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COVER: View over Middle Pond to the Bloedel Residence and Reserve Visitor Center, 2008. (Richard A. Brown photo)

WINTER 2015–16

History Commentary 2
The IWW—an inherited memory.
By Lloyd Youst

History in the News 8
Clovis points in the Great Hall of Washington History.
By Gwen Whiting

One with Nature 10
The evolution and development of the Blooded Reserve.
By Richard A. Brown and Sally Schumaker

From the Collection 17
When two become one—conservation in action.

“Paint Will Fly” 18
An early history of the region’s watercolorists leading up to the establishment of the Northwest Watercolor Society.
By Daniel J. Martin

Another Round in the Fight against Racism 25
Back in the 1960s and early 1970s, Harold Booker stood up for his civil rights and dealt racism a blow in Federal Way.
By Christopher Green

Retrospective Reviews 28
God’s High Table by Leland Frederick Cooley.
By Peter Donahue

Correspondence & Additional Reading 29
Columbia Reviews 30

 максимально-разумное представление, чтобы общественно-значимый контент был доступен всем.
The IWW—An Inherited Memory

By Lionel Youst

When I was 10 or 11 years old, while we were visiting my grandparents in Centralia, Dad drove the car out to the Chehalis River Bridge and stopped. He and Mom were in the front seat, and after a while Dad turned to Mom and said, “Well, it’s still here.”

“What is it?” I asked from the back seat where I sat with my brother.

“Dad said, “That’s the Wobbly bridge. That’s where they hung Wesley Everest.”

My education in labor history began then and there.

George Youst—my dad—went to working chokers for Nienmeyer and Morgan Lumber Company at Helsing Junction, near Rochester, during the winter of 1914–15. In 1967 I tape-recorded several hours of his memories, and he talked about that first logging job. It was during a time when there were no unions in the woods—enough for loggers of that period to welcome a union when one finally came along.

“There was about 16 men in a little bitty bunkhouse, and the banks was made of boards,” he said. They were made to be filled with straw, but that winter the company had furnished thin mattresses. It was so cold that some of the men had to sleep between two of them. The loggers had to furnish their own blankets, their “bindle,” and Dad had a nice one my grandmother had made for him. Others were not so fortunate. Having to carry the often vermin-infested blankets from own blankets, their “bindle,” and Dad had a nice one my brother.

“Most of the logging railroads were on a trestle, and derailments would sometimes push several ties close together. “There was guys falling through the trestles all the time because you’d never know how far the next tie was.” His first paycheck was $18.75 for 22 days of work.

There is little evidence of a union at that time in North-west logging. The Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) had tried unsuccessfully to organize loggers in 1912. Coming onto the national scene at its Chicago convention in 1905, the IWW was dedicated to improving labor conditions, but its ultimate goal was to replace capitalism with a utopian society. Its loosely organized membership, colloquially known as Wobblies, are now a part of our mythology.

For its part, the IWW was bound to fail as a labor union, but it plowed new ground, and its impact on subsequent labor activities is probably greater than is generally admitted.

In 1912 the Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers became a chartered branch of the IWW. In March it held strikes in the Grays Harbor area, but they were forcefully put down and the workers “deported” from Aberdeen and Hoquiam. Later that year John Pancner, an IWW organizer from Demott, arrived at Coos County, Oregon, on the steamer Breakwater, ready to form Local 415, IWW, at Marshfield (later renamed Coos Bay). He had two able lieutenants: W. J. Edgeworth, who became secretary of the local, and Wesley Everest, a 23-year-old logger from Newberg, Oregon. According to the Coos Bay Times, Everest “was another whose work for the organization has been very zealous.” He is of special interest to me because in 1913 he was radicalized in Coos County, Oregon, where I have lived all my life, and in 1919 he was lynched in Centralia, my parents’ hometown.

At Coos Bay in 1913 Everest was busy signing up loggers at the various camps. When bosses found that a man had signed with the IWW he would be summarily fired. As a result, Marshfield Local 415 called a strike. Smith-Powers Camp 4 at South Slough and Conolague Coquille River Camp went down while other camps in Coos County had to run with reduced crews.

On June 24, 1913, a citizen’s vigilante committee went to the IWW Hall in Marshfield and took Edwardworth and Everest to the city jail. John Pancner had departed Coos Bay in March, having accomplished his task of setting up the local. The following morning all businesses were closed and the entire town was present while “about 200 citizens marched to the jail” and led the two Wobblies down the street “to the boat landing at the foot of Market Avenue, where they were placed on board the launch Bonita.” Any IWW sympathizers on the street were warned that if there was any more IWW talk heard about Coos Bay, they would get the same treatment. In fact, about 15 minutes later a bystander named Fred Roberts was taken on the speed boat Pronto across the bay to the North Spit where he was “handled” and made to kiss the flag with the other two, before beginning their 26-mile walk up the beach to the Umpqua River. It is reasonable to assume that Wesley Everest’s low opinion of the capitalistic class did not improve after the treatment he received from it at Coos Bay.

Bailey Kay Leach of Bandon, editor of the Socialist newspaper Justice, wrote a rather caustic editorial that was critical of the deportation, and he thus became persona non grata in Coos County. He managed to print one last editorial before he was deported. In it he asked, “What is my offence? Simply that I am a SOCIALIST; that I am opposed to violence and war, and injustice, and graft; that I have conducted an active campaign during the year against capitalism and its beastly and brutal methods of exploitation of the working class.” The photograph of Leach’s deportation aboard the Alice H. has been published many times with the caption, “Deporting the IWW, Marshfield, Oregon.” The IWW had actually been deported 18 days earlier, marking the end of the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers in the Northwest.

During the next four years the IWW concentrated heavily on the Agricultural Workers Organization (AWO), a true forerunner to Caesar Chavez’s United Farm Workers. Dad remembered the IWW songs from that period—he sang them all his life—and I picked them up from him. I would never have had the curiosity to read more about labor history had it not been for the songs, which carried the history forward.

At last, in 1917, a new IWW union was chartered for the loggers and lumber workers in the North-west. This one was far more effective than the first, and lasted much longer. The Lumber Workers Industrial Union (precursor to the International Woodworkers of America) was no sooner formed than it struck at camps and mills all over the Pacific North-west. The principal demands were for an eight-hour day and company-furnished bedding in the camps.

Dad was 18 years old then and working at the H. H. Martin Lumber

BOTTOM LEFT: George Youst arriving at H. H. Martin logging camp near Centralia in 1916, carrying his bindle.

BOTTOM RIGHT: H. H. Martin logging crew, 1918—George Youst, third from right—bunkhouses in background. This crew is typical of the men who signed up with the IWW in 1917 and went on strike.
Company camp at the time. He said, “In the summer of 1917 I’d never heard of the Wobblies. One day I was down at the park [at Centralia] and Gib Broustrum, a kid I went to school with, was organizing for them.” He talked Dad into signing up, “maybe a dollar and a half or two dollars to join and then two bits a month for a stamp to go in the box.”

The IWW had a rented hall on First Street and one night they had an organizing meeting. Dad described it:

This guy had a blackboard up there and showed these different things. The main thing was to fold your arms. Stop the wherch of production. That’s the thing to get action, he says. They’ll come to their milk, to get the pay up and get the bunkhouses so you could sleep in ‘em. That’s what it was for. And the eight-hour day. That’s the big thing they was fighting for, because everybody was working ten hours then. But what they wanted was to get an eight-hour day with the same pay they was getting. . . . The camps would always take three or four days off for the Fourth of July, but they didn’t start up after the Fourth.

