"Magnificent Voyagers"—the United States Exploring Expedition exhibit put together by the Smithsonian—went on the road recently and the first stop was Indianapolis. Attendance there has been averaging a thousand a day, we hear. So how many can we expect when it comes to our museum in Tacoma next October? Surely the exhibit will be of more interest here than in Indiana, for the Wilkes Expedition was actually here in the 1840s—mapping, giving names to land and waters, collecting specimens, acquiring Indian handicrafts, and opening travel routes. Indianapolis is a larger place; but the number who will visit the most impressive traveling show to come to this state since King Tut ought to be comparably large.

This exhibit is a major undertaking for the Society. The estimated cost—travel, setting up, taking down, lights, guards, staffing, publicity—is $228,000. The state is providing $70,000. Large donors are expected to contribute $31,000, and admission fees at an average of $2 should bring in $87,000. That leaves $40,000 to be raised among those who believe an historical show of this kind is so worthwhile that they are willing to lend some support. Gifts are tax deductible, of course. Our address is at the bottom of this page.

The Society's museum in Tacoma has not changed very much over the years. But change is coming. One part of a long-range plan adopted last year calls for the entire museum to be converted from an array of individual displays to an integrated set of exhibits that will enable visitors to see the whole sweep of Washington and Northwest history in approximate chronological order, starting with the period of exploration and progressing on to such recent events as the harnessing of the Columbia River. Professional historians, headed by David Nicandri of the State Capital Museum, are completing a "story line" that will be used by those who specialize in museum design to bring our history to life in a way that is going to be quite wonderful.
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Front cover: Painted around 1920, Sydney Mortimer Lawrence’s “On to the Potlatch” is one of a group of early Northwest paintings now on display at Seattle’s Museum of History and Industry. Like many in the show, it not only reflects the beauty and wonder of the region, but also preserves a record of its original inhabitants and early settlers. For more on the exhibit, see page 21. (Courtesy of the Seattle Art Museum.) Back cover: This Russian poster, issued in 1937, commemorates the historic transpolar flight of that year from Moscow to Vancouver, Washington. In large letters at right it reads, “Warm welcome to Stalin’s adopted children, the daring and courageous flight of our country.” Also on the poster are the text of a message of congratulations signed by, among others, Stalin and Molotov; pictures of the crew; explanations of the flight’s route over the pole; and the surprising information that the crew landed in “U.S.A., State of Washington, City of Portland.” For more on the flight and its 50th anniversary this year, see page 5. (Poster courtesy of the Soviet Press.)
Rising Tide of Interest in a Magnificent Heritage

A peculiar thing will happen in Philadelphia next July. Congress will convene there. Not since it went to Washington in 1800 has Congress met in another place, and if most of the 100 senators and 435 representatives attend, the cost of the extraordinary session, though lasting only one day, will be high. So there is significance in the willingness of the legislators to make the trip, sensitive as they always are to accusations of extravagance.

A desire to do something really noteworthy in observance of the 200th anniversary of the Constitution is the reason for the Philadelphia meeting. Congress is quite confident that a people who came up with $200 million to refurbish the long-neglected Statue of Liberty won't object to the cost of an official extravaganza in the shadow of old Constitution Hall, where our republic had its origins.

Anyone attentive to the tenor of the times should agree with this conclusion, having noted the growing interest in everything left over from the past and the eagerness to preserve and admire the achievements of those who came before us. Nothing can be too good for our venerable Constitution.

Public appreciation of the American heritage began as far back as 1853 when a group of Southern women, alarmed at the failure of several efforts to preserve George Washington's estate on the lower Potomac, set out themselves to raise the necessary funds. They organized themselves as the Mt. Vernon Ladies Association, raised funds, bought Mt. Vernon in 1858 and have given it loving attention and care ever since.

It is unfortunate that there were not more such ladies, for little else was done to keep the past from disappearing until very recent times. America was too busy building and growing to be much concerned with historic preservation. Furthermore, while America was young, there did not seem to be much that needed to be preserved. Several generations must go by before something considered shabby and old-fashioned achieves status as an antique or landmark. Independence Hall narrowly escaped demolition in the early 1800s when the cost of keeping it up was considered excessive. Not many noticed when the Statue of Liberty began seriously to decay.

And what about our situation in the Northwest? Back in 1853 when the ladies of the South were saving Mt. Vernon, a mere handful of newly arrived settlers living along the route from Longview to Seattle were busy getting Washington Territory organized. It was a long time before anything in this area, except a few forts, became old enough to be considered worth keeping, and even longer before anything was actually done about preservation. In those earliest years there wasn't much to preserve.

Not until the State Parks and Recreation Commission was formed in 1948 did any public funds become available for preservation. This writer went on that commission hoping to achieve the goal of preserving Fort Columbia, one of three coast artillery fortifications built at the turn of the century to guard the mouth of the Columbia River. It had been declared surplus and was about to be sold for the timber on its back acres.

The subsequent establishment of Fort Columbia Historic State Park was followed by other preservations, notably Fort Simcoe in the Yakima Valley, built in the mid-1850s when the Yakima Indians were fighting the last battles of their lost cause; English Camp on San Juan Island, where a war was narrowly averted after an American farmer shot a British pig; and Jackson Courthouse on Old Highway 99 north of Toledo, where the law was administered when Washington was part of Oregon Territory.

Other preservation efforts were undertaken later, on local levels, as more counties and towns organized historical societies and established museums where people could take their quality leftovers from the past for preservation—rather than condemning them to oblivion in an attic fire or trip to the dump.

What has been happening recently in the Northwest, one of the newest parts of our nation, was occurring long before in the older states. In 1966 the zeal to preserve caused Congress to pass the Historic Preservation Act, affording official recognition to places and structures that meet specified qualifications. This generated interest that resulted in a burst of activity after the passage of the Tax Reform act of 1976, which gave substantial tax breaks to those who undertook to restore and preserve historic structures. This incentive survives in the recently passed tax reform act. Nationwide, an estimated $8 billion has been invested so far in more than 11,600 historic buildings. The National Trust for Historic Preservation publishes a fine magazine, Preservation, thick with
advertising of goods and services for the many who are pursuing what comes close to being a fad—the restoration of old houses.

Here in Washington two entire towns have been declared historic—Port Townsend and Port Gamble. Seattle's oldest business area around Pioneer Square has been elevated from Skid Road status to a fashionable shopping and office center. The Pike Place Market was saved from the threats of developers. Theaters built for vaudeville have been preserved in Tacoma, Seattle and Longview. Even in a place as out of the way as Stella, a ghost town on the Columbia, a crumbling blacksmith shop has been saved.

Frontier towns, which knew better days and nearly forgot them, are finding that visitors love their relics and evidences of the past. Among them are La Conner, Langley, Coupeville, Port Orchard and Steilacoom on the Sound; Cathlamet, Skamokawa and Chinook on the lower river; and inland, such places as Winthrop, Snohomish, Leavenworth, Goldendale, Dayton, Colville and Twisp.

Even "Big Business" has gotten involved. In Seattle, which stood by and allowed the demolition of the classic triangular Seattle Hotel at Pioneer Square, three other old and beautiful hotels have been remodeled and refurbished—The Four Seasons Olympic, the Sorrento and the Alexis. What was once the tallest building in the West, the L.C. Smith building, has been given a new life with similar preservation treatment. Abandoned railroad depots in Seattle and Tacoma beg for attention. Nearly every town and city has something or much that is worth preserving.

And for what reason? The awakening of interest in the past is not easy to explain. For some it is a reaching out for a quality and style no longer attainable. The workmanship, especially in structural ornamentation, to be found in old buildings can't be put into new structures because of the cost. Artisans of another time earned in a day—a long 10-hour day—what skilled workmen now make in an hour. The designs of former times, once disdained by modern designers and architects, are today often much admired. We took out 1956 Packard out of storage and were astonished to see how much admiration it gets, especially from the young who have never seen such a car, as well as those who remember when Dad had one.

Something old is often considered a symbol of lost quality that has endured because it was well built of genuine materials—wood, metal, brick and glass—while so much of what is new is synthetic. Those concerned with human behavior point to disillusionment and dissatisfactions with the present to explain the prevalent mood of nostalgia. The past was not really better, as most of the older generation know; it just seems so to the young, who have developed romantic notions about it as a result of exposure to countless pieces of historical fiction, either published or dramatized on television and in motion pictures.

Will the mood endure? Are Americans just going through a stage, or are they coming to a realization that we are a grown-up nation at last? Frontier days ended long ago, and as the late Stewart Holbrook used to observe, "the varnish has all dried and it's time to look back." Will interest in the West's heritage continue to rise or will we become in time indifferent to our history, as many Europeans are who live among bleak stone relics of a far-distant past?

I would like to think it will endure and that this new nation, with its Constitution now 200 years old, will take an ever-increasing interest in its history and in preserving evidences of it as the years go by. Such an attitude is characteristic of a mature nation. We are there now.

—John M. McClelland, Jr.
The Louisville paper of the 25th ult. contains the following information:—"An expedition is expected to leave this place shortly under the direction of Capt. Wm. Clarke and Mr. Lewis, (private secretary to the President) to proceed through the immense wilderness of Louisiana to the western or Pacific Ocean. The particular objects of this undertaking are at present matters of conjecture only; but we have good reason to believe that our government intend to encourage settlements and establish sea ports on the coast of the Pacific Ocean, which would not only facilitate our whaling and sealing voyages, but enable our enterprising merchants to carry on a more direct and rapid trade with China and the East Indies."

Columbian Centinel,

By the last Wails.

MARYLAND, BALTIMORE, OCT. 29, 1806.

A LETTER from St. Louis (Upper Louisiana), dated Sept. 25, 1806, announces the arrival of Captains Lewis and Clark, from their expedition into the interior.—They went to the Pacific Ocean; have brought some of the natives and curiosities of the countries through which they passed, and only lost one man. They left the Pacific Ocean 23d March, 1806, where they arrived in November, 1805;—and where some American vessels had been just before.—They state the Indians to be as numerous on the Columbia river, which empties into the Pacific, as the whites in any part of the U.S. They brought a family of the Mandan indians with them. The winter was very mild on the Pacific.—They have kept an ample journal of their tour; which will be published, and must afford much intelligence.
WHEN the RUSSIANS LANDED in VANCOUVER

A Surprised Gen. Marshall Greeted the "Soviet Lindberghs"

By Paul Spitzer
Fifty years ago, on June 20, 1937, Vancouver, Washington, experienced a startling surprise. Some Russians landed on its little airfield, down on the riverbank where the Hudson’s Bay Company fort used to be. Brig. Gen. George C. Marshall, commandant of Columbia barracks, was roused out of bed (it being 7:30 in the morning) to greet them, for they were no ordinary Russians, the three fliers who climbed wearily out of a single-engine plane with an unusually wide wingspan.

They landed in Vancouver after a 63-hour nonstop flight from Moscow, straight north to the pole, and then straight south to a safe landing beside the Columbia River. Chief pilot Valerii Pavlovich Chkalov and his crew of two qualified as Russia’s equivalent of America’s Charles Lindbergh. They had done the unprecedented. They became aviation heroes—despite the fact that their original flight plan had been cut short due to lack of fuel, landing them in Vancouver.

The other two fliers were copilot Georgi Baidukov and navigator Alexander Beliakov, the former still living. Their assignment was to fly from one side of the globe to the other by the shortest route. That was straight over the top.

Informed that “a strange red plane with unusual markings has landed at Pearson Field,” Gen. Marshall grabbed his uniform and overcoat, pulling them on over his pajamas while the chauffeur backed his 1936 Packard out of the garage. Driving across the parade ground in front of his home, they reached Pearson Field in record time. An R.O.T.C. student, fluent in Russian, had been recruited to interpret for the fliers in the pinch. Baidukov and Beliakov had remained in the plane when Valerii Chkalov jumped down to greet the Army guards and personnel who gathered around. Pounding on the side of the plane, Chkalov shouted to his crew, “Come out. Gen. Marshall wants to take us to his home!” Baidukov shook his head in confusion. “I don’t understand, is he a general or a marshal?” Beliakov replied, “I’m not sure. They may not have marshals but they do have generals.”

