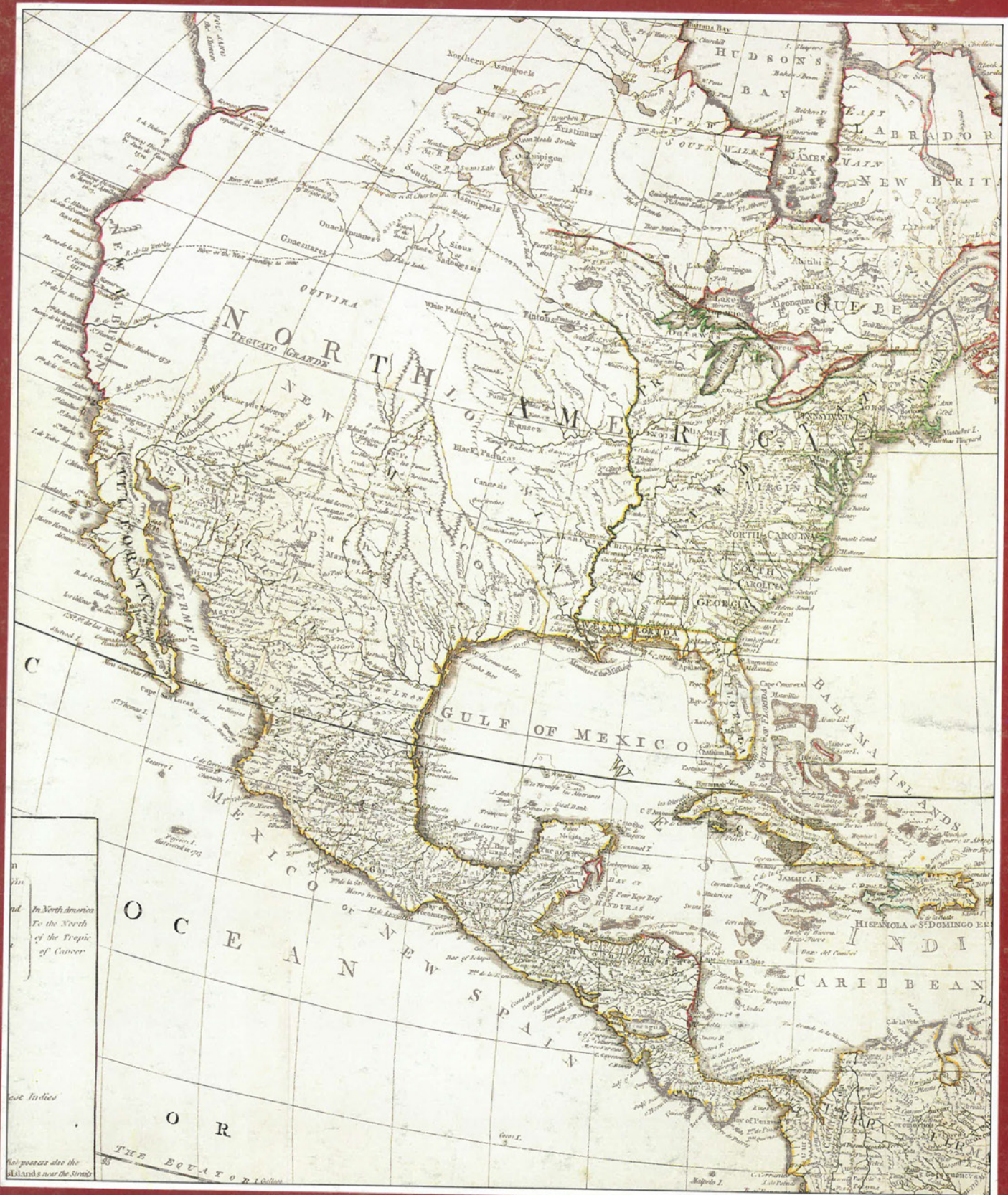


COLUMBIA

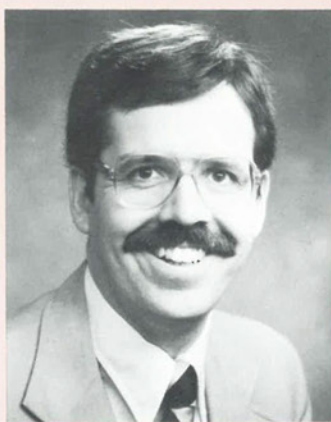
THE MAGAZINE OF NORTHWEST HISTORY ▪ FALL 1987 ▪ \$3.00



Nicandri is the new director

The Washington State Historical Society's newly appointed director, who possesses unusually extensive credentials, is David L. Nicandri. He emerged as the best of more than 60 applicants for the position that became vacant 11 months ago. For the last 14 years he has been curator of history at the State Capital Museum in Olympia. He has written extensively on Northwest historical subjects, built exhibits about Northwest history, and explained and interpreted that history to numerous audiences over the years. His active role in organizational work, in and outside the historical field, has provided him with the kind of experience that is invaluable to the head of an organization responsible to a large membership and, indirectly, to the public itself. The Society, while functioning independently, is an official arm of the state, charged with gathering, preserving and displaying the materials and records of Washington's fascinating past.

