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Cover: Next court of Teiko Vignette, by Zoe Kincaid. “Teiko has not yet learned the value of mailing mint boxes,” says Rinko in her journal. “Only other long and important acquaintance is it’s hidden worth revealed.” By 1933, when this book was published, Rinko had lived 25 years in Japan, becoming a credible interpreter of Japanese culture in Western audiences. Two related stories beginning on page 10. (Courtesy Linda Terou D Busse)
By Chery Kinnick

The Broadax That Helped Save Seattle

History researchers are familiar with following “bread crumbs” to see where they lead, hoping to discover a path that no other researcher has yet explored. It often turns out, though, that the path has already been trodden upon or even worn smooth; other times it simply leads to a dead end. Whatever the outcome, it is always exciting when some of those telltale crumbs fall into one’s lap and demand further investigation.

For some years now I have been delving into the personal history and career of Pacific Northwest nature photographer Lawrence Denny Lindsley (1878–1975). During my research I became fairly knowledgeable about Lindsley’s life and activities, so I thought I might be able to assist identification efforts involving his photograph collection at the University of Washington Libraries. Due to its complex nature and a lack of complete processing, Lindsley’s extensive collection is not yet completely processed.

While working with a box of unnumbered portraits, I came across an image that captured my attention. It depicts Lindsley standing atop the collapsed remnants of a mining cabin above Gold Creek Valley at Snoqualmie Pass, Washington. Lindsley fell into the habit of writing background information on the back of many of his prints. By virtue of his pioneering family background and artistic sensibility, he learned to value the history behind an image as much as the image itself. He wrote that in September 1921, years after the family mines at Keechelus, in the Cascade Mountains, had no further information about how Lindsley acquired it.

At that point I realized the path I was on had not yet been traveled. So, I began putting the crumbs in order in order to reveal not just a piece of Lindsley’s own family history, but that of Seattle’s heritage dating back to its raw beginnings during the mid-19th century.

Fort Decatur, an icon of early Seattle history, was a shingle-roofed, two-story blockhouse that overlooked Elliott Bay. In January 1856 the fort was garrisoned by Marines from the USS Decatur, a sloop-of-war anchored in the harbor nearby, having been called to Puget Sound as a deterrent to possible local Indian uprisings and raids by groups of northern Indians. The blockhouse provided crucial temporary shelter for settlers in the immediate vicinity—including David T. Denny and his family—during the Battle of Seattle, which took place on January 26.

The Dennys were among Seattle’s founding families, and nine-year-old David was one of the first to arrive at Alki Point on September 25, 1851. The timbers used to build Fort Decatur were acquired from the front of Denny’s claim near the mouth of the Indian Wars of 1856 when a special centennial exhibit was arranged in Seattle for Founders’ Week, November 7–14, 1952. One of the pioneer artifacts on loan for the event was a “well-used” broadax that had belonged to David T. Denny. It was displayed along with one of Denny’s early arithmetic books and the certificate of marriage for his wedding to Louisa Catherine Boren in 1853.

The pitted and rusted head of the old broadax became a permanent part of the Museum of History & Industry’s collection in 1969, donated by Lawrence Lindsley. Although there is nothing surprising about a pioneer artifact ending up in the hands of a close relative, the road to the museum’s acquisition of the broadax was not as simple as it first seems.

After David Denny’s death, the family mining operations at Snoqualmie Pass ground to a halt. Family members turned their attention to other pursuits; Tom Denny pursued a career in engineering, and Lawrence Lindsley moved to his parents’ ranch along Lake Chelan. The broadax, along with other tools, was left inside the cabin after the Esther Mine’s last summer of operation. Regular maintenance on the cabin ceased at that point, and the pressure and weight of heavy Cascade Mountain snowfalls caused it to collapse after only a few seasons. During the active years at the Esther Mine, many of the early summer seasons that miners would ride into the hills above Gold Creek Valley to find only the cabin stove pipe,

David T. Denny held the broadax in his hand. It was a well-worn tool that had been passed down through the generations. He knew that his family had used it to hew the timbers that built Fort Decatur before the 1856 Indian uprising. The broadax was a tool that had witnessed many battles and had helped to shape the history of a nation.

The broadax became a tool that had been in common use since before the 12th century. David Denny wielded his broadax nearly every day as an early Puget Sound pioneer. It was probably the tool Denny depended upon most for survival, second only to his rifle. Without a solid ax, he would not have been able to prepare wood for trade, building, or heating, or carry out any of a dozen necessary tasks on a regular basis.

In the years following the Indian Wars, Denny amassed a fortune from his business ventures. He was known as “the pioneer to turn to, if one had a plan that would be ‘good for Seattle’ and one needed a respectable tone and a willing investor.” The broadax was then probably tucked away somewhere in his house for safekeeping.

In 1893, however, the Panic of 1893 forced Denny into bankruptcy, leaving him a broken man both economically and spiritually. His characteristic qualities of hope and optimism were never defeated for long, however. Though getting on in years, Denny sought other ventures in an effort to reestablish a measure of security for his family.

Around 1895 Denny began operating the Esther and Louisa Mines above Gold Creek at Snoqualmie Pass, in the central Cascades. In 1899 he received a grant from King County to cart out some much-needed repair of the old Snoqualmie Pass wagon road, a 20-mile stretch from North Bend to Lake Keechelus. In the course of both ventures, it is likely that Denny or a family member put the trusty old broadax to use. After Denny died in 1903, the broadax was in the possession of Denny’s second eldest son, D. Thomas “Tom” Denny.

The broadax made another public appearance nearly 100 years after the Indian Wars of 1856 when a special centennial exhibit was arranged in Seattle for Founders’ Week, November 7–14, 1952. One of the pioneer artifacts on loan for the event was a “well-used” broadax that had belonged to David T. Denny. It was displayed along with one of Denny’s early arithmetic books and the certificate of marriage for his wedding to Louisa Catherine Boren in 1853.

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Lindsley was elderly, he recalled how the wind would play “deep organ music” as it rushed through the gaps of the four peaks. "As it passed through the peaks it would make the cabin shake," Denny’s grandson said. The reverberation of David T. Denny’s broadax striking against old growth firs and cedars along the shores of Elliott Bay had far-reaching effects. A single, worn ax head represents so much of early Puget Sound history, from the hewing of rough timbers for construction and commerce to camping and mining in the Cascade Mountains. Denny’s old ax, carried home by a respectful grandson from the heights of the mountain wilderness, came to rest in Seattle’s Museum of History & Industry, where its contributions can be noted and appreciated time and again.

Chery Kinnick is a public services coordinator in the Special Collections Division at the University of Washington Libraries. Her article, “Lawrence Denny Lindsley: Curator of Nature’s Great Art Gallery,” appeared in the Summer 2013 issue of COLUMBIA.

SPRING 2015

Partners in the Senate

Scoop & Slade

By Hans Zeiger

Gorton host a troop of Boy Scouts at the US Capitol on July 23, 1981.

Senators Henry M. Jackson and Slade Gorton were “Scoop and Maggie”—Democrats Henry M. Jackson and Warren Magnuson. Together they represented Washington in the Senate from 1954 until Magnuson’s defeat in 1980. Oddly enough, in the two and a half years after Magnuson lost to Republican Slade Gorton, a close and important friendship developed between Gorton and “Scoop” Jackson.

Gorton became Lazara’s lobbyist as Congress considered new scrip laws. An additional law in 1955 diminished the pool of usable scrip by requiring scrip holders to register their land within a designated time period. Due to further pending legislation throughout the early 1960s, Lazara’s 1961 application for scrip lands was held up in an Interior Department stalemate.

Gorton became Lazara’s lobbyist as Congress considered new scrip laws. At least twice, Gorton testified before Congress.

By Hans Zeiger

NE OF THE GREATEST DUOS in the history of the United States Senate was “Scoop and Maggie”—Democrats Henry M. Jackson and Warren Magnuson. Together they represented the state of Washington from Jackson’s election to the Senate in 1954 until Magnuson’s defeat in 1980. Oddly enough, in the two and a half years after Magnuson lost to Republican Slade Gorton, a close and important friendship developed between Gorton and “Scoop” Jackson.