The fliers were driven to General Marshall’s home. His cognac is said to have disappeared that morning and extra supplies were called in from officers’ homes on the row. The fliers gave up their clothing for laundry and were treated to a bath and a shave. Portland clothier Julius Meier gladly supplied three new suits in exchange for one of their fur-lined flying suits, which was displayed in a window of the Meier & Frank department store. But the fliers would not give up their long underwear. After all, Baidukov recalls, it was made of silk—the finest long johns they had ever owned.

In Vancouver the fliers were soon joined by A.A. Troyanovsky, the Soviet ambassador, who had been waiting for their arrival in Oakland. All were treated to a round of parades and dinners in Vancouver and Portland.
before United Airlines escorted the crew and dignitaries to San Francisco for more parties and a chance to meet Hollywood stars. From San Francisco they were flown to Washington, D.C., to be greeted formally by President Franklin D. Roosevelt at the White House.

Records in the National Archives show that the Army Air Corps suggested to the Secretary of War that the three fliers be nominated for the U.S. Distinguished Flying Cross. The Secretary of War deemed it a matter for consideration by the Secretary of State, and the review was lost in a paper shuffle.

From Washington the fliers traveled to New York City for a ticker-tape parade before boarding the S.S. Normandie for a trans-Atlantic cruise to France. A hero's welcome awaited them in the Soviet Union, where ticker-tape parades (involving whole sheets of paper) and throngs of excited people met them in each city and village that they toured.

The 1937 over-the-pole flight far overshadowed a previous flight over the pole made in 1926, in the dirigible Norge. That was a trip up and back, not a crossing of the pole on a long, transcontinental journey.

Russia was delighted with the achievement of its fliers, but disappointed that a distance record had not been set, so another long-distance attempt was made almost immediately by Mikhail Gromov. His flight, although an hour shorter than Chkalov's, covered the frozen distance far faster—though even this faster flight averaged a mere hundred miles per hour. When Gromov, copilot Andrei Yumashev and navigator Sergei Danilin finally landed, it was south of Los Angeles in San Jacinto, 6,266 miles from their start. That, in 1937, was a world record.

There had been other Russian flights to the U.S. In 1929, with a crew of four, Semyon Aleksandrovich Shestakov flew a two-engine ANT-4 across the Asian landmass to Seattle and then made a triumphant tour across the United States. Later the reporters asked the 1937 flyers about the world-renowned Shestakov. "He's just a common pilot, no better and no worse than any of our proletarian pilots," they replied. "It is these common-looking men who make history." Something worse than obscurity may have overtaken him back in the U.S.S.R.

"For sheer adventure," the American Aviation Yearbook declared, "the Russian Arctic flights easily took first place among the world's exploits in the air in 1937." These two famous flights, the first two airplane flights over the north pole, were also among the last.

This route was more difficult for obvious reasons than those chosen for most record flights. Nowhere, except perhaps in the Antarctic, was there equal cold, or worse weather. Any attempt at a rescue, should their one engine falter, would have been more a ritualistic exercise than a real hope. Joseph Stalin, the remote and omnipotent head of the Soviet state, stipulated that if there was any real danger the fliers must land immediately. One of the copilots later wrote that it "warmed" the two crews that Stalin was so concerned for them "as human beings." Clearly this was the sincerest form of expediency. The order would be disregarded over the Earth's icy cap, in the middle of what they named the "Stalin Route," when limping on would be the only choice despite the comradely dictator's stipulations. Beliakov even packed his parachute away where he could not reach it.

THE PILOTS

Born on January 20, 1904, in the village of Vasilevo, Valerii Pavlovich Chkalov volunteered for the Red Army in 1919 and worked as an airplane assembler. At flight school, he built a reputation as a skillful pilot. In 1936 Chkalov made an endurance flight of 5,821 miles across northern Asia, longer than was needed to reach North America. He also made advances in aerobatics and military tactics. However, Chkalov's specialty was testing airplanes and although he "frequently found himself in difficult situations," a biographer said, he "always managed to overcome them with his skill, endurance, self-control, knowledge of aircraft and self-confidence." All these talents were needed to survive over the pole.

Statue of Valerii Chkalov, pilot of the ANT-25, erected in the town named for him, Chkalovsk.
A Russian-American Anniversary Observance in June
By Mary Stiles Kline

Earlier this year Mary Stiles Kline, Director of Museums in Clark County and member of the Chkalov Transpolar Flight Committee, traveled to Moscow with several of her colleagues. There they met with counterparts to help plan the 50th anniversary of the historic flight, which in June will be celebrated jointly here and in the Soviet Union. Below she relates some of the highlights of that trip.—Ed.

The Pan-Am jet landed at Sheremetyevo Airport, Moscow, at 7 o'clock Sunday evening, February 8, 1987. John Marshall, executive assistant to Vancouver's city manager, and I were beginning to feel the exhaustion of nearly 24 hours en route to our destination in the Soviet Union.

As John and I dragged ourselves off of the plane, we thought we knew something of the way the three fliers must have felt when they landed at Vancouver, Washington, in 1937 after 63 hours of nonstop flight. The third member of our special delegation, Alan Cole, chairman of the Chkalov Transpolar Flight Committee, was waiting for us in Moscow. Standing at the back of the line at customs John and I were suddenly approached by Natasha P. Semenikhina, an enthusiastic, attractive young woman who then whisked us through without even a baggage check to greet our hosts from the U.S.S.R. Friendship Society, Gen. Baidukov and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Igor Chkalov, and Alexandra Kisselyova or "Sasha," our interpreter. Other Soviet acquaintances from meetings with previous delegations in Vancouver in the fall of 1986 were there to say hello. We were chauffeured to our hotel, the Ukraine, in a limousine.

Rounds of meetings continued for the next five days, beginning usually in the U.S.S.R. Friendship Society House in Moscow. Gen. Baidukov, lone survivor of the trio of heroes who flew the world's first transpolar flight and landed in Vancouver, and Igor Chkalov, son of the late Valerii Chkalov, met with us in most planning sessions.

After the formal presentation of gifts and exchange of greetings, we proceeded into detailed discussions of what the exhibit should comprise, transportation costs, size of the delegations and agendas. The Soviets may fly a huge cargo jet to Portland carrying the original ANT-25 plane used in 1937. It is on exhibit in the museum in Chkalovsk, the village named for Valerii Chkalov. The Soviets also plan to send medals, T-shirts, and patches commemorating the anniversary.

We met with the secretary general of the Ministry of Culture to discuss the cultural exchange, the exhibit and performers to be sent in June. The Soviet press, including television and newspaper reporters and writers from Soviet Life magazine, interviewed each member of our delegation regarding our anniversary plans. Soviet Life will feature the transpolar flight in its June 1987 issue, and copies will be widely distributed in the United States as well as the Soviet Union.

We were entertained in the Ministry of Culture where we met Mrs. Andrei Yumashev, wife of the Soviet pilot whose art collection had been proposed for the exhibition in Vancouver. Mrs. Yumashev explained in Russian that although her husband, copilot on the Gromov flight, had been a military man all of his life, painting had been his escape. The Yumashev family owns all of his works and they have been kept in his home and among family members. Yumashev himself, a flier and a friend of Chkalov, Baidukov and Belakov, is too ill to travel with the Russian delegation, but Mrs. Yumashev plans to represent him in June in Vancouver.

One evening we were entertained at dinner in the home of Igor and Ina Chkalov. The television was on as we arrived and President Reagan was giving an address. The evening wore on with cheerful talk common among new friends, reviewing the day's activities and accomplishments. Our hostess had planned and prepared our multicourse meal days in advance. Vodka toasts were offered, Georgian wine and champagne were freely consumed. The conversation began to turn somber with a review of current events and the course of present-day international relations. Tensions relaxed, however, when Gen. Baidukov was asked to recount his memories of the transpolar flight. He is a hero of a time shared by both countries as allies.

Our February trip to Moscow was a successful venture to enhance relations between a community of Americans and Soviets, and to prepare for the return visit of a sizeable Russian delegation to Vancouver in June.
He avoided the Stalinist political storms of the 1930s and, even after he was denied permission for the transpolar route, he bided his time, made plans and eventually found the right moment to promote the idea again. Chkalov was, in a country that gave considerable influence in the government to pilots, near the top. He became a Party member not long before route approval was finally gained. But just 18 months after the Vancouver flight, Chkalov, "Hero of the Soviet Union," was killed while testing a high-speed fighter. He was buried inside Red Square at the Kremlin wall. Russia renamed his native village, an island and the town of Orenburg after him (later renamed Orenberg after Stalin's death).

There must have been a political stripe among Valerii Pavlovich's many ribbons.

Mikhail Mikhailovich Gromov was born on February 12, 1899, in Tver, now called Kalinin. He joined the Red Army in 1918 and graduated from pilot school, after which he saw action in the Civil War. In 1925 he flew a pioneering cross-country trip from Moscow to Beijing. Besieged with troubles, the trip dragged out to 33 days. The following year he made a circuit of European capitals which he repeated three years later to show off Soviet airplanes. In 1934 there was a fourth long-distance flight. This time he remained aloft more than 75 hours, covering a distance that was an unofficial closed-course world record, 7,707 miles. Russia declared him a "Hero of the Soviet Union."

Gromov planned many globe-spanning flights and felt that the idea of flying over the pole was his. Unlike Chkalov, he called the work of test flying new aircraft an interruption in his long-distance interests, but the two had parallel careers in the military. He was the first Russian to receive an internationally recognized aviation award. This was a man in the Chkalov mold, apparently very able, who wore ribbons with the same political stripes.

THE ANT-25 AIRCRAFT

Both 1937 adventures were undertaken in the same type of ANT-25 aircraft. The plane's name was formed from the initials of Andre Nikolaevich Tupolev, the most famous of the U.S.S.R.'s aeronautical designers. His honors, however, would have to wait, because Stalin imprisoned him for "divulging aviation secrets" at about the time of the polar flights. Back in 1931 he had been given approval to design a long-range plane while most Westerners had to try for distance records in modified existing aircraft.

Aerodynamics decided the configuration of the wings. Like those of soaring birds, its wings would be very long and narrow. The wings' original covering was corrugated duralumin, while inside the wings, extremely long fuel tanks spread out the weight of what would be a very heavy load. Air chambers also nested inside in case of a downing at sea. The fuselage, at 44 feet, was short in comparison with the 111-foot wings. The propeller selection absorbed a great deal of thought and required many test flights because of the varied conditions the plane would encounter. Remarkably, only a single engine, an 874-horsepower M-34, was used. This engine, whose reliability was critical, promised trouble-free service for 100 to 120 hours, much longer than the airplane would need to stay aloft.

Speed, therefore, was not an issue, but weight and drag were. Designers pared away weight until almost the fliers' only luxury for three days would be the taste of tobacco in their pipes. Then, with the experience gained from Chkalov's flight, Gromov's crew had the luxury of removing "necessities." They discarded the float chambers, pared the rations from two months to six weeks, eliminated the firearms and even went without their brandy. The engine cover was adapted to serve as an emergency sleeping bag. At the same
time, based on Chkalov's experience, they added more oxygen, water and fuel. Both the flights took with them the newest Soviet radios and navigation equipment. But it could not have been the weight that dictated all the fliers have enemas before leaving. Fuel made up an amazing 14,000 pounds, or 60 percent of the 23,000-pound takeoff weight. The original 4,300-mile range was increased, particularly by adding a geared propeller of metal and redesigning the wings. The range now was at least 7,700 miles under calm conditions, something they had no hope of enjoying.

Takeoffs for overloaded aircraft are never easy, and many long-distance attempts end at the end of the runway. The Russians built a long concrete runway near Moscow with a small starter hill. Pilot Gromov later said, "Never have I had to make so difficult a takeoff." In fact, with another 200 pounds, he could not have gotten off. Once airborne the wheels were immediately retracted to keep them from hitting the rough ground beyond the runway. The airplane struggled for a hundred miles to gain a mere 4,000 feet as it made its unstable way northward.

THE TWO FLIGHTS

The meeting at which the flights were approved was a major affair of state and required the attendance of some of Stalin's most important subordinates. In the meantime, the dictator and fliers spent their hour and a half discussing technical aeronautical details, "from antifreeze to helicopters." Copilot Georgi Baidukov's first-person account gives a picture of Stalin that is surprisingly benign. General approval given, the planes were primed after years of preparation, and within days Stalin, upon reading the weather reports, gave his final go-ahead.