When the former director, Anthony King, resigned to take another position in New York, Brig. Gen. David O. Byars, U.S. Army (retired), who was a member of the Board of Curators, was asked to step into the breach. Although he was already burdened with the responsibility of directing preparation for the Smithsonian's Wilkes Expedition exhibit, coming to our Tacoma museum in October, he agreed, but not expecting that so much time would be needed to search for and find a permanent director. He has filled the position with distinction during an exceptionally busy period and the Society is sincerely grateful to him.



David L. Nicandri, the Washington State Historical Society's new director.

The Wilkes exhibit opens in October

Soon after this issue of *Columbia* is distributed, "The Magnificent Voyagers, The U.S. Exploring Expedition 1838-42" exhibit will arrive at the Washington State Historical Society Museum on Stadium Way in Tacoma. The exhibit will be open from October 3 through December 27.

It could not be displayed more appropriately anywhere else (unless there were a place to show it in Antarctica) because of the time and attention given to the Northwest by Wilkes and his men. When they came to Puget Sound in 1841 they explored; drew maps; gave names to numerous waters, islands and various rises and protrusions of land; collected whatever was interesting—Indian possessions, botanical specimens, minerals, fish, birds and animals; made a record of it all; and assembled it in the national capital where, along with what was gathered on the four-

year cruise on the Pacific Ocean and adjacent waters, it was to become the foundation of the Smithsonian Institution's original holdings.

From the windows of our museum, and its open deck high above Commencement Bay, one can look out upon the waters where Wilkes's ships anchored at one point in the exploration of the South Sound area.

The Wilkes exhibit will be open to the public from 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tuesdays through Sundays. Organizations and businesses may reserve the museum for evening events at which time those attending will be able to have private tours of the exhibition.

For an overview of Wilkes's accomplishments, we recommend David Buerge's article "The Wilkes Expedition in the Pacific Northwest" in the Spring 1987 issue of *Columbia*.

Good news from Olympia

Despite the tight-purse atmosphere that prevailed in Olympia during the last legislative session, the work of the Society was considered to be of sufficient worth to justify some modest additions to its budget that will enable projected and long-planned programs to be carried forward. These include the second phase of a complete redesign and rebuilding of the museum exhibits, the addition of an assistant director, and a \$70,000 contribution to the \$250,000 "Magnificent Voyagers" budget. The Society is particularly grateful to Rep. Dan Grimm, Sen. Lorraine Wojahn, Sen. Al Williams and former Sen. Bruce Wilson for seeing that the interests of this institution were not overlooked in the struggle with much larger budgetary concerns.

The categories of membership are as follows:

Individual	\$20
Family	\$30
Senior/Student	\$15
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Washington State Historical Society

315 North Stadium Way
Tacoma, WA 98403
(206) 593-2830

A year's subscription to either *Columbia* or *Pacific Northwest Quarterly* is included with membership. A member should specify which has been selected. Both may be obtained through payment of an additional \$8.

COLUMBIA

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A quarterly publication of the
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COLUMBIA

THE MAGAZINE OF NORTHWEST HISTORY • FALL 1987



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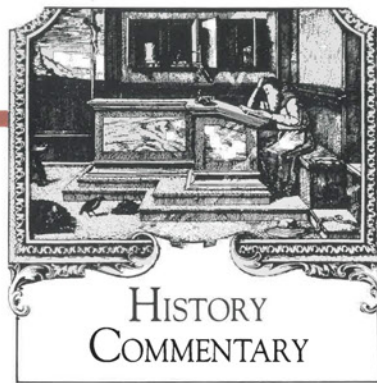
Recent books of interest on Northwest history.

Edited by Robert C. Carriker

History Album 48

Technology meets the barnyard in 1930s Redmond.

Front cover: The contrast between the newness of Northwest America and the long-settled region along the Atlantic seaboard is emphasized by this 1786 map. It shows that at the time the Constitution was being written, cartographers did not even know that Puget Sound was anything more than a short inlet. This map, from the University of Washington's Northwest Collections, is by J. B. B. d'Anville. It is entitled, "A new map of the whole continent of America." Off the mouth of what is identified as the "river of the West according to some" are the words, "Opening discovered by Juan de Fuca 1592." Actually that opening was the strait farther north to which the Spaniard's name was given. The inlet to the Sound is identified on this map as "George's Sound where Capt. Cook repaired in 1778." Vancouver Island was unknown. For some thoughts on the history of the Northwest, see page 2. **Back cover:** The Olympic Hotel was designed in the grand manner and so, unlike many others, was deemed deserving of remodeling and restoration, rather than demolition, when it grew old. An example of its grandness is this elliptical staircase, flanked by Corinthian columns, taking guests up to the spacious Assembly Lounge and the Spanish Ballroom. For a history of the hotel, see page 3.