Gorton and Jackson first became acquainted in the early 1960s when Gorton was a young Republican state representative and an attorney at the Seattle firm of Little, Gandy, Stephan, Palmer, and Slemmons. Gorton represented Greenacres, Inc., a forestry investment firm owned by Seattle native Michael Lazara. Lazara had purchased antique Valentine land scrip, a 19th-century government-issued certificate for western land that often had gone to war veterans as compensation for their service. The trouble with Lazara’s effort to acquire scrip lands was that the Taylor Grazing Act of 1934 had reclassified extensive scrip lands as grazing areas, and those lands could only be redeemed with scrip by permission of the Interior Department. An additional law in 1955 diminished the pool of usable scrip by requiring scrip holders to register their land within a designated time period. Due to further pending legislation throughout the early 1960s, Lazara’s 1961 application for scrip lands was held up in an Interior Department stalemate.

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Jackson’s Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs. This became Gorton’s first real acquaintance with Jackson, and he was impressed:

> What I really remember about it is that on the two or three occasions when I testified, most of the time Scoop was the only one there. It wasn’t a big deal, and nobody else showed up. I remembered that when I was on the other side of the dais and sometimes I’d go into these hearings just to see these poor people who’d spent all the time preparing for this who would defend more than one senator was paying any kind of attention to what they did. But Scoop was one of his ways gracious in those things, and extremely impressive.

Jackson ultimately introduced Senate Bill 231 to amend the 1964 act. The amendment captured the attention of the Interior Subcommittee. Udall wrote to Jackson on September 9 that even if Congress didn’t amend the 1964 Scrip Act, the Interior Department would offer scrip lands somewhere between fair market value and 10 percent of that value.

Gorton wrote to Jackson at that time, thanking him for his advocacy and expressing his regard both for Jackson and for the US Senate. “One of the great pleasures of this long campaign has been the chance to meet you and to get firsthand experience into your operations and that of your committee. I can only say that I have been most favorably impressed and hope that we will be able to meet again soon.” In another letter that week to Jerry Verkler, the staff director for the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, Gorton wrote that his experience working with the committee “has made me appreciate the entire system and the way it works far more than I could have without having experienced both the frustrations and triumphs of the last five years.”

Gorton rose to become majority leader of the Washington State House of Representatives in 1967, which positioned him well for statewide elected office. When Demo- cratic Attorney General John J. O’Connell challenged Republican Governor Dan Evans in the 1968 election, Gorton sought the attorney general’s office. He won and served for the next 12 years, arguing 18 cases before the United States Supreme Court, representing Washington in the famous Native American fishing rights case known as the “Boldt Decision,” and winning Major League Baseball for刷击的刷击击球Washington steak left in 1969.

Jackson’s Republican rival in the 1968 election was the extremely impressive Charlie Ellicker of Bainbridge Island. Sometime just before the election, KCTS television invited Senate candidates to present their message in 30 seconds of free airtime, including an introduction. Ellicker asked Attorney General Gorton to introduce him. “I didn’t want to,” recalled Gorton, “but I did. All I said was, ‘This is a great guy, and he’d make a great United States senator.’”

Ellicker received 16 percent of the vote on election day. Despite the insignificance of Gorton’s introduction for Ellicker, Jackson apparently took note of that gesture and thanked Gorton: “Scoop was angry that I had done that. And we went most of the next [10] years without having any personal relationship at all, which was a real disappointment to me.”

For the next decade, when Gorton was visiting Washington, DC, he spent far more time paying courtesy calls to Magnuson than to Jackson. “Magnuson was always gracious when I went to Washington, DC, . . . he’d always make time to have a chat.”

In the years after his first experience with the Senate in Jackson’s subcommittee hearing room, Gorton thought more and more about the prospect of becoming a senator himself. He thought of running for the Senate in 1976 but Jackson decline re-election or win the Democratic presidential nomination. Jackson stayed in the race and won 75 percent of the vote. When it came to Gorton’s choice about which giant of the Senate to slay,

When Gorton challenged Magnuson in 1980, his campaign message was carefully calculated to honor the senior senator for past service while making the case for fresh blood. The legislative partnership of the two Senators was not only notable on Jackson’s Boeing 747 amendment to the 1982 defense bill and Gorton’s Shipping Act of 1982, but had created a strong bond in Washington state interests. The 1982 defense bill included a $7.3 billion procurement allowance for the Air Force, including a multi-billion-dollar allocation for new Lockheed C-5 Transports. Jackson, with Gorton’s close collaboration, proposed an amendment to strike the C-5 section entirely and instead allocate $350 million for the “procurement of the most cost-effective commercial wide-body cargo aircraft.” In other words, commercially pre-owned Boeing 747s could save the country money—up to $8 billion—in a time of economic hardship.

The proposal was controversial. “The whole establishment was against us,” Gorton recalled. Democratic sena- tor Ted Kennedy of Massachusetts, chair of the Armed Services Committee, led the fight for the C-5 program. Accord- ing to an April 16, 1982, article in the Washington Post, the program would create 8,500 jobs at Lockheed’s Marietta plant. In January, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger decided against the 747 concept.

In his statement for a statement of Weinberger’s decision at an Armed Services Committee hearing on February 22. Weinberger wrote to Jackson the following week that the C-5 proposal was “worthless in comparison with the capabilities and speed of the C-5 transport airplane.” The Senate committee’s report recommended dropping the C-5 program.

Two things made the personal relationship between Gorton and Jackson stronger than the more famous partnership between Magnuson and Jackson. The first factor that strengthened the friendship was, ironically, their party dichotomy. “My ob- servation on the Senate in general is that very frequently the two senators from the same state get along better when they’re from opposite parties,” Gorton said, “simply because they have a more functional relationship, they’re together all the time and . . . always the honorary campaign chairman for one another, but their views on things and their personalities are radically different.”

The second thing that made Jackson and Gorton good friends was their similar styles. Both were interested in the nitty-gritty of policy, both had been trained and began their careers in the law, and both were deeply read. “And it was much closer to Jackson in that more academic I guess one could say, more interested in ideas. So it was a great relationship.”

In the Senate, Jackson regularly passed along books, articles, and lists of readings to Gorton. Sometimes Jackson would emphasize the importance of read- ing selections by giving them directly to Gorton’s wife, Sally. On occasion, Jack- son took Sally Gorton to lunch in the Senate dining room. Sally Gorton and Jackson’s wife Helen quietly struck up a friendship of their own.

It was in July 1983, two and a half years into their partnership in the Senate, that Gorton and Jackson spoke on opposite sides of an issue for the first time.

Jackson was so focused on foreign policy that he rarely spoke up about domestic matters. So it was in July, two and a half years into their partnership, that Gorton and Jackson spoke on opposite sides of an issue for the first time. Afterwards, Gorton went to Jackson’s desk and said, “Scoop, do you realize that that last little amendment was the first time you and I ever spoke on opposite sides of the same issue?” And he just leaned back and laughed. Shortly after that, the Senate adjourned for its August recess.

Still, the Pentagon was stubborn. Secretary Weinberger was slow in getting started with the 747 program. Finally, on May 2, 1983, Weinberger gave in. As a preliminary step, he agreed to buy and test three 747s. Gorton said in a press statement that the agreement was “less than we had hoped for.” Nevertheless, the Senate was to be able to see firsthand how useful the 747 can be in transporting cargo.”

Apparently hoping to exploit Jackson’s advancing age—Gorton had beaten the elderly Magnuson two years earlier—36-year-old Seattle City Attorney Doug Jewett challenged Jackson in 1982. Backed by a quarter million dollars from the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, Jewett ran attack ads linking Jackson with unemployment and the global nuclear problem. The ads backfired, making Jewett look desperate and ungrateful to an elder statesman. Meanwhile, Jackson had more resources than he needed; his campaign raised $2 million by election day and cruised to an easy victory.

Gorton was hardly mentioned in press coverage of the 1982 campaign. And it was a good thing too. Gorton was a close friend of Jewett’s, but his friendship with Jackson was not a thing to be played with. Gorton made several obligatory appearances at Jewett rallies, but “seehingly, I was very fortunate that it wasn’t a real campaign.” Even so, the campaigning that year was “uncomfortable” for Gorton. However, Jackson didn’t seem bothered by his colleague’s partnership this time.