For purposes of contrast both Chkalov's flight, in June, and Gromov's, in July, can be discussed together. Both depended heavily on weather information including reports from a station placed at the north pole. So exasperatingly noncommittal were the weathermen that Baidukov, Chkalov's copilot, said the weather bureaus were "as fickle as the weather" and were always declaring storms to be at their worst. In the end—reasoning, "What the hell, will it (ever) be
any better than it is now?”—they decided to take off without the meteorologists’ approval. It was enough to have Comrade Stalin’s approval. Both Chkalov and Gromov took off at sunrise to have the benefit of more than two days of continuous Arctic sunlight.

While both planned the same basic route over the pole, Gromov’s team had the advantage of Chkalov’s experience in trading airplane weight, altitude, speed and fuel against distance covered. There was in addition the problem of stability in the overloaded plane, which required calm weather in the first hours. However, Gromov wrote, “what caused us the most uneasiness was the meteorological aspect,” meaning icing on the wings and propeller. Two years were spent studying the problem. These men previously made a number of testing flights north of the Arctic Circle. Part of the solution was flushing deicing fluid through the propeller. A larger part of the solution, however, required no engineering; the answer was to fly at higher altitudes to find even colder but less icy conditions.

Weather was their foe and altitude their friend. As Gromov noted, the only way to avoid storms was to rise above them. That was not always possible; Baidukov admitted that he wanted to “weep from vexation” as he watched helplessly while his plane grew ponderous with ice. It is odd that the Russians had not solved an affliction that was more theirs than anyone else’s. In the West, deicing devices on the wings had been developed and protected many new aircraft. It was also common for the crews in the West to wear heated flying suits. In Russia, it was “first silk underwear; then woolen underwear; leather breeches lined with eiderdown, and finally reindeer boots” as well as jackets when it really became cold. Although heated, the temperature in the cockpit often fell to -5 degrees Fahrenheit. Such conditions explain the otherwise incongruous remarks later that “the temperature of the (inside) air was 18 degrees ... (and) the crew was in excellent spirits.” But to escape the icing they were forced higher; once Baidukov, at the controls for Chkalov, flew at 20,000 feet without oxygen.

A t one point the crew of the first flight spent 20 minutes looking for a way around a storm. For the second crew changing directions to skirt storms was out of the question. Gromov wrote, “We firmly stuck to our determination not to depart ... from our course under any circumstances.” Soviet fliers would have understood this remark as a clear reference to Chkalov who, theoretically, should have gotten much further than Vancouver, Washington. Gromov’s navigational philosophy was terse: “Only forward and only along a straight line.” Into storms and out the second flight flew along its meridian, whereas the first

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**A Monument and a Celebration**

By Mary Stiles Kline

In 1974 sailors on a Soviet ship docked at Portland asked where they might find the Russian transpolar flight monument. They were surprised to find that the local people didn’t know anything about the flight, made in 1937. Dusty newspaper files were consulted.

The sailors were eventually taken to Pearson Field in Vancouver where the Chkalov landing took place, but there was no monument. However, the following year there was. On Vancouver’s 150th anniversary, the only monument to the polar flight built by Americans was unveiled at a ceremony attended by two of the trio who made the flight, both by then generals—Baidukov and Belakow.

This year, on April 9, the Heritage Trust of Clark County opened the Chkalov Transpolar Flight Fiftieth Anniversary Exhibit in the Marshall House on Officer's Row. The exhibit includes a pictorial display of the 1937 Chkalov flight, videotapes from archives in the United States and the Soviet Union, an overview of the world and Vancouver in 1937, and material pertaining to the Gromov flight that landed in San Jacinto, California, on July 14, 1937, breaking all existing world long-distance records. A major collection of paintings by the Soviet pilot Andrei Yumashev, a member of the Gromov flight crew, is a surprising highlight of the exhibit. Yumashev is an impressionist painter who sought escape from military life through his works. In another gallery, the history of local aviation and of Pearson Field are traced.

The exhibit is the first major program in a series of events and festivities that will lead to the grand 50th anniversary celebration of the flight on June 20, 1987, in Vancouver. Official delegates and American tourists will depart June 8 from Portland on a tour of the Soviet Union, to visit historic institutions and meet with professional counterparts in Russia. These delegates will be hosted by the U.S.S.R. Friendship Society and will join Soviet officials in Moscow on June 18 for government ceremonies commemorating the flight’s departure. American delegates will be joined by Soviet delegates and tourists, including Gen. Georgi Baidukov, lone survivor of the Chkalov crew, for the return to Vancouver.

A series of cultural, nonpolitical exchange programs are under consideration. Some of these activities include a postcard exchange of scenes from hometowns between schoolchildren in Clark County and the Soviet Union. Six schoolteachers from Clark County have embarked on a private tour of Russia, where they are collecting folk stories to be retold along with American stories in the Marshall House and throughout the school districts of the county. Other creative programs have been generated in response to the celebration. An elementary school is sponsoring a Transpolar Run in which their children will attempt to accumulate the mileage, 5,288, flown from Moscow to Vancouver in 1937.

Recognized as a Washington State Centennial event, the Chkalov Transpolar Flight Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration honors not only man’s technological achievements but also the hopeful advancement of improving relations among all people. In 1937 Valeri Chkalov wrote, “The Columbia and the Volga are rivers running through different continents. The rivers have different dispositions with different mountains and forests on their banks, but these flow on the same planet. They do not stand in each other’s way and constitute the elements of the same ocean, and this is how they should bring beauty to the ocean of life with their joint work.”
flight had felt its way from one icy wall of clouds to another. Where weather conditions improved for the second plane near the pole, they had deteriorated for the first. As the weather worsened, so did the first crew's efficiency. Conditions over Canada made them give up their meridian and make for the Pacific Coast. At the same time the effects of cold, altitude, less than complete preparation, and too many hours on instruments had sapped the alertness of Chkalov, Baidukov and Beliakov. They spilled oil, allowed the reserve coolant to freeze and the engine to overheat, and wasted their oxygen. Gromov, Yumashev and Danilin, by contrast, coasted down the roof of the world with a following wind. Gromov could well talk in poetic terms of the Pacific Northwest, this "scene with a mysterious and oppressive, yet majestic air."

Down over Canada Gromov flew, the ice floor becoming tundra, then scrub, and eventually forest. They kept to the same meridian that they had picked up at the pole. Over the Rockies they flew. Only then did they shift their course west. They spotted the Pacific, west of Seattle. Clouds covered all but the peaks of the Cascades. Ahead, "a splendid blue sky could be seen." But on the first flight, their weariness and confusion were such that they passed by Seattle without realizing it. Relief finally came with daylight and the "ever louder hum in my ears," Baidukov remarked, of the Portland directional radio beam.

Gromov, at 10,000 feet with plenty of gasoline left, passed over San Francisco. The month before Chkalov, in the first plane ever to cross over the north pole, had turned around at Eugene, Oregon, looking for a landing site. Gromov now inquired where they could land near Los Angeles or San Diego. Morning mist covered the major airfields and they did not really understand the English voices on the radio. In fact neither flight was prepared to navigate in English, an odd deficiency in planning, with fairly high risks. Gromov pushed on, but eventually they were up against the Mexican border. He gave up and turned north, hard as it is to imagine. With fuel for another 600 miles sloshing in the tanks, they selected a large uneven field in the vicinity of San Jacinto. However, some 200 miles north of San Francisco the old distance record had fallen and, therefore, the trip was already a success.

For both flights there was a great crush of reporters and sightseers. "We were deafened by the shouts of welcome, rendered hoarse by the speeches we delivered at banquets, and blinded by the endless magnesium flashes of the ubiquitous reporters and photographers," Gromov recalled. Press coverage was intense but shallow. The fliers met with President Franklin D. Roosevelt, senators and scientists, although a number of American aviation journals gave the Russians only passing notice. Both crews toured the major U.S. cities and were met by friendly crowds, despite the suspicion that had long marred political relations between the two countries.

THE OTHER RUSSIAN VENTURES

For the Russians, flying was but a part of larger national efforts to conquer Siberia and to control the sea to the north. Surface expeditions were another instrument, and Soviet Russia sponsored several Arctic explorations culminating in the world's first floating station at the north pole, also in 1937. The station crew had arrived at the pole by airplane. There on the pack ice their four-four-engine ANT-6 aircraft found a relatively smooth surface, 10 feet thick. They rigged up a radio station, unloaded supplies, and left four men to make scientific measurements and hold lessons in Communism for eight months. During the summer of 1937 this station in "the weather kitchen" provided Stalin, Chkalov and Gromov with weather reports.

After Gromov had passed overhead, the station's leader, Ivan Papanin, wrote, "A Soviet traffic light now glows at the meeting place of all the meridians. Open thoroughfare!" Opening this new highway in the sky—along with naming it the "Stalin Route"—were part of the politics of the North.

One more flight, two years later in 1939, ended in a crash and closed the "Stalin Route." It has remained closed almost without exception for half a century.

It was easier for the Russian aviators to change the record books than it was to change American attitudes toward the U.S.S.R. Thus the exploits of the Russian heroes were quickly forgotten in America, and our old opinions regarding Russian obsolescence, inflexible dictatorship, obedience, and lack of resourcefulness returned. The 1937 flights challenged the magnificent distances, the reliability of aircraft, and the skill of airmen, but not our beliefs about Russians.

Chkalov and Gromov's flights were "goodwill" missions, but the transpolar route did little to foster the friendship that goodwill flights are intended to create. Today the age of goodwill flights is long over. The Arctic is an armed basin reminiscent of the sea contested by Rome and Carthage. At the time of the Soviet flights, the Washington Star observed "just how easy it would be for a foreign enemy to launch an air raid on our country." At the same time Pravda announced that the "world capitals now lie within easy range of Soviet warplanes."

Arctic explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson, in his introduction to Baidukov's 1938 account of the transpolar flight, paid tribute to those who ventured into the frozen north by saying that they found the world a cylinder and left it a sphere. But alas, it was less a transformation than a misplaced hope. Just half a century ago the world was still a cylinder, and after a mere month as a sphere, it became a cylinder once again.

Paul Spitzer is the Corporate Historian for The Boeing Company and a frequent writer on Northwest aviation.
The volatile mixture of sex, money and religion did not originate with today's broadcast evangelists. Sinclair Lewis wrote about it in 1927 in *Elmer Gantry*, and there was at least one notorious example of it in the Northwest a half-century ago.

The Rev. J.G. Gay operated a bible-thumping emporium of religion that extended on pilings out from the shore of the Cowlitz River in Kelso. In 1931 he invited a well-known California practitioner of his calling to hold forth for a time in his Gospel Tabernacle. She was Minnie "Ma" Kennedy, mother of the most famous evangelist of the day, Aimee Semple McPherson.

"Ma" began her career as a worker in the Salvation Army and helped her daughter, who was a fast learner, in the development and building of Angelus Temple in Los Angeles. The amount of money she took in, while paltry compared to what pours in to the broadcasters today, was for its time startling.

She was 60 when she invaded the Northwest to practice the art she and her daughter had perfected—saving souls and making money. She held forth nightly in the Rev. Gay's waterfront Tabernacle, and when she retired to Longview's Monticello Hotel, late in the evening, she sat at a desk in the lobby to count the night's collection before placing it in the hotel safe.

Minnie Kennedy was a vigorous woman and brought her own horse, Billy Sunday, to town and kept him in a riding stable on 11th Avenue. She donned riding breeches almost daily and cantered around town, aware that such public exposure helped attendance at the evening services. Once, in a capricious moment, she rode Billy Sunday onto the Hotel Monticello's porch.

Then in the spring, at a time when she and her strong-voiced daughter were temporarily not on speaking terms, she developed a romance with one Guy Edward Hudson of New York. "What a man," she said of him in appreciative tones, and the name stuck. He became "What-a-man Hudson."

In June, after she had left Longview, "Ma" telephoned Rev. Gay and asked him to officiate at her forthcoming marriage. The wedding was scheduled for two o'clock on a Sunday on the shores of Lake Sacajawea, where the evangelist had come to know every foot of the bridge paths. But at the last hour the wedding was moved up to Saturday night, and there on the lake bank, west of the 20th Avenue bridge, with a pale moon shining, "Ma" and "What-a-man" were united in wedlock by Rev. Gay. Looking on were numerous local personages that Dave Boice, manager of the Monticello Hotel, had seen fit to invite. This kind of publicity was a delight to the hotel manager, a horse on his porch notwithstanding.