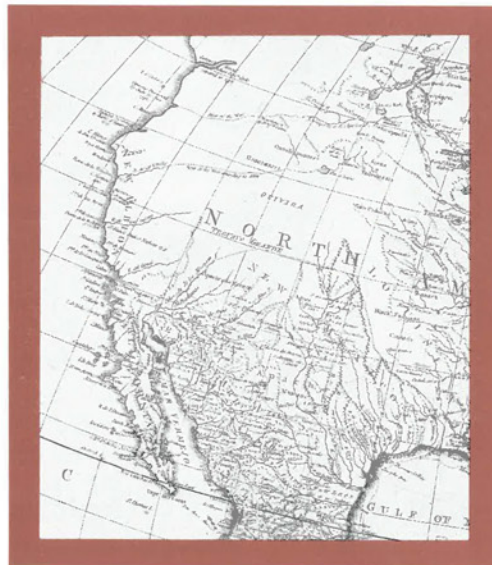
A late start does not make history insignificant.

Those years between the beginnings and the present that Lincoln measured as four score and seven have lengthened now to ten score, bringing that durable document, the Constitution, past its first two centuries. During the hot summer of 1787 what is described now as the “miracle of Philadelphia” took place in the city on the Delaware where was brought into being a formula for government that united in permanent bond the newly independent colonies. Anyone who has served on a committee to draft even a set of bylaws for a neighborhood club can appreciate why the successful formulation of the blueprint for a nation was considered miraculous.

Philadelphia is making much of the bicentennial of the Constitution, as well it should, for already at this writing the lines of people eager to visit Independence Hall and the other buildings used by the delegates in 1787 are lengthening. It is a tourist bonanza for Benjamin Franklin-land and, as one of those visitors recently, I reveled in being there at the center place of national history, and driving a way north to visit Andalusia, the well-cared-for estate of Nicholas Biddle, famous in the East as the father of American banking, but little remembered there for an achievement that makes him important to the West. To him, a brilliant man, were entrusted the journals of Lewis and Clark, to be revised and edited for first publication.

The drafting of the Constitution, the real beginning of the United States, took place in 1787, bringing union to the several colonies along the Atlantic seaboard where our history on this continent had begun more than two centuries earlier. But seventeen years were to go by before the exploration of the West even began. In 1804 Lewis and Clark set forth.

The map on the cover of this issue was produced at approximately the same time as the Constitution and is presented to emphasize that when the forefathers were creating order out of revolutionary chaos,



nothing at all had been accomplished at the hands of Europeans or their descendants in the Pacific Northwest because none were here. Not one log cabin, not one boat or road. The land belonged to the natives, blissfully unaware that it could ever be taken from them.

Because recorded history began much later here in the West, and because nothing that has occurred here since Lewis and Clark can even approximately match the epochal proportions of the War for Independence, the Civil War, the Industrial Revolution, or the creations of literature and the arts—all a part of Eastern history—there are those who consider our Western history to be of little interest, if not actually inconsequential.

Lest anyone be misled into such a line of thinking, let it be asked whether the history of Western Europe deserves less attention than the Middle East in the times that Josephus wrote about. Britain was as little known when he was recording the wars and conflicts of Biblical times as Puget Sound was when the Constitutional Convention was held in Philadelphia.

The West came on late, that is true, and its history is concerned less with conflict than with making civilization grow in a new land. Ours is a history of what happened after adventurous emigrants came to claim the raw land and begin the process of building, when everything—towns, roads, local governments, institutions—had to be provided by those willing to be pioneers. The West Coast blossomed the way the East Coast did; it just happened later.

Because our history came on late, after so much had already occurred way back yonder, it does not follow that our history is of less consequence—not as exciting, perhaps, and certainly not as bloody, but exciting enough to be worth the growing attention it is getting as the years go by and the mists that come with the earliness of the day rise to reveal what is really here to be seen.

—John McClelland, Jr.



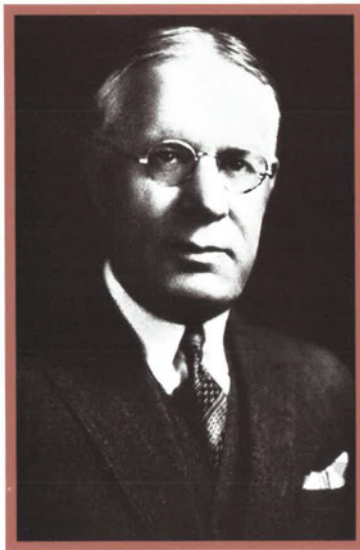
Seattle Public Library

The GRAND OLYMPIC

Built by public subscription to fill a pressing economic need,
it became a Northwest showpiece in the '20s.