T
he strike in July 1917 ran into serious resistance from both the forest industry and the government. The forest industry had its own organizations—the National Lumber Manufacturers Association and the Lumbermen’s Protective Association, which subjected members to a “fine of $500 per day” if they dared yield anything on the issue of the eight-hour day. The United States had entered the war in Europe in April 1917, and by painting the IWW as anti-war and perhaps even pro-German, the government began gathering the tools to turn the laws and the public decisively against it.

In June the first draft registration was held for men 21 to 31. Dad was only 18, but Wesley Everest, the IWW organizer who had been deported from Coos Bay four years earlier, was now 22. The army was taking its registration and draft as “IWW, opposed to war,” and Wesley Everest registered and was drafted. Being a logger, he was assigned to the Spruce Division government sawmill at Vancouver, Washington. Ironically, it was the army that overcame industry opposition and brought the eight-hour day to logging camps in the Northwest.

Dad talked a lot about the Spruce Division and Colonel Disque. The labor troubles in the Northwest had slowed production of lumber in general, but it was the demand for old-growth Sitka spruce used in World War I airplanes that brought the military into the fray. Sitka spruce has a very high ratio of strength to weight, exactly the qualities needed for the airplanes of the period. The army sent Colonel Disque to the Northwest to get the industry leaders to agree to the eight-hour day. The government-sponsored company union created to counter the IWW’s influence. But without the 1917 strikes led by the IWW, the issue would not have come up, and it would probably have been another generation before the eight-hour day and company-furnished bedding came about.

“They all decided they were going to have to give it because they was getting so much sabotage.” He was working at Lincoln Creek Lumber Company at Galvin the last day they worked the 10-hour day. He remembered that the men were “pepped” up about it. “Sometime in the night some of them thought we had ought to go to sleep. One guy hollered out, ‘We don’t have to sleep tonight. We only have to work eight hours tomorrow!’ Dad continued, ‘They got the eight hours, then they started in to clean up the bunkhouses, to get a decent bunkhouse, and to get the companies to furnish the bedding so you didn’t have to pack a bundle on your back everywhere you went, and clean up the bedbugs. So they got a lot better conditions.’

The Coos Bay Times headline dated February 29, 1918, screamed: “Eight Hour Day For All Lumber Workers Begins Here Tomorrow. Order is issued by Col. Disque.” This was truly historic. It had been 100 years since the British industrialist Robert Owen set the eight-hour day as a goal in 1817, and 32 years since the American Federation of Labor set eight hours as the standard work day for American workers and the 1889 Second International Workingmen’s Association meeting in Paris declared it the standard for all working people. Several American industries had adopted it already, and on March 1, 1918, it finally came to the timber industry. Nineteen years later the concept became law in the United States, with enactment of the Fair Standards Act of 1937 stipulating a 40-hour work week.

After May 1, 1918, no logger would ever again pack his bindle into camp. Bedding was furnished by the company from then on. The conditions that were granted to the loggers of the Pacific Northwest that day constituted the most profound improvement in the living conditions of an entire industry ever effected as the result of a labor strike. The improvements were fundamental and irreversible. Dad summed it up, “Of course the Chamber of Commerce and the American Legion and the other guys thought this was something radical, Bolshevik inspired. So they were against it.”

The IWW organizer who had been deported 200 miles east to Hermana, New Mexico, a 16-hour trip, without food or water. This deportation occurred on July 12, 1917, four years to the day after the deportation of Bailey Kay Leah from Coos Bay. On August 1 in Butte, Montana, IWW organizer Frank Little was kidnapped from his hotel room and dragged behind a car to the railroad bridge, where he was hanged.

Centralia, Washington, was not immune to the 1918 violence against the IWW. Dad described some of it. There was an IWW Hall on First Street, just a block off of Tower Avenue. Dad recalled:

These guys came down there and raised the hell. They took the books and papers and things right out in First Street and burnt them right in the street. And they had this nice phonograph and they took it down to the dance hall and raffled it off for the Red Cross. I remember when old Tom Lassiter peddled The Worker paper on the street, and they guys grabbed him one evening and threwed him in the car and took him just out to Rochester and unloaded him out there, about 15, 16 miles out of town. Bill Ryczek, a guy who was second loading with me, he had a car and he followed them out there and when he got there old Tom was sitting on some telephone jacks. He didn’t know where he was at or where he was going or nothing else. There was stuff like that going on all the time.

The third and last draft registration was held September 12, 1918, and Dad was finally old enough to have to register. He registered as a logger working for the Napavine Lumber and Manufacturing Company, but the war was winding down. The amistice was signed November 11, and so Dad was never called up. Wesley Everest had been drafted, but according to his brother Charles he spent at least part of his time in the stockade at Vancouver Barracks because he would not salute the flag. This was quite understandable. He was raised in the Quaker settlement of Newberg, Oregon, and many Quakers object to saluting and taking oaths. Whether
that influenced his stand on the issue or not, I would certainly think that his treatment at Coos Bay made him kiss the flag and walk 20 miles up the beach following a “deportation,” would have clinched it. If there are valid reasons for not saluting the flag, Wesley Everest had his.

Things got worse after the 1918 Russian Revolution. The story of Centralia’s first Armistice Day parade on November 11, 1919, is too well-known to be more than summarized here. Suffice it to say that members of the Masons and the Elks and other persons of influence in Centralia had encouraged the veterans in the American Legion to get the IWW out of town, one way or another. They planned to do it at the big patriotic Armistice Day parade. I don’t know. Dad was present, but my Avant Orpha and her husband Dorsey Huff had just watched the parade go by when they heard gunshots up the street. They thought it was part of the parade and headed toward it, but they had not gone far when it was plain that something awful was happening. It turned out that the American Legion formation broke ranks to storm the IWW hall, meeting armed resistance. The upshot was that they could stand their ground with deadly force if necessary.

Seven of the Wobblies were convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to 25 to 40 years in prison. My maternal grandmother, with other Methodist women, wrote to the prison in many years, to help them keep up their morale. Most of them served about 12 years, while one of them, Roy Becker, had his sentence commuted to time served after 18 years.

Dad told of the immediate aftermath:

So then they arrested—oh, they arrested everybody. That was when everybody had to get rid of any papers or anything connected with the Wobblies. Boy, I’ll tell you, it wasn’t safe for nothing around there, along that line. So that’s where I got rid of my song book—I’d sure like to have it now. I had sympathy for what they were trying to do. You talk about the Gestapo, she was Gestapo in its worst time in that area. Everybody that ever looked like a working man was a suspect. Even over at Dorsey’s house we’d see them guys sneak around the windows and listening to what we was talking about. That’s when you had to get rid of all that stuff. And it just about broke the back of the IWW, because of the propaganda they put out against them.

It was not only the anti-IWW propaganda that almost broke it back. It was the Red Scare following the 1917–18 Bolshevik Revolution and aggressive use of the Espionage Act of 1917. The federal government arrested 184 IWW leaders and tried them on various counts involving interference with the war effort. They were tried at three locations—Chicago, Sacramento, and Wichita—and received draconian sentences. In addition to the federal cases, there were hundreds of Wobblies convicted and sentenced under state anti-syndicalism laws enacted to criminalize the IWW.