A Freekish memmber of the Senate Commerce Committee, Gorton was last in line when it came to co-chair committee picks. Only one remained: the Merchant Marine Subcommittee. “So I took it—in without any background in merchant marine at all, or any great interest in the subject.” Gorton spent the next two years learning everything he could about it, and by 1982 he was ready to push for passage of major revisions to the US Code on Merchant Marine Law.

Gorton’s Shipping Act of 1982, Senate Bill 1593, would allow ocean common carriers to fix shipping rates in order to allow US flag carriers to better compete with foreign competitors. Price fixing was the norm of global shipping. In exchange for allowing carriers to fix their rates, Congress would cut subsidies to shipping lines. Opponents claimed that price fixing would raise prices for consumers. The bill died after Senate Bill 47 in the Commerce Committee in 1983, where it passed unanimously. Gorton’s coalition included various shipping-related groups, the Port of Seattle, the freight forwarders, and the Northwest Horticulture Association. With help from Jackson, the bill passed through Congress in March 1983. It was the first major legislation Gordon shepherded into law.

Though Jackson and Gorton voted quite differently on domestic issues, they agreed most of the time on foreign policy. Jackson was so focused on foreign policy that he rarely spoke up about domestic matters. So it was in July, two and a half years into their partnership, that Gorton and Jackson spoke on opposite sides of an issue for the first time. Afterwards, Gorton went to Jackson’s desk and said, “Scoop, do you realize that that last little amendment was the first time you and I ever spoke on opposite sides of the same issue?” And he just leaned back and laughed. Shortly after that, the Senate adjourned for its August recess.

Jackson never returned to the Senate. On the morning of September 1, Gorton took a call from Jack- son, freshly returned from a visit to Asia. “We had a nice, substantive conversation,” Gorton recalled. That night, Jackson died suddenly of a heart attack.

“It’s hard for me to say that I ever had a better relationship with any other senator than with Scoop,” said Gorton. Yet Gorton is careful to distinguish between friendship and mentorship. It was Republican Howard Baker (Tennessee) and Mark Hatfield (Oregon) who became Gorton’s “absolute role models of what a senator ought to look like and act like.” Jackson “became a very close friend. But I can’t say that he was a mentor. There would be too many differences between us to fall into that category.”

While Gorton and Jackson were very much their own men with their own policy views, on opposite sides of the partisan aisle, they were able to form a deep friendship and working partnership during their two and a half years together as Washington’s senators. This partnership may not have been as long or fruitful as that of Scoop and Maggie, but it demonstrates the possibilities of genuine friendship and bipartisanship in American politics.

Hans Zage is an author and local historian from Puyallup. He currently serves as state representative for the 25th Legislative District.
The life of a young Pacific Northwest journalist took an unexpected turn early in the 20th century when she accepted a position on the faculty of the Tokyo Foreign School. At first a teacher in Japan, she soon rezumed her earlier profession as a journalist and eventually became a highly regarded author and authority on Japanese theater. At the height of her career Zoe Kincaid brought to Western audiences an understanding and appreciation of Kabuki theater, Noh musical drama, and Bunraku puppetry through performance reviews, lectures, news and magazine articles, and books—all told in much acclaim.

By 1905 Kincaid had become a regular contributor to The Westerner, a new monthly magazine founded by former Seattle Mail and Herald editor Edgar Hampton. Published under her own name, these pieces extended her reporting to a range of human interest topics focusing on life in the Pacific Northwest. Though Kincaid was no “stunt girl reporter” producing sensational accounts of daring exploits that emphasized local color, she was adventurous and observant. She took to the heart of life in the young town of Seattle at the turn of the 20th century.

Chronicles of the West

Born in Peterborough, Ontario, in 1878, Zoe Kincaid came to Washington with her family in 1894 and entered the University of Washington in 1897. There she served as founding editor of the campus yearbook, The Tst, as well as literary editor of the student newspaper, the Pacific Wave. After graduation Kincaid began to write for local papers, including Seattle’s Post-

The titles of her articles in The Westerner beckoned the reader on a literature “Wilds of the West,” “To Tatoosh in a Canoe,” “Out in the Open,” “In the High Places,” “Over the Long Okanogan Trail.” Especially in the early months of her writing for The Westerner, Kincaid waxed rhapsodic about the region’s scenic grandeur. In the December 1905 issue she wrote:

Puget Sound, with its shores of green enchantment, is a never-failing source of inspiration to those who live by it. Scarcely riffled by the wind are its bays and harbors. Towards sunset its peaceful surface reflects the rose tints of the West. On a day of sunshine, the waves break on the beach as clear as green glasses, and again, the wide expanse of the sound mirrors with exactness the blue sky with its piles of soft, white clouds. Above the cliffs rise the foot hills [sic] and mountains which encircle the emerald valleys, and knoll locked [sic] sea.

One may perhaps see in this purple prose the influence of Ella Higginson, the future poet laureate of Washington, who was literary editor of The Westerner until 1906. There is no evidence that Higginson served as Kincaid’s ongoing mentor, and Kincaid’s Westerner prose gradually became less flowery as she increasingly focused on narrative.

Kincaid was, like her editor Edgar Hampton, an early member of The Mountaineers and no stranger to trail and campground. She took many trips to the Olympic Mountains that supplied interesting vignettes for Westerner readers, some clothed in the guise of fiction. An August 1905 piece, “The Schoolteacher on the Frontiers: Through Washington Forests from Hood’s Canal to Lake Cushman in a Stage Coach,” describes life in the backcountry through the fictional experience of a tenderfoot eastern schoolmarm journeying to her new post on the Olympic Peninsula. “Beyond the Boundary” (October 1905) tells the tale of two woodsmen, a hunter and his guide, as they make their way deep into the forest. Kincaid writes of the men’s obliviousness to the panorama of life all around them with considerable detail, as befits the sister of Trevor Kincaid, the founder of the Department of Zoology at the University of Washington:

With careless feet the trappers crushed the pink fungi, growing among the stretches of moss. Unheeded were the tapestries of rich est coloring in the lichens. Their eyes did not seek out the shades of brown and yellow in the fungus on the crumbling log, nor the促成 length of a big tree which nature had clothed in moss and vines and clumps of orchids until it was a garden in itself.

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Kincad was a frequent contributor to The Westerner. Like the woman pictured on the cover, Kincaid enjoyed the outdoors. She was an active member of The Mountaineers.

Peopling all of her accounts are pioneers of various kinds, and the frontier is a constantly recurring theme in these writings. Northwestern Washington, for example, is described as “the last frontier of the country.” But as Frederick Jackson Turner had noted a decade before, the day of the frontier was essentially past. By 1906, when Kincaid wrote of a steamboat trip to Seward, Alaska, the Northern Pacific Railroad was advertising the voyage as a tourist trip so popular that several competing steamship lines were “filled largely with sightseers from all over the world.” The readers of The Westerner were not the self-reliant homesteader, the picturesque whaler,
or the far trapper-cum-river boatman, all of whom make their appearance in Kincaid’s pieces. Rather, they are more likely to be the Seattle city dwellers whom, in a July 1905 Westerner article, Kincaid tried to entice into summer sojourns, perhaps to live in a bungalow “half hidden in trees, and bat a short distance from the salt water,” where one’s children “grow straight as pines, learned in water craft, and wore lee.”

If Kincaid chronicled the passing of pioneer days in Washington, there was another disappearing way of life that also claimed her attention. In 1904, only a year before *The Westerner* began publication, Seattle photographer Edward S. Curtis had made his iconic image, “The Vanishing Race,” the title of which reflected the accepted wisdom of the Anglo suppliants, that the American Indians’ days were numbered as white diseases wreaked their devastation on tribe after tribe. While Ella Higginson, a Native American poet, railed against the dismissal of Native American culture, particularly the decorative arts, and it is not difficult to imagine that she shared his enthusiasm in letters home to his family. But while Trevor Kincaid left Japan before the year was out, never to return, his sister’s decision had more lasting consequences. She went on to spend more than three decades in Asia, and even after war forced her return to the United States, her orientation remained toward the East.