By Nancy Allison Wright and Barbara Aydelott



Special Collections Division, University of Washington Libraries

ABOVE: Albert S. Kerry, almost single-handedly, drove the Olympic Hotel into existence.

OVERLEAF: In the '20s the Olympic Hotel was as stunning a piece of hotel architecture as the city of Seattle had ever seen.

What was for a long time Washington's grandest hotel—a monument to extraordinary civic enterprise in its largest city—has been spared the fate that numerous passing years have brought to most American hotels built in bygone eras. The Olympic Hotel, the pride of Seattle through most of its six decades, is enjoying new life in an era when preservation is the acceptable and often profitable alternative to destruction of something well and soundly built and possessing enduring beauty and a heritage that deserve not to be lost.

A few other great old hotels are being similarly treated, such as the famous Willard, locked and ignored a few blocks from the White House for many years, now restored and recently reopened.

The Olympic's claim to fame lies in its long service as the center of civic activity in Seattle from 1924 until the era of high-rise hotel building began with the Washington Plaza in 1967. The Olympic is notable because it came into being, not as a venture surely destined for business success, for it was never that, but because Seattle needed it and the people of the area were willing to put up the money to build it.

At the end of World War I the Puget Sound region faced a severe economic crisis. Government orders for a

steady stream of vessels from the shipyards were canceled overnight. In 1919 industrial employment in Seattle exceeded 40,000. By 1921 the number had dwindled to 13,000. The desperate need for new local enterprise caused Seattle leaders to explore other ways to help restore lost prosperity. And then it was noticed that something new was occurring on the American scene.

Large organizations, regional and national, were staging annual conventions which could be held only in cities with adequate hotel and banquet facilities. Seattle's hotel facilities were inadequate for conventions. The Butler was the first sizable hotel, and the New Washington was the largest and considered to be one of the most luxurious on the coast. (It still stands, converted to a retirement home.) But if Seattle was to compete with bigger cities for conventions, it would have to build a really large and grand hotel.

Hotel chains then were small and few. Other cities undertaking to build hotels were doing it on their own and Seattle would have to do likewise. In 1920 a citizens' committee was appointed through the Chamber of Commerce to formulate a plan. A. J. Rhodes was named the chairman and Frank Waterhouse, president of the chamber, was selected as president of the corporation formed to build a hotel.

The first order of business was to select a site. Several were available. The retail district centered on First and Second avenues and the merchants there hoped the hotel could be on one of those streets. Landowners in the Denny Regrade area, to the north, wanted it there.

Another site was two blocks up the hill from the retailing area on land where the University of Washington was founded, and which was still owned by the university. Originally heavily wooded, it had been donated to the city by Seattle founders, including Arthur Armstrong Denny, as the site for a school.

Clarence Bagley—son of Daniel Bagley, who was known as the father of the university—helped



ABOVE: In this cartoon, titled "Service!", Civic Enterprise sets a completed Olympic Hotel before a delighted Seattle. This cartoon by Thurlby and the cartoons by Slaymaker on pages 7 and 10 ran in the *Seattle Times* on December 7, 1924, to celebrate the opening night of the Olympic Hotel.

RIGHT: This architect's rendering of the entrance on Seneca Street was used in bond promotion literature.

OLYMPIC

Located in the heart of the business district of Seattle, Washington, this \$4,400,000 hotel, with its 600 guest rooms, spacious lobby, attractive restaurant and numerous private dining rooms, with grill room and cafeteria, will be one of the most satisfactory hotels in America.



Architects—George B. Post & Sons

Builders—Grant Smith & Co.

To be operated by the
OLYMPIC HOTEL COMPANY

Officers:

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 C. D. STIMSON, 1st Vice-President

ROY CARRUTHERS, 2nd Vice-President
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JAMES D. HOGE, Treasurer

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 J. LENFELD DAMON

FREDERICK W. ROCKWELL



Four Seasons Olympic Hotel

The original crest of the Olympic Hotel is still etched on the bronze elevator door of the Four Seasons Olympic Hotel.

clear the site. Looking back, he remarked, "People nowadays [1924] have no conception of the growth of timber we had to clear. The land was worth, I should judge, about \$10 an acre, but it cost \$2,900 an acre to clear it."

Thirty-four years later when the university had outgrown this downtown campus—and when the site of Seattle's first great collective endeavor, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, north of Lake Union, became available—the university was relocated, leaving the downtown site vacant. The state put it up for lease, specifying that it be developed so that income would be provided to the university, and the lease was awarded to enterprising developer James A. Moore.