In 1923 President Harding released the federal prisoners, but many serving under state laws remained incarcerated for decades. The IWW never fully recovered from the concerted drive against it, but it did not disappear altogether. The Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO), created under the National Labor Relations Act of 1935, carried forward the idea of industrial unionism, which had become perfectly legal for the first time.

In 1927, Dad became part of the employing class when he and a partner started a small sawmill, manufacturing railroad ties in Cowley County. That carried him through the Great Depression, and in 1937 he moved his mill to Coos County, Oregon, where I still live. He met a payroll of 12 or 15 men for years, but he continued to sing those songs from the Little Red Songbook right through to the end of his life in 1975. It is an indication of the power of an idea encapsulated in the rhymes and rhythms of songs, received at an impressionable age.

In January 1950, I went to work in my first logging camp. It was the Long-Bell Lumber Company camp at Scottsburg, Oregon, and I was only 16. You were supposed to be 18 to work in the woods, but nobody checked. The rigging slinger was an old-timer named Johnny Ennis. He told us kids that we needed to respect the conditions in camp. We had to convert every Friday, and the beds were made every day. One bunkhouse was set aside as a dry room so that our wet clothes would be warm and dry in the morning. In fact, all the conditions that the IWW had demanded during its 1917 strike were in effect when I went to work in 1950. Johnny said, “Men died for those conditions.” I knew that was true, and I was respectful. The union was the International Woodworkers of America (CIO), Reedport Local 7-140. The business agent was W. L. Harris, an old-timer who had union contracts for all the logging and sawmill operations within what he considered his jurisdiction.

In June 1950 the United States entered the Korean War, but I was two years too young to have to register for the draft. The up side of the war was full employment in the timber industry, allowing young loggers like myself to come and go and quiet a strike in August, and some of the crew decided to go to California and work in the redwoods. I went with them, and it was the start of my career as a tramp logger. Over the next 40 months I worked for dozens logging outfits in three states and British Columbia. About half of them had company-run camps. Of the 24 logging outfits I worked for, 10 of them had union contracts with the IWA and 14 were non-union. Eight of the union outfits had their own logging camps or other living arrangements. They adhered to some of the 1917 demands, but not all.

Nine of the outfits I worked for had no arrangements for living quarters, and the crews had to ride company crew buses, called “crummies,” sometimes several hours each way between the town and the work site. The Portal to Portal Act of 1947 declared that companies were not obligated to pay for travel time, even when the crews were transported in company vehicles. After the act was upheld in the courts, logging camps began to disappear rapidly. Riding from town to the job in the crummy, frequently four or five uncompensated hours a day, has become the norm.

The era of the logging camp passed into history 60 years ago, but the improvements in living conditions effected by the 1917 strike have persisted. The eight-hour day and company furnished beding no longer seem like radical demands, but men died to get them. My memory of it was inherited from my dad and validated through my own experience. It is a history worth remembering, however one comes to it.

Independent historian Lionel Youst was born in Woodland, Washington, and lives in the woods near Allegany, Oregon. He is author of Shenandoah Like Coyote and coauthor with William R. Seaburg of Cogpate Thompson, Athabaskan Witness. This article is adapted from a presentation made in June 2014 at the 44th annual Pacific Northwest Labour History Association Conference in Cumberland, British Columbia.
Ancient artifacts from the Washington State Historical Society's collection are a highlighted feature in a remodeled section of the History Museum's Great Hall of Washington History. When the hall opened in 1996, it featured a small selection of Clovis points curated by Colville tribal historical preservation officer Adeline Fredin. Almost all of the Society's Clovis collection is now on display. The recent Great Hall update features the human history of Washington's first peoples and the geological changes that have shaped the state.

The story of the Historical Society's Clovis collection began on May 27, 1987, in an East Wenatchee apple orchard. Farm worker Moros Aguirre Calzada was installing an irrigation system when he shoved a Clovis blade. Aguirre Calzada dropped the shovel, digging into the earth with his bare hands. Within moments, the 19-year-old worker unearthed 24 artifacts.

The orchard owners thought that they were large, beautiful arrowheads and showed the points to friends. Amateur archaeologist and retired orthopedic surgeon Russell Congdon saw them and recognized that the stone pieces weren't arrowheads at all. These were Clovis points, fluted stone projectile points used in big-game hunting that are ancient for both the people of that era and the points themselves.

Some of the projectile points found were among the largest ever seen and the most beautiful. The whole cache was largely undisturbed, so archaeologists could see the objects in their original context. The points were not the only items unearthed at the site. Unusual rods made from mastodon bone were found with the points. Their purpose is unknown. Scapers, adzes, and flakes of stone were among the other items discovered. Was it a stone hoard, a burial site, or something else? Why were so many unusual stone and bone artifacts discovered in one place? There are many theories about what was unearthed in East Wenatchee. The large size of the points has led some tribal representatives and archaeologists to conclude that the objects were ceremonial, as has been found to be the case in other archaeological sites.

There were no human remains found in the excavation. This fact, coupled with the functionality of some of the items, has led some researchers to surmise that the site was an equipage place for a one- to one-and-a-half-year-old boy. The toddler’s remains and objects found with him are dated at about 12,600 years old.

Many different kinds of tools were discovered at the East Wenatchee site. One such tool is a scraper. It is sharp on one side and blunt on the other so that it can be easily grasped. The scraper that was discovered at this site is extremely large for a tool of this kind. It is flaked only on one side, making it a “uniface” tool.

A projectile point can be used as a knife or attached to a spear. Making one of these objects can take several attempts and requires special skill. A master craftsman shaped each of the East Wenatchee points thousands of years ago using a method called “pressure flaking.” Clovis points were flaked, or chipped, from stone. The end of a Clovis point was fluted to make it easier to attach to a spear shaft. The stone point was placed into a notch in the end of the shaft and secured with a wrapping of animal sinew. Some archaeologists believe that many Clovis projectile points were intended to be placed in atlatls, or spear-throwers, to hunt large game such as mammoths and mastodons. When a spear was thrown using an atlatl, the point would pierce the animal’s flesh. The animal would then slowly bleed as the hunter followed its trail. This continued until the creature either fell or was weakened enough to allow the hunter to finish the kill with a knife or spear. We do not know whether the East Wenatchee points were created with this device in mind or used for ceremonial purposes.

Lithic, or stone, tools explain much about the people who used and made them. Early artisans created many kinds of stone tools—not just spear points, but also hide scrapers, choppers, drills, and other useful items. Examining crafting techniques and tool materials allows us to determine what kinds of resources were available. Stone tools help provide an understanding of how people traveled, where they settled, and what items they traded.

Most scrapers like this were used to clean animal hides. If this tool was used on a hide, the animal it came from must have been very large.

The beveled bone cylinder or “rod” pictured above was found with others of its type in East Wenatchee. Its purpose is unknown. This piece is beveled at both ends with small repetitive pock marks on one side. Attention was paid to how the ends were shaped and textured. There is a deliberate pattern of crosshatching on the rod.

Bone rods with identical crosshatching were found at the Anzick site in Montana, where the rods were broken. Ceremonial breaking of items commonly occurs at burial sites. The Anzick site was a burial place for a one- to one-and-a-half-year-old boy. The toddler’s remains and objects found with him are dated at about 12,600 years old. DNA testing has since revealed the toddler, called “the Anzick child,” to be related to modern-day Native Americans.

Whatever the East Wenatchee bone rods were used for, the process of manufacturing matching artifacts that were used at the Anzick site. The toddler’s remains and objects found with him are dated at about 12,600 years old. DNA testing has since revealed the toddler, called “the Anzick child,” to be related to modern-day Native Americans.

For more information on the Historical Society's Clovis collection, including photographs, visit the online catalog (collections.washingtonhistory.org) and search on these keywords: East Wenatchee Clovis Site.

Gwen Whiting is the education specialist at the Washington State Historical Society. Her work has been featured in several academic publications, and in 2013 she received the John M. McClelland Award for her COLUMBIA article on artist James Pickett. She also writes fiction and has published one novel.
New York Times writer Joan Chatfield-Taylor described the reserve as "one of this country's most original and ambitious gardens." It is distinctive among the 550 public gardens in the United States in that it does not feature plant collections and its design does not mimic details of famous gardens elsewhere in the world. According to its maker, Prentice Bloedel, the reserve was intended to serve as a place where a visitor could find solace, "a retreat where one can escape the daily pressures."

The land on which the reserve stands was originally part of the Suquamish Tribe's homeland. Later, white settlers harvested fir and cedar there. Decaying stumps of cedar trees cut more than a century ago dot the landscape like aging monuments to the history of Pacific Northwest logging and the resilience of cedar. Prentice and Virginia Bloedel bought the property, including a small mansion, from the Collins family in 1951. They planned to use it as a retirement home and share it with their visiting adult children and grandchildren.

In his 1988 book, The Bloedel Reserve: Gardens in the Forest, Lawrence Kreisman, an art and architecture historian, describes the 1932 construction of the Collins mansion but does not go into the design evolution of the reserve, likely because the Bloedels never shared that information. While they updated the interior, they made no major modifications to the mansion's exterior. Virginia Bloedel guided the redecoration of the house and her husband pursued improvements to the grounds, a project that continued for the next 36 years.

When the Bloedels bought the Bainbridge Island property, Prentice was still working in Canada as chief executive officer of the family timber company, commuting to Seattle on weekends and staying on the island for a month in the summer. From the first day they moved to the Collins estate, Bloedel set out to explore the land. The Collins family had done little to the grounds, so these investigations meant bushwhacking through thickets and brambles. In Kreisman's book, Virginia (Bloedel) Wright described her father's daily routine of hiking and carving paths with his machete. She noted his trailblazing was very strenuous for him because he walked with a limp—the result of polio in his 20s—and used a tall staff for greater stability.

The Bloedels chose never to fully explain their actions or motives in developing the reserve. Although their generosity in the arts and education is well-documented in Pacific Northwest newspapers, the couple shunned publicity. They gave no interviews, and little has been written about them in the last two decades. Bloedel made an exception in 1995, the year before he died. He encouraged Richard Brown, coauthor of this article and the reserve's director at the time, to give a guided tour and explanation of the reserve to the above-mentioned New York Times reporter.

The Bloedels were both born in Washington and lived most of their adult lives in the United States. Prentice's younger brother Lawrence (Larry) graduated from
Williams College and lived with his wife Ellie in Williamstown, Massachusetts, and New York City until his death in 1976. Prentice also had a younger sister, Charlotte, who married Louis Brechemin III and continued to live in Washington. Their father Julius H. Bloedel came to the Pacific Northwest in 1890 from Wisconsin. He first worked as a banker and later founded a small timber business that grew and merged into the Canadian company Bloedel, Stewart, and Welch. Virginia and Prentice Bloedel were devoted to each other, their family, and the reserve. The New York Times reporter wrote:

[The reserve] reflects the intensely disciplined concepts of an extraordinary couple, Prentice and Virginia Merrill Bloedel…. Virginia Bloedel, who died in 1989, was originally more knowledgeable about horticulture, but her husband’s almost mystical reverence for the land eventually made him the driving force behind the transformation of the property. Bloedel described his objective in “The Bloedel Reserve—Its Purpose and Its Future,” University of Washington Arboretum Bulletin, Spring 1980.

His intent in making changes to the reserve can best be understood in terms of his three dogged pursuits after retirement: to understand environmental psychology and landscape theory, to research plant/human connections, and to explore the reserve landscape. But the genesis for the “mystical reverence” that influenced all his landscape decisions was his prep school education. The time Bloedel spent at the innovative Thacher School in Ojai, California, had a singular impact on his life. Then as now, Thacher used camping, horses, and hiking to connect its students with the natural landscape. The school’s founder, Sherman Day Thacher, a Yale graduate, believed the “boys”—now also girls—should spend several weeks outdoors each year. Thacher averred, “It was a wonderful thing to grow into some intimacy with the stupendous granite of Yosemite. . . .” Bloedel’s experiences at Thacher became the basis of his adult values, including decisions as CEO of a timber company. He embarked on ventures that were novel in the industry at the time, such as recycling waste and reforestation. After attending Thacher, Bloedel went to Yale, returning to Ojai to teach after graduating in 1921. That was when he contracted polio. Soon after, his father called him back to the Pacific Northwest to help manage the family timber business, which, under Prentice Bloedel’s leadership, became MacMillan-Bloedel and in 1999 was purchased by Weyerhaeuser.

The reserve reflects what the Times described as Bloedel’s “mystical reverence” for the landscape in both its concept and development. Bloedel aimed to create neither a decorative garden nor a family park, and certainly did not envision it as a place to learn horticulture. His quest was to design a variety of perceptual experiences as a way for visitors to intimately connect with nature. In his words: “There should be an illusion of being alone. . . .” In order to achieve this goal, he sought out scholars who could explain how humans perceived and behaved in the natural landscape. In a global search he found and funded Jay Appleton, an English cultural geographer, who in his 1975 book, The Experience of Landscape, proposed that animals and humans structure their surrounding landscapes into “prospect, refuge, and hazard.” Appleton’s “refuge” foretold the now familiar edge-habitat theory in ecology and explains why the bird marsh is a favorite site in the reserve, as is the “prospect” overlook to Puget Sound behind the visitor’s center. Bloedel also funded Stephen and Rachel Kaplan, environmental psychologists at the University of Michigan whose 40-plus years of research demonstrate that humans respond in the natural world in very predictable ways. The curving paths throughout the reserve are examples of one of their research findings—that S-curves are more compelling to follow than straight paths.
Another of Bloedel’s “finds” was Charles A. Lewis, a curator at Chicago’s Morton Arboretum, now known as the “father of horticultural therapy” and author of Green Nature: Human Nature. During the last five years of Bloedel’s life, the two men became good friends, corresponding and talking regularly. Lewis repeatedly urged Bloedel to fully share his thoughts about nature with others, writing, “There is nothing new under the sun except our understanding of it. However, the understanding of that relationship as you and Virginia have experienced it is new . . . through your sharing these thoughts with me . . . I began to see your concepts were beyond what I had been thinking.” But Bloedel, then age 86, demurred, saying that “the time I might have done the job is long past.”

In the 1980s Bloedel brought these scholars to the University of Washington (UW) to share their research as a part of his long quest to engage the university in creating a plants-people curriculum. The Bloedels had already given the reserve to the UW in the 1970s and created a “People–Plants Committee” within the Arbor Fund—an organization that included university faculty—which acted as trustee for the reserve. He suggested that the university intellectually explore the connection between people and plants. His innovative thinking never received any traction with the UW’s higher administration, but his thoughts were on target for scholars working elsewhere. In 1985 the Arbor Fund bought the reserve back from the university. By the late 1990s, almost a decade after his death, applications of Bloedel’s ideas had become familiar trends in other universities. Ironically, courses similar to those Bloedel proposed 40 years ago are now common in universities in the United States and abroad.

