the ranch foreman is Jim LaGrinder, also a half-blood. Furthermore, Cogewea lives on the ranch, along her other sister, Mary, and their grandmother, the Stemteemä (in the Okanogan language), who lives in a teepee away from the main house. And finally, the ranch foreman is Jim LaGrinder, also a half-blood, who vies for Cogewea’s heart with a tenderfoot from back East—the deceiving and bigoted Alfred Densmore.

Mourning Dove recognizes how native people have “suffered as much from the pen as from the bayonet of conquest.” When Cogewea resorts to reading a Western to take her mind off of Densmore, she exclaims, “I almost hate myself today. Everything is against me, even to this maligning absurdity of a book.” However, when Densmore tries to persuade Cogewea to marry a white man, only to be abused and degraded by him before she could escape and return to her tribe, her feet wrapped in the rags of the green Hudson Bay blanket her husband gave her during their courtship. When Densmore dismisses the Stemteemä’s stories, Cogewea defends her, pointing out that “there are plenty of facts that are never alluded to by the recording historian.” Nonetheless, when the Stemteemä’s warnings to Cogewea fail, she has Jim LaGrinder build a sweat lodge for her so she can purify herself and pray for the help of the Great Spirit.

Mourning Dove further emphasizes Indian experience through Cogewea’s affinity with the land. This affinity is evident during her private retreats to Buffalo Butte, where she envisions the herds of buffalo that once roamed the prairie and the nomadic bands of Indians that once pursued them. It is also here that a voice emanates from a buffalo skull she has found, redirecting her heart’s attentions to Jim.

While Cogewea, the Half-Blood has an important place in Native American (and hence American) literary history, the novel is not without controversy. Since its reissue by the University of Nebraska Press in 1981, critics such as Alanna Kathleen Brown have studied the role of Mourning Dove’s editor, Lucullus V. McWhorter, in the composition of the novel. McWhorter, a white advocate of Indian rights who was
adopted by the Yakamas, shaped the novel extensively. The resulting questions of authenticity (akin to those raised in respect to *Black Elk Speaks*, by John G. Neihardt) are heightened by the legacy of white appropriation of native traditions and works. Yet, the original manuscript (now lost) was unquestionably Mourning Dove's, and though Mourning Dove was initially surprised by the extent of McWhorter's changes, she accepted them and went on to work with him (and another editor, Heister Dean Guie) in publishing *Coyote Stories* (1934), a collection of tales she gathered from tribal elders. The role of these editors does not diminish the fact that Mourning Dove was the first Native American woman to publish a novel—a novel of complex worth. In 1990, anthropologist Jay Miller published *Mourning Dove: A Salishan Autobiography*, compiled from Mourning Dove's surviving papers. The work, which combines personal memoir with ethnographic consideration of the customs and beliefs of the Interior Salish tribes, has itself stirred controversy due to Miller's editorial approach. Nonetheless, it contributes to our understanding of Mourning Dove, even as it generates continued debate about her work.

In midlife, Mourning Dove moved to East Omak on the Colville Reservation, where she became active in reservation politics and was elected to the tribal council. Despite her book publications and public profile, she found it necessary to support herself through manual labor in the orchards in the Okanogan Valley. Even while enduring such hardship, she continued to write, bridging the historical and cultural juncture her people faced, until the day when, suffering from physical and mental exhaustion, she was admitted to Eastern State Hospital, near Spokane, where she died—leaving the spirit of her life and work to live on. 

Peter Donahue teaches English at the Wenatchee Valley College at Omak in the Okanogan Valley.

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**Additional Reading**

Interested in learning more about the topics covered in this issue? The sources listed here will get you started.

**Lincoln Wolverton’s Introduction to the Civil Rights Movement**


**David Douglas**


**Before SIFF**


**Nest of Dangers**


**Let the Law Take Its Course**


As the ship went down...

April 15, 2012, marks the centennial of the sinking of the British passenger vessel RMS Titanic on her maiden voyage from Southampton to New York. Just before midnight on April 14, the Titanic struck an iceberg in the North Atlantic Ocean, some 375 miles southeast of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Of the 2,453 passengers and 885 crew members aboard, 1,517 lost their lives—one of the worst peacetime disasters in maritime history.

Almost immediately a flood of books, music, and other commemorative items began to issue forth, and the public’s imagination was captured by the terrible tragedy. The two pieces of sheet music pictured here, Just as the Ship Went Down and The Wreck of the Titanic, were purchased in Washington, one bearing the rubber stamp of “The Music Shop” in Yakima. Another Titanic-related musical piece in the Society’s collections bears the lengthy title, “I Just Cannot Say Good-bye: A Sentimental Ballad Suggested by the pathetic incidents Marking the World’s Greatest Sea Disaster, ‘The Sinking of the Titanic.’”
SPECIAL GIVING (recent gifts of $100 or more)
Columbia Bank, $10,000, Third Thursday programs for 2012
Charles Bingham, $1,000, History Fund
Daniel K. Grimm, $1,000, History Fund
Larry & Judith Kopp, $1,000, History Fund
Titos-Will Families Foundation, $1,000, History Fund
Andrew & Marrianna Price, $625, History Fund
Ronald & Rita Adsitt, $500, History Fund
John & Karen Arbini, $500, History Fund
William & Sandra Cammarano, $500, History Fund
Dana Foundation, $500, History Fund
David L. Nicandri, $500, History Fund
John O’Farrell, $500, in loving memory of Alda Lewis
Scott & Mary Chapman, $500, in loving memory of Doris Riepe
Philis Harrison & Stephanie Foster
Terry & Patricia Farnham
Laura Sevin, $200, History Fund
Janice & Victor Anderson, $200, History Fund
Totem Ocean Trailers Express
Warren & Nancy Smith, $100, History Fund
Scott & Stan Levison, $100, History Fund
Stuart & Sharon Palmer, $100, History Fund
Janice Hendley Baker, $100, History Fund
Donald & Gretchen Campbell, $100, History Fund
George & Rebekah Cargill, $100, History Fund
Robert & Barbara Danielson, $100, History Fund
Mary Ann Walters, $100, History Fund
Roger L. Rue & Judith A. Smith, $100, History Fund
Virginia Nelson, $100, History Fund
Mary Ann Widner, $100, History Fund
Mary & Michael Sevier, $100, History Fund
Michael Winans, $100, History Fund
Beverly Bill
Thomas L. Blanton
Richard & Mary Ann Boudaune
Mary Bowley
Albert M. Brady
Gregory W. & Cathy Brewis
Herb Bridge
Terry & Phyllis Buchcik
Tom & Carol Cabe
Donald & Gretchen Campbell
Nicholas B. Clinch
Karen Coleman
Barbara Compe
Scott A. Copeland
Foster S. & Patricia Cronyn
Robert & Barbara Danielson
Peter & Ann Darling
Bud Daugherty & Bradley Nelson
Kim Davenport
Linda Daugherty
Robert & Melanie Dressel
F. Talman Edman
G. Thomas & Nanette Edwards
Carolyn Elie
Scott L. & Julia W. Ernest
Joe, Lynne & Patrick Faherty
Harold Fahmoe
Norris & Alice Faringer
Elizabeth Fosula
Jonathan Frey
Anne Fischel & John Regan
Charles & Karla Fowler
Joe & Carolyne Ghiarducci
Kilt Gillen & Deborah Horrell
Sandra Gordon & Joe Gordon Jr.
Michael & Ivy Green
Neil & Frances Greenley
Donald K. Grimm
Kathryn Haley
William G. Hallman
DeForest Harding
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