Moore was approached by a young lawyer, recently arrived in the city, John Francis Douglas, who looked at the lease, decided no one could afford to abide by its terms, and went to Moore with his conclusions. This led Moore to get the legislature to revise the lease. He then retained Douglas to undertake development.

When the hotel project was started, Douglas saw an opportunity. The block in what came to be called the Metropolitan Tract between Fourth and Fifth avenues, where the Metropolitan Theater stood, would be the ideal hotel site, he concluded. He persisted in saying so despite the objections of those with investments down on First and Second avenues, who said people wouldn't climb the steep hill to get to a hotel built so high up.

One day, while the site selection controversy was raging, Douglas made a daring move. He sent a steam shovel and a dump truck to his site and ordered digging to begin. The word spread that work on the hotel had actually begun. The *Post-Intelligencer* sent a reporter. Douglas made himself unavailable and the reporter could get no confirmation that the work begun was really for

the hotel. Certain that it had a story, and not wanting to be scooped by the afternoon papers, the *P.-I.* had headlines the next morning saying that the indecision over the site of the proposed hotel had indeed ended.

Albert S. Kerry, who had succeeded Waterhouse as head of the hotel enterprise, and others involved in the project were astounded, and in the subsequent confusion finally agreed that the site on the hill was the best.

There followed the next two vital steps—getting plans drawn and raising the capital. Several architectural firms were invited to present proposals, and the one selected was George B. Post and Sons of New York. They visualized a 600-room structure that could be expanded to 850. Since the Metropolitan Theater, built in 1911, was a Seattle institution and couldn't be demolished or moved, the hotel would simply be wrapped around it, utilizing the rest of the block.

As for the funding, it was to be accomplished through a sale of securities to the general public. This called for professional guidance furnished by an outside firm skilled in organizing money-raising endeavors. The goal was \$2.7 million and it was to be raised in a whirlwind, 24-day campaign.

More than 400 volunteer salespersons were recruited and assigned to eight divisions headed by 40 team captains. At early-morning meetings enthusiasm was engendered by the singing of songs and effusive praises for the teams that had made the best showing the day before. Daily totals were displayed on a scoreboard 9 feet high and 42 feet long.

The public responded with enthusiasm. On the first day subscriptions totaled \$1.6 million. By the campaign's end the goal had been reached, and 3,050 citizens had demonstrated their Seattle spirit by purchasing the 25-year, seven-percent first mortgage gold bonds. Stock shares were printed in the name of the "Kind Words Club" for the "Kind Words Clubhouse."

The first test of loyalty to the project came when the corporation announced that the construction bids had exceeded the estimated costs by nearly one-half. An additional \$2 million would be needed to build the hotel the city dreamed of. Surprisingly, 87 percent of the subscribers agreed to the issuing of additional six-percent first mortgage bonds to make up the difference, but the other 13 percent, "a crop of quitters," as Kerry called them, demanded their money back. Annoyed, Kerry determined to complete the job without appealing to the public for another dollar. As a result, he engaged the national firm of Blyth, Witter and Company to underwrite the second issue of bonds. (The local bond purchasers did not get their money back.)



Seattle Public Library

The Olympic under construction, viewed from the corner of Fifth and University. The dark building at right is the Metropolitan Theater. In 1929, another 11-story wing, adding 300 rooms, was built on top of the three-story section on the corner.

From the day the Olympic was completed, few denied it was worth the \$5.5 million it cost, including furnishings. Most remarkable, the construction of the hotel was completed one month ahead of schedule and in the record time of nine months. Kerry said they simply couldn't afford delays, not even one month. "It would have cost an additional \$40,000, and we didn't have it." Construction went on six days a week, 10 hours a day.



At 8 p.m. on October 31, 1924, when the Community Hotel Corporation turned the hotel over to the Olympic Hotel Company, Kerry blew two long blasts on the whistle atop the *Seattle Times* building. That was the signal to switch a lever and turn on all the lights in every room of the hotel so that the community could see it illuminated as it might never be seen again.

How did the citizens of Seattle respond to the culmination of their efforts? "It's a fulfillment of a dream more perfect than the dream itself," rhapsodized the *Seattle Times*. "The completion of the Olympic Hotel is an epochal accomplishment. It is a milestone in our civic life." Other newspaper accounts of the day ranked the opening in historical importance with the discovery of gold in the Klondike and the establishment of regular steamship lines to the Orient. Only two projects prior to

RIGHT: Because the Olympic was built to attract conventions to Seattle, its public spaces were made unusually large. Every piece of furniture in the Assembly Lounge, as in all public rooms, was specially designed for the hotel.

building the Olympic had demanded as much dedication from the community or drawn as much enthusiasm: the building of the battleship *Nebraska* and the financing of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

The opening party on December 6, 1924, was designed to be the largest and most elaborate social function in Seattle's history. Close to 2,500 residents and out-of-town guests dined and danced at the Olympic that night. Six orchestras played. Former city councilman Al Rochester, now 92, attended the formal opening. "We strolled from room to room celebrating the occasion," he recalls. "There was never anything like it." (First to sign the guest book were Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Kerry. Fifty-five years later his son Albert S. Kerry, Jr., and his wife Audrey were the first signatures on the guest book of the renovated Four Seasons Olympic.)