Bloedel’s work on the reserve did not follow an overall design, but he did observe a set pattern for making decisions. First, he bought the best land, the site had been logged and was scattered with forest debris. By 1970 the rotting logs supported colonies of moss. The notion was to build on this “natural” process. Several designs emerged, including a rock-lined watercourse and ponds. Thomas Danne, a UW professor of geomorphology and hydrology, was asked to study the feasibility of natural drainage. He reported that natural flow could not be maintained throughout the year, and others noted that rocks were not indigenous to the site. So the final scheme more than a decade later eliminated water but included planting 2,220 flats of Irish moss (Sagina subulata) and a few trees. The most challenging part of this plan was the hand weeding of salmonberry and horsetail until the moss took over.

The configuration of the 1970 Reflection Pool is not original. Long rectangular pools have been a standard part of garden designs for centuries—the Canal Pond dug in 1702 at Chatsworth in Great Britain is one example. The Reflection Pool was a favorite site for the Bloedels. They requested that their remains be placed in this garden. Like the Moss Garden, the wildlife pond originated out of an effort to take advantage of an existing condition—a pond dug by previous owners for a fire prevention water supply. In 1962 Bloedel sought technical advice from the USDA Soil Conservation Service on enlarging the pond for irrigation. By 1981 the decision was made not only to enlarge the pond but to configure it as a wildlife sanctuary. Frank Richardson, a UW ornithologist, suggested edge arrangements for the pond to accommodate various migrating bird flight patterns.

Once the bird sanctuary was being built, the path to and from it was reconsidered. In order to have a continuous path retracing the route, a deep ravine had to be traversed. Rather
Edward N. Fuller (1824–1904), the Historical Society’s second director, 1898–1904, saved two identical posters from the Western Washington Industrial Exposition held in Tacoma in 1892. Fuller's collection of ephemera, scrapbooks, and newspapers became part of the Society’s collections in 1903, at which time the posters were rolled, put away, and forgotten. Time and neglect were not kind to them—both were badly damaged. In 1990 they were rediscovered, flattened, and placed in protective Mylar enclosures. In 2013, Historical Society member Donn Anderson established a fund in memory of his parents, Robert and Georgia Anderson, to be used for collection management, including conservation of items requiring care to make them exhibitable or usable for research. Subsequently, these two damaged posters were delivered to a professional conservator. Using undamaged portions of each, she created one beautiful poster now available for both exhibit and research.
THE ORIGINS OF THE NORTHWEST WATERCOLOR SOCIETY

“Paint Will Fly”

By David F. Martin

The history of watercolor painting in Washington in the early decades of the 20th century reflects a national struggle to elevate its status to that of oil painting. For generations the Western canon had considered watercolor a lesser art form in part because of the small size of the work and the limited life of the water-based paints. Moreover, the intimate nature of the work meant that it had to be seen in person to be appreciated—it lost its strength when reproduced as bookplates or posters. The Northwest, and Seattle in particular, is synonymous with misty, rainy weather and long stretches of grey days without sunshine. Perhaps regional artists chose the water-based medium because the overlapping of transparent washes so perfectly conveyed a sense of the layered and cloudy local environment.

At the end of the 19th century, when Seattle was a rapidly growing city struggling to develop a cultural identity, artists were rare. With few exceptions, watercolor was looked on as a feminine medium, something that sophisticated young girls learned as an expression of domestic refinement. However, some Northwest artists, women in particular, were working to debunk that belief. Local museums and art institutions had yet to be established, so it was social clubs, mostly women-run organizations, that developed and promoted the art of watercolor.

An important early exhibition, primarily of watercolors, took place in Seattle in 1901. John La Farge (1835–1910), a brilliant, innovative American painter and glass artist trained in Europe, exhibited 25 works at the University Club, including five designs for stained glass windows (Figure 1). His exhibition offered the general public as well as art teachers and their students an opportunity to see watercolor used in as sophisticated a manner as oils. The La Farge exhibit was an artistic milestone for watercolorists in the region—they saw what could be done with the medium.

Harriet Foster Beecher (1854–1915), arguably the most noted painter in the region at the time, also focused on watercolors. Beecher opened the first professional art studio in downtown Seattle in 1881 and taught at the Territorial University (later University of Washington). The European-trained artist focused on the local landscape, portraiture, and Native American encampments on the shores of Puget Sound (Figure 2). She,
as early as 1902 the Seattle Daily Times ran articles on the American Watercolor Society shows in New York, thus informing readers of what was happening in the nation’s art center. In 1907 an article in the society pages described an exhibition of 150 watercolors by artist Jessie Arms Botke (1883–1971) of Chicago. The exhibition, held in Seattle, was sponsored by the Society of Seattle Artists, a mostly women-run organization founded three years earlier. Two years later, in 1909, the city was gearing up for a transformative event—the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition (AYPE). A large exhibition of regional art, including watercolors, was displayed in the Woman’s Pavilion. One of the artists was a pint-sized pupil of Ella Shepard Bush’s named John Davidson Butler (1890–1976). In 1910 two of Butler’s watercolors were exhibited in New York. After two years in Europe, Butler (Figure 4) had one of the largest exhibitions to date in Seattle, showing over 100 oils and watercolors at the Seattle Public Library. He became an important early force in Seattle’s modern art history.

Paul Morgan Gustin (1886–1974), Butler’s contemporary and another important figure in Seattle’s early art scene, was based in Seattle but travelled frequently to develop his skills and seek subjects that would add a cosmopolitan air to his output. In 1910 Gustin exhibited two paintings at the prestigious Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art. Butler and Gustin both placed equal emphasis on watercolor in their oeuvres. Another watercolorist, J. Edgar Forkner (1867–1945), had his first Seattle watercolor exhibition in 1910. He relocated from Chicago to Seattle two years later and became a leading Northwest painter and teacher. Lance Wood Hart (1891–1941) worked outside Seattle’s urban center. Born and raised in the gritty lumber town of Aberdeen, he studied at the Art Institute of Chicago before moving to Seattle, where he developed a reputation as a fine art painter and designer, creating murals and other decorative architectural elements for public and private commissions. After serving in World War I, Hart produced a masterful watercolor depicting a rainy day at Fort Lewis, where he had been stationed (Figure 5). He studied and taught at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Stockholm before returning to the Northwest to become an instructor at the University of Oregon.

One of the earlier watercolorists in Seattle followed a traditional style of landscape painting based on overlapping washes. Dorothy Dolph Jensen (1889–1977) and Ella Shepard Bush explored another tradition as well—the use of watercolor on ivory (Figure 6) to produce exquisite miniature portraits. Other artists experimented with a more modernist approach to watercolor, some under the tutelage of University of Washington professors Walter Isaacs (1886–1964) and Ambrose Patterson (1877–1966). Patterson, originally from Australia, exhibited widely in Europe before moving to Seattle, where he taught art from 1919 to 1947. Educated abroad, invertebrate travellers Peter Camfferman (1890–1975) and his wife, Margaret Gove Camfferman (1881–1986), arrived on Whidbey Island in 1915. Both modernists, their early work reflects the influence of Cézanne as well as German Expressionism. The Camffermans in turn influenced the work of several notable local watercolorists over the years (Figures 7 and 8).

The prestigious California Watercolor Society (CWS), formed in Los Angeles in 1921, accepted several Seattle artists as exhibiting members, including John Butler (1890–1970), Mahl Lulu Dacasse (1885–1970), J. Edgar Forkner (1867–1945), Elizabeth Cooper (1877–1936), and Kenneth Callahan (1905–1986). As the artist community in the Pacific Northwest grew and developed, so did museums and other public art venues. The Henry Art Gallery was formed in 1927 to showcase the collection of Horace Chapman Henry (1844–1928), whose interests included both regional and international artists. The gallery hosted art exhibitions of the Seattle Fine Arts Society, which had held regular exhibitions in local venues since 1914. When it briefly became the Art Institute of Seattle in 1929, the organization paved the way for the opening of the Seattle Art Museum in 1933, founded by civic-minded Richard Fuller (1897–1976) and his mother, Margaret MacTavish Fuller (1860–1953).

Arts organizations flourished in the 1920s with the formation of the Seattle Camera Club in 1924, the Northwest Printmakers Society in 1929, and the Puget Sound Group of Northwest Painters in 1929. In 1930, Women Painters of Washington (initially Women Artists of Washington) was formed partially in response to the all-male Puget Sound Group of Northwest Artists, but also to nurture its founders and early members.
With interest in watercolor growing nationally, the First Annual Exhibition of Western Watercolor Painting opened at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco on December 5, 1932, and showcased 15 Seattle artists.

In summer 1933 the Seattle Art Museum opened to the public and in September showcased the exhibition Contemporary American Watercolors. The museum, in addition, presented: Emile R. Gruber, which had previously been held at the Seattle Art Institute. This marked the first such regional watercolor exhibition dedicated to local artists. The following month the museum hosted the 19th Annual Exhibition of Northwest Artists, which had previously been held at the Seattle Fine Arts Society and the Seattle Art Institute.

Virginia Boren, arts reporter for the Seattle Times wrote:

Two newcomers to Seattle exhibitions, both very young compared to the average age of contestants, walked off with two first prizes: Morris Graves, 22, won the first prize in oil . . . for his painting “Moor Swan.” The first prize winner in watercolor was 23-year-old Florence Harrison. . . . This prize winner is a serene thing of lovely greens and garnet reds, titled “On the Willamette” (Figure 10).

Graves eventually went on to international acclaim for his highly individualistic and cryptic work in water-based mediums. Within seven years Florence Harrison Nesbit (1910–2001) became one of the founders of the Northwest Watercolor Society (NWWS). The Seattle Art Museum exhibition schedule reflected the ongoing popularity of watercolors by scheduling exhibitions for the next several decades.

During the Great Depression many recognized local artists produced paintings, prints, and murals for various Federal Art Project programs. Certain subjects were often portrayed in these works, such as Seattle’s Hoosierville, a shantytown along the tide flats populated by poor and unemployed men. Other depictions ranged from Irwin Caplan’s dynamic and rhythmic patterning of human activities to Edmond James Fitzgerald’s isolated, atmospheric scenes and Edwin Burnley’s elegiac Shacktown, which depicted the residents watching Seattle policemen intentionally burn down their homes in 1941, by order of the city’s health department (Figure 12).

Another subject was the more optimistic symbol of employment and self-sufficiency. The Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) was one of President Franklin Roosevelt’s “New Deal” work relief programs, designed to absorb the unemployed men. The workers, primarily unskilled laborers, lived communally in tent encampments and planted trees or worked on the construction and renovation of numerous national parks. Z. Vanessa Helder (1904–1968) produced several works depicting CCC Camps, as did Ernest Norling (1892–1974) and Ray Hill (1891–1980) (Figure 11).

Members of Women Artists of Washington (WPW) began exhibiting in New York at the Grant Studio Galleries in 1936, largely through the influence of Vanessa Helder (Figure 12), who was just beginning to develop a significant reputation on the East Coast. In 1937 the Grant Studio Galleries featured an exhibition of 40 watercolors by WPW members. Helder’s solo exhibition of watercolors at the Seattle Art Museum in May 1939 was a tremendous success. Indicative of her growing national popularity, Helder’s watercolors were displayed in three separate exhibitions held concurrently at the New York World’s Fair that year.

A few years later, in the 1930s came to a close, three members of the WPW met to discuss the possibility of forming a local watercolor society. Vara Grube (1903–1994), Dorothy Milne Rasig (1895–1992), and Florence Harrison Nesbit initiated the planning at Grube’s studio in 1939 and selected Northwest Watercolor Society (NWWS) as the appropriate moniker. The idea for the new society arose from a desire for an organization similar to the California Watercolor Society. Seattle newcomer Margaret Tomkins (1916–2002) was included. Tomkins, Grube, Helder, and other locals were already members of the CWWS—Tomkins had served as its secretary before moving to Seattle. Establishing the Northwest group took some months. Vanessa Helder’s support for the new organization was vital to its formation.

The earliest press article about the organization appeared on November 3, 1940, in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer under the heading, “Paint Will Fly When the Northwest Watercolor Society Meets.” In the November 6, 1940, issue of the Seattle Daily Times, the headline on page 11 stated, “N.W. Watercolor Society Plans Art Week Exhibit.” Reporter Virginia Boren wrote:

Perhaps it’s the soft drizzle of rain that envelopes Puget Sound...the flower garden, putting a misty, flattering veil over the landscape, that inspires the watercolorist to his best work…. Whatever it is, the records show that there are an unusually large number of watercolorists in the Northwest area. So many, in fact, that a number of watercolorists have formed a new organization, known as the Northwest Watercolor Society.

David P. Martin is an independent arts researcher, curator, and writer specializing in Pacific Northwest art history. He is a consulting curator for Cascadia Art Museum in Edmonds. This article is excerpted from Martin’s new work, A Fluid Tradition: Watercolor in the Northwest (Northwest Watercolor Society, 2015), with permission of the publisher.
Columbia on in Seattle and became a department. Kittinger stayed the city established a paid fire department. Fire of 1889, which destroyed the central business district, and din of a fire emergency. After the devastating Seattle Fire of 1889, which destroyed the central business district, the city established a paid fire department. Kittinger stayed on in Seattle and became a prominent banker and real estate developer.

—Maria Pascualy

BY CHRISTOPHER GREEN

I

Another Round in the FIGHT against RACISM

Harold Booker’s Struggle for Civil Rights in Federal Way

In December 1962, 29-year-old chemical engineer Harold Booker; his wife, Verda; and their two small sons moved into a house overlooking Steel Lake in Federal Way. Booker chose the location because it was an easy commute to his workplace at the Boeing plant in nearby Renton. This event would have been unremarkable had the Booker family not been African American. Real estate agents tried to prevent the Bookers from buying property in Federal Way. Each time they inquired about a house that appeared to be on the market, they were told that the residence had been sold. One of Booker’s colleagues in the civil rights movement was white high school teacher and community activist John Metcalf. He later recalled that some Federal Way real estate agents who would otherwise have sold property to black buyers were intimidated by white residents who feared their property values would fall if blacks moved into the neighborhood.

It was Booker’s white friend and Boeing coworker Vic Weber who sold him the lot and convinced a builder to construct the house. At the time, according to one estimate, Federal Way had roughly 14,000 residents; by the end of the decade that number was close to 50,000. In a May 2013 interview, Booker remembered that when he first moved to Federal Way, one other black family lived there. He could not recall their names, only that they were sympathetic to the Booker family’s struggle there. Of course, the struggle taking place in Federal Way was a tiny microcosm of what was happening all across the country. —

Harold Booker was born in Spring, Texas, a “tiny town about 25 miles north of Houston,” in 1933. He received his undergraduate education at Wiley College of Marshall, Texas, an all-black institution endowed by the Methodist Church, then moved to Washington where he received his master’s degree in organic chemistry at the University of Washington in 1955. In 1956, the same year he first settled in south King County, he married Verda, who eventually became a first-grade teacher in the Highline School District. His first son, Harold Jr., was born in 1958, and his second son, Brad, came along in 1960.

“WHAT CAUSES THIS INSTABILITY IN MY LIFE THAT AN AFTERNOON OF FRIENDLINESS BETWEEN FAMILIES OF DIFFERENT RACES CAN DISTURB ME SO?”

The first major instance of overt racism Booker encountered involved kindergarten-age Harold Jr. The boy reported being chased around by other students who screamed “the n-word” at him before he fell and received a cut on his head. The next day Booker took his son to school and had him point out the perpetrators. When Booker demanded action, the school’s principal, reluctant to deal with racism, said “Mr. Booker, we already have enough problems at this school.” However, Booker persisted, and soon the school’s teachers underwent sensitivity training to help them deal with racial issues. Booker remembered that many of the white students’ parents were sympathetic to the Booker family’s situation of settling in a virtually all-white community, adding that the parents of those who had chased Harold Jr. “were just as shocked as we were.”

Another incident occurred in July 1963. The Booker family spent an afternoon at the outdoor swimming pool in Federal Way’s Marine Hill neighborhood as the guests of Vic and Verda and his family. Afterward, an number of white Federal Way residents virulently objected to a black family using the pool and directed their venom at Weber and his wife.
to destroy. They requested that those who complained asked themselves, “What causes this instability in my life that an afternoon of friendliness between families of different races can disturb me?”

According to Booker, the “pool incident” spurred the creation of the Federal Way Committee for Human Rights. The group’s membership included Dr. Berton Bruell, who opened Federal Way’s first family practice in 1951; future mayor of an incorporated Federal Way, Jeanne Barbour; future Federal Way school board member James Kenney; and the Webers. Fighting racial discrimination in the community was a major thrust for the group. They worked with local chapters of the NAACP and Urban League in sending both white and black investigators posing as prospective home buyers to inquire with real estate companies about homes for sale in Federal Way. The results of the investigation were used to build a case that African Americans themselves to ask the Seattle chapter of the Black Panthers for cooperation in the fight against housing discrimination. As the group’s emissary, Merrett called a meeting. Black Panther Party officials received him politely but told him that the party restricted its interest in housing discrimination to urban areas.

Harold Booker was hardly an activist in the mold of the Black Panthers, though the Seattle Times reported in July 1970 that he believed the group “had done some good things.” Unlike the radical, leftist Panthers, Booker was a church-going political activist who placed his hope in the community’s public institutions. After settling in Federal Way, Booker became an active member of Federal Way’s Junior Chamber of Commerce (the Jaycees) and director of the organization’s Washington chapter. He was appointed to the board of directors of the King County Council of Economic Opportunity, became a King County Housing Authority commissioner, and served the community in other capacities as well. Despite his mainstream affiliations, Booker was never afraid to risk ruffling feathers by speaking out against racism. After the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, he wrote an opinion piece for the Federal Way News, quoting the Kerner Commission-appointed by President Lyndon Johnson to investigate the recent rioting in the nation’s black ghettos—as stating that racism continued to keep African Americans in an unequal place relative to white Americans. To those who denied the existence of racism in the United States, he insisted that it was pervasive: “Perhaps our real problem is that we don’t recognize it.”

Booker’s membership rejection spurred a campaign against the Elks’ racist practices. The Federal Way Committee for Human Rights became involved. Ten Federal Way Catholic and Protestant churches formed the Federal Way Ecumenical Parish for the same purpose. A majority of the Federal Way Jaycees passed a resolution discouraging membership in any organization with racist membership policies, though a large minority of the group favored working within the Elks. Like most fraternal organizations at the time, Elks membership was restricted to white males. Preparations for launching the new Federal Way lodge included membership solicitation. Many of Booker’s friends in the Jaycees joined in the organization, and Booker did the same. He noticed the membership application asked the applicant to affirm that he was a white male Christian. Booker indicated on the application that he was a black male Christian. He remembers that as he did so, he had a feeling he was beginning another round in his fight against racism. Booker was ready to take a public stand on this racial issue.

In the early fall of 1969 three local Elks lodge members called to bring Booker home. They returned his $25 membership application fee and explained their organization’s racial exclusion policy. In response, Booker penned an open letter to the three men, which was reported in the Seattle Times and other local media, telling them that they were “people like you and this organization you represent have contami- nated the very essence of life in America and foiled the very air we breathe.” He wrote that the encounter produced in him feelings of guilt: “Guilt because although you represent America, I also represent America, and perhaps I have not been as conscious in opposing that racism that would tend to destroy America as you have been in reinforcing it.” He wrote that he also felt hope.

TO THOSE WHO DENIED THE EXISTENCE OF RACISM IN THE UNITED STATES, BOOKER INSISTED THAT IT WAS PERVERSIVE: “PERHAPS OUR REAL PROBLEM IS THAT WE DON’T RECOGNIZE IT.”
God’s High Table
BY LEELAND FREDERICK COOLEY

Retrospective Reviews

The saving grace of the 550-page novel God’s High Table, published in 1962, is its setting: the Methow Valley on the eastern slope of the North Cascades. While his writing may be melodramatic and at times even lurid, Leland Frederick Cooley (1909–1998) gives a fair and accurate depiction of The Methow—both the land and the people who inhabit it.

The novel is set in the early phase of construction of the North Cascades Highway, begun in 1959 and finished in 1972, and extending from Newhalem on the west side to Mazama on the east side. To move the project forward, town leaders in Mill City (the novel’s subtitio for Twisp, the Methow Valley’s commercial center) must reckon with a religious sect called the Jacobites, which over the past 50 years has established itself on US Forest Service land high in the mountains, and the people who inhabit it.

The novel’s plot is based on the early 17th-centuryorthodoxy resembles 17th-century Puritans, has until now existed undisturbed, giving eternal “thanks to the Almighty God for the solitude of their mountain retreat hidden among the most forbidding peaks of the Cascades, a mile-long meadow circumscribed by granite cliffs.” They call this God’s High Table—today’s Washington Pass Overlook on State Highway 20. The Jacobites view Mill City as “sinful Sodom,” yet when Jeremiah Godbold, the youngest son of the sect’s patriarch, treks by horseback to town to trade for goods and ends up saving a child from an overturned logging truck, the townspeople lavish him with praise and gratitude.

Woven into this overarching plot are a half dozen story lines involving the sect and the highway builders. Of whom serve as the conscience of the small community, accepting the need for the new highway while also recognizing how it will forever change their home valley.

In fact, when Jeremy returns to God’s High Table, he discovers that evil lurks within the sect itself. After his sister dies a painful death from the lack of medical attention, his 17-year-old niece Lisa is betrothed by the patriarch to a sinister sect member named Amos Bleek. When Lisa attempts to flee, Bleek, in his twisted zealotry, tries to rape her. At the last instant, though, Jeremy saves her, and the two seek refuge in Mill City. And thus begins the demise of the Jacobites, as the patriarch and Bleek righteously hurl scripture at one another in a power struggle for control of the sect, until Bleek is finally cast out, leading him to plot his violent revenge on both the sect and the highway builders.

The Jacobites view Mill City as “sinful Sodom,” yet when Jeremiah Godbold, the youngest son of the sect’s patriarch, treks by horseback to town to trade for goods and ends up saving a child from an overturned logging truck, the townspeople lavish him with praise and gratitude. In his rugged wilderness, Jeremy quickly wins over the townspeople, especially Clara, the widowed mother of the young girl and proprietress of Logan’s Bar and Grill, which was recently reopened in Twisp by the original owner’s son—the Jacobites are purely the author’s own invention. Yet, intentional communities of one stripe or another have established themselves in the North Cascades since the region’s earliest settlement, and the Methow Valley has hosted its fair share of them. In the 19th century Hanga Danga, author Phil Polizotto recounts the adventures of a hippie commune that set up in the Methow Valley in the late 1960s and had friendly encounters with a nearby Christian group.

Leland Frederick Cooley came to the Methow Valley regularly to visit family. In the novel, including the banker, mill owner, doctor, pharmacist, and newspaper editor, are based on actual people. In fact, when Jeremy returns to God’s High Table, he discovers that evil lurks within the sect itself. After his sister dies a painful death from the lack of medical attention, his 17-year-old niece Lisa is betrothed by the patriarch to a sinister sect member named Amos Bleek. When Lisa attempts to flee, Bleek, in his twisted zealotry, tries to rape her. At the last instant, though, Jeremy saves her, and the two seek refuge in Mill City. And thus begins the demise of the Jacobites, as the patriarch and Bleek righteously hurl scripture at one another in a power struggle for control of the sect, until Bleek is finally cast out, leading him to plot his violent revenge on both the sect and the highway builders.

Woven into this overarching plot are a half dozen story lines involving the townspeople changes. One resident even drives him over Loop Log to Omak to buy a new blacksmith’s bellows, opening his eyes to a larger world, one filled with generous, well-meaning people.

Though much of Mill City is based on real people and places—including Logan’s Bar and Grill, which was recently reopened in Twisp by the original owner’s son—the Jacobites are purely the author’s own invention. Yet, intentional communities of one stripe or another have established themselves in the Northwest since the region’s earliest settlement, and the Methow Valley has hosted its fair share of them. In the novel, including the banker, mill owner, doctor, pharmacist, and newspaper editor, are based on actual people.

Leland Frederick Cooley portrays them all with honesty and good humor. He gives special attention to the banker (based on the author’s brother, Lewis Cooley) and the newspaper editor, both of whom serve as the conscience of the small community, accepting the need for the new highway while also recognizing how it will forever change their home valley.

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Though much of Mill City is based on real people and places—including Logan’s Bar and Grill, which was recently reopened in Twisp by the original owner’s son—the Jacobites are purely the author’s own invention. Yet, intentional communities of one stripe or another have established themselves in the Northwest since the region’s earliest settlement, and the Methow Valley has hosted its fair share of them. In the novel, including the banker, mill owner, doctor, pharmacist, and newspaper editor, are based on actual people. In fact, when Jeremy returns to God’s High Table, he discovers that evil lurks within the sect itself. After his sister dies a painful death from the lack of medical attention, his 17-year-old niece Lisa is betrothed by the patriarch to a sinister sect member named Amos Bleek. When Lisa attempts to flee, Bleek, in his twisted zealotry, tries to rape her. At the last instant, though, Jeremy saves her, and the two seek refuge in Mill City. And thus begins the demise of the Jacobites, as the patriarch and Bleek righteously hurl scripture at one another in a power struggle for control of the sect, until Bleek is finally cast out, leading him to plot his violent revenge on both the sect and the highway builders.

Woven into this overarching plot are a half dozen story lines involving the townspeople changes. One resident even drives him over Loop Log to Omak to buy a new blacksmith’s bellows, opening his eyes to a larger world, one filled with generous, well-meaning people.
Columbia Reviews

Edited by Robert C. Carriker

Too High & Too Steep
Reshaping Seattle’s Topography

The historiography of Seattle benefits from many excellent topical studies. We can read the story from the perspective of several ethnic and racial groups or turn to Matthew Klingle, who wrote Emerald City. An Environmental History of Seattle (2007). Now David B. Williams explores the contemporary richness of this topical genre by adding his own contribution, the story of Seattle from the perspective of topography.

Between 1851 and 1936 engineering transformed the Seattle landscape. It was an era that interpreted humanist’s biblical donation as a warrant for control of the earth. Engineers spoke openly of completing nature’s handiwork. Seattle seemed strategically positioned for prosperity in a global industrialized economy but less attractive tactically. Its situation near the Cascade Mountain passes, at the meeting of fresh and salt water alongside the Salish Sea, promised contacts up and down the Pacific Coast, with the North American interior, and across the Pacific. However, the landscape was marked by steep hills and deep gullies that made exploitation of resources difficult. Seattle’s future lay in changing its surroundings. There arose the “Seattle Spirit,” a confident vision of a world-class metropolis.

The book under review begins with a superlative survey of the geological evolution of the Puget Sound region through glacial advance, earthquakes, and volcanic activity. Seismic events and their consequences for humans appear throughout. The title presents a view of the Puget Sound shoreline. The practice accelerated as white settlers used industrial technology to manipulate the shoreline, the tide flats, and the lakes. William’s centrepiece story is the reconfiguration of Denny Hill between 1898 and 1930. The fuller story of the resulting environmental scars leads to a deeper philosophical discussion. Did the regreders forget that geology is bound to continue altering environmental patterns? The city’s location is seismically dangerous. Williams regrets its legacy. His portrayal of the resulting environment is one of a world-class metropolis.

Portlandness
A Cultural Atlas

Columbia Reviews

The Curtis brothers, Edward and Asahel, are synonymous with Pacific Northwest photography. However, wide gaps existed between the siblings in terms of personality, business acumen, extracurricular interests, and family relations. In this book author William H. Wilson has found a way to shine a bright light on Asahel, the younger brother. Edward Curtis is already well-known for his multi-volume work The North American Indian, his film The Land of the Heад Hunters, and Timothy Egan’s biography, Short Nights of the Shadow Catcher (2012). The Curtis brothers came to the Pacific Northwest several years apart, after the death of their father. Edward went to Seattle. Asahel returned from the gold rush in 1899 with hundreds of photographs. He joined continue today: growth versus preservation; big government versus private enterprise; rural versus urban lifestyles; recording the human figure within the eye of a camera versus the written word. Wilson’s book features such a remarkable man that I would have reversed the title to: The Life and Work of Asahel Curtis. Developing the Pacific Northwest
The Life and Work of Asahel Curtis

I would have reversed the title to: The Life and Work of Asahel Curtis. Developing the Pacific Northwest

Janius Rochester, a Seattle native, is the author of nine books and hundreds of articles on Pacific Northwest topics. He is a past regional historian for KUOW-FM and a founder of Adderly for Contributor in the internet encyclopedia of Washington history.
“History is a cyclic poem written by Time upon the memories of man.”—Percy Bysshe Shelley

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