INSIDE
Surprising links between Lincoln's White House and the Pacific Northwest

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By John Trombold

It is not surprising that some historic sites in the North West, although clearly identified with markers or monuments, remain on the periphery of public awareness. So it is fitting that when a major interstate highway skirts a place of historical significance, it draws the attention of travelers by signage. Yet the important Horse Slaughter Camp monument situated just off Interstate 90 near the Idaho-Washington border is not referenced by a single highway sign. Joggers and bikers on the Spokane Centennial Trail, which is managed by Riverside State Park, pass within yards of the monument—and usually without taking notice—as they make their way along the Spokane River within what was once Coeur d’Alene tribal land. Neither the monument itself nor the 1855 U.S. Army campsite it marks is recorded in the national or state historic registers.

The infamous horse slaughter that took place at that site was both historic and dramatic. In the early days of September 1858, after the battle of Four Lakes and the battle of Spokane Plains, the army killed 800 Indian-owned horses at the order of Colonel George Wright. Wright, who, having threatened to exterminate the tribes, subsequently demanded their submission. By the end of the month, he had captured 800 Indian horses. To prevent the Indians from waging further warfare, he killed the horses on the bank of the river directly north of this monument.

Describing the conflict as an "outbreak" presents the Indian warriors as a troubling natural feature of the region; the language of the monument in its inscription attempts to be a poor account of Colonel Wright’s motivations for ordering the slaughter. The inscription is as much about the thinking of those who created the monument as the history it recalls:

In 1858 Col George Wright with 700 soldiers was sent from Walla Walla to suppress an Indian outbreak. After defeating the Indians in two battles he captured 800 Indian horses. To prevent the Indians from waging further warfare he killed the horses on the bank of the river directly north of this monument.

Two days later Colonel Wright, as a war measure, to punish the Indians and prevent the possibility of renewed hostilities after the

The newly installed Horse Slaughter Camp monument, dedicated in 1946, was situated just off the shoulder of old U.S. Highway 10, which became part of the Spokane Centennial Trail along the Spokane River.
should leave the country, ordered the killing of these horses, with the exception of about 180 saved for use of his expedition. This distressing work consumed the greater part of two days.

Though also distressed by the scene, Captain E. D. Keyes saw Wright's decision to kill the horses through somewhat different eyes at the time of the event. Keyes, who witnessed the horse slaughter, wrote:

At first Colonel Wright and others were not disposed to kill the horses, thinking them too valuable. I told him I should not sleep so long as my men remained without food, and I regarded them the main dependence and most prized possessions of the Indians, who would find a way to stampede them. Finally the Colonel organized a board of officers, of which I was president, to determine what should be done with the horses. The board decided to allow the officers and the quartermaster to select a certain number, and the friendly Indians were to choose one or two each, and in this way about 200 were disposed of for the present. For the others a high enclosure was constructed, the poor animals driven in, and the work of shooting commenced. The soldiers soon learned that by planting a bullet just behind the ear the animal would drop dead at once. In two days the number shot by actual tally was 693, and the expenditure of cartridges about twice as many. It was a cruel sight to see so many noble, sacred creatures shot down. They were all sleek, glossy, and fat, and arsenals by Wright, resists being

Colonel Wright's own military report on the horse massacre and isolates from it the fate of one pony whose person the Thomas Builds-the-Fire character assumes in his storytelling digressions. Thomas quotes directly from Wright but does not include Wright's most self-incriminating words, which make clear his threat of genocide against the subjugated tribes. In this respect, Alexie's literary rendition of the horse slaughter event remains unique. He simultaneously offers a poetic and symbolic exploration of the larger historical theme of the colonialization process that is a preoccupation of Alexie's. As scholar Ron McFarland has argued, Alexie's poem "Horses" offers a poietic protest against a specific historical act, alluding to the horse slaughter directly and making a passionate personal statement about the loss of the tribes' wealth. It also recognizes the symbolic language Colonel Wright used to communicate with the defeated tribes. There are inevitable moral questions associated with these historical events. Cutler puts the question directly in his 2010 article: "What kind of enemy destroyed innocent, sacred creatures? According to Captain Keyes, Wright, ever the wheelwright, had precisely understood the impact such a slaughter would make on the Indians. The carcasses riddled into piles of bone, a lasting commemoration of the slaughter."

I n the face of such a history, Alexie must, like other ethnic writers, do double duty as both historian and literary artist. He simultaneously offers history lessons and transforms the materials of history into a testimonial about cultural loss. In the "Trial of Thomas" chapter, Alexie ironically uses the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum, which opened in 1993 in Washington, D.C. This is an asymmetry that Alexie has commented upon elsewhere: "The arrogance of this country to have a Holocaust museum, to point out the genocide sins of another culture, is amazing." Alexie also articulates such themes in his prose writing. In his chapter "The Trial of Thomas Builds-the-Fire" in The Lone Ranger and Tonto Fistfight in Heaven, Alexie quotes from

Intriguingly, Alexie's text does not include this additional Wright narrative referring to Spokane Chief Garry:

I halted at the ford and encamped; soon after Garry crossed over and came to me; he said that he had always been opposed to fighting, but that the young men and many of the chiefs were against him, and he could not control them. Then told him to go back and say to all Indians and chiefs, "I have met you in two bloody battles; you have been badly whipped: you have lost several chiefs and many warriors killed or wounded. I have not lost a man or animal. I have a large force, and you Spokanes, Couq d’Alexes, Pelouses, and Pend d’Oreilles may unite and I can defeat you as badly as before. I did not come to you to make peace; I came here to fight. Now, when you are tired of war, and ask for peace, I will tell you what your surprise: you must come to me with your arms, with your women and children, at the horse slaughter, Thomas quotes from Wright’s military report, which incorrectly identifies Chief Tilcoax as Spokane rather than Palouse:

Dear Sir: As I reported in my communication of yesterday the capture of 800 horses on the 8th instant, I have now to add that this large band of horses composed the entire wealth of the Spokane Chief Til-co-aux. This man has ever been hostile; for the last two years he has been constantly sending his young men into the Widi Wulid valley, and stealing horses and cattle from the settlers and from the government. . . . Retributive justice has now overtaken him, the blow has been severe but well merited. I found myself embarrassed with these 800 horses. I could not hazard the experiment of moving with such a number of animals (many of them very wild) along with my large train; should a stampede take place, we might not lose our captured animals, but many of our own. Under those circumstances, I determined to kill them all, save a few in service in the quartermaster's department to replace broken-down animals. I deeply regretted killing these poor creatures, but a dread necessity drove me to it. The work of slaughter has been going on since 10 o'clock of yesterday, and will not be completed before this evening, and I shall march for the Cedar d'Alexe Mission tomorrow. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, G. Wright, Colonel 9th Infantry, Commanding
and everything you have, and lay them at my feet; you must put your faith in me and trust in my mercy. If you do this, I will then dictate the terms on which I would grant you peace. If you do not do this, war will be made on you this year and next, and until your nation shall be exterminated.

Nor did Alexie include the colonel's later statement: “The chastisement that these Indians have received has been severe but well merited, and absolutely necessary to impress them with our power.” More than retribution for the fate of Steptoe was at stake.

Having documented the horse slaughter in Colonel Wright’s own words, Thomas-Builds-a-Fire begins narrating from the point of view of a pony that Wright also describes in his military correspondence. By adopting the persona of one of the ponies in this courtroom scene, Thomas invokes the theme of genocide. He refers to the murdered ponies as his “brothers and sisters.” Alexie thereby rewrites Wright’s story of the defiant surviving pony that could not be broken: “I was not going to submit without a struggle,” he declares. In Thomas’s retelling of the story, the resistant In-Indian pony “escaped Colonel Wright, and galloped into other histories” although in Wright’s official account, this pony too was shot. Thomas’s version—one that the character Eve Ford embraces, physically making “a sudden leap of faith across the room toward Thomas”—creates a counter-narrative that tries to redefine the meaning of this historical event.

Contemporary perspectives on the horse massacre, in Alexie’s work and in the writings of scholars, prompt a reconsideration of how the event should be memorialized. One eloquent re-visioning of Horse Slaughter Camp is found in Chewelah, Washington, sculptor Dave Govedare’s “Spirit Horse Concept Sketch” (2009), in which a herd of spirited horses spirals skyward. Govedare’s vision prompts similar leaps of the imagination: a sculpture similar to this sketch in Riverside Park along the Spokane River would complement the 1946 monument, and, if large enough to be visible to drivers on Interstate-90, would introduce the public to a neglected history that is nonetheless central to the experience of the Pacific Northwest.

As our sense of justice and our respect for indigenous peoples evolves, and with the support of the community, it is possible to foster a new collective understanding and commemoration of the important historical legacy of Horse Slaughter Camp. In this way of seeing the past, Govedare’s horses gallop into other histories.

John Trombold is a professor of writing, literature, and interdisciplinary studies at North Idaho College, and a former president of the Pacific Northwest American Studies Association (PNASA). This article is based on a paper he presented at the 2014 PNASA Conference.

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SKAMOKAWA is a small town in southwestern Washington where three valleys drain into Skamokawa Creek, which in turn empties into the Columbia River. From 1898 to 1943 it was the home of the Skamokawa Creamery and the Skamokawa Farmers Creamery Association, often considered the first creamery cooperative on the West Coast. A variety of factors came into play to make the cooperative venture a success in this isolated community: the Scandinavian (i.e., social democracy) background of many of the local farmers, the support of the community, and a willingness to experiment.

The Rise and Demise of an Artisan Butter Co-op

BY IRENE MARTIN

Pete Jorgensen and his assistant inside the Skamokawa Creamery, c. 1917. Jorgensen (left) is leaning near the ice machine, which used ammonia instead of Freon.

The large machine to the right is the butter churn. Note the World War I Red Cross poster on the back wall.
The development of social institutions such as cooperatives, innovations in creamery technology, and the modernization of farming and transportation methods all occurred within a relatively short period of time—changing local small-farm life considerably.

Settled in the late 1860s and early 1870s by immigrants from the East Coast and from Scandinavian countries, particularly Norway and Sweden, Skamokawa supported a mixed economy of fishing, farming, and logging. In the 1870s and 1880s, land was cleared for small farms whose main cash income derived from meat and dairy products, particularly butter. Each farm churned its own butter and sold it locally, or occasionally shipped it to Portland or Astoria for sale. The milk of the local farms would be delivered in cans by the local farmers via boat or road. The milk would be separated at the creamery. In 1898 the Proebstels decided to sell the creamery, in part because of illness in the family. John Strom and Eric Martin, two local farmers who were also Columbia River gillnet fishermen, organized the Skamokawa Farmers Creamery Association and purchased the creamery, which operated thereafter on a cooperative basis. E. S. Hargreaves is mentioned in the November 7, 1901, Skamokawa Eagle as the co-op’s first butter maker.

The vast majority of the settlers in the area were immigrants from Scandinavia, where the cooperative movement was well established. The Eagle published reprints of articles on the Scandinavian cooperative movement, especially as it pertained to dairying. Samuel G. Williams, editor of the Eagle, was a community booster interested in new methods of production applicable to the creamery. He was a long-time supporter of the enterprise, publishing frequent articles about the creamery, monthly and annual butter statistics, and about the dairy cow “honor roll.”

In 1901, for example, the creamery reported that a total of 948,996 pounds of milk had come in, which produced 40,229 pounds of cream from which 39,716 pounds of butter were manufactured. At the Creamery Association’s annual meeting, held on January 2, 1902, a dividend of seven dollars per share was paid, plus 8 percent interest, excellent rates for a turn-of-the-century investment.

Meanwhile, the development of the home cream separator began to increase the efficiency of the operation. By May 1903 there were 21 cream separators in the area. These allowed farmers to ship only their cream, instead of whole milk. While that last statement may be an example of the editor’s tongue-in-cheek style, nonetheless, cream separators made manufacture by companies such as De Laval, Sharples, and Vermont Farm Machinery’s U.S. Cream Separator Company became fixtures on local farms by the early 20th century. As noted in an interview with Leslie and Hilda McEvoy, both of whom were raised on local dairies, cows went dry in winter. During the time when cows were “fresh” (i.e., producing milk), the farmer separated the cream and set it in cans in a tank of cold water to keep it from souring. It was taken to the creamery twice a week. Skim milk was fed to chickens and pigs. The creamery usually closed for two or three months during the winter, due to lack of milk.

Because of growing demand, the Creamery Association constructed a new building in 1908, the first lath and plaster building in town. Expansion and upgrading of equipment continued throughout the creamery’s history. For example, the Eagle reported the following as front page news in December 1924:

The Skamokawa Creamery Association which has operated the creamery now twenty-five years, enjoys a large trade for its high grade butter in the towns along the Columbia River from the beach resorts to Vancouver, Washington and Portland, Oregon. The farmers in this community are by the nature of the country essentially dairymen and have bled up their high...
producing cows, the majority of which are Jerseys and Guernseys. The creamery's output this year, according to Mr. J. Therkildsen, their buttermaker, will be over a quarter million pounds. The Board of Directors and stockholders have just completed the installation of a five-ton Harris Ammonia Compressor for refrigeration, so complete control can be had of temperatures, both of the cream and in the cooling room. Enough ice can also be made to supply the trade. In addition the creamery has been reamed inside and another pasteurizer will be added right away. These improvements, together with the up-to-date method of manufacturing, is [sic] making the Skamokawa butter second to none. All patrons are required to deliver their cream three times a week and none but sweet cream and No. A is accepted, any cream that would require neutralization before pasteurization or is off flavor is rejected, and, says the buttermaker, that happens only once in a farmer's lifetime in this place.