From the day of its opening, the hotel—and that was what the Olympic was called, "the hotel"—was the community's social center. Matrons who were members of Seattle's social elite began meeting at the Olympic for Monday luncheons in the stately Georgian Room. Douglas's wife introduced the idea of such weekly luncheons after observing the popularity of similar events at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco.

The Monday luncheons, often followed by fashion shows or other forms of entertainment, quickly became so popular that society editors from the three dailies attended the soirees and printed the entire Georgian Room guest lists in their newspapers the next day. They noted who was hosting whom, and who wore what. Virginia Boren of the *Seattle Times* said that, in the Georgian Room, "Monday blues evaporate like so much dew under a summer sun."

In its heyday the Olympic Hotel exerted its influence far and wide. The Olympic orchestras were "on the air" almost daily. Music, as well as other features from the hotel, were broadcast over local radio station KFOA. Maestro William Hoffman's concert orchestra reached up and down the Pacific coast from Alaska to Southern California five days a week, and Eddie Harness sent forth his dance music from the Marine Room three nights a



week. For five years from 1937 until 1942 the hotel published its own magazine, called the *Olympic Review*. The quarterly journal contained interviews with hotel celebrities and featured articles about the glories of the Pacific Northwest.

To paraphrase a slogan from the Plaza Hotel in New York: Little that was unimportant to the city of Seattle happened at the Olympic. A men's club, reportedly founded by William Boeing, Sr., occupied a series of rooms on the fourth floor. The "Olympic Roundtable," a



Seattle Public Library

group of prominent Seattle businessmen, met in the hotel's grill daily beginning in the 1940s. Six presidents of the United States were guests while in office. Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie, Japan's Crown Prince Akihito and the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Philip of England, were also prominent guests.

Hotel lore tells the story of the day Col. Roscoe Turner, the famous aviator, brought his lion cub to the hotel where, sitting in its room on an elegant chair, it cried like a puppy until its owner returned. When flier

Charles Lindbergh visited the hotel shortly after his transatlantic flight an overexuberant public tore buttons off his vest and ripped segments from his clothes before he could be rescued.

Not all Olympic guests just passed through; some established permanent residences in the hotel. In 1933 *Seattle Times* publisher and editor Col. Alden B. Blethen built a luxury penthouse, complete with dog run, on top of the hotel. After six years he and his family moved out, supposedly unhappy about vibrations in the penthouse caused by nearby elevator machinery. Joe Gottstein, the late racing tycoon, once lived at the Olympic. Labor leader Dave Beck checked out of McNeil Island penitentiary and into a suite at the Olympic, living there under the code name "Mr. Sweet." Senator Warren G. Magnuson made the Olympic his home when he was a young King County prosecutor.

The hotel added 300 rooms in 1929, to improve its ability to handle conventions. They became known as the "Willy Loman rooms" because they were small and suitable for traveling salesmen. The addition brought the total number of rooms to 756.

But behind all this visibility and celebrity was a dismal financial picture, and in 1933 the pride of the community declared bankruptcy. Rescue came in 1934 under section 77-B of the financial reorganization act, a part of New Deal legislation.

In 1943 attorney William Edris gained controlling interest in the hotel by purchasing its mortgage notes. Twelve years later he assigned his lease to Western Hotels (now Westin Hotels). By the mid-'70s, with the Western Hotels lease drawing to a close in 1979, the Olympic faced its gravest crisis. A study commissioned by the university's board of regents concluded that the hotel was not architecturally significant or historically valuable. It maintained that leaving the hotel in its present state would mean a gradual drop in occupancy as competition sprang up and anticipated that the hotel would not be economically viable for more than 10 years.

However, lucky timing, plus a loyal citizenry, combined to save the old landmark. An era of historic preservation had finally come about after several other buildings in the university's tract had succumbed to the wrecker's ball. Spurred on by citizen concern, Washington's senate and house of representatives passed a resolution to encourage the regents to retain the Olympic. In June 1979 the Olympic was listed on the National Register of Historic Places. And the regents, who were leaning toward restoration anyway, came out in favor of an extensive remodeling contract.



Seattle Times

Debutante parties, proms and wedding receptions enlivened the ballrooms of the Olympic frequently. The Christmas Ball, established in 1946, was patterned after the Debutante Ball in San Francisco. The bandleader is in the foreground.



In January 1980 the board signed a new 60-year lease with Four Seasons Hotels Limited of Toronto and Urban Investment and Development Company of Chicago. On September 30 the hotel was closed for major restoration and renovating. It opened May 23, 1982, as the Four Seasons Olympic.