Hudson, it turned out, had not bothered to separate himself legally from a previous wife when he married "Ma," and a warrant for bigamy was issued against him at the courthouse in Kelso. But by then the couple was honeymooning in California and the governor of Washington, the times being what they were in 1931, decided that the cost of extradition was not warranted. So Hudson stayed out of jail, but the marriage to "Ma" was annulled.

When Minnie Kennedy died in 1947, it was the Rev. Gay of Kelso, together with an officer of the Salvation Army, who officiated at her funeral in Los Angeles.

Aimee McPherson made headlines when she disappeared—kidnapped and taken to Mexico, she later claimed—and then reappeared weeks later outside a motel on the California coast.

(For further reading, see "The Lives and Turmoils of Minnie Kennedy and Aimee Semple McPherson" in *Storming Heaven* by Lately Thomas, William Morrow and Company, New York, 1970.)
YAKIMA AND JUSTICE DOUGLAS

The curious story of a famous but not a favorite son.

By Robert W. Mull

"This is one of the quietest, most peaceful spots on this earth. It has special values for me. The state of Washington's Yakima Valley, whose orchards I see by day and lights by night, is the treasure house of my boyhood. It was there I dreamed the dream I lived as a man. This is my Shangri-la."

A Sunday newspaper supplement 30 years ago asked a number of celebrities to describe a personal Shangri-la. Some mentioned tropical isles and French chateaux, but one, Justice William O. Douglas, replied with the paragraph quoted above. Yakima—yes, Yakima—to him was Shangri-la.

This might be a source of wonderment to those who are aware that Yakima, as a whole, did not reciprocate with similar feelings of affection. Its attitude toward Douglas has been not unlike the feelings that Salinas, California, had concerning John Steinbeck, or Sauk Center, Minnesota, had for Sinclair Lewis, but for a far different reason. Lewis and Steinbeck wrote books that demeaned their native towns, or so the old-timers in those towns thought, while Douglas wrote little but good things about Yakima, went back there often, and loved the place. Still Yakima couldn't bring itself to enjoy any glory reflected upon it by the achievements of its most notable son.

William O. Douglas was simply too liberal for Yakima, a conservative town like most towns have traditionally been in Eastern Washington. When he became a rising young star in Roosevelt's New Deal, Yakima was voting Republican and deploring social experiments in government. Its opinion of him did not improve when he became a contentious Supreme Court justice. Feelings back home reflected those of much of the rest of the country during his long life; he was as much hated as admired. His local detractors ranged from the quietly embarrassed to the John Birchers, who dubbed him "the only known Communist in Yakima County."

Now, years after his death, there are those who can overlook their objections and view with pride the legacy he left to future generations through his Supreme Court decisions. But, when a chance came to build a proper memorial to him in Yakima, and establish a permanent repository for much of what he left, too few were willing to step forward and help. The circumstances make a strange aftermath for his long public career—trouble in Shangri-la.
When his days as a public servant ended, Douglas made a list of his most prized possessions, including his personal papers, and decided they should have a permanent place in his hometown. In 1976, Douglas sent an inquiry to the Yakima County Bar Association asking whether it would be interested in receiving his Court chair as a memorial to his years as a justice. Local attorney George Martin responded with a quick and emphatic "yes," and added that he would welcome any other items Douglas would be willing to bequeath. But, since the Bar Association had no permanent place in which to house his effects, Martin, a trustee of the Yakima County Museum, requested that they go there. Apparently this was acceptable to the justice and his list of items grew. At his death in January 1980, a total of four tons of personal material were earmarked for the museum.

Douglas' judicial papers went to the National Archives, thus narrowing the primary resource value of the Yakima collection. Nonetheless, a wealth of items of historical content remains. A partial list includes:

- Over 300 manuscripts and taped speeches Douglas delivered from 1939 to 1975.
- Selected correspondence on microfilm, including exchanges with President Roosevelt from 1939 to 1945.
- An estimated 10,000 photographs, mostly color slides, of his family and travels.
- An assortment of home movies and videotaped interviews of the justice.
- Douglas' personal library of books he had written, contributed to, and received from fellow authors. Also, countless volumes relating to his years as law professor, Securities and Exchange Chairman and justice.
- The furnishings of his Supreme Court chambers.
- An indescribable assortment of awards, gifts and works of art given by dignitaries the world over.

When the moving van arrived six months after he died, it took all the volunteers the museum could muster to clear out gallery space and unload the four tons. And that labor was about the extent of the museum's resources for handling the material. They were left with a bulky collection and no money to deal with it—they didn't even have enough money to pay for shipping until the Bar Association sent a check. A plea to Douglas family friends brought enough money to begin construction of an exhibit. But first the material had to be cataloged, for museum officials had no idea what the travel-buttered boxes held. Finding out would require months of tedious, boring work putting numbers on thousands of objects and typing corresponding 3" X 5" catalog cards—the sort of thing few want to do, and fewer want to underwrite. Attempts at securing funding for the job failed.

So there the Douglas collection sat, one big lump on the floor covered by black plastic, with a rope around it and signs warning "hands off." Worse, the boxes were in danger of collapsing under their own weight.

This writer arrived on the scene in January 1981, the first anniversary of Douglas' death. Having seen the black lump in the middle of the museum, I suggested that I would be willing to "do something with the Douglas collection." That meant raising money. Since funding for cataloging didn't appear imminent, I began to think of alternatives. Probably the last thing the museum needed was a video documentary about a collection it had under plastic, but I reasoned that we had the makings of a great story which could help publicize our plight. Besides, in order to find visual material for the production we would have to dig in and start organizing things. Through the help of Yakima Public Broadcasting station KYVE-TV and a grant from the Washington Commission for the Humanities, archivist Frances Hare, assistant Sue Riel and I began our work on the documentary. Ironically, that meant spending months putting little numbers on thousands of objects and typing up corresponding 3" X 5" catalog cards.

With the publicity afforded the documentary project, which in time won a prestigious PBS award, the museum's Douglas Committee took on renewed life. Organized at the time of the collection's arrival, the committee numbered some two dozen movers and shakers from throughout the valley. They planned an expansion to the museum, dubbed "The Douglas Wing," to house the mammoth collection. The plans called for creating an exhibit gallery featuring Douglas' personal effects and a library which would serve as a regional resource center devoted to such Douglas ideals as human rights and environmental concerns. Holding monthly meetings, the committee had architectural plans drawn for the addition, secured land on surrounding city property upon which it would sit and began contacting local donors for financial pledges.

Fund-raising was to be on two levels: one localized to target donors in the Northwest, particularly Yakima, which could be expected to recognize the value of this gift; and the other to be conducted at the national level. A list of honorary members, reading like a legal and journalistic "Who's Who," were named to the committee. The meetings were highly charged affairs, often attended by Douglas' widow, Cathy, and son, Bill, Jr. With the man's broad range of causes, there seemed to be an endless potential of funding sources. Counting the land value and early verbal pledges, the committee had nearly 20 percent of a one-million-dollar goal in hand before the campaign was officially under way. With confidence, the committee prepared campaign materials and
interviewed fund-raising consultants.

I certainly hadn't expected, as a by-product of the publicity, the many calls asking me to speak before local organizations. A lot of program chairpeople, I found, need to fill luncheon spots at the last minute. I considered it both an honor and a duty to give the people what they wanted, a discussion of a man I presumed to be their hometown hero.

I was able to enhance my talks with an exotic slide-show production. A prolific traveler, Douglas would often contract with a publisher to produce a book about his summer journeys to far corners of the world. During the 1950s he wrote a spate of prophetic books on then little-known countries including Vietnam and Afghanistan. Wonderful photographs illustrated his books. For the documentary, we identified and numbered 5,000 slides. From these we pulled a choice selection for a slide-show program and I was ready for a tour of church groups and civic clubs.

It wasn't long before I learned that not everyone in Yakima shared my enthusiasm for Douglas. Many thought I had come to extol his life and career, and in my naivete, I probably came across that way initially. At any rate, it led to some uncomfortable situations with audience members challenging me, walking out or simply not paying attention. Many sought to enlighten me with stories of Douglas' alleged hard drinking, womanizing and overall antisocial behavior. On several occasions, program chairmen felt compelled to apologize for the group's behavior. Apparently, Douglas hadn't been buried long enough in the eyes of many locals.

Curiously, I would get warm responses from church groups and women's clubs. There was sincere interest in his travels and in the nature of the collection at the museum. I was learning that I should avoid his political and personal life.

As time went on I could see that the love-hate relationship between Douglas and his hometown originated with his first New Deal appointment. Following a brief career as a Wall Street lawyer, then as a professor of law at Columbia and Yale universities, Douglas was named to the newly created Securities and Exchange Commission in 1934. He made national waves with a report exposing corrupt business practices on Wall Street. The report led to the passing of new legislation and made Douglas a major New Deal spokesman. His star was rising and it appeared he was headed for still more responsible positions.

Back in conservative, anti-New Deal Yakima, though, the Yakima Republic tautly observed in an editorial headed "Yakima Not at Fault": "The Yakima school system should not be held responsible for the career of the infant prodigy who seems destined to become chairman of the Security (sic) and Exchange Commission." It went on to conclude that his leftist ideas had apparently been obtained "in the halls of Yale and Columbia."

Douglas' reaction to the editorial was one of amusement and some pride. The story goes that he carried a copy of it in his billfold until it became tattered from the many times he pulled it out to show colleagues.

Over the years Republic publisher W.W. Robertson took many other jibes at Douglas because of his liberal tendencies, but there were occasionally some favorable comments also. He wasn't ignored. Douglas maintained friendships in the Yakima Valley and returned often to hike in the mountains, fish and ride horseback with those friends in his beloved Cascades. He
maintained cabins near Mt. Adams and later at Goose Prairie near Chinook Pass. On occasion he would return to town as the home-grown celebrity to speak to clubs or hold autograph sessions upon publication of a new book. But he is best remembered for walking the streets in attire that would shame even the lowest down-and-outers. Friends are still fond of telling "Douglasisms" about unsuspecting residents and store clerks being shocked upon learning the identity of the "bum" in their midst. No one was kinder of telling these stories than Douglas himself.

Douglas wrote his first autobiography, Of Men And Mountains, while he was recovering in a Yakima hospital from a near-fatal accident in the Cascades in which his horse rolled over him. The book told of the spiritual values to be found in the high country and the rugged men who make conquering that country their life's passion. He wrote of his childhood in a frontier town and how growing up in Yakima made him a strong person with traditional values. According to Douglas, it was a place where anyone could overcome poverty and pain through the strength of the mountains and the Lord. And always there was family—mom, sis and brother encouraging him to excel. When the book received glowing reviews and best-seller status, as it did nationally as well as in Yakima, all those party to his sufferings, even the horse that crushed his rib cage, were forgiven.

But that was 1950 and it was a still-young High Court justice doing the writing. That was before Douglas, upset at the Red scare hysteria, upheld a Communist's right to speak publicly in Dennis v. United States and ordered a stay of execution in the Rosenberg spying case. It was also prior to four attempts to impeach him. And, of course, before he had married four times, twice to women 40 years his junior. In official circles and polite Yakima society alike, this was simply intolerable and affected public opinion greatly in the next two decades.

It also took a heavy toll on the way Douglas would recall his upbringing. In his 1974 autobiographical update, Go East Young Man, also a best-seller, it was a beleaguered and older justice recalling life. His remarks about his hometown were almost a bitter diatribe. He wrote of the Yakima "establishment," some of whom he had counted as old friends, which had treated his family like outcasts. The establishment, he said, treated him the way it did Indians and other minorities. Front Street businesses (Yakima's red-light district), he charged, were owned by establishment members and protected by an establishment-run police department. "What I had seen as a boy in Yakima, I later saw on a vast scale across the country," Douglas wrote.

On New Year's eve, 1975, while vacationing in Nassau with his fourth wife, Cathy, Douglas suffered a debilitating stroke, paralyzing his left side and leaving his vision blurred. His work came to a virtual halt. In appearance he became a ghost of the robust man he had been before. But he was determined to remain on the Court. When released from the hospital he immediately returned to the bench to hear cases
and write opinions. He accomplished little, except to hinder
the work of the Court. Yet stubbornly he remained. National
attention was aimed at this turn of events. Where sympathy
and respect may have been due a person of his esteem, the
tone soured toward his obstinacy.