I

In 1926 the co-op constructed a creamery store and warehouse and went into the mercantile business. Selling goods, feed, and other supplies to farmers on account, plus groceries and sundries. The association hired well-trained butter makers, including Emil Martin, who had studied butter-making at Oregon Agricultural College in Corvallis, as had Pete Jorgensen. Class textbooks preserved by the Martin family include Cheese Making, by John W. Deckler (Columbus, Ohio: 1903), Practical Dairy Bacteriology, by H. W. Coon, (New York: Orange Judd Co., 1937), and Creamery Butter Making, by John Michels (Lansing, Michigan: 1904). The last title expressed the change from the individual dairy producing butter to large-scale, scientific method production:
The rule of thumb: butter making days are gone by. No one at the present time can hold any important position in the profession of butter making unless thoroughly grounded in the principles that underlie it. It is true many obscure problems yet remain to be solved, but by the aid of the bacteriologist and chemist butter making has now been fairly placed upon a scientific basis. Bacteriology has shed no less light upon the various processes involved in the manufacture of butter than it has upon the nature and causes of the diseases with which mankind is afflicted. The souring of milk, the ripening of cream, the causes of the various taints common to milk and cream are now quite thoroughly understood. Along with this understanding have come many radical changes in the handling of milk and cream and their manufacture into butter as well as in the handling of butter itself.

The best butter makers at the present time are the men who are the most diligent students of bacteria and their relation to butter making processes. Above their doors is written in embossed letters "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." For cleanliness is the foundation of success in butter making.

While the above rubric was not enshrined above the door of the Skamokawa Creamery, butter makers there—such as Pete Jorgensen and Jens Therkildsen (who had been butter makers in Denmark), Emil Martin, Jim Maki, and Charles Gorman—observed it scrupulously.

As the creamery and the home farmer approached maximum efficiency, it seemed obvious that the next place to turn for improved production was the dairy cow. During the 1910s, that is exactly what the farmers did. The stable base and good income provided by the creamery encouraged agricultural entrepreneurship.

Farmers formed the Skamokawa Grange in 1910, a fraternal organization known as the Farmers of Humboldt, which focused on agriculture. In 1912 the first agricultural agent west of the Mississippi, George Nelson, arrived in Wahkiakum County, and under his influence a cow-testing association was created to test cows for butterfat. In 1914 the Wahkiakum County Fair found a permanent home in Skamokawa, where development of the fairground began about 1916. The Pomona Grange, which had been organized in Skamokawa, and the U.S. Department of Agriculture provided the funds to bring the agent to the area. Improving the dairy industry in Wahkiakum Valley was key to upgrading the milk from local herds, most of which were Jerseys, a breed known for the high butterfat content of its milk. According to a former secretary of the association, Herman Elesson, "The first cattle were . . . just plain scrubs . . . red and long horns.” He credited John Strom with bringing in purebred Jersey bull calves. The Eagle paint, glue, and medical and dental devices. In the early years of the Great Depression the creamery was flourishing. A new concrete building was constructed, capital stock increased from $3,000 to $10,000, and as of January 1931 a surplus of $17,340 existed.

Such devotion to quality did not go unrecognized. Skamokawa butter was marketed in California by the Challenge Cream and Butter Association of Los Angeles and fetched a premium price. The creamery had made sweet cream butter almost from the start, in contrast with many other dairies that made butter from sour cream. The opinion at the turn of the century, as expressed by John Michels' text on butter making, was that sour cream butter had more flavor while "sweet cream butter . . . is almost entirely devoid of flavor." The consumer apparently thought otherwise, preferring the sweet cream butter. William Dowsen, the creamery's president and manager until 1931, believed that the creamery was the first on the West Coast to make sweet cream butter. In 1931 Skamokawa Creamery butter scored highest for the state of Washington at the Pacific Slope Dairy Show in Oakland, California. In that same year, a milk drying plant was installed for the production of casein, a protein used in cheese making and food additive production, and as a component of plastics.
died in 1926, and his successors at the Eagle were less interested in the creamery. The two founders, Erick Martin and John Strom, died in 1923 and 1931, respectively, a significant loss in community leadership, as was the death of former butter maker Emil Martin in 1929. The price of butterfat dropped from a high of 32 cents per pound to 14 cents per pound. The creamery also went into a slump. When the creamery first began in the 1890s, farmers were engaged in mixed farming, shipping not only their milk and cream to the creamery, but other products to other markets. These included hogs, eggs, hay, potatoes, beef, and apples. An examination of farmer Peter Johnson’s records beginning in 1898 and going to 1935 indicates that sales to the creamery amounted to $236.45 in 1898, while sales to other markets of various products totaled $366.10. In 1935, sales to the creamery amounted to $1033.76, while local sales of other products added up to $314.00. Clearly, the creamery had become a major market for local farmers and had reduced their incentive to diversify.

During the first two decades of the 20th century support had been growing along the north shore of the Columbia for a road to link the various rivetown communities. Volunteer parties turned out on Sunday afternoons to work on building a road. Boosters held fund-raisers and tried to garner legislative support for the effort. In the early 1930s, the first major highway linking Skamokawa with the outside world was completed, thus opening up the area for new markets and also to competition from other regional dairies. Some of these dairies had more sophisticated marketing and shipping techniques, using tracks or railroads—rather than boats—to get their product to market, and went directly to market, which later merged with the Northwest Dairymen’s Association and even later into the Dungold organization. The factors that gave the Skamokawa Farmers Creamery Association life—innovation on the part of the farmers, improved transportation, and technical development—were also what caused its demise. When the highway came through, the creamery’s local advantage ceased. Additionally, World War II spurred a national trend toward reorganization and centralization of food production from what was primarily a localized format to a regional format in order to achieve economy of scale and supply the war effort. The influence of what had once been the “outside world” changed the life of the once-isolated community in ways that were unimaginable in the 1890s. The creamery that had lasted for 45 years with its reputation for quality intact could not compete with new dairying and marketing methods brought to bear by 20th-century events and changing technologies. Its demise marked the end of an era.

In 1943 the Lower Columbia Dairy Cooperative, based in Astoria, Oregon, purchased the Skamokawa Creamery to add to its other holdings. When it formed in 1922 it had absorbed the Grays River Farmers Creamery, Skamokawa’s nearest neighbor. The Astoria firm especially wanted the Skamokawa casein plant, as it had a contract to sell casein to the U.S. government as part of the military and services supplied to allies during World War II. Eventually, the Lower Columbia Dairy was taken over by the Mayflower Company, which later merged with the Northwest Dairymen’s Association and even later into the Dungold organization.

The Gold Star Mother’s Club was founded in 1928 to provide support for mothers who had lost sons or daughters in active service. The name derived from a practice begun in World War I of hanging a service flag in a window of homes where one or more family members were in the armed forces. The flag bore a blue star for each individual in the service and/or a gold star for each family member who died during service.

In the early 1930s the federal government under the administration of President Hoover wrote the cost of pilgrimages to Europe for 6,692 mothers and widows. On her coat Mrs. Thompson wears the medal presented to each pilgrimage member.
Joseph Schock and the 1970 Bombing of the Lewiston Armory

BY MICHAEL CARDINAL

A man named Joseph Schock lives in a quiet working-class suburb of Paris, France, where he has been a labor tribunal judge for 15 years. Upon meeting him, many acquaintances have mistaken Schock for a native of Germany because his heavy accent masks his true identity. Few would suspect that this hardworking French public servant, husband, and father of two grown daughters was born in America; fewer would venture that he had been charged with assault in October 1969, and no one would suspect that, trained in the art of improvised bomb-making techniques, Joseph Schock blew up $250,000 worth of armored military vehicles at the National Guard Armory near Lewiston, Idaho, in May 1970. As a fugitive still wanted by the FBI, Schock avoids candid discussion of his disturbing past. “I don’t want to compromise myself,” he says, “I’m very suspect about everything.” Thus the circumstances surrounding the assault charges in 1969 and the reasons behind his actions in May 1970 have remained a mystery.

A mystery, however, can be unraveled, and as the events of Schock’s life come to light, his actions in May 1970 follow a discernible rationale. As a frontline soldier in Vietnam, Schock came face-to-face with the horrors of war, and when he returned home in 1969, intent on exposing American atrocities in Southeast Asia, no one seemed to care. His experiences in the war, his immersion during college in a radical ideology that legitimized political violence, and the public’s apparent indifference imbued Schock with hostility. His frustration fomented beneath the surface until May 1970 when the Ohio National Guard killed four students and wounded nine others during an anti-war protest at Kent State University. This event was the trigger that led Schock to commit one of the most destructive acts of political violence in modern Pacific Northwest history—the bombing of the Lewiston armory.

Historians have paid little attention to Vietnam veterans. As a frontline combatant, Schock was injured in the most destructive battle of the war. As he later described in a radical newsletter, his unit was sent to Da Nang, South Vietnam, the peripheral country in Southeast Asia that was deemed to have strategic importance in the struggle against communism. Like many soldiers, Schock stated that when he entered the service in January 1965, “I didn’t even know there was a Vietnam. . . . At the end of ’64, I didn’t even know there was a war.” But that didn’t matter; his sister Lois said. Edwin Schock imbued the young boy with the belief that “if you were in the [military] and you were sent to war, there was an assumption that it was for a just cause.”

This assumption was challenged on August 23, 1966, when Billy Hepburn was killed in combat, and it was completely shattered during Schock’s deployment in 1968, the bloodiest year of the war. As he later described in a radical newsletter, he bore witness to several horrors while stationed in Da Nang, South Vietnam, including one “incident [that] took place in what we understood to be a ‘free kill zone’—any Vietnamese we saw in this area we could shoot without provocation on their part. . . . I saw my squad ordered to murder a Vietnamese woman.” This deeply affected Schock, who questioned why an innocent woman had to be killed by the very people sent to protect her from the venom of communism. In contrast to Schock’s ideal of the American soldier, who was brave, protective, and decent, this act was barbarous, aggressive, and savage. All hope of reconciling his vision of America as the world paragon of morality died with the Vietnamese woman he was ordered to execute.

Demonstration and Radicalization

After 13 months of frontline combat, Schock was injured in a collapsed bunker, ending his tour in Vietnam. Awarded four medals for his service and given an honorable discharge in January 1969, he then earned his high school diploma and enrolled for fall classes at the University of Idaho (UI) in Moscow. But his memories plagued him, and friends from that time remembered Schock recounting the dark details of his experiences in Vietnam. He felt like he needed to do something to help stop the war, so he sought out the most radical antiwar groups in the area. Eight miles from UI,
On the campus of Washington State University in Pullman, Schock found a burgeoning home for sedition.

CALVERT arrived at WSU as a graduate student in the fall of 1968, after completing a two-year draft service in the army. He immediately joined the Pullman SDS because he opposed the war in Vietnam. Within his first two weeks at WSU he attended an SDS meeting but was disappointed by the civic conversation. “Talk was cheap,” Calvert stated. He wanted to “stop talking Marxism and start doing it.”

Influenced by Calvert, Schock rapaciously consumed SDS literature and experienced a radical transformation in his intellectual understanding of the war, America, and his role in both. Schock recalled the importance of the SDS in his life and experienced a radical transformation in his naive belief in the benevolent image of America that he and others had found themselves in during the war. He wanted to discover that he had been lied to and “brainwashed.”

Schock met Jerry Calvert, president of WSU’s chapter of the Student Democratic Society (SDS), which at the height of its influence in 1968 is estimated to have had 90,000 to 100,000 members.

Influenced by Calvert, Schock’s story is a testament to the power of SDS literature and the transformative effect of the SDS movement on its members. SDS literature provided Schock with new perspectives on the war in Vietnam and the nature of American imperialism. Calvert’s influence led Schock to question the benevolent image of America and the role of America in the war.

The dialogue challenged American imperialism and cast doubt on the benevolent image of America that he and others had been taught. Schock’s story is a testament to the power of SDS literature and the transformative effect of the SDS movement on its members. SDS literature provided Schock with new perspectives on the war in Vietnam and the nature of American imperialism. Calvert’s influence led Schock to question the benevolent image of America and the role of America in the war. 

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Several days later, Schock and Smith filed for an appeal as news circulated of a “surprise witness” for the defense. During the appeal on January 13, 1970, at the Whitman County Supreme Court in Colfax, Washington, Frank Wing, a Reserve Officers’ Training Corps (ROTC) member present at the demonstration, came forward to testify that Schock had not touched Bristol. Despite the fact that 13 defense witnesses had previously proclaimed Schock’s innocence, it was only when Wing came forward to testify that Schock was acquitted. Although many defense witnesses were angry that their own testimony appeared to have no value, Schock was free.

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On the evening of the Kent State killings, Schock and some friends had gone to a screening of the movie Doctor Zhivago at a Pullman movie theater. Before the conclusion of the movie—perhaps when the Russian White Soldiers attacked and murdered peaceful protesters—Schock stood up and exited the theater with no intention of returning. At midnight he pushed open the front door of Rico’s, a bar in downtown Pullman, where he found several SDS members discussing the meaning of the Kent State shootings. Schock was not there to drink, however, and he was not there to discuss the day’s events or to plan future action. Schock was a doer, a self-described “action person” to the marrow of his bones, and he was convinced that something more was called for than passive discussion or peaceful demonstration.

He had given nonviolence a chance and felt that his voice had been crushed by the unjust system that falsely imprisoned him. For years, the American government had been killing the innocent in Vietnam—e.g., the noncombatant near Da Nang, the My Lai Massacre—and now it had trained its guns on its own people. Nonviolence could not achieve revolution. Nonviolence was dead. Just like four students at Kent State University. Just like the woman in Vietnam. Just like four students at Kent State.

Schock was convinced that something more was called for than passive discussion or peaceful demonstration. Following the massive explosion, which engulfed the vehicles in flames, Schock fled the scene. Exiting through the hole he cut in the perimeter fence, he attempted to escape by running down a passing car. Quick to react, the police assembled near the boundaries of their jurisdiction and stopped the car that had picked up Schock. His clothes reeking of gasoline, the culpable 22-year-old ex-Marine could hardly avoid the police officers’ notice.

After his arrest, Schock was booked into the Nye Perce County Jail in Lewiston, where he faced a police interrogation the following morning. How did he get gas on his clothes? Why did he have dirt on his hands? Schock supplied them with the same answer he probably gave to the driver of his getaway vehicle—he had crashed his motorcycle. Court records reveal that Schock also “admitted knowledge of various types of explosive devices.” With little effort, the police gathered enough evidence to charge Schock with “Destruction of Government Property,” a crime that carried a sentence of up to 10 years in prison.

On June 11 the alleged bomber was transported from his jail cell to the Latah County District Court in Moscow where he was set to face a judge who was sure to find him guilty. The evidence, after all, was damning. Bolt cutters, gas-drenched gloves, and Schock’s Honda motorcycle were only part of an incriminating collection of items found near the armory. Flanked by two FBI agents in dark glasses and black suits, a handcuffed Schock walked barefoot from the police car to the courtroom, which was “filled to capacity.” Like the assault trial the previous fall, he pled “not guilty,” only this time, instead of being defended by a state-appointed attorney, he had by his side one of the best civil rights attorneys around, Carl Maxey.

Maxey was the first practicing African American lawyer in eastern Washington and one of the first black professionals in Spokane. At a time when minorities faced prejudice in all areas of society, Maxey rose from humble beginnings as an orphan to become one of the most powerful forces for civil rights in the Northwest. Fully aware of Maxey’s distinguished legal record, antiwar activists at UI and WSU resolved to attract him to Schock’s case. According to Calvert, when the SDS asked Maxey to defend Schock, he accepted immediately and declared he would take on the case pro bono.

It was Maxey’s skillful argumentation that elicited sympathy for Schock’s story at the first arraignment. “Joe’s credentials and his war record were so impeccable,” Maxey said. “The judge could at least understand his motivation. . . . He at least had a reason for hating the war.” According to Lois Gibbens, “Mr. Maxey and Joseph and my dad went into the judge’s chambers and . . . they had this meeting. It was then that the judge made the decision to release him on his own recognizance and set a date for the fall trial.” As a condition of his release, the court stipulated that Schock would be confined to his parents’ house in Lewiston until the trial in October. Come September, he was to attend classes at WSU regularly.

The trial never took place. When subscribers opened the Lewiston Morning Tribune on August 7, they were greeted by a bold headline that read, “Schock Vanishes.” “[T]he danger signals are up,” Maxey told Judge McNichols. Schock had not responded to his mail, and neither his parents nor his friends had seen him for several weeks. Though Maxey speculated that he might simply be “on some temporary sojourn,” Schock was, in fact, gone.

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For Schock, the prospect of rotting in jail for 10 years was never an option. He had to run. “I didn’t have a choice,” he said. “I had to go somewhere.” But how? he remembered thinking. “I was a young person. The only thing I really knew was the Marine Corps. I knew Vietnam a little bit, I knew being in the military a little bit. [But] the United States is a very powerful country. The question for Schock became ‘How do you avoid falling into their clutches?’ There were no easy answers. So, he said, he did what he had always done, what his mother taught him as a child: “Put one foot in front of the other.”

According to investigative journalist Lew Pumphrey: “Before the first of July. . . Schock and a friend drove to Vancouver, B.C., in a 1953 Chevrolet with red flots dangled on both front doors.” Traveling under the name of his roommate, Frank Epling, Schock grew a full beard, obtained a Manitoba drivers license, and worked for a time at the International Nickel Company in Winnipeg. Over the next year, he made many trips to Europe and Algeria, and eventually settled in Montreal, where he met and married a British-born woman.
It may be that the wounds of war had mended over the years, but the damaged family bonds had not.

named Janet Carey. In early 1972 Schock was arrested in Montreal for possession of documents intended for forgery. In unclear circumstances, he avoided extradition and moved to French Martirade, leaving Janet in Canada. "His situation," Gibbens remembered, "sounded pretty sketchy." She turned down an opportunity to visit him in Martinique, she said, because she felt "uncomfortable and uneasy." But, she remembered, "I was regretful because it was a very long time before I saw him."

In late 1972 Schock was again arrested—"because his papers were not in order." At least five of Schock’s friends from the Palouse wrote to the Martinican court to inform them that Schock was a political refugee, which, under French law, protected him from extradition. The court granted his freedom, and by the end of the year Schock moved with Janet to Paris. To earn a living, he says, he worked “every possible job you could imagine while completing a teaching degree.” Ironically, the Ulf Bill paid for his schooling.

The Weight of History

Despite the fact that Schock fled and has "no intention of returning" to the United States, the bombing of the Lisbon armoir created a ripple in the rural Northwest that had a lasting impact. Before May 1970, radical ideas and events were boxed out and a tacit regional unity was preserved. Urban radicalism in cities like Seattle seemed distant and intangible, though rural agitators increasingly threatened this perceived remoteness. To sustain the region’s feigned isolation, rural newspapers like the Colfax Gazette routinely neglected and rejected opinions and events that were, as the editor put it in early 1970, "not in the best interest of the community." With the destruction of the Lisbon armoir, bold headlines and fiery pictures splashed the front pages of the region’s newspapers, and the fictional unity the region’s papers represented was destroyed.

Two conflicting consequences arose from the obliteration of that pretended unity. On the one hand, attention-grabbing headlines opened the rural Northwest to more liberal discourse, especially on college campuses in eastern Washington where political discourse and demonstration in universities like WSU had been struggling to create Black Studies, Chicano Studies, and Native American Studies programs. On the other hand, such headlines also contributed to the reactive rise of the so-called "Far Corner" studies. The cross-country ties between Henry and Schock, and Schock’s family are not an isolated case. It is estimated that over half of all combat veterans suffer from PTSD. Moreover, roughly half of all Vietnam veterans continue to live with the syndrome 40-plus years after the end of the war. They, like Schock, returned home burdened with the psychological effects of war but without a ready infrastructure to aid their smooth reintegration into society. PTSD was only recognized by the American Psychiatric Association in 1980. Because veterans like Schock have remained silent about their past in an effort to function in society, critics seem to have monopolized their narrative. Gerard J. DeGroot, in The Sixties Unplugged, suggests that episodes of radical violence have often been dismissed as the irrational outbursts of privileged middle-class individuals whose “ego . . . were extraordinarily large.” Yet Schock’s background was anything but privileged, and his actions resulted from the damaging effects of a war that took an unreckoned toll on a whole generation of combat veterans.

The opening cut in the Lisbon armoir perimeter fence prior to an act of sabotage that brought the war in Southeast Asia home to the inhabitants of the Palouse region and changed Joseph Schock’s life forever.

H O V E R E R, Schock’s legacy may not be the mark he left on the Pacific Northwest, but rather the mark the Pacific Northwest left on him. Over the 15 years following his escape, Schock has suffered from the symptoms of Post-traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) while his hatred for America deepened. He does not regret leaving, and he has built a comfortable life for himself and his family in France. He has struggled, though, to reconnect with his family in the Pacific Northwest. The pain of this frail connection never subsided, even when his sister visited him at his home one day in the spring of 2013. Lois recalled that he said to her that day, the last time she saw him: “I am so sorry that we’ve lived our lives in different places and I don’t know you as an adult. We could have had a really interesting relationship together as adults. I’m sorry that we haven’t had that.” That made me really sad,” said Lois, “and he cried and I cried.” It may be that the wounds of war had mended over the years, as Schock claims—but the damaged family bonds, in the end, had not.

It is important to recognize that the experiences of Schock and his family are not an isolated case. It is estimated that over half of all combat veterans suffer from PTSD. Moreover, roughly half of all Vietnam veterans continue to live with the syndrome 40-plus years after the end of the war. They, like Schock, returned home burdened with the psychological effects of war but without a ready infrastructure to aid their smooth reintegration into society. PTSD was only recognized by the American Psychiatric Association in 1980. Because veterans like Schock have remained silent about their past in an effort to function in society, critics seem to have monopolized their narrative. Gerard J. DeGroot, in The Sixties Unplugged, suggests that episodes of radical violence have often been dismissed as the irrational outbursts of privileged middle-class individuals whose “ego . . . were extraordinarily large.” Yet Schock’s background was anything but privileged, and his actions resulted from the damaging effects of a war that took an unreckoned toll on a whole generation of combat veterans.

Michael Cardinal of Everett is a graduate student at George Washington University in Washington, DC. This essay is dedicated to Jonathan and Kyle Cardinal, both United States Marines.

Anson G. Henry

Abraham Lincoln’s Political Doctor in the Oregon Country

By Richard W. Etulain

The Day After the presidential election of November 1864, Abraham Lincoln telegraphed the tentative results to his longtime friend, Dr. Anson G. Henry in faraway Washington Territory. Lincoln told his wonderfully opinionated but warmly supportive political doctor that it looked increasingly likely that he had been reelected to a second term.

Lincoln’s revealing and ongoing correspondence with Henry in the Oregon Country demands explanatory contexts. In the 1950s the leading specialist on Pacific Northwest politics during the Civil War era, Robert W. Johannsen, spoke of regional symbols as “spectators of democracy.” Johannsen, undoubtedly influenced by the frontier writings of Frederick Jackson Turner and his disciples, viewed Pacific Northwesterners as individualistic, independent men and women isolated from the Civil War taking place east of the Mississippi.

But the connections between Henry and Lincoln—and others of a similar nature—contradict the “spectators of democracy” thesis. The clear links between leading political critics of the “Far Corner” and the White House indicate that two other concepts are now more persuasive than the isolationist theme in understanding relationships between the region and the East Coast during the Civil War era. First, in the 1950s and 1960s western historian Earl F. Pomroy pointed to continuities between East and West. Those carryovers, Pomroy asserted, bulled at least as large as the discontinuities. Students of the West were slow in seeing these cross-continental connections. Not until the end of the 20th century were many western historians emphasizing these interregional links, sometimes even more interested in transnational than transregional studies. The cross-country ties between Henry and Lincoln help to realize that the Pacific Northwest was not, despite distance, isolated or uninterested in Civil War issues.

Above: Dr. Anson G. Henry (1804–1865) met Abraham Lincoln after Henry moved to Springfield, Illinois, in 1832 to open a medical practice. He soon became involved in politics and struck up a lasting friendship with the future president.

Left: Enlarged image of the Republican Party campaign badge from Lincoln’s 1860 bid for the presidency. The badge is only about one inch in diameter. Lincoln’s running mate, Hannibal Hamlin, is similarly depicted on the reverse.
Henry was the most lively and political-ly rabid of Lincoln's closest friends who moved to the Oregon Country. Born with an evident cockle bur of discontent in his diaper, Henry never succeeded in finding a way to rid himself of the irritant. Although trained as a medical doctor who first came to Springfield, Illinois, in 1832 to set up practice, Henry quickly converted to politics—Whig politics—and became Abraham Lincoln's confidant and firm political friend over the next two decades. Even after Henry moved to Oregon in 1852, the good doctor remained close to Lincoln, encouraging him, backing his decisions and policies, and later importing his White House colleagues for political appointments.

Henry tried in Springfield what he had tested elsewhere. First medicine, then administration, and finally politics—mainly politics. As usual, he became so enmeshed in Whig Party dealings that his medical practice suffered. Bonding with the Oregon Country's变成 part of the Springfield Whig Junto, which also included Edward D. Baker and John T. Stuart (Lincoln's first law partner), Lin-coln and Stuart became the leading spokes- men, the candidates, the “faces” of the Whig organization. Henry was an office manager, writing letters to national and state officials to build up the Whig Party. Later, in pushing for the doctor's charged comments, as they would be for the next half dozen years.

In one large area, his position on popular sovereignty, Henry clearly parted himself from Lincoln and joined an increasing chorus of opinion in Oregon. The growing desire of the leading Republicans followed the anti-slavery Missouri Compromise of 1820-21, retain that agreement, and turn aside efforts for slavery expansion. To follow Whig David Logan (another of Lincoln's political friends who had moved to Oregon in 1849), Henry had abandoned abolition- ism and not to be followed, although Logan too eventually supported popular sovereignty. So did Lincoln's—and Henry's—friend Edward Baker, when he came to Oregon in 1855. Henry was killed in the Battle of Bull's Bluff in October 1861) and Logan and Simeon Francis (another Oregon Illinois friend who had moved to Oregon) likewise off-scene, Henry remained Lincoln's indefatigable—and irascible—connection in the Oregon Democracy, & their old Democratic friends, the Whigs, [were] leading the free state movement, to direct the political traffic to Oregon for a U. S. Senate seat. Baker ar-rived in Oregon in late 1859, brought his family in early 1860, and successfully competed for one of the Senate slots.

Even after Henry moved to Oregon in 1852, the good doctor remained close to Lincoln, encouraging him, backing his decisions and policies, and later importing his White House colleagues for political appointments.

FACING PAGE: Mary Todd Lincoln, c. 1846. Having known Mary Todd since her courtship days with Lincoln, Anson Henry served as friend and companion to the bereaved widow immediately after Lincoln's death.
When fellow Illinoisan L. Jay S. Turney became acting governor in 1861, Henry saluted him as a loyal Republican. But when Turney alienated Henry in some fashion, the doctor quickly denounced Turney as “the most mortifying and numerous thing for Republicans in this Territory.” Henry pushed Lincoln to cashier Turney, which the president did in October 1862.

A second incident quickly followed. Soon after Lincoln appointed B. F. Kendall as Washington Territory’s superintendent of Indian Affairs, Henry wrote Kendall to suggest appointments he might make. When Kendall, a Democrat, refused and actually fired one of Henry’s favorites, Reverend James A. Wilbur, Henry exploded. He fired off letters to several Republicans, including the president. In a massive to Lincoln, Henry charged Kendall, in the firing of Wilbur, with grossly insulting “the whole Methodist Church” and damaging a “main prop of the Republican and Union cause.” Henry’s pointed criticisms, supported by those of Territorial Governor and later Territorial Delegate William H. Wallace, were more than enough. Kendall was removed in spring 1862.

The Turney and Kendall episodes were minor side shows compared to the third event: the big-tent affair starring Anson Henry and Victor Smith. An Ohio friend of Treasury Secretary Salmon P. Chase, Smith won Lincoln’s appointment as collector of customs for the Puget Sound District. In record time, Smith did in October 1862.

Henry warned Lincoln about the surprisingly strong pro-Confederate support in the Pacific Northwest. “There is a much stronger Secession feeling in Oregon than is generally believed,” he wrote the president. And as the 1864 election and Lincoln’s possible renomination loomed, Henry energetically pulsed for Lincoln even though Washington, as a territory, could not vote in the national election. Then, as mentioned earlier, Lincoln fulfilled his promise to his Oregon Country connection by telegraphing Henry immediately after the November election.

Not surprisingly, Henry’s itchy feet, his good friend Mr. Lincoln and plead his case. In the next few weeks, however, Lincoln’s closest personal link with the Oregon Country would be disconnected and rearranged.

Indeed, in the five months following Lincoln’s reelection in November 1864, his connections with the Oregon Country nearly disappeared. Both ends of the linkage seemed burdened with too many changes. Lincoln’s heavy duties of keeping the Union ship afloat and bringing the ruinous war to a close sideloaded nearly all other pressing obligations. He had little or no time for the West and Pacific Northwest, including Oregon and the territories. At the western end, Lincoln’s appointed territorial governors—William Picketing in Washington, Caleb Lyon in Idaho, and Sidney Edgerton in Montana—were all struggling in territories where Democratic majorities, including thousands of Copperheads, were opposing their Republican policies. Lincoln’s political friends were also off-scene—Baker dead, David Logan nowhere to be found, and Simeon Francis strangely silent and uncommunicative. Had the Lincoln ties to the Oregon Country virtually fallen apart and disappeared?

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Now, the good doctor headed to the nation’s capital to more diligently cultivate his own political garden. That dream, Henry had to go. He was sent packing, although Lincoln found him another position.

Henry worked with Lincoln on other matters as well. While in Washington, DC, to torpedo Victor Smith, Henry urged Lincoln to move ahead in establishing Idaho as a new territory. The tireless surveyor-general suggested extending north from Oregon’s northeastern boundary to serve as the demarcation between Washington and Idaho; that proposal was eventually accepted although not without a good deal of hot gospel and recrimination.

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Henry secured a leave in December 1864 and made for Washington, DC, where he arrived in early February. The ever-industrious Lincoln appointee reiterated his dream to his supportive wife Eliza: “I have no misgivings about being able to accomplish all I hoped for when I left home,” he wrote. In a second letter Henry was more specific—yet mysterious: “I feel very confident of realizing all reasonable expectations in regard to matters in Washington Territory.” He still hoped for “the Miracle we talked of.” Was Henry expecting a cabinet position or, less ambitiously, to be named the bureau chief of, for example, Indian Affairs? Early in February Henry was in Washington “flourishing largely on Mrs. Lincoln’s capital.” He had been recognized in Washington, albeit rather awkwardly, as Mary Lincoln’s escort, and he was becoming well acquainted with the new senator from Oregon, George H. Williams. But he had been unable to talk with the president.

Meanwhile, Henry’s ambitions had crystallized. “I now think I shall be Commissionner of Indian Affairs,” he told his wife. He was convinced that he could reform the Indian service by hiring dedicated and devoted personal and political friends.” Again, Lincoln did not act. Disappointed and frustrated, Henry decided to visit recently conquered Richmond, where Lincoln had just been, for a quick trip—and perhaps to get away from the pressures he felt. While Henry was in Virginia, tragedy struck like lightning when John Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln at Ford’s Theater on the evening of April 14. Henry’s final days with Lincoln and his wife, Mary, contained a double tragedy, including eventually his own. Hearing of Lincoln’s assassination, Henry rushed back to Washington. Although he was greatly disappointed that Lincoln had not named him to a new and more important position, as he believed would happen, he could not criticize his deceased friend. Instead, he proved a devoted comforter to Mary Lincoln, settling some of her accounts and helping her move to Chicago. Then he boarded a steamer to return home. Ironically, as he transferred ships at Panama, his steamer was unloaded, the 263 people on board, 244 perished, including Anson Henry on his return trip to Washington Territory after Lincoln’s assassination.

Dr. Anson G. Henry’s career in the Pacific Northwest and his strong connections with Abraham Lincoln illustrate two major themes: (1) a cross-continental view of Oregon Country links with Washington, DC, reveals that residents of the region were much more than “spectators of disunion”—they were clearly, intensely involved in the issues that set off and fueled the Civil War; (2) a perspective that unites the American West and the Civil War—the Greater Reconstruction that Professor Elliott West calls for—illuminates and enlarges our understandings of American national and regional histories in the mid-19th century. 

Richard W. Etulain is professor emeritus of history at the University of New Mexico and author or editor of 10 books, most of which deal with the American West. He edited Lincoln Looks West: From the Mississippi to the Pacific (2010) and authored Lincoln and Oregon Country Politics in the Civil War Era (2013).

NOTE
This essay draws extensively on Richard W. Etulain’s Lincoln and Oregon Country Politics in the Civil War Era (Concordia Oregon State University Press, 2013), with the publisher’s permission. It also relies on Etulain (ed.), Lincoln Looks West: From the Mississippi to the Pacific (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 2010).
It's hard to imagine a more cynical, wise-cracking, spiteful, lascivious, booze-swilling figure than Henry Spilk. Yet, he's also smart. He quotes from the Bible, inns good on grammar, and calls himself "Sir Boss," a reference to the equality cunning Hank Morgan in Mark Twain's A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. To his credit, Spilk applies his score evenly. New Deal politicians, descendants of Seattle pioneers, union rank-and-file, and the city's financial elites all come in for it. He has a soft spot, though, for "Topsy" Hervey, a young and plucky unwed mother whose putrid backdrop and scrawny physique. Most of Sir Boss takes place in downtown Seattle, and Portts readily names hotels, department stores, and office buildings familiar to most Seattleites over 50. He also offers thinly disguised, albeit contorted, versions of prominent historical figures such as John F. Dore (Seattle mayor), Marion Ziecheck (U.S. congressman), Emil Sick (Rainier Beer owner), Clarence B. Derr (Seattle Times editor and publisher), and Chrissy Thomas (Seattle Chamber of Commerce general manager). In addition, he references or recasts many key events in Seattle history, including the 1938 Longshoremen's strike, the campaign for public utilities, the construction of Ross Dam, and the 1936 strike against the Hearst-owned Seattle Post-Intelligencer. The newspaper strike serves as the novel's narrative fulcrum. Portts, however, misses representing the Teamsters' role in the strike and overplays Spilk/Beck's machinations to end it. He also belittles the strikers and their supporters. In short, Portts exercises more accurate in regard to the more significant events he recounts. He's more accurate with the smaller stuff, such as Beck's fund-raising to save Saint Mark's Cathedral on Capitol Hill. He also akklufts accurately to the legal trouble Beck would eventually find himself in because of his freelance use of union funds.

The novel ends with Vik Rock firing Sir Boss, however, that remains Ralph Bushnell Portts' liveliest and most noteworthy literary effort. In 1976 the novel was reused with the subtitle A Tale for Nod with Soft and Beautiful Women. Tom Wolfe would love it.

Peter Donahue is the author of Clay and Merril, a novel about labor and art in Seattle in the 1940s.

For those interested there is a great video on Oregon Public Broadcasting online about the Sagebrush Symphony started in Burns. Mary Dodge had success, then moved to Portland and started the junior symphony. They may have worked together at some point.

—Gordon R. Rau, Lacey
Indian women and white men. We learn little, however, about her own marriage to a white man or her brother’s marriage to a white woman.

For anyone interested in the history of Indians in coastal Washington or, more broadly, Indians in the United States, this is a valuable book. It benefits particularly from Dover’s engaging voice (recorded on tape by her editor, Darlene Fitzpatrick). In the tradition of Shtohomah oursey, Dover prefers long sentences and passive voice. She also provides frequent summaries. Though one might assume that this style would make the memoir dry and redundant, it had the opposite effect on this reviewer. The voice was human and engaging, and made for a rewarding read.

Dover discusses much more, particularly her experiences at Seattle University, Tulalip, from My Heart (2013), edited by Robert C. Carriker, Columbia, Reviews Editor, History Department, Gonzaga University, Spokane, WA 99258.

COLUMBIA FALL 2014

COLUMBIA REVIEWS

Reviewed by Claire M. Keller-Scholz. Claire M. Keller-Scholz is the curator at Fort Nisqually Living History Museum in Tacoma.

Lista de mensajes

Tulalip, From My Heart

An Autobiographical Account of a Reservation Community

Edited by Harriette Shelton Dover and Darlene Fitzpatrick.


Reviewed by David Herman.

Harriette Shelton Dover (1904-1991) has left us a rich account of her long life on the Tulalip Reservation. Dover’s book ranges across time and across topics, beginning with the Point Elliott Treaty of 1855. Here, she discusses the coercive tactics of white negotiators; the long deliberations among Indians; and the bitterness between those who signed and those who refused. Her information—handed down by those present—gives us a window into how Indian peoples understood what was happening to them during the reservation period and how they remembered it in later generations.

Dover also discusses her father, William Shelton (Wheak-admin), who lobbed the Tulalip agent and the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) for the right to build a longhouse. Though the BIA refused to allow Indians to participate in traditional rites—or, in this case, even to build a structure where such rites could occur—Shelton got approval to build a longhouse in order, he said, to annually commemorate the signing of the treaty. Though whites believed Indians were celebrating “progress,” Indians used “Treaty Day” as a way to celebrate cultural continuity and tradition.

Dover discusses much more, particularly her experiences at Indian boarding school. She and her schoolmates, she recalls, were perpetually malnourished and reminded of being caned yet her teachers (unlike administrators) were kind and dedicated: “I never had a teacher who beat up the children.” She discusses, too, the death that surrounded her. Her fellow students frequently simply disappeared. When she asked about them, she was told they had gone home to die, mostly from tuberculosis. The death rate was astonishingly high.

Dover dominates the book, but her father and brother loom large. With others, they campaigned in the 1920s to force the United States to live up to treaty obligations, particularly with regard to fishing, land rights, and medical care. Dover herself became active in that campaign when, in 1938, she was the first woman on the Tulalip Board of Directors. Other topics include Indian Shakertism, Catholicism, native spiritual beliefs, and Dover’s decision to cut her hair short in the 1920s. She also recounts stories about bad—and sometimes violent—marriages between

King County Collects

Treasures of Our Historical Organizations


Reviewed by Claire M. Keller-Scholz.

The book under review features high quality images of select objects, artifacts, photographs, and ephemera from over 60 different historical organizations. Covering King County history from 1792 to 1975, the objects are arranged in 12 thematic chapters. The choice of category for some artifacts seems arbitrary, but overall the structure provides a flexible framework to talk about the artifacts in context without the constraints of a strict time line.

The chapters are introduced with topical commentary written by local historians and museum professionals such as Dick Wagner, Lawrence Kreisman, and Paula Becker. Each commentary varies in tone and style and is formatted on the page as a sidebar. This allows the reader to go back and forth between reading about the scope of the theme and the information found in the artifact captions. Some of the chapter commentaries are more directly connected to the selected images than others, such as the “Built Environment” introduction, which references specific images of historic houses. In contrast, the “Making Community” chapter provides an overview of the theme but is more focused on politics than are its chosen illustrations.

Included at the back of the book is an index of the historical images, arranged alphabetically by source. The appendix is helpful, but the book lacks a conclusion. A message in the foreword encourages people to get out and see the illustrated artifacts at local historical organizations; repeating this message at the end would help bring the book to a more graceful close.

Although Seattle history figures most prominently, there is considerable coverage of the surrounding county. For example, one of the standout artifacts shown is the 1915 “Dunger” sign from a coal mine near Franklin, with its warning message printed in 16 different languages. The project successfully emphasizes artifacts that relate specifically to King County history rather than generic “historic” items that could have come from anywhere. The final chapter, “In a Broader Context,” acknowledges this choice with a selection of items that relate specifically to King County’s experience of national events, such as photos of a Seattle Hooverville during the Great Depression.

This book is aimed at a local audience, and many of the historic building photographs include a street address. For example, the Kelfner Fruit and Vegetable Stand is illustrated as it stood on 112th Avenue SE and Bellevue Way in the 1910s. One of the most unique artifacts featured is a hand-drawn map of the Juanita neighborhood (now part of Kirkland) between 1902 and 1918. Drawn from memory by artist Ruth V. Nelson, it depicts the homes and businesses of her neighbors with notes about the families who lived there. Their presence in this book allows items like this map to reach a wider audience interested in how memory and history function on a local level. Reaching out to the reading public with beautiful and illustrated and more specific information, this book is an exercise in revelation. By sharing the individual stories of King County residents hitherto known only to a few family members and collection curators, King County Collects combines a patchwork of images to create the history of the country as a whole, in the manner of the quilts featured in its pages.

Selected Letters of A. M. A. Blanchet, Bishop of Walla Walla and Nesqually (1844–1879)


Reviewed by Robert R. Foxcurran.

Selected Letters of A. M. A. Blanchet represents another important addition to the growing body of works covering an understudied aspect of Pacific Northwest history. Before the arrival of American missionaries and settlers in the region, British fur traders, most of them French-speaking Canadians, ruled the territory. Their primary employer—originally the Montreal-based Northwest Company, which later merged with the Hudson’s Bay Company—ultimately developed significant farming, processing, and manufacturing operations. It was in this environment that the Pacific Northwest’s first bishop, A. M. A. Blanchet, oversaw the construction of the frontiers Catholic Church for his diocese. The bishop’s older brother, Francois Norbert Blanchet, was the region’s first archbishop. The French-speaking Canadians, reinforced by the Jesuits and Oblates, clung to be major participants in the religious transformation of the region for the balance of the 19th century.

Selected Letters samples the correspondence of Bishop Blanchet from a total cache of almost 900 letters, most of which were written in French. Brown, who translated them, and Killen chose 45 letters to annotate. In doing so they created a document barren of insights into relationships, events, and personalities of the early Northwest. Included, for example, are brand new translations of the difficult relations with the American Protestant missionaries. The perspectival reader will also catch glimpses of such important characters as Father J. B. A. Brovallet, Father Eugene Chicoine, and Father Charles Pansy, as well as Mother Joseph (Esther Patsena) and the Sisters of Charity of Providence.

The Catholic Church assumed a different role in the northwestern tier of the Americas than it had in Europe. In the Pacific Northwest it was a minority existing without state-backed privileges. As the United States mobilized to project itself into the Northwestern frontier in the late 1830s, Presbyterians, Congregation-"
The Mountaineers Take a Break

Abel Curtis, a charter member of The Mountaineers, took this photograph of club members playing cards on Mount Baker. Fifty-four members attempted the climb up the eastern side of the mountain, men and women slept in separate camps, but evening activities—like the card game depicted here—were mixed. The Washington State Historical Society houses Abel Curtis’s photographic documentation of early mountaineering history in the state. ❯❯

—Marica Pascualy

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If you don’t know history, then you don’t know anything. You are a leaf that doesn’t know it is part of a tree.” —Michael Crichton

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