The renovation, which cost \$60 million, was the largest such private project ever undertaken in the U.S. at the time. Widely acclaimed, it was awarded the 1982 Outstanding Project Award from the



Washington Trust for Historic Preservation.

Pairs of small rooms were combined into large rooms and new furnishings and bathrooms provided. The ballroom, built when the Metropolitan Theater was demolished, was replaced by a large cocktail lounge atrium. The Olympic's best-known features—the high-ceilinged, spacious lobby, still the largest in the city, and the elegant Georgian Room—were not changed. The new Four Seasons Olympic retains enough of its old charm to continue to be admired and cherished by the city it has served through three generations.

Nancy Allison Wright is a Seattle-based free-lance writer. She specializes in history and biography. Barbara Aydelott is a lifelong resident of Seattle, whose interest in the Olympic Hotel stems from a research project at Washington State University.

PIG WAR LETTERS

A romantic lieutenant's account of the San Juan crisis.



By Keith A. Murray

Two unusual and previously unknown letters written by Captain Lewis C. Hunt of the United States Army to a Mrs. McBlair in New York State in 1859 have recently come to light in the library of the Washington State Historical Society. Hunt was in command of a detachment of American troops that occupied San Juan Island during the boundary dispute known as the "Pig War." In these letters, he discusses the events that led to his being placed in command, and the actions of British Rear Admiral R. Lambert Baynes, who prevented an outbreak of war between Britain and the United States.

Hunt also pays tribute to Major General Winfield Scott, who cooperated with the admiral in bringing about a peaceful solution to the boundary dispute. Hunt thought considerably less of his immediate superior, Brig. Gen. William S. Harney. He dismissed future Confederate General George Pickett as inexperienced and a man of poor judgment. It is evident that Hunt liked women, and the more beautiful they were, the better he liked them. He read a great deal (though his spelling is not exemplary) and he seems to have subscribed to the idea that there was "a patriotic conspiracy" to incite a war between Great Britain and the United States which would unite the hot-headed leaders of both North and South in 1859 against a common, foreign foe and end the division between those sections.

The origins of the controversy of 1859-72 lay in the ambiguous wording of the Treaty of Washington between Great Britain and the United States, signed in 1846. In that document, the British government renounced its claims to the Columbia River as a boundary between British and American hegemony in favor of a line following the 49th parallel to the Strait of Georgia and "to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island; and thence southerly through the middle of said channel, and of Fuca Straits, to the Pacific Ocean..." Unfortunately there are several channels that might be said to run southerly between the two straits through the San Juan archipelago, the two main ones being the Canal de Haro to the west of San Juan Island and Rosario Strait to the west of Lummi Island. Both of these channels had been marked by the cartographer of Galiano's explorations aboard the *Sutil* and *Mexicana* in 1791.

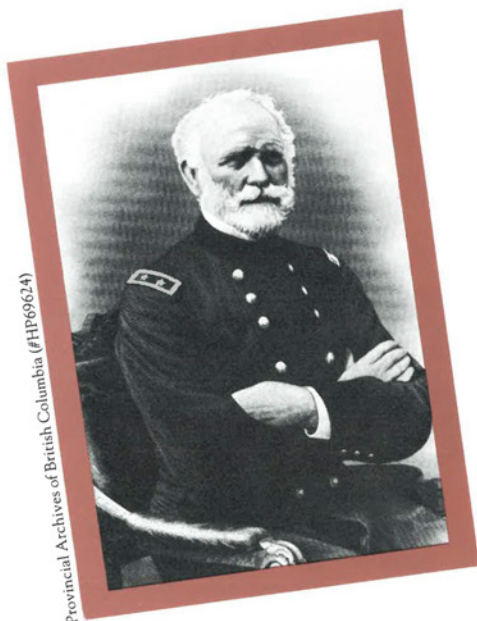
The Americans living in Washington Territory claimed there was overwhelming evidence to support their claim to de Haro, for it was much wider and deeper than Rosario, though it does not run "southerly." The British on



An army uniform, that of a sergeant major of infantry, at the time of the San Juan crisis, just before the Civil War. The rifles are muzzle loaders.

Vancouver Island claimed that surely Rosario was the intended boundary because the Spanish had named it and Vancouver had used it on his 1792 expedition to the inland waters of Puget Sound and the Gulf of Georgia.

American naval Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, who visited the Pacific Northwest in 1841, marked de Haro as the main channel through the islands. The Hudson's Bay Company of Fort Victoria produced the Vancouver charts to show



Captain William S. Harney, shown here as a two-star general, was the impetuous commander of troops in Bellingham who, without authority, risked armed conflict by sending troops to San Juan Island to enforce U.S. claims to it.

that his explorations had followed the Rosario route. There the matter rested for the next 12 years.