While there is little evidence of Kincaid’s interest in Japan prior to her acceptance of Hansee’s offer, one of her human interest stories in *The Westerner* (November 1907) was entitled “A Japanese Girl’s Wedding,” which endeavored to depict the feelings and experience of a “picture bride” entering the country to marry a man she had wed in proxy in her homeland but had never actually met. In describing the wedding of two brides on arrival in Seattle, Kincaid avoids any mention of the Gentlemen’s Agreement negotiated earlier that year between Japan and the United States which effectively ended Japanese immigration except in cases such as the reunions of families. Kincaid writes in a manner sympathetic to the “brave little women” who journey far across the sea to an unknown husband and land, while her own direct comments on the practice is limited to a single sentence: “They may be the novelists’ and the historian’s complaint about the disappearing frontier in a nostalgic way in *The Westerner* even called its people “the Yankees of the East.” Nevertheless there was a profound contradiction represented by the admittance of Japan as a rising power on the one hand, and the widespread prejudice against “the yellow races,” especially on the West Coast. Only a few months before the opening of the AYPE, a bill intended to assent the new stature of Seattle and the Northwest in “the Pacific era” had been proposed in the Washington State Legislature to require Japanese visitors attending the exposition to post a bond for their return to Japan. Though it was ultimately tabled owing to pressure from the business community, the bill—justuxtaposed with the honor that Japan actually was accorded at the event, even to its own admission of the day even called its people “the Yankees of the East.”

Ever the adventurer, Kincaid said “yes” without hesitation. Her interest in Japan, investigation into Japan, and her commitment to halt the devastation of gypsy moths, which were damaging the forests of New England and might spread to other parts of North America, including the Pacific Northwest. The scientist was impressed with Japanese culture, particularly the decorative arts, and it is not difficult to imagine that he shared his enthusiasm in letters home to his family. But while Trevor Kincaid left Japan before the year was out, never to return, his sister’s decision had more lasting consequences. She went on to spend more than three decades in Asia, and even after war forced her return to the United States, her orientation remained toward the East.

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representation on the ATPE seal—demonstrates the paradox of Asian American relations in the early 20th century. For Kincaid such contradictions were of little import compared to the opportunity of living and working overseas. She confided her excitement to Caroline Ober, one of her former teachers at the University of Washington and a friend of Martha Hansee's. In June 1908 Kincaid set sail on the SS Minnesota to Yokohama accompanied by Ober, who had already made one trip to Japan. Hansee welcomed them in Tokyo, and Kincaid remained with her while Ober continued her travels. During the months that followed, Kincaid taught at the Tokyo Foreign School, which educated children of Western diplomats and professors, and at some point began to teach English to Japanese students.

Through Hansee, Kincaid began to make contacts that enabled her to take up her journalistic career once again in service of the small but growing expatriate community as well as commercial interests back home. In December 1908, Kincaid knew she lacked her mentor Martha Hansee's passion for obstacles to bring the periodical to light. Kincaid succeeded in parlaying her experience as a journalist to become coeditor of a new English language monthly, The Japan Magazine. A February 10, 1910, article in the Seattle Daily Times announcing the debut of the publication epitomized the “local girl makes good” theme. The headline, “Seattle Woman Gains Fame in Distant Nippon,” is directly followed by the byline: “Miss Zoe Kincaid Founds ‘The Japan Magazine’, Which Outranks the Most Pretentious Ever Issued in Orient,” a claim indeed for flagging periodical. The writer goes on to paint the picture of a woman who, as a successful educator in Japan, had “never considered” resuming her journalistic career, but once persuaded of the need for a publication to present Japan’s progress to the English-speaking world, overcame all obstacles to bring the periodical to light.

The true story was probably less dramatic. Like as not, Kincaid knew she lacked her mentor Martha Hansee’s passion for teaching and was eager for a new challenge that better utilized her skills. By October 1909 she was reporting in a letter to a friend that she had attended an affair hosted by Ito Hirobumi, the former Seattleite. Kincaid remodeled her first article on a scientific expedition at the summit of Mount Fuji by a Japanese meteorologist. Kincaid, in keeping with her journalistic experience of describing the woman’s viewpoint, gave equal attention to the scientist’s wife, who had climbed the peak in search of her husband after a month had passed without his appearance. Kincaid remained as editor of The Japan Magazine for two or three years, during which time she met and married a British expatriate, John L. Penlington, who edited The Japan Advertiser, a newspaper she later joined as staff writer. Meanwhile Kincaid, who continued to use her maiden name for her byline, sent back to Seattle the occasional human interest story, which appeared in The Town Crier and possibly other publications. In evidence of her deepening interest in Asian arts, when Penlington left the Advertiser to found a new weekly publication, The Far East, Kincaid became responsible for the sections devoted to photography and the arts. The Far East continued publication until its offices were destroyed in the devastating 1923 earthquake.

Kincaid’s “Great Work”

The activities were not a sufficient outlet for Kincaid’s considerable energy. The former Seattleite had discovered her passion—Japanese theater—and wanted to make this ancient art form known and appreciated in the West. After eight years of observation and study of the subject, Kincaid began to assemble her notes for eventual publication. But rather than merely reiterate historical facts for an English-speaking audience, Kincaid wished to convey the spirit of the art in a way that Western minds could comprehend. In order to do this, Kincaid felt she needed to continue her study by going to China, where she had previously spent four months, long enough to become convinced that the Japanese stage owed a large debt to Chinese theater.

This view was not shared by the leading Japanese stage authorities, but Kincaid was undeterred. In a series of letters written in 1916 to Edmond Meany, to whom “all ‘old Grads’ turn . . . as sunflowers to the sun,” she appealed to her former professor for support in accomplishing the “great work” she felt led to do. This was no mere academic exercise. By understanding the Chinese roots of Japanese theater, the fundamental principles of East Asian drama would become clear, principles that could revitalize Western drama and even play an uplifting role in American civic life.

I feel so strongly that the clue to the understanding of these Eastern stage art principles is in China, and that they are in reality what the West is now even seeking to find, what is needed to establish the new stage of the West. Therefore I write to ask you . . . if you can help me to undertake this work . . . I mean, has the University no fund for the researches of old Grads in foreign fields? . . . The work I could accomplish would merely be that of a pathfinder, a way for other university students who desired to undertake researches in this new field that has scarcely been touched—in music, the theatre, painting, porcelain, the handicrafts, psychology, gymnastics etc., not to forget the old ceremonies and festivals, the pageantry of the old East that is so much needed now in America for civic education.

Kincaid’s vision was large, and she wanted the University of Washington to be at the center.

I should like to see a centre established for work in Peking, I believe that specialists will come from Europe and will collaborate with those of America in this ancient city of Peking. I believe that the University of Washington ought to take a leading part in this research work.

Kincaid succeeded in parlaying her experience as a journalist to become coeditor of a new English language monthly.

Meany was sympathetic, but Kincaid’s grand vision was far beyond the means of an underfunded fledgling institution. Regrettably he responded that “the bidders are far behind the actual needs here and we are all awaiting a new appropriation in 1917, so foreign research has little or no chance.” Kincaid replied that she would “possess [herself] in patience and trust to the fullness of time,” but her dreams for bad precedence were undimmed. Declaring that the University of Washington ought to “start the fashion for Oriental masks, pageants and festivals,” Kincaid envisioned using the Sylvan Theater on campus for student-produced performances, along the lines of what Indian poet and dramatist Rabindranath Tagore had done with his students. She had already written a one-act Japanese play, The Thousand-Handed Goddess of Mercy, and was contemplating a nature play with Puget Sound for the theatre, painting, porcelain, the handicrafts, psychology, gymnastics etc., not to forget the old ceremonies and festivals, the pageantry of the old East that is so much needed now in America for civic education.

Although it was the official organ of the Tokyo Industrial Association, The Japan Magazine published a range of articles and literary pieces by Japanese and Anglo-American authors that gave its readers insight into Japanese life and culture. As befitt a former member of The Mountaineers, Kincaid wrote her first article on a scientific expedition at the summit of Mount Fuji by a Japanese meteorologist.

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Kincad's efforts to introduce the West to Japanese drama probably received financial support from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Tokyo, which perceived the value of her work as cultural diplomacy. Since the late 19th and early 20th centuries, when Japan sought to extend its orbit to China and the Russian Far East, Japan had been concerned with wooing Western opinion. John Penlington was one of several foreign journalists whom the Japanese government cultivated, and for a time his magazine, The Far East, received a subsidy from Japan's foreign ministry. Perhaps because of her husband's friendship with Penlington, and with Helen Neilson Rhodes, as well as a woman Frances referred to as "Gertrude W.", most likely Gertrude Bass Warner, an Asian art enthusiast and founder/director of the University of Oregon art museum, which had opened in 1933 to house her notable collection. Frances wrote her sister that "Gertrude may give [Kincad] a tea that would help them both," perhaps referring to the fact that Kincad had enhanced the reputation of the fledgling museum and Warner advance Kincad's aims regarding Japanese theater performance in the United States.

Kincad's 1936 trip to the West Coast may have been occasioned by a collaboration with Florence and Burton James on the production of a Japanese play, Chushingura, by the Seattle Repertory Playhouse, a project undertaken in part by the Japanese government that never bore fruit. While in Seattle, Kincad lectured at the University of Washington and also had speaking engagements in Los Angeles and San Francisco. A Seattle Times article published in June 1936 mentions Kincad in connection with a leading Japanese matronette troupe, indicating her expertise extended beyond Kabuki and Noh to Bunraku.

Though Kincad had been widowed for several years and was beginning to suffer ill health, she was not ready to slow down. The year 1938 found her on a Tokyo-sponsored tour of northern China, which had been effectively annexed by Japan in 1932. Her report on the improving life of women in this war-torn country became part of a series of favorable observations by Western journalists who were utilized by Japan in its propaganda efforts. Contemporary historians, while critical of John Penlington as a man of few principles beyond that of feathering his own financial nest—hence his readiness to write on behalf of Japanese imperialism—have concluded that his wife was a reputable journalist and sincerely in her favorable appraisal of Japanese rule. Whether she continued to believe this as Japan's militarism escalated is unclear; we only know that in March 1941 Kincad returned to America, taking up residence with her brother and his family in Seattle. She died three years later of a ruptured appendix while on a trip to see her sister in Southern California.

Wisdom Unfulfilled

To the end of her life Kincad persisted in her dream of making Americans appreciate the beauty of Japanese culture. As a young writer she had been intrinsically of the otherness represented by Japan and its people, a view frequently shared by many educated men and women of her day. But if Kincad's initial curiosity matured into understanding and appreciation, such was not true of the general American populace, especially on the West Coast where most Japanese immigrants came to live. Kincad's writings on Japanese art and drama may have found an audience among the more cosmopolitan Pearl Harbor put an end to any chance of achieving her self-described "great work" of awakening America to the wisdom of the Far East.

As a young reporter Kincad once ventured that "some of the happiest women we know are those who have given up careers," a claim that seems disingenuous given the ambition that even then characterized her life. Kincad's fulfillment lay not in the provincial society of a young Seattle but in an ancient land whose traditions captivated her.
Ash piled on us. I felt I’d be lost behind the ridge. It was 8:45 a.m. By Richard Waitt.

A week before, the mountain lay behind ridges. The outburst flat-topped 200 square miles of forest, killed 57 people, and flooded several valleys. Despite that, it was peaceful. I sought to document volcanic phenomena, assess hazards, and learn from the mountain. I wanted to understand the mountain. I sought detail their observations and adventures, and keep them from the area just devastated by the outburst flat.

Leslie: We were showing Al Brooks around and photographing wildlife. From Winters Mountain we could see the mountain before the eruption shuddered.

Leslie: What a noise that was, for the windshield. I rubbed it. It didn’t melt the pickup’s grille, ripped a chrome strip and mirror from the right side, and sandblasted the windows.

Dale: It looked like that range exploded. We’d go to Gilbert Lookout for a view. We tried walking on logs to stay above it. When it hit, the right wing window broke in. The heat was intense. Dale was driving, Al on the right. The mountain rumbled at 8:30 a.m., and I heard mud in the creek running fast, but it was too dark to see. I jumped from rock to rock. I fell into hot ash again but it didn’t burn through tennis shoes. The air lightened a little; I was under the edge of the concrete bridge. We crossed the bridge. I heard the water rolling and rocks rumbling. Leslie: “You two go on,” he said. No one looked up from the road. The ash was only six inches deep. We walked up one log, stepped to another.

Dale: It was tough going—steep and scary, some logs 20 feet from the ground. Leslie: About 10:30 it grew light enough to see 20 feet. We should be on the road in case someone’s looking for us.” We climbed down, still a foot of ash there.

Leslie: Alive but didn’t move. A burn on my back, blood pouring out, and ran down my leg. We rinsed our faces and Al’s burnt arm.

Leslie: Al and I waited on the road while Dale looked for the bridge. Now around ten o’clock, still dark, Al was getting weak. “You two go on,” he said. “No way,” I said. “Three of us can come in, and three are going out.”

Dale: I stumbled down through smashed brush to Shultz Creek and followed a rock bar toward Green River. I heard mud in the creek running fast, but it was too dark to see. I jumped from rock to rock. I fell into hot ash again but it didn’t burn through tennis shoes. The air lightened a little; I was under the edge of the concrete bridge.

We crossed the bridge. I heard the water rolling and rocks rumbling. Leslie: “You two go on.” Dale said. We walked on logs to stay above it. Leslie: Ash was thicker here—a foot deep in spots and hot.

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Aerial view showing the head of the flood and the direction of the flow down the lower Toutle River on May 18. The flood passed under the Pacific Highway bridge (top of photo) and just starting under the Interstate 5 bridge (bottom). Southbound traffic on the interstate was stopped (top left). The evening flood in Kyle Ward’s story was much larger and muddier than this one.

The house had stuck against trees by the river. Now it turned slowly out into the flow, sped up with the current, and was gone. Around nine o’clock I drove the farm road out in the dark.

We walked west down roads 555, 355, and 550, then northwest on Watson Creek road 200. Ash on the ground got thinner. Around six, two guys drove in a pickup but went on to Winters Mountain. We hiked farther down, and they came back seven. From the truck we’d walked 17 miles. They drove us home to Mousseyock.

Kyle Ward: Our rented A-frame was glassed on the north where a deck hung out toward the river. The water looked clear and normal. From fishing I know this time of year its temperature is about 62°F. About 11:45 we heard a big rumble like logs trucks going up the drive. The rumble grew, the ground shook. From the deck we watched the front of the flow sweep by—and abruptly all logs, mostly sawed. You felt its force from the shaking and the roar. The water then rose twelve feet, then leveled off. The flow lacked the house foundation. We’d recently put in a new washer, dryer, and freezer. I washed through the mud to the house, the mud warm like our hot tub, 100–104°F. Many fish flipped on top—mostly steelhead, five to seven pounds. “A good spring run.”

I laughed at his joke. “If it rains we won’t have to mow the lawn.”

The driveway was in mud—big bulges on the east, then on the west, then on top, the middle pulling near. The cloud edge was sharp against blue sky. In 15 minutes it swelled to a large pile over the ridge. After 9:10 I went inside. An AM talk show told of Mount St. Helens erupting: the cloud was no weather storm. Katharine worried about dust coming in through cracks in this old house to our three-week-old baby. We laid towels under doors and on windowsills. All night, after nine o’clock and darkness, the sky lightened gradually. After an hour it looked like a cloudy day. I saw no water: it was like a light-gray surface was flat, not rippling on the east, then on the west, then on top, the middle pulling near. A car came by, strangely on top of the sand, away from the river. I was almost black—not a gray weather storm or beige dust storm. Its base was several thousand feet above Manastash Ridge. “We had a good spring run.”

The sky lightened gradually. After an hour it looked like a cloudy day. In the evening I saw in the ash a beetle tracked and, two feet away, a bird’s. The bird had landed, hopped three times, and left a scuffed spot where it scratched up the bag. I saw many other tracks of insects and birds. During the ash fall people huddled inside, but outside the lives of birds and insects—eating and being eaten—went on.

Richard Waitt has been a field geologist with the U.S. Geological Survey since 1963. He has been engaged in many studies of volcanic activity and now works on a book about Mount St. Helens for the USGS.

Eyewitness Chronicles of Mount St. Helens
COLUMBIA
SPRING 2015
Charles Prosch, founder in 1858 of the Stella-como Puget Sound Herald, wrote in his 1904 memoir, “For twelve or fifteen years subsequent to the first settlement upon the shores of Puget Sound, among the worst dangers encountered by the whites were the incursions of the Northern Indians. During these incursions of Northern Indians it fared ill with any force they met or overtook, on land or water, weaker than themselves.”

Sailors and Marines from the USS Massachusetts fought the United States government’s only battle against northern Indians in November 1856, near the logging town of Port Gamble. Previous US combat on the west coast of North America had been against Native Americans who claimed the land as their own or against Mexicans fighting for their nation-state. But the Battle of Port Gamble was fought by US naval forces in a US territory against an enemy invading from a foreign country. The northern tribes came from outside present-day Washington to attack local Indians and white settlers. Information about this particular battle is both sparse and riddled with inconsistencies, but the ship’s log and contemporary newspaper accounts allow some examination of this unusual chapter in Northwest naval history.

The phrase “Northern Indians” was used by territorial historians like Prosch to describe the Haida and Tongass Tlingit as well as other seafaring tribes of what were then called the Queen Charlotte Islands, areas of coastal southern Alaska and coastal British Columbia. These diverse peoples practiced a combination of warfare and commerce and sometimes raided Washington tribes for slaves and heads.

When Euro-Americans began settling the Puget Sound area in the early 1850s, local native inhabitants knew and feared these outsider tribes.

Hubert Bancroft, in his 1890 History of Washington, published accounts of incidents that had caused alarm among white settlers in May 1854. That month, 10 northern Indian war canoes were sighted off Vancouver Island. Eight of the occupants went ashore and shot an English settler. The perpetrators proceeded to Bellingham Bay, where they attacked and robbed local settlers and Lummi tribesmen, likely killing and beheading two white men. Territorial governor Isaac Stevens wrote to the US War Department that local troops needed better means of water transportation than canoes, and subsequently the revenue cutter Jefferson Davis arrived in Puget Sound. Because of the threat posed by these aggressive invaders, US naval forces in the form of the United States Revenue Marine (later renamed the US Revenue Cutter Service and then the US Coast Guard) established a permanent presence in the sound.

These forces saw combat mostly as a result of the conflict that occurred during the winter of 1855–56. Local Indians who refused to accept Governor Stevens’s treaties fought against the US military, local militias, and tribes that signed the treaties. To help prosecute what they called the Puget Sound War, the USS Massachusetts, an armed 178-foot auxiliary steam packet, sailed north from Mare Island near San Francisco, reaching Seattle on February 24, 1856.

Her commanding officer, Commander Samuel Swartwout, took charge of local naval strategy.

GOING TO THE DOGS

In 2006 the Washington Alliance for Humane Legislation estimated that there were approximately 3.6 million pets in the state, of which 47 percent were dogs. Interestingly, the vast majority of pet photographs in the Historical Society’s collection are of dogs. Many formal portraits of individuals and families include one or more beloved canines. Here are a few examples. }
The northern Indians continued their activities independent of this simultaneously occurring war. Bancroft writes that a tribe of Nootka, a native group near the Haidas and with similar means of commerce and fighting, landed at Port Townsend in April 1856. The USS John Hancock “expelled sixty from that place, who became thereby much offended, making threats which alarmed the inhabitants, and which were the occasion of a public meeting on the following day to request the governor and Commander Swartwout to send a war-steamer to cruise between Bellingham Bay and the other settlements on the Sound and Fisca Sis.”

Even as the Puget Sound War wound down in late spring, Bancroft describes a “feeling of insecurity and alarm” about the continued presence of northern Indians during the summer of 1856, “only alleviated by the cruising of the men-of-war.” In October 1856, according to Bancroft, a party of Indians attacked a schooner near Seattle, killing one of its crew before being repulsed, and other northern Indians landed near Port Gamble Bay. Privately-owned boats were used by Nootka tribe members to pursue these Indians, and restated Swartwout’s demands, “which were twice made upon them, and to point out to them our preparations, and the folly on their part to make any further resistance, and if they still persisted in refusing to comply with my propositions, I should be compelled, very reluctantly, to resort to force.”

Swartwout reports that the Indians again showed disinclination for the peace offer and made overt preparations for a fight. When the Indians’ guns were pointed towards our party in a hostile manner,” he ordered firing to commence from the vessel...” The landing party included an interpreter from Port Gamble, but the logbook does not say how this individual came to be associated with the Massachusetts or in what language they communicated.

Swartwout wrote that an armed group of the Indians came down to the water to meet the landing party, refused to leave their camp, ridiculed and threatened the officers and men, and dared them to “come on shore and fight them.” The landing party returned to the Massachusetts, following orders not to attempt an opposed landing. At half past three in the afternoon, during heavy rain, Swartwout sent a larger, better-armed landing party of 45 men in a second attempt to dislodge the group, with the interpreter leading the party under a flag of truce. The ship’s log reports that the Indians were, “if possible, more menacing and insulting than on the last visit.” Lieutenant Young, of the landing party, suffered a fall while returning to the ship from the small boats, and was reported to be “severely injured.” After the landing party landed, about six o’clock, the Massachusetts moved to within 600 yards offshore from the Indian encampment.

A civilian steamboat, the Traveler, had joined the Massachusetts in Port Gamble Bay. Privately-owned boats were used by the navy at that time to supplement its force in Puget Sound, which usually numbered three to five ships and revenue cutters during the hostilities of the mid-1850s. However, the Traveler was ordered to accompany the Massachusetts but not specifically mentioned. Bancroft describes the ship as a small steamer that had been shipped from San Francisco the previous year and usually carried mail. The Traveler “dispatched the Trav- eler with a field piece [small cannon], and landed the launch with a howitzer.” This landing party under Lieutenant Forrest was ordered “to anchor about the Indians and keep them from leaving”; they likely spent the night in the launch.

Even as the Puget Sound War wound down, Bancroft describes a “feeling of insecurity and alarm” about the continued presence of northern Indians during the summer of 1856.

The next morning the logbook keeper described the weather as “clear and pleasant.” At 7:10 a.m., Lieutenant Alexander Semmes left in a small boat for the Traveler. He and a force of sailors and marines (the logbook records it as 59 men; the newspaper, 29) as well as Lieutenant Forrest and Lieutenant Fendall, formed a landing party, waded through heavy swells carrying the howitzer, and took up positions on the beach near the Indian camp. Semmes then made his way to the interpreter, who was already ashore and in contact with the Indians, and restated Swartwout’s demands, “which were twice made upon them, and to point out to them our preparations, and the folly on their part to make any further resistance, and if they still persisted in refusing to comply with my propositions, I should be compelled, very reluctantly, to resort to force.”

Swartwout reports that the Indians again showed disinclination for the peace offer and made overt preparations for a fight. When the Indians’ guns were pointed towards our party in a hostile manner,” he ordered firing to commence from the field piece aboard the Traveler, although some in the landing party reportedly believed that the Indians fired first. The log reports that the Massachusetts’s port gun battery was “sounding” at 7:20. The ship fired grapeshot and round shot toward the encampment and into the thick woods where the Indians had taken defensive positions. The sailors and marines then changed the camp, driving the Indians into the woods and setting fire to their tents and all but one of their canoes. After finishing the destruction, the landing party returned to the ships, “having held possession of the encampment from about 20 minutes past seven until 10 a.m.”

The storm was ordered to “anchor about the shore”; they likely spent the night in the launch. The timing of events is somewhat confused in the reports. From the point at which the landing party reached the shore, the course of events seems to have been a general firing of all guns for only a few moments, then a quick change over a short distance by the landing party to the shore, which was quickly abandoned—and which eventually became the destruction of the temporary encampment while the ship’s guns and the howitzer continued supporting fire against the Indians hiding in the surrounding woods. Swart- wout writes that “the Indians fought with a desperate courage and determination, worthy of a far better cause.”
steamed back to Puget blankets for the captive Indians. Swartwout recounts: “His Island. There the dropped anchor the next morning at Esquimalt, on Vancouver Sound to harbor or employ any of the Northern Indians.”

ern Indians, after this severe chastisement, will not visit the recorded one killed and one wounded. Swartwout ended his as “prisoners of war.” At this point the battle proper was con

ber 23, records 86 Indians arriving aboard the Massachusetts who we considered the most fero

canoe, and assorted works of Haida art and craftsmanship, c. 1885.

excellency Governor James Doug-

The Pioneer and Democrat commentary on the event was far less generous toward the northern Indians and less optimis-

tic that the conflict had truly been terminated. “True to the instincts of Indian character—faithless and treacherous, some fifteen or twenty days since [the Battle of Port Gamble], fifty or sixty, as is supposed, of those some Indians landed at San Juan Island.” They made it known that they planned to kill the US customs inspector on the island and intended to have five “Bostons,” or white settlers, heads before returning home. The article continues:

It seems that our extreme northern settlements are destined to be kept in a constant state of alarm and dread of an attack from the foreign red-skinned robbers and murderers; and as their late chastisement by Commander Swarteauw, of the Massachu-

sets, does not appear to have intimidated them in the least, and as all their promises have and ever will be worthless—as not the slightest dependence can be placed in anything they may say—we do hope, for the future safety and quiet of inhabitants north, [that] whenever the Massachusetts, or any other ves-

sel, may hereafter have occasion to engage these red devils, no prisoners will be taken.

A time went on, northern Indian incursions began to fade into memory, smallpox epidemics decreasing numbers of settlers, and the Royal Navy’s presence in British Columbia waters all affected the indigenous population. Washington newspapers seldom reported visits by northern Indians during the later 1860s. By 1874 James Swan of Port Townsend could meet with a band of visiting Haidas, record their tattoos and something of their culture for the Smithsonian Institution, and make no mention of their being known so re-

cently as the territory’s most feared menace. The history of the Battle of Port Gamble was written by one side—there are no known primary sources or records from the northern Indian perspective. We do know that it was not a singular event without cause or consequence—it was only the largest pitched battle in a long, if low-intensity, conflict between some groups of northern Indians and the inhabit-

ants of Puget Sound, native and non-native. We also know that Cowxwain Enright was not the first American service member to die in combat in the Pacific area—others had been killed as far back as the War of 1812. The battleground, geopolitical conditions and circumstances of both the battle and the single naval fatality give the Battle of Port Gamble a unique place in Northwest military history. [8]

Their homes, and never again return to the Sound.” It is never made clear where this woman came from or what became of her. The Indians replied in the negative, “saying they would fight as long as there was a man of them alive.”

either the spokesman of the previous day did not rep-

resent the entire group or desires set in as during the night of the 21st. The next day the northerners sent a message “saying for peace.” According to the logbook, at nine in the morning two of the Indians’ chiefs “surrendered unconditionally,” reporting that their group had consisted of 117 fighting men when the battle commenced, but now 27 of their number were dead and several missing and presumed wounded in the woods. They’d had little or no food for the last 48 hours. Englebrecht was buried that afternoon. Swartwout described him in his report to the Pioneer and Democrat as “one of my best men.”

The early morning watch log for the following day, Novem-

ber 23, records 86 Indians arriving aboard the Massachusetts:

ABOVE: George Mercer Dawson photo of Skidegate, a village of the Haida tribe, Skidegate Inlet, British Columbia, 1878. Haidas were among the northern Indian wanderers who struck fear in the hearts of white Puget Sound settlers in the mid-1850s.

FACING PAGE: James G. Swan, a US Indian agent and amateur ethnographer, poses for a formal portrait with his friend and informant Johnny Kit Elisa, a Haida man, and assorted works of Haida artistry and craftsmanship, c. 1885.

From Victoria, the Massachusetts went around to the eastern side of Vancouver Island, 25 miles north of Nainaimo. On the morn-

ning of November 29, Swartwout “shipped them [the northern Indi-

ans] in the canoes he had procured for them, and furnishing them with 15 days provisions (quite enough to subsist them until they reached their own country), warned them never again to make appearance upon our waters, which they solemnly promised to observe.”

Afterwards, the Massachusetts steamed back to Puget Sound. “I returned to Port Gamble on the 1st [of December] and was informed that a few Indians showed themselves on the beach the next morning after I sailed, but upon being observed fled immediately into the woods; and had since left in small Canoes, holding only three or four persons...they are aware that this Ship has returned to the Sound; and they will not dare, I think, to commit any further depredations so long as we remain here.”

Swartwout’s reports, while referring to the Indians as “sav-

ages,” also call them prisoners of war, and his actions toward his vanquished enemy seem magnanimous, at least for the era.

On the same page is a short article about Colonel Isaac Eby, sailing alone from New Dungeness on the Olympic Peninsula to Bellingham Bay. He was spotted by crew mem-

bers of the Jefferson Davis, who reported that although his sails were torn he “would have no difficulty reaching his place of destination in safety, pro-

vided he eluded an attack from the Northwestern Indians, who were infesting that locality in considerable numbers.” Eight months later, Eby became the northern Indians’ most famous victim. On the night of August 11, 1857, they landed on Whidbey Island and went to Eby’s house. After calling him outside, they shot and beheaded him.

Bancroft and other accounts attributed this killing and the other murders and thefts committed by northern Indians during the next three years as acts of revenge for their defeat at Port Gamble. They give no evidence of this, and there are no records from any of the associated tribes that give the fight against the Massachusetts as the reason for any further “deprivations,” but these newspaper accounts show that at least several Washington Territory politicians and editors believed a state of war existed as a consequence of the Battle of Port Gamble.

Washington politicians and editors believed a state of war existed as a consequence of the Battle of Port Gamble.

Newspaper accounts show that at least several Washington Territory politicians and editors believed a state of war existed as a consequence of the Battle of Port Gamble.
The Early Novels of Archie Binns

By Donahue

The transition in the Northwest from land to sea and back again is one that Binns, who grew up on the Olympic Peninsula, understood well. In The Laurels Are Cut Down (1937), he examines life on the lower peninsula at the turn of the century. The novel begins with the story of James Tilton Pickett, son of George Pickett and his Haida Indian wife. “Jimmy” is often recalled by the Tucker boys, George and Alfred, who help their father clear land that is “twenty fathoms deep under fir forests.” When the boys grow tried of farming, though, they build a boat and sail to Alaska. Upon returning, they enlist to fight in the Great War and end up with the American Expeditionary Force in Siberia. Binns goes on to scrutinize the confused role American troops played in Siberia following the armistice. After George is murdered by supporters of the czar, Alfred returns to the United States, only to be suspected of being a Communist. He realizes that “when a war is over, neither the dead nor the living can ever go home.” He finds some comfort, though, in the land and sea he knows so well: “A light, westery breeze, rippling the inlet ... with fr ice incense and salt on its breath.”

In The Land Is Bright (1939), Binns contributes to the lore of the Oregon Trail in a fashion worthy of a Biedermier painting. From the Missouri and the Platte to the Sweetwater and the Snake—with sand hills, quicksand, and alkali flats, rampant cholera, Indian attacks, and cheating traders—Binns follows a wagon train on its trek to the promised land of the Willamette Valley. Knowing they are on an epic journey, the emigrants dream of a better world in Oregon, even as one skeptical character remarks to one such dreamer that “The Oregon you’re thinking of is in the sky.”

As for the children, who factor significantly in the novel, they just try to figure out their way. When an adult tells them they’re making history, Nancy Ann, the novel’s heroine, remarks, “History is when things change,” adding resolutely, “This is history because we’re changing.” Another child is nicknamed “Dollar-A-Pound” because when she hears that the dead nor the living can ever go home.” He finds some comfort, though, in the land and sea he knows so well: “A light, westery breeze, rippling the inlet ... with fr ice incense and salt on its breath.”

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In the novel goes on to depict the Indian War that arose from the resistance of many tribes to the flurry of treaties Governor Isaac Stevens pressed on them. Though preferring peace, the Nisqually leader Leschi chooses to fight when the Medicine Creek Treaty denies the Nisqually people the land originally promised them. When Hale joins the local militia, he does so in part to protect the treaty. Later, when given the chance to challenge the white river to sound the alarm during Leschi’s retreat across the mountains, he lets Leschi and his fighters pass. Meanwhile, Uncle Jarvis, who has an Indian wife and refuses to leave his claim, is imprisoned under Steven’s decree of martial law. According to Jarvis, “America’s so big that it’s easy for a man to set himself up as a little tyrant somewhere,” but adds that these tyrants can never last long. So, even as Leschi is captured and wrongly executed, the Nisqually receive the land they fought for and Stevens is forced to lift martial law.

If journalists draft history, as the saying goes, then historians actually compose it. With his nine leaves novels, like Archie Binns, to release the facts of history into the imagination and transform them into something more—something that can be felt on the back of the neck like the desert sun or a breeze off an inlet.

Across the inlet from him near Nisqually Prairie. He does so, and shortly after, doubles his acreage when he marries. At one point, he and Jarvis help George Rush (based on George Washington Bush) chase off a group of squatters who, because Rush is black, declare his claim illegal—which was the case for black settlers until Washington Territory separated from Oregon Territory in 1853, escaping Oregon’s black exclusion laws.

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Peter Donahue is the author of Clare and Merritt, a novel about labor and art in Seattle in the 1940s.
Current & Noteworthy

By Robert Carriker, Book Review Editor

It is regrettable but true that sometimes worthy books do not get the notice they deserve because they are outmaneuvered in the marketplace by large university and commercial presses. Such would be the case for Catholicism in the Colville Country, compiled by Patrick J. Graham (Centralia, Washington: Gotham Printing, 2014, 164 pp., $24.95 paper). Graham’s grandfather established his family in Stevens County in 1878, and among the archival sources for this tome is the “Graham Family Papers.” This is Book Five in Graham’s continuing series on northeastern Washington, the earlier four volumes having been published between 1989 and 2010. All are available on the Internet from the Northeast Washington Genealogical Society in Colville. The “trapping” of a scholarly book is frequently modified in the Colville Collection series. There are, for example, inconsistencies in the bibliography and awkwardly irregular chapter lengths. But professional historians aside, many armchair historians in Stevens, Ferry, Pend Oreille, and Spokane Counties will find within the covers of this book stories they can relate to, be they Catholics or non-Catholics.

The story of Catholicism coming to the Colville country from two directions: Hudson’s Bay Company priests sent from Quebec to Fort Colville and Jesuits coming west from St. Louis. The history is also one of parish churches and the people who built and nourished them. There are some very folksy photographs of church choirs, graves, and buildings, but there are also some excellent historical photographs from the author’s personal collection. The bottom line is that local history can be good history and the Colville Collection is a strong and continuing series that deserves encouragement.

The Blue Note: Seattle’s Black Musicians’ Union—A Pictorial History, by David Keller (Bellingham: Our House Publishing LLC, 2014, 222 pp., $24.95 paper) is a community history of the American Federation of Musicians Local 458/493 (1918–1956). An earlier version of this story first saw light as a 1996 master’s thesis at Western Washington University. A hint of the book’s theme appeared as an article in COLUMBIA (Winter 2009–10), where it concentrated on the women in Seattle’s black musicians’ union. The format is chronological and simple; an illustration appears on the left page of the open book and on the facing page a narrative text explains the circumstances. Keller, an instructor in the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California, conducted three-dozen interviews, searched the photographic archives at the University of Washington Libraries, and consulted over 100 published sources. The Blue Note, for the uninitiated, was the familiar name for the union’s administrative offices at 1319 East Jefferson Street, where musicians could come and play “off the clock.” The book touches on race relations in Seattle, but it is mostly about culture and the people who made it fun by playing bebop, jazz, and big band music. Among the most familiar names and photos are Quincy Jones, Ray Charles, Lionel Hampton, Cab Calloway, and Duke Ellington. If a person does not already know the names of Seattle musicians of equal talent, this is the book to buy. Its publication was partly funded by the King County Landmarks and Heritage Commission.

Washingtonians are familiar with the concept of the company town, a community where a single employer owns all, or nearly all, of the stores, utilities, housing, and sometimes the whole town. COLUMBIA has, over the years, referenced these sites with articles about Franklin, Hooper, Irondale, and Newcastle, Washington. In 1987 Keith Petersen wrote a book published by Washington State University Press about Idaho’s most famous company town, Potlatch (reviewed in the Fall 1988 COLUMBIA). The story of Oregon’s most perfect company town is Gilchrist, Oregon: The Model Company Town, by John C. Driscoll (Bend, Oregon: Maverick Publications, 2013, 190 pp., $27.95 paper). The book is an outgrowth of an article first published in the Oregon Historical Quarterly (Summer 1984). The Gilchrist family relocated their timber operations from Mississippi to Klamath, Oregon, in 1893 for an obvious reason: its size. Driscoll chronicles the move, the building of the town, the influence of World War II, labor strikes, and floods. The author claims a lot for Gilchrist: it was the first town in Oregon to be entirely plumbed and wired for electricity, and to have all its houses equipped with a dial telephone. He used Gilchrist Timber Company records in combination with extensive interviews.

Two university press books by Washington authors have recently been published to wide acclaim. Stephen T. Moore, a professor of history at Central Washington University, has written Bootleggers and Borders: The Paradox of Prohibition, on a Canada–U.S. Borderland (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2014, 296 pp., $40). The book focuses on the international border between British Columbia and the Pacific Northwest in the United States. Geographically, the political border runs in a nearly straight line from east to west, while the natural border of mountain ranges and rivers pretty much runs north and south. The contact between the two nations on either side of the border was limited throughout the 19th century. With the rapid development of highways, this was not the case in the 20th century. After 1920, when the United States adopted Prohibition, the relationship between the two nations quickened. US tourists and dollars drove north into Canada on mainstream roads in search of legal liquor, and Canadian liquor found its way south to Montana and Idaho over obscure trails and on water routes in Puget Sound. Moore is a professional historian with a valuable historiographic perspective, and the book is a field guide for armchair historians in Stevens, Ferry, Pend Oreille, and Spokane Counties. The book is an outgrowth of the Moore book, and they too are unique. A graduate of the University of Washington and now retired from his career as an officer with the Washington Department of Archaeology and Historic Preservation, Hansen worked on this manuscript for decades. Three of the five forts Hansen describes as part of what he calls the United States’ most complete and sophisticated harbor defense system are now state parks: Fort Casey on Whidbey Island and two locations outside Fort Townsend—Fort Worden and Fort Flager. Interestingly, considering the forts’ longevity and cost, no one ever fired an artillery round in battle. Nonetheless, they had to be ready, inasmuch as the tilt to Puget Sound is not level, the waters are deep, and fog is frequent. Readers of Battle Ready will find a new respect for the role of the National Coast Defense System in the Pacific Northwest. The curious concrete derelicts of today were once part of a national strategy that took on the task of building forts in rugged terrain with an untrained and underpaid labor pool that, at the beginning at least, would rather have been digging gold in Alaska. All that’s lacking are more personal reminiscences of the men who built and manned the work of military engineers at Admiralty Inlet, but Hansen managed to find a few. A long time in preparation, Battle Ready is now reader ready and highly recommended.

Author C. Mark Smith received the Washington State Historical Society’s John M. McClellan Jr. Award for the best article published in COLUMBIA in 2014, “‘Hurry’ Cain” (Summer 2010). Smith’s full biography of the politician soon followed—Raining Cain: The Life and Politics of Senator Harry F. Cain. More than one reader of Smith’s book marveled at how such a prominent figure could have been so long neglected. Lastly, Smith has championed another lesser-known figure in Community Godfather: How Sam Volpentest Shaped the History of Hanford and the Tri-Cities (Richland, Washington: Etcetera Press, 2013, 224 pp., $24.95 paper). The son of Italian immigrants who landed in Seattle, Volpentest (1904–2005) waited until 1999 to relocate to Richland and open his own business. He liked people and people liked him; together they got things done, including an All-America City Award, a new federal building, and a highway bridge across the Columbia River. Smith, who was for a time Richland’s economic development manager, writes about the big picture of growth and development in a community with a love-hate relationship toward the Hanford Site. Volpentest—“one pint-sized giant of a man”—was the guy who got things going, and when necessary, got things halted. This reviewer regrets that he never met Sam Volpentest. For readers living the same situation, this book will have to do!

Address all review copies and related communications to Robert C. Carriker, Columbia Reviews Editor, History Department, Gonzaga University, Spokane, WA 99258.

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