His son, Bill, Jr., remained close to the justice during this
period. He recalls, "I found his reaction to stepping down
from the Court to be a classic example of the problems of
retirement. It was the first time this dilemma hit home to me.
My father said to me, 'What will I be without the Court? The
Court is my identity. I have nothing to live for if I'm not sit­
ing on the Court.'"

To Douglas, leaving the Court would mean more than
ending his career; it would also mean that an old enemy, Presi­
dent Ford, who in 1970 had tried to get Douglas impeached for
his moral character, could choose a successor who would
surely be a reactionary.

In the summer of 1975, Douglas and his wife returned to
their Goose Prairie cabin outside Yakima. Confined to a
wheelchair, Douglas was in constant pain and barely
mobile. Yet he was still a Supreme Court justice and believed
himself capable of the job. To prove it, he decided to make an
appearance at the Yakima Federal Courthouse to hear argu­
ments on an emergency request to prevent disclosure of
grand-jury records. It would be a showcase display of his ability
to remain on the Court.

News footage shows a gaunt, haggard figure being picked
up by his son and wheeled toward the courthouse in down­
town Yakima. It was a pathetic scene with reporters pushing
to get closer and shoving microphones in his face. Douglas
again denied plans of retirement, saying he wouldn't leave
even if he could select his own replacement. As long as the
work remained challenging, he would stay.

It was a relief to get him inside the courtroom, but the
atmosphere there was equally tense. Douglas dutifully sat
through the attorneys' arguments. When finished, they
waited his decision.

For a long time there was nothing but silence. As the min­
utes passed, those in attendance grew increasingly
uncomfortable and shaken by what they were witnessing.
After nearly 10 minutes, Douglas seemed to come back to life
and gave his decision. But he didn't stop there. He rambled
on, nearly incoherently, speaking of the climate at Goose
Prairie and asking the attorneys to visit him there. The inci­
dent received national attention.

Douglas made an attempt to serve one last term on the
Court. However, in a month the pain in his frail body told
him what his doctors and colleagues had been unable to thus
far. On November 12, 1975, the longest-serving justice of the
Supreme Court brought his legendary career to an end.

Little is reported of Douglas' last years. He continued to
keep regular hours in his chambers, watching Court proceed­
ings and writing one last book. The Court Years, published
posthumously in 1980, serves as his parting statement to the
world. One other task occupied his final years,
that of preparing his papers and possessions
for shipment home.

One can only guess what went through
Douglas' mind as he listed what was to go to the
museum. He never specified in writing, nor
did he confide to his family or friends, how he
expected Yakima to handle his gift. If he
assumed that old friends would rally to build
something befitting a
man of his stature, he was only partly correct.

A replica of his office chambers was built on the floor
space where the plastic-covered lump of his possessions had
long sat. On January 31, 1982, several hundred people from
throughout the Northwest crowded into the museum gallery
for a formal dedication. Hosted by his widow, Cathy, and Bill,
Jr., the ceremonies marked the opening of this "temporary"
exhibit and the public announcement of a fund-raising cam­
paign for a new Douglas wing on the museum. It was a
euphoric moment for all the staff, volunteers and committee
members who had worked to make this event and the upcom­
ing campaign possible.

But the euphoria quickly passed. The "establishment" of
old reacted. There were phone calls and letters decrying our
becoming the "Douglas Museum." At least one community
patron changed her mind about a major gift she had planned
to give the museum before it acquired all this "Douglas stuff." There were more such objections, and in six months what
steam was left in the project had dissipated. The few gifts and
pledges which had been made had to be returned. The Douglas
Committee quietly disbanded. Douglas' widow and son
disappeared into their own lives, and have remained out of
the public eye.

The "temporary" Douglas memorial remains a major fix­
ture in what is undoubtedly one of our state's finest cultural
facilities. The space problem created by the Douglas material
has been compounded by new collections, particularly those
of an archival nature. But the good news is that the museum
has launched a new and broader expansion project, and it
looks as though this one will be completed. The role, if any, of
the Douglas collection in the new wing is sure to be minor.

Robert W. Mull is a writer and documentary producer on topics of
Washington history. After living in Eastern Washington for eight years,
he now makes his home in Seattle where he is on staff at the Pacific
Science Center.

Photographs courtesy of the Yakima Valley Museum.
Early paintings allow us to see this land as the first inhabitants found it.

By David M. Buerge

One misconception effectively dismissed by the Museum of History and Industry's current interpretive art exhibit, "The Regional Painters of Puget Sound, 1870-1920: A Half-Century of Fidelity to Nature," is that this region's fine art began with the work of Morris Graves, Mark Tobey and Kenneth Callahan. This exhibit displays Northwest paintings of an earlier and heretofore largely ignored period.

Untitled, Battle of Seattle

EMILY INEZ DENNY

The daughter of pioneers David and Louisa (Boren) Denny, Emily was three years old when the "Battle of Seattle" took place in 1856. She painted the scene as it was described to her by her parents and others who survived the experience. A partial invalid, she devoted her life to art. Besides her numerous paintings and sketches, she also wrote an early history of Seattle, Blazing the Way.
The exhibit, which runs through 1987, amply documents the fact that many of the region's earlier artists were skilled professionals, some of whom had distinguished teachers and training in such places as the Academie Julian and the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris. Many gained national and international recognition for their landscapes, still-lifes and portraiture.

This is in keeping with what we know about the people who came to Western Washington in the latter half of the 19th century and the early years of the 20th. They were not the tired, poor, huddled masses yearning to breathe free, but a distinctly cosmopolitan crowd, for the most part well educated and skilled, who had traveled over much of the country before they arrived here. It took money to come this far west: the poor stayed east in the slums. It is not surprising that many of these would have appreciated art or have been artists themselves. A number were women.

The phrase "fidelity to nature" comes from the pen of Emily Inez Denny, who in 1853 was the first white girl born in Seattle. Supported and encouraged by her parents, David and Louisa Denny, she began to draw and sketch at age 10 and took lessons from several teachers, including Harriet Foster Beecher, whose works are on display along with those of her pupil. Fidelity to nature is the theme unifying the works of the artists exhibited, as all before they arrived here. It took money to come this far west: the poor stayed east in the slums. It is not surprising that many of these would have appreciated art or have been artists themselves. A number were women.

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St. Paul
KATHLEEN HOULAHAN
Born in Manitoba, Kathleen Houlahan graduated from the U.W. and continued her art education in New York, Washington, D.C., and Paris. In the early part of this century when she painted its portrait, the St. Paul was moored off Richmond Beach.

Nootka Island
PAUL GUSTIN
Born in Fort Vancouver, Washington Territory, in 1886, Gustin traveled across the U.S. before returning to the Northwest. The largely self-taught artist's landscapes won him international renown. "Nootka Island," as seen from Vancouver Island's west coast, is a good example of his impressionist style.
Mount Rainier from the Mouth of the Puyallup
JAMES EVERETT STUART

Born in Maine in 1852, James Everett Stuart was a grandson of the artist Gilbert Stuart, best remembered for his portrait of George Washington. At the turn of the century, James Stuart was almost as famous as his grandfather, receiving national recognition for his landscapes. This painting of Mount Rainier done in 1889 is typical of his grandiose, panoramic style.

sought to express their impressions of this region during a period of enormous and rapid change.

How well they succeeded can be measured in the palpable sense of recognition those who have lived here for some time will feel at the artists’ evocation of the mood and character of the land. Whether they were self-taught
painters in the naive style or mature artists at ease in the salons of the East, these painters focused their skill and imagination on the land, its peculiar light and the history it bore. They explored all aspects of the land—from the placid, south-Sound views of Henry Harrison Holt and Abby Williams Hill’s drowsing Vashon Island madronas, to several dramatic studies of Mount Rainier and Emily Denny’s grand panorama of the Olympics. One of these artists’ great accomplishments is their capture of the region’s subtle and ever-changing light. Harriet Beecher’s two views of the same headland near Fort Townsend are evidence of Northwest light’s ability to

Fidelity to nature is the theme uniting the works of these artists.
transform a landscape, and Ambrose Patterson's Duckabush River captures our light's fleeting character. Paul Gustin in Road Among the Pines and Abby Hill in Snowbank explore its muted tones on overcast days. Alice Samson’s untitled work depicting shipyards at Dockton on Maury Island wonderfully depicts the area’s famous damps. On the shore behind a line of evergreens, a stand of even larger trees materializes out of a mist made luminous by the low light of the sun.

With few exceptions the pictures are expressive of a powerful and expectant silence. In Harriet Beecher's Alameda and Indian Woman Loading a Canoe, we can barely hear the waves lap on the shore, and the immensity of Emily Denny's Olympic panorama effectively drowns out whatever sounds might come from the flotilla of canoes moving across the face of the Sound. The silence even creeps into John Ferry's views of Seattle's 1880s waterfront. In the watercolor sketch, the waves move, people are prominent and smoke rises from fires, but in the finished oil, the water is stilled, people shrink into the background and the fires die.

During the time the artists were painting, the land was still largely empty, but they did not define its emptiness as desolation. Under the plow, roads were built and towns struggled mightily to become cities. Very little in this exhibit celebrates reeling forest giants, fuming sawmills or bustling commerce. Even paintings of towns, like Mary Achey's Montesano or Elizabeth Kimball's Olympia, detail their scenes with the purpose of preserving the memory of what they were like before they changed. Emily Denny's depiction of Smith Cove juxtaposes an area of clear-cut and a chuffing train with the house of Dr. Henry Smith, the man who wrote Chief Seattle's oration and who held melancholy views regarding the progress of Western civilization.

Many of the artists sought out scenes of native people to complement their views of nature or to contrast with the emergent cities. These could be romantic like Sydney Mortimer Laurence's On to the Potlatch (see this issue's cover), or more pictorial like P.A. Morgan's study of the native encampment on Seattle's Ballast Island, a painting which viewers can dissect rather ingeniously thanks to the MOHAI staff. Emily Denny's drawing Forsaken offers the most pointed comment about the displacement of the native people that accompanied the development of the region, and I cannot help but read a certain wistfulness into James Pickett's rendering of man's place in nature in Oregon Scene, a quiet work from the hand of a tragic mixed-blood artist.

The fascination with the native presence and the fading natural order provides wonderful material for the historian as well as the general viewer.
It is about 8:30 on the morning of January 26, 1856. The howitzer off-loaded from the warship Decatur, on the right side of the picture, has just fired a shot into Tom Pepper's house, which is out of the painting's frame on the left. In response the native attackers fired a hail of bullets into the town. In the intervening moments while they were reloading, the settlers made a mad dash for the blockhouse. On the right is David Denny running toward Louisa, who is carrying three-year-old Emily Inez in her arms. At the far left, Hillory Butler and his wife run to the fort, he wearing his wife's red petticoat because his pants weren't handy. Doubtless others can be identified who were present on that fateful day. Two died in the attack; perhaps as many as 10 attackers were killed.

Something rich and important died that day as well—a certain innocence, a belief that things would work out for the best. All present agreed that the pioneering era ended with the battle, and from then on the settlers' recollections of those early days were tinged with a tragic sense of loss.

Harnett's painting of the Seattle fire was done in 1889, the same year as the great conflagration that destroyed the entire business district. He took some liberties with the city's topography and the location of some of its buildings, but his sunny sky accurately depicts the hot June weather.
What came after was change, and change beyond their control. Such feelings appear to have been present in Emily Denny and may have inspired her to devote her life to art and reminiscence, to record not just the images of the changing land, but the sense of pathos that hung over it. The other artists were also deeply conscious of the fact that land was changing. They were at the edge of the continent, the limit of the American land; after this, there was no more wilderness. What they saw meant too much to let it pass unrecorded. Fortunately, enough remains of what they saw for us to realize the value of what they accomplished.

MOHAI's beautiful and important exhibit grew out of its program to conserve its collection of early art. To provide funds for the program, the museum initiated an "adopt a painting" program whereby individuals could contribute in a specific and satisfying way. The program continues and people are encouraged to adopt paintings and aid in their restoration and insure their conservation.

In addition to the museum's own extensive collection, works from 10 other institutions were included in this exhibit to make it truly regional. This rich and evocative exhibit is worthy of several visits to meditate upon the art and savor its beauty and charm, as well as the sensitivity of its selection.

David M. Buerge, a freelance writer specializing in history, is a consulting editor of Columbia.

Montesano,
Washington Territory
MARY E. ACHEY
Mary Achey was Colorado's first known professional artist. Between 1860 and 1885 she traveled throughout the West with members of her family painting Civil War army camp scenes, landscapes and portraits. Around 1880 she settled on a homestead near Aberdeen, where in 1883 she produced this study of early Montesano.
Climbing Rainier with Curtis in 1909

Seventy-Nine Persons, with the Women in Long Skirts, Started the Three-Week Trek; Most of Them Made It.

Text and photographs by Asahel Curtis

Mount Rainier, dominating the horizon in Western Washington, has always fascinated those who came into the area, beginning with Captain George Vancouver, who named it. The peak became a challenge to the many who gazed at its looming bulk and wondered how one might climb to the snowy top.

The Indians had never climbed it—for one thing, they lacked the footgear for ascending steep slopes—and since it was something beyond their reach, it assumed some of the mystical qualities they attributed to celestial bodies. The "Mountain that Was God" was one description.

To be the first person to climb what was then believed to be the tallest mountain in the country was an ambition that moved men to action as early as 1857, when Lt. (later General) A.V. Kautz, accompanied by several soldiers, attempted the first ascent. He and one of the soldiers made it nearly to the top across unexplored snowfields and glaciers, but had to give up at nightfall. They had no equipment for camping.

Thirteen years later the first successful climb was made by Hazard Stevens, son of the first territorial governor, Isaac I. Stevens, and P.B. Van Trump. They were guided in the foothills by the noted pioneer James Longmire and higher up by Sluiskin, an Indian, although Sluiskin, fearful of angering the gods on top the mountain, left them during the ascent.

That was 1870. In the years that followed, an increasing number of people explored the mountain's slopes, located new routes, found the steam caves, and charted trails that made each succeeding climb less hazardous. In 1890 a Miss Fay Fuller of Tacoma became the first woman to climb Rainier.

By the turn of the century so many had become enthralled with the wonders of the Cascade and Olympic ranges that an organization was formed—the Mountaineers. It published a journal, the Mountaineer, and each year held what it called an "outing." The third outing, in 1909, was a mass climb of Mt. Rainier. One of the leaders of this ambitious three-week undertaking, for which 79 persons signed up, was Asahel Curtis, a noted photographer and brother of the more eminent photographer, Edward S. Curtis. He took along one of his bulky cameras and brought back dozens of photographs.

Curtis, an able writer, described the trip in great detail in the November 1909 issue of the Mountaineer. Here, slightly edited, is his account.—Ed.

The third annual outing of the Mountaineers, with all its pleasures, its temporary discomforts and its final triumph in the ascent of the highest mountain in the United States, has passed into history. Time only leaves a memory of the happy days spent in the flower-strewn parks or on the higher ice-clad slopes; of the equally happy nights around the great campfires; of the well-
earned, well-enjoyed rest, and of the lifelong friendships that here found birth.

The discomforts of the long marches are forgotten; the days when, stormbound, we lay inactive; even the bugle boy, who always sounded reveille long before we thought he should, is forgiven. Almost we might forgive those who insisted upon that fearful line, which one from the far Atlantic Coast in sport called the human centipede, but which we in our own rebellious spirit derided as the "chain gang"....

As any trip to the mountain, to be considered a success, must include the ascent, it was necessary to find a route to the summit from some point on the north side. This could not be from Spray Park; therefore camp must be made in Moraine Park or some park farther to the east. Prof. J.B. Flett had twice made the ascent over much the same route by which Prof. I.C. Russell climbed, and we determined to attempt the ascent with the party.

The Moraine Park trail had been destroyed by the Carbon Glacier, and it was pronounced a hopeless task to put it in condition for horses. The park rangers advised building a trail through the Sluiskin Mountains, but this would require a summer's work and would cost $1,500.... To settle this problem the Outing Committee... determined to build a trail over the shifting moraine of the Carbon. This work was... finished in a week....

The party left Seattle on the morning of July 11, reached Fairfax at 11 a.m., and marched to the first camp 11 miles out on the Carbon River Trail. In a drizzling rain camp was made, and tents erected to protect everyone, and in spite of the discomforts of our garments it was a happy party that gathered around the first campfire.

The following morning a number of the men were detailed to go in advance and complete the trail across the Carbon Glacier. This was accomplished in time to permit the advance part of the pack train to go on into Moraine Park without delay. Here camp was established, quarters assigned to the men and
Among the crevasses on Carbon Glacier.

Early morning at "Camp Curtis" with several climbers still asleep in their bedrolls laid on rocky ground.
women, commissary housed in its own tents and plans made for the tryout trips. These served a double purpose, to see the surrounding country with the greatest possible dispatch and to drill members of the party and try their mettle. ...

In the meantime L.A. Nelson, Grant W. Humes and myself had made a trip to the head of Inter Glacier and selected a site for temporary camp on Ruth Mountain. This camp spot had been suggested by Prof. J.B. Flett, who had previously climbed from here.

When making this preliminary trip we had hoped to make the ascent, but were unable to because of a storm. On July 28 Nelson and Humes went on to temporary camp, and on July 29 made the ascent, going up the ice field that forms the head of the White and Winthrop glaciers. They were forced to cut steps considerable of the way because the snow slopes were steep and frozen. I was prevented from joining them in this ascent by a broken shoulder. This ascent, made over untried country by two men who had to break trail or cut steps so much of the way, ranks as the most difficult one made by members of the club.

While they were climbing, the main party of 77 came up to temporary camp and met them on their return from the summit. Their strenuous climb discouraged a number from the ascent, and on the following morning 17 turned back, leaving a party of 62....

July 30 broke clear and beautiful, and the party in seven companies moved out from camp, dropping to the White Glacier and winding upward among large crevasses. The only object by which elevation could be judged or distance measured was Little Tahoma. As we slowly toiled upward we seemed to gain so little on the elevation of this peak that the effect was disheartening. At last it could be seen that we had topped its highest point of red basalt, and we knew we were nearing the 12,000-foot level. Only 2,500 feet above us was the summit, and in unbroken line the party was climbing easily. The tryout days in line had been irksome to many, but lunch stop on a glacier. Women climbers wore calf-length skirts and broad-brimmed hats. 

COLUMBIA  SUMMER 1987
Asahel Curtis, cooking on an oil stove at a high-altitude camp.

their value was proven here. But few could have stood alone on the slopes that now measured 45 degrees and ended in broken crevasses. Fewer still could have endured the strain of breaking steps in the hard snow, always with the white blur running upward to the blue sky, and downward until the eye grew dizzy following where miles away the ice and forest mingled. The only safety lay in watching the steps ahead and moving forward as the signal was given. At 12,500 feet I passed along the line to see how everyone was taking it, and reached Doctor Van Horn at the head of Company D. As he recognized me he said: "Curtis, this is no place for the father of eight children."

I could not help wondering how many more had reached the same conclusion. It had been impossible to rest for more than a moment, because there was no protection from the fierce wind that swept down into our faces. At 13,000 feet a half-closed crevasse, large enough to shelter the entire party, gave a much-needed chance for rest and lunch. . . . Above the crevasse we crossed over the head of the Winthrop, planning to enter the saddle between Crater Peak and Liberty Cap. Here the wind increased to a gale, still in our faces, and continued throughout the day.

Once in the saddle between the summits, the ascent was easy, the entire party reaching the crater in eight hours and forty minutes from temporary camp. Here, out of the wind, everyone sought a sheltered spot to warm themselves on the hot rocks and ashes. The A.Y.P. flag [for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, being held in Seattle at that time] was fastened to its staff and an effort made to plant it among the rocks, but the wind tore it down each time, and it was carried to the snow dome of Columbia Crest and the staff set deep in the snow. It remained there only 15 minutes, however, when the staff
TOP: A group of climbers at Columbia Crest, on the summit of Mt. Rainier.
BOTTOM: Curtis climbed high to obtain this photo of the group crossing Winthrop Glacier, during the descent.
was broken by the wind. The flag was rescued and placed inside the crater by the Ingraham party, who passed the night on the summit.

After an hour on the summit the descent was made safely to temporary camp, where a second night was spent. Twilight gave way to full splendor of moonlight while clouds formed in the valleys and rolled fragments of mist upward against the bulk of the mountain. The toil of the day and the discomforts of our beds were forgotten in the splendor of the scene. A mile above us the great White Glacier formed and wound its 10 miles of ice downward into the dark chasm. From our eerie crag we could not see where it passed the base of the cliff, but we could look straight down on the seamed surface of ice. More than a mile away across the ice, clear in the moonlight, rose the dark crag of Little Tahoma and from the depths occasionally came the boom of moving ice.

The following morning the clouds lay around the mountain in a vast sea that stretched on all sides to the horizon. A few peaks broke through, but they were insignificant in comparison to the dominating bulk of ice we were on. The impression was of being afloat on a great iceberg. Major Ingraham and his four companies, who had spent the night on the summit, came down as early as they could see to travel, and rejoined the main party at St. Elmo Pass. Returning to camp, we walked down into a mass of clouds and found camp shut in by a dense fog.

As day after day the eye feasted upon the beauties of ice-bound mountain crag or flowery meadow, the mind became satiated, and it required the unusual to attract attention. Yet nowhere else on the mountain had the effect been so strange as here. The park winds in and out among the crags, with small lakes;
streams that course through meadows or plunge over rocks in beautiful cascades; trees bent and broken by the wind; flowers of every hue, so thickly strewn that it was impossible to step without crushing them.

The park was so beautiful that it seemed unreal, and one regretted that so few could see it. Nature had fashioned this playground much better than man could hope to, and had set it away here between two great glaciers at the base of a mighty mountain. Thousands... of acres in extent, it stretched from the dark belt of timber 4,000 feet upward to the ice-clad slopes below Liberty Cap itself. The last trees clung far down to the rocks at an elevation of almost 8,000 feet, while flowers grew nearly a thousand feet higher. But in the lower park the effect of the wind was not so evident, and countless thousands of avalanche lilies, each with a dewdrop on every petal, nodded gently in the mountain breeze. In time, when trails and roads are built, this great park will be open to the public, and thousands will be able to enjoy what has passed so long unnoticed. Here as elsewhere, it will require the strong hand of the government to prevent wanton destruction.

Those who first visited Paradise Park set fire to the beautiful groves of alpine fir and hemlock "just to see them burn," and today those same groves stand, bleached ghosts of trees, their beauty gone forever.

It must always be the work of the club to assist in every way possible in the work of protecting the beautiful places of our state. A great part of this must be in educating those who, in greatly increasing numbers, go each year into the mountains.

The line engravings are by C.C. Marien from the book Pacific Forest Reserve and Mt. Rainier by E.S. Ingraham, Seattle, 1895. Photographs courtesy of the Washington State Historical Society.
When Washington Dared Build a Magnificent Capitol

Governor Hartley Ranted about Costs but He Was Proud of It Too.

By J. Kingston Pierce

Cuspidors costing $47.50 apiece! Outrageous. Or so it seemed in 1928 when silk handkerchiefs sold for 65 cents and girdles (most women wore them) were $1.25. This was the price the state was paying for the ornate spitoons for the new state capitol in Olympia. No one objected to the spitoons themselves—every well-equipped office had them in a time when many men, including state legislators, chewed. It was the price that was shocking.

To Governor Roland E. Hartley the large cuspidors were symbolic of the extravagance he saw in the whole capitol project, which was begun before he took office in 1924. He called it a "monument to extravagance in architectural design and waste and profligacy in furnishings."

Even on March 27, 1928, the day before the state executives were to move into the $7 million Legislative Building and an occasion on which another governor might have pontificated at length about the monumental new legislative center symbolizing the maturity and prosperity of his state, Hartley couldn't resist launching a few last darts at Washington's profligate lawmakers.

"Today is an epochal day," he told reporters, "but it brings no joy to the heart of the taxpayer." He worked up quickly into a bluster, the newspaper drudges scribbling wildly. "May the new building be a deterrent, rather than an incentive, to future extravagance on the part of those in whose hands the business affairs of the state are entrusted."

Hartley's attack was expected. A short, slender man with thinning hair who styled himself as "Colonel" after he helped settle a shooting incident involving Chippewa Indians in 1898, Hartley had made a political career of slashing government budgets. His single term as mayor of Everett saw him take the ax to that city's municipal budget after his constituents, heady with self-righteousness, voted to rid the town of saloons and whorehouses which, at the time, were Everett's principal source of municipal revenues. When he ran for governor in 1924, Hartley promised to cut waste and reduce taxes, a platform that gained him both press criticism and public support. He would have been out of character if he hadn't damned the capitol as outrageously extravagant.

The governor wasn't the first to criticize Olympia's capitol...
ABOVE: This photo, taken in October 1923, shows the foundations of the capitol building that was started in the mid-1890s. Construction was stopped because of funding difficulties. The foundations had the appearance of an ancient ruin by 1922, but the legislature insisted that they be used in construction of the newly designed building.

RIGHT: In 1922 construction of the Legislative Building was begun, using foundations laid in 1893, and by April 1924 this much of the massive Wilkison sandstone structure had been erected. Wooden cranes were used to swing the heavy blocks into place. It was slow work.
scheme. Rufus Woods, feisty editor of the Wenatchee World, had done a good job of it three years before. "If the voters of this state could get an opportunity to express themselves regarding this extravagance," Woods editorialized, "they would knock it higher than Halley's Comet. Yea, more. They would come so near removing the state capitol from the city of Olympia that the people of that city would wonder where the lightning struck." Others had questioned the appropriateness of building a classical-style capitol in a state so associated with frontier styles.

But Hartley took his criticism to colorful extremes. He even loaded some of the new capitol's "sumptuous furnishings"—including one of those pricey cuspidors—into an automobile and paraded them about the state as proof that others in Olympia saw no difficulty in spending the taxpayers' hard-earned money. That the governor had made sure his own office in the Legislative Building would be the most sumptuous of all was not a subject touched on in his speeches.

All this platitudinous bombast subordinated the rather remarkable fact that Washington, a state for 39 years and a territory for 36 before that, had finally been able to build a permanent statehouse. It had been talked about since 1892. One reason for the delay was the difficulty Olympia had in continuing to be the capital city. In 1853 it was the best place to seat Washington's government, because it was

By 1927, construction had progressed to this point. Steel cranes were in use on the ground and in the dome.

One of the famous $47.50 cuspidors that Gov. Hartley used as evidence of extravagance in building and furnishing the capitol. This one is still in use in the rotunda.
The rotunda area of the capitol now shines as it did when all was new in the late '20s. This photo shows a brass railing and the huge Tiffany "angels of mercy" chandelier framed by a massive arched window at the base of the dome. The chandelier is suspended from a 1½-ton chain, 101 feet long, weighs 5 tons and is of cast bronze with 236 bulbs. All light fixtures and four bronze Roman firepot replicas were by Louis Comfort Tiffany of New York. The capitol was his last large commission.

In 1893, a Washington State Capitol Commission announced that $500,000 had been appropriated for a legislative building at Olympia, and that a nationwide competition would be held to select an architect. From 186 submissions, the commission chose Ernest Flagg of New York City. Flagg was related to shipping and railroad magnate Cornelius Vanderbilt. An 1888 graduate of Paris' Ecole des Beaux-Arts, he had been in business for only two years, and recognized the competition as an excellent way to make himself known.

Flagg planned a compact structure, heavily horizontal in orientation and dripping with ornamentation. It had a short dome and Corinthian columns running the length of its entry facade. The building was sheathed in Tenino stone and, presumably in order that sunlight could play along its entry portico, faced directly south with its back to the vista of Puget Sound.

Income from government land grants was supposed to pay for Flagg's proposal, but by the mid-1890s the legislature was feeling a monetary pinch. A foundation for the capitol was laid, but then work stopped. Roadblocks were laid over the muddy paths leading to the foundations, and the state in 1901 approved purchase of the Thurston County Courthouse, in downtown Olympia, a castle of stone designed by W.A. Ritchie and completed in 1892, as temporary residence for Washington State government. Forces didn't gear up to launch another capitol design competition until 1911. By that time, the state's requirements and ideas about statehouse architecture had changed dramatically.

Washington's legislative complex was a late entry in the field of capitol design. The first good spurt stretched from about 1783 to 1820, during which time 11 states joined the Union. Americans put up 17 statehouses in those years (none of them designed by architects), plus the national Capitol in what was then a marshy, mosquito-infested place called Washington City. Each of these edifices strove to be more elaborate and pretentious than its precursors, a competition that Alexis de Tocqueville could only explain this way: "In democratic communities the imagination is compressed when men consider themselves; it expands indefinitely when they consider the State. Hence it is that the same men who live on a small scale in narrow dwellings frequently aspire to gigantic splendor in the erection of their public monuments."

Until the Civil War, the majority of capitols looked a lot like overgrown county courthouses; at their best they were derivative of Greek temples. The classically styled national Capitol, mired for many years in construction delays and disagreements among architects and federal authorities and not completed until 1867, did not inspire early imitators. In fact, for decades it was considered inappropriate for architects to model statehouses after the national Capitol. That didn't change until after the Confederate surrender at Appomattox, when national pride swelled in the wake of national distress. Illinois, Iowa, Texas and California all slavishly imitated the national Capitol.

But New York architect and bon vivant Stanford White had other ideas when he set about in the early 1890s to create a statehouse for tiny Rhode Island. White, principal designer with the highly successful firm of McKim, Mead & White, had trained under Henry Hobson Richardson. He tended to work from concepts he'd draw on napkins during dinner, but was a stickler for precise detail in his buildings—from the Boston Public Library to the Shingle Style residences he plopped all over New England—and achieved grandness in design without verging too far toward the grotesque. Until he was shot in 1906 by a jealous husband, White was the architect of the era.

Most entries in the Rhode Island competition were of some European Renais-
Governor Roland Hartley publicly criticized the extravagance he saw in the $6.8 million Legislative Building, but when the cap was placed on the dome—at that time the fourth-largest in the world—he climbed willingly to the top to be photographed waving to a crowd below.
sance style, either Italian or Spanish, with one Richardsonian Romanesque concept thrown in, and another that was steeped in gingerbready Victorianism. "McKim, Mead & White's... was the only design with any clear commitment to the new," wrote architecture historians Henry-Russell Hitchcock and William Seale in their seminal work *Temples of Democracy: The State Capitols of the U.S.A.* White's design for a Roman marble palace in Providence emulated the national Capitol in some obvious ways, but it was hardly an amateur rip-off. A great white cynosure on a hill, the building is surrounded by expansive terraces and capped by a dome and lantern based on Christopher Wren's St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

White's design was easily embraced by Rhode Island leaders and others across the country who had admired the monumental white architecture of Chicago's 1893 Columbia Exposition. Some critics, however, found the Providence building too stark and short of ornamentation in an age when most of the architectural orthodoxy larded ornamentation. As a result, designers of the time resisted taking their cues from it to create other statehouses, imitating instead either the national Capitol or Minnesota's ornate capitol, the latter completed in the same year as the Rhode Island structure—1904—but decorated with more frilliness by Cass Gilbert (who would go on to design Manhattan's exquisite Woolworth Building).

Ernest Flagg returned to Olympia at the height of debate over what was proper in capitol architecture. He was told that the legislature had finally decided to pony up funds for a Washington statehouse. This time it had to offer more space, yet the Capitol Commission insisted that Flagg's earlier foundations be used. The architect's solution: "To provide a group of buildings; the principal one would be placed upon the existing foundations. This building would afford accommodations for the legislature and principal executive officers....The other buildings of the group could be added from time to time as they were needed."

Flagg naturally assumed that his commission to design the Olympia building was still in effect. In the years since 1893, his practice had expanded greatly. He had developed St. Luke's Hospital in New York, as well as the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, D.C. Most importantly, he'd designed Manhattan's Singer Building, a 600-foot thrust of brick and terra-cotta that looked more like a tall clock tower than an honest skyscraper, but which gave Flagg confidence when approaching the Capitol Commission a second time.

The commission agreed with Flagg that the best way to satisfy the state's demands was to develop a capitol complex, rather than construct a single building, and this is the plan that was ultimately followed. But the Commission did not agree that Flagg was the proper designer for the job.

As Flagg had been two decades earlier, Walter Wilder and Harry White were virtual unknowns when they applied in 1911 to create the Washington capitol campus. Wilder was a stiff-collared dandy from Topeka, Kansas, who had received his architectural training at Cornell University and in Europe. Like Harry White, Wilder had labored

In all the world only St. Peter's (Rome), St. Paul's (London) and the U.S. Capitol had taller domes than Washington's capitol had in 1928.

for a time with McKim, Mead. The two struck up a partnership in 1909, and the Olympia job was their first major commission.

The building scheme that Wilder and White presented to the Washington State Capitol Commission showed clearly the debt they owed to Stanford White and his Rhode Island statehouse. They also depict a rather different Legislative Building than we see today. Wilder and White wanted a taller dome, sculptures balanced off on either side of the north entrance stairs, a tangle of Grecian figures carved into the entry pediment, and another huge sculpture above that (perhaps a horse-drawn chariot). The young architects planned to surround the Legislative Building with five office structures, demolishing the 1907 Governor's Mansion to make room. They proposed an arrangement of stairs and landings descending from the Temple of Justice to Budd Inlet, as well as a grand promenade stretching into town, anchored at the capitol end by an imitation Arc de Triomphe and downtown by a new railroad station. Budget limitations eliminated the promenade and much interior decoration, while the legislature objected to moving the governor's residence.

This plan won approval over 37 other entries (Flagg's drawings didn't even win runner-up status the second time around), but many people in and out of government couldn't see the sense of spending millions of dollars on a new state capitol when the Thurston County Courthouse was still serviceable. What pushed matters forward was Governor Ernest Lister's support of the new building, something he hoped would immortalize his administration. So enthusiastic was he that, when large sums of money were finally appropriated in 1917 to begin work on the Wilder and White campus, Lister threw a party during which he ceremoniously burned every previous administration's plans for a state capitol.

Stage one called for construction of the Temple of Justice, with the more businesslike Insurance Building rising next. After it was agreed that Flagg's foundations could be expanded, the Legislative Building was begun. Completing this third phase was difficult. Consider the immensity of the capitol dome alone. At the time of its building, it was the fourth-tallest dome in the world—287 feet from the ground line base—sliding into order behind those of St. Peter's of Rome (408 ft.), St. Paul's in London (319 ft.), and the U.S. Capitol (307 ft.). Its weight: 30,800,000 pounds. Spreading that weight out equally over the building's frame and ensuring that ground settling in the years after its construction wouldn't leave the building somehow lopsided were tasks that required precise calculations and a great deal of testing.

The results were well worth the effort. Better than the national Capitol, the Olympia legislative complex fulfills Thomas Jefferson's early dream of a government center on a hill. In Olympia, Hitchcock and Seale enthused in *Temples of Democracy*, "the American renaissance in state capitol building reached its climax."

For a building conceived in the beaux-arts period, Wilder and White's capitol is remarkably restrained, its decoration intended to add style to strength, not just frosting to a monumental cake. Stairs leading to the north-side main entrance offer an imposing approach but pass beneath a largely unadorned pediment. The building pre-
sents colonnades on all four elevations, but most of the columns used
are the same unfluted sort found on other buildings in the capitol
group, the exceptions being those encircling the dome and at the
north and south entrances, which sport Corinthian capitals. Wilder
and White concentrated much of their decoration along the roofline,
giving that an anthemion cresting, and at the east and west ends of
the building where gables are fringed with dentilled cornices.

The rotunda has only recently taken on architectural complica­
tion consistent with the building's exterior. A facelift, completed in
December 1986 under the direction of Barnett Schorr Architects of
Seattle, called for polishing bronze balcony railings and a five-ton
Tiffany chandelier that dangles from the ceiling. Plaster upper-level
columns have been colored in imitation of Alaska marble found else­
where in the rotunda, and a Dutch metal that looks like gold leaf
was applied
to their capitals. One hundred forty-eight rosettes deco­
rating the dome space were colored to give them definition.
Concealed lights accent the new work. Legislators are now ponder­
ing the idea of asking the Schorr people to restore the rest of the
building, including the House and Senate chambers, in time for
Washington's 1989 centennial celebration.

Harry White and Walter Wilder will never see the refur­
bishments. After severing their partnership in the
Depression years, Wilder grew increasingly unhappy
after a split with his wife, and was compelled by a neu­
rotic condition to retire in 1932 at the age of 57. Eighteen months
later he was found dead, a .22-caliber rifle beside his body. The local
coroner labeled the case a suicide. White joined a New York firm for
a time, and died a relatively obscure widower in a small town.

But chances are they would have approved of their building’s
recent facelift. They learned their art at a time when color was an
integral element of architecture. They would have understood that
only color could bring out the minimum of decoration that they were
financially able to give the rotunda.

But it's a good thing that Roland Hartley is no longer around.
With all that fuss he made over the $47.50 spittoons, imagine how
he'd react to news that just the renovation of the Legislative Building
has already cost $792,000 and may require $920,000 more.

J. Kingston Pierce writes about media, history and architecture for the Weekly in Seattle and other local and national publications.
The Kalispel Indians.
Reviewed by William N. Bischoff, S.J.

The Kalispels, that long-suffering, often exploited tribe in the northeastern corner of Washington State, occupied the land along the Pend Orielle and Clark Fork rivers and Pend Orielle and Priest lakes, but their central winter camp, nearly permanent, lay beside the Pend Orielle River. In this area the men hunted and fished; the women dried the fish and gathered roots and berries before drying them for the winter food supply.

White man's smallpox decimated the tribe as early as 1760 and again in 1782 even before their probable contact with David Thompson, the Northwest Fur Company trader-explorer, in 1809 and with missionaries in 1841. These first friendly encounters did not establish the pattern for the future decades of persistent white pressure and encroachment on their country and their way of life.

The greater portion of The Kalispel Indians covers the stubborn fight put up by this miniscule tribe for more than a century to protect its country from white miners, trespassing settlers, acquisitive railroads, and inept, dishonest bureaucrats imposing a U.S. Indian policy which often shifted and was seldom beneficial to the natives.

Tribal differences receive proper attention, as do attempts to improve education facilities and to engage in cattle raising on a major scale, as well as other agricultural activities.

Fahey states, "For the Kalispel tribe the Indian Reorganization Act stands as the beginning of modern times." After spirited campaigning, those favoring tribal incorporation under the act carried the day on November 17, 1934. This new legal identity set the stage for various subsequent attempts to achieve some economic stability and security for tribe members. Some went into cattle raising, some sold firewood and others marketed beadwork. Life was not easy during the Great Depression but they did survive.

A new chapter in the story opened in 1950 with the filing of a claims suit before the Indian Claims Commission, a special three-member tribunal established by the Federal Government. The Kalispel suit was settled for $3 million by Christmas, 1962, and was accepted by the tribe in the next month. There followed, however, 10 more years of congressional hassle before the money was distributed to the Indians in 1973.

These long-neglected Native Americans have finally attracted the attention and talents of a gifted and sympathetic chronicler.

Father William N. Bischoff, S.J., of Seattle University was a consultant and expert witness for the Kalispel tribe during their Indian Claims Commission case. He is the author of several books dealing with Pacific Northwest history.

Tradition and Change on the Northwest Coast.
Reviewed by Victoria Wyatt.

This book deals with continuity," states Ruth Kirk in her preface to Tradition and Change on the Northwest Coast, a study of the importance of tradition to contemporary Northwest Coast Indians. "Not even the social upheaval of losing nine out of every ten people to raging epidemics in the 19th century, not even the disorientation of changing to a new, cash economy with a more complex technological base, not even the acceptance of a new cosmology and religion—none of these broke native pride in the past or native ties to ancestral lands and waters. This is the remarkable continuity that fills these pages."

Kirk, a professional writer interested in culture and environment, focuses on three neighboring Northwest Coast language groups: the Nuu-chah-nulth, the Southern Kwakiutl and the Nuxalk. Text chapters encompass an impressive breadth of material. Part I, People of the Transition, honors contemporary elders as "living links with a past that is thousands of years old." Part II, The World That Was, examines traditional social organization, time-honored ceremonies, and daily life prior to contact with foreigners. Part III, Time's Flow, chronicles historical changes brought by foreign trade and settlement, and explores issues concerning cultural repression and appropriation of land. It describes changes still occurring on the Northwest Coast, and discusses future directions.

In all sections, Kirk quotes at length from interviews with Indians, who always are identified by name and often are illustrated in photographs. Numerous "special interest" inserts, in boxes intermingled with the main text, explain subsistence practices, highlight a specific memory, or recount a legend.

There are two flaws in this otherwise extraordinary book. One is the lack of citations, an omission which substantially reduces the value of the text to researchers. Just as importantly, after encouraging the interest of general readers with her engaging overview, Kirk misses great opportunities to point them towards more specialized sources they might want to explore. The brief bibliography includes several books by Native American writers.

Kirk's study brings Native voices to a wide audience, demonstrating how contemporary individuals give past traditions an honored role in their present lives. Valuable contributions like this should help promote understanding of the Northwest Coast Indians' strength in the past, and their cultural concerns today.

Victoria Wyatt is Assistant Professor of Art History at the University of Washington, and is the Burke Museum's Curator of Northwest Coast Indian Art.
The terms "handbook" and "encyclopedia" better identify the content in this Guide to the Indian Tribes of the Pacific Northwest. Short essays supply information regarding tribal names, languages, population statistics, material cultures, treaties and agreements with federal officials, prominent leaders, settlement patterns, and publications available to general readers. Some essays address traditional beliefs and practices as well as modern cultural patterns. The reader who seeks guidance about ethnographic change over time, specific applications of federal Indian policy, Indian-white relations at the grass roots, or the meanings of modern Indian cultural patterns will have to look elsewhere. A person who searches for data to use in publication or litigation should use this volume with care. From appearances, data comes mainly from books, articles and published sources. For this reason, its reliability is in some instances questionable, though no fault of the authors. Population statistics, for example, should be checked in manuscript sources. Figures ought to be verified in public or tribal documents created by local observers. Data in the text is reliable enough for general use, but should be checked in primary sources before used elsewhere in print.

A Guide to the Indian Tribes of the Pacific Northwest.


Reviewed by Herbert T. Hoover.

Father Wilfred P. Schoenberg, S.J., is both an active and a passionate historian. He makes history—as organizer of the Society of Jesus Pacific Northwest archives and founder of the Museum of Native American Culture—but he also writes history. Two of his early books are now regarded as classics: Jesuit Mission Presses in the Pacific Northwest (1957) and A Chronicle of the Catholic History of the Pacific Northwest, 1743-1960 (1962).

Since his appointment as Writer in Residence at Gonzaga University several years ago, Schoenberg has produced three books dealing with the religious men and women of the Pacific Northwest. Those Valiant Women (1986) is a history of the Sisters of St. Mary of Oregon, and Paths to the Northwest (1982) recounts the growth of the Oregon Province of the Society of Jesus. His latest volume, the book under review, is both an overview of Catholic history in the Pacific Northwest and a narrative companion to his reference book, A Chronicle of Catholic History.

Schoenberg possesses two great attributes as a writer of history. First of all, he re-creates, rather than merely narrates, his story. Though the text sometimes borders on the anecdotal, it is lively. Secondly, Schoenberg recognizes the importance of the 20th century. He knows that the recent past is often more interesting to the general reader than the distant past. Schoenberg begins at the beginning, but carries his History 83 years into the 20th century.

The complete story of Catholic activity in the Pacific Northwest is between the covers of this bulky book. Readers should take special notice of Schoenberg's summaries of the missionary frontier, the establishment of institutions of higher education in the region, and the anti-Catholic actions of the Ku Klux Klan in Oregon.

The book contains four good maps and is further illustrated with 103 historical photographs, regrettably all squeezed onto 16 pages. During the past 30 years Schoenberg has visited every ecclesiastical archive in the United States that contains material relevant to the Catholic history of the Pacific Northwest. As a result, this book contains more than 2,500 instructive footnotes for its 21 chapters. There is also an extensive index. Scholars, it seems, are as well served by Schoenberg's latest volume as are interested lay readers.


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HUNTING GOLD ON PIONEER TRAILS

Riding sidesaddle and wearing their long black habits, members of the first order of women religious to bring their services to the Northwest had to go on begging expeditions to raise money for the first hospitals and orphanages. This photograph, submitted by Sister Rita Bergamini, S.P., is from the archives of the Sacred Heart Province, Sisters of Providence, which in 1856 sent a contingent of sisters to Vancouver, Washington, only three years after Washington had become a territory. The leader of the pioneer order was Mother Joseph, who led the annual horseback trek. Their route covered logging and mining camps and small settlements in Eastern Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana, collecting thousands of dollars in nuggets, dust and coin. On May 1, 1980, a statue of Mother Joseph was placed alongside that of Marcus Whitman in Statuary Hall in the national Capitol.

Readers are invited to submit historical photographs for History Album. Columbia will pay $25 for each photograph published. If a photograph is to be returned, it must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

COLUMBIA  48  SPRING 1987
Almost Out of the World, by James G. Swan, edited by William A. Katz. Subtitled “Scenes from Washington Territory,” these are original newspaper articles by the Nisqually Indian chief and Indian agent who wrote the territory’s first printed book. 126 pp. Sale price: $5.00.


Exploration Northwest: A catalog of an exhibit of contemporary Washington artists who portrayed early Northwest trading and exploration. 35 pp. $1.50.

Era Meeker—Pioneer. An illustrated descriptive catalog of a manuscript collection held in the Hewitt Library at W.S.H.S. 42 pp. $1.00.


The Hidden World of Virna Haffer, by Richard Frederick. These unusual photographs and photographs were taken from a W.S.H.S. exhibit of the work of master photographer Virna Haffer. 32 pp. Sale price: $1.25.

H.M. Chittenden: A Western Epic, edited by Bruce LaRoe. Soldier, engineer, historian and author, Chittenden tells of opening Yellowstone and exploring fur trade trails through his recently discovered letters and journals. 136 pp. $10.00.

The Hidden Mine, by Nigel B. Adams. Subtitled “Discovery to Production 1896-1938,” this is the definitive account of an important North Cascades mine written by a man whose childhood was passed in Holdem. 87 pp. Sale price: $3.00.

The Indian Woodcarvings of Harvey Kyllonen, by Richard Frederick. The only published, illustrated account of the master carver who taught contemporary Indians their lost art. 24 pp. $2.00.


More About the Whitmans, with commentary by Clifford M. Drury. Four previously unpublished letters of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman give an interesting viewpoint of contemporary events at Walla Walla. 22 pp. $2.00.

North Pacific Frontiers, by Richard Frederick. Original color photos of Pacific locations are accompanied by appropriate quotations from the journals of explorers. 91 pp. Sale price: $5.00.

Northwest Chiefs, by David L. Nicander. Subtitled “Gustav Sohon’s Views of the 1855 Stevens Treaty Councils.” Nearly 70 of the artist’s drawings are accompanied by a text that includes an account of the treaties and biographical material on the chiefs 92 pp. $9.50.

The Pig War, by Keith Murray. The first instance of international arbitration ended the San Juan Island war between Great Britain and the United States, in which the only casualty was a pig. 84 pp. $2.00.

Place Names of Washington, by Robert Hitchman. More than 7,000 entries detail how, when and why the names of our state came about, written over a 30-year period by a past president of W.S.H.S. 340 pp. $24.95.
ГЕРОЙСКИЙ БЕСПОСАДОЧНЫЙ ПЕРЕЛЕТ МОСКВА—СЕВЕРНЫЙ ПОЛЮС—СОЕДИНИЕННЫЕ ШТАТЫ АМЕРИКИ

ВЧЕРА В 20 Ч., В ЧЕТВЕРГ.

В. П. ЧНАЛОВ
ГЕРОЙ СОВЕТСКОГО СОЮЗА

Г. Ф. БАЙДУКОВ
ГЕРОЙ СОВЕТСКОГО СОЮЗА

А. В. БЕЛЯКОВ
ГЕРОЙ СОВЕТСКОГО СОЮЗА

ГОРЯЧИЙ ПРИВЕТ СТАЛИНСКИМ ПИТОМЦАМ, ОТВАЖНЫМ И МУЖЕСТВЕННЫМ ЛЕТЧИКАМ НАШЕЙ РОДИНЫ

КРАТЧАЙШИЙ ПУТЬ ПО ВОЗДУХУ ИЗ МОСКВЫ В АМЕРИКУ ПРОХОДИТ ЧЕРЕЗ СЕВЕРНЫЙ ПОЛЮС

For a partial translation see the back cover caption on the Contents page.