Although the British Hudson's Bay Company, in defiance of American claims to ownership of San Juan, occasionally pastured sheep on the island (which they called Bellevue Island), no one really cared. There was a brief argument about the sheep operation owing taxes to Whatcom County, but the company ignored the asserted tax obligation,

even when a few sheep were seized to pay "back taxes." It did make *pro forma* objections, but that was all. It had made few objections earlier when the Oregon territorial legislature created Island County, including Camano and Whidbey islands as well as the San Juan group. The next year the new Washington Territory transferred the San Juans to Whatcom County, but the British ignored this as irrelevant since the islands didn't belong to the United States anyway.

During the conflicts between American settlers and native Americans over lands in Washington Territory during 1856-58, the Hudson's Bay authorities in Victoria were friendly enough to assist the acting governor of Washington with military supplies when he requested their aid. During the same period, though not related to the troubles over treaty rights, Indian raiders from Alaska came into Puget Sound to kidnap Indian victims to take north as slaves. On one such raid they also killed a Whidbey Island white man, and took his head north. Following this incident, 40 settlers in Whatcom county asked for protection from other Alaskan raiders, and General John Wool, commander of the Army of the Pacific, sent two officers and over 100 men to forts Bellingham and Townsend to protect both settlers and local Indians from the belligerent northerners.

In the summer of 1857 gold discoveries along the Fraser River in British Columbia complicated matters considerably, for several thousand gold hunters came to Washington and Vancouver Island from California to seek passage to the fortunes thought to be had along the banks of the Fraser. By early 1859 it was abundantly clear that while there was gold there, it was not as rich as they had been told it was. A number of them abandoned the search and returned to Washington, and 16 took claims on San Juan Island. One of these was a restless man named Lyman Cutler.

Cutler is almost unknown, but he must have been cantankerous. He squatted on land almost immediately adjacent

to the Hudson's Bay Company operations. The company agent, Charles John Griffin, not only supervised the herders and the flocks of sheep, but also controlled a number of cattle and hogs, which was part of the company policy of making each post self-supporting. These animals were allowed to run loose. When Cutler put in a garden, Griffin's animals wandered across and through it without restraint. Cutler then erected a fence of sorts. One side of the barrier was not entirely completed even by early June, but was temporarily marked with several piles of brush loosely tossed into heaps. Cutler asked agent Griffin to fence in his livestock. Griffin answered that Cutler would have to protect his own vegetables, for he was a trespasser on British soil. Cutler is reported to have asserted that Washington territorial officials had told him he did have a right to be there, that the island was American, and that any citizen of the United States living there would be protected.

Griffin still refused to restrain his animals, and on June 15, when Cutler emerged from his cabin, he saw a boar, undeterred by the brush barricade, rooting up his potato patch. Enraged, Cutler seized his gun and chased the pig from his garden. When the pig stopped running, he took aim and shot it dead.

As it turned out, this was the first, last, and only casualty of the "war."

Cutler admitted to Griffin that he had shot the pig and offered to pay \$10 as compensation. Griffin scorned the offer, saying the animal was worth much more, and threatened to have Cutler arrested and taken to Victoria for trial.

During the next three weeks nothing happened, but two persons in authority, Sir James Douglas, governor of Vancouver Island, and General Harney, who had replaced General Wool as commanding officer of the Pacific Coast military forces, decided independently to force the issue and settle the question of which nation had jurisdiction over the island, and what was to be done about disputes between its British and American inhabitants.

Douglas was a thoroughly competent



executive whose governmental functions conflicted with his job with the company. Accordingly, he resigned from the company and became the chief executive of the British government for the Pacific Northwest. He has been described as a man whose physical size commanded respect wherever he went. General Harney, on the other hand, based his authority on his military position. He was impulsive to the point of rashness, and during the Mexican War and subsequent troubles with the Plains Indians of Nebraska Territory had often been in the bad graces of his superior officers. He had strange problems with his associates. His wife divorced him, and

many of his military associates hated him. He punished some junior officers for trivial infractions of military regulations, which in a frontier post such as Fort Vancouver was unusual. General Harney was unlike most other army commanders in the area, who frequently sided with Indians or Hudson's Bay officials against the American settlers. Harney consulted with the territorial governor, who was also inclined to dismiss British complaints without a hearing. Harney would have been supported had he confined his attacks to the Hudson's Bay Company, but when he treated the British government itself with contempt and hostility, he was on dangerous ground.

This map was published in 1872 to show how arbitration settled the long controversy over the islands in the San Juan group.

Harney supported Cutler's right to kill Griffin's pig. Douglas insisted as governor that the pig incident was only incidental to the question of whether the United States or Great Britain possessed San Juan Island.

The general then decided without orders of any kind to occupy the island in the name of the United States. He transferred Captain Pickett from Fort



Provincial Archives of British Columbia (#HP81387)

ABOVE: If armed conflict had erupted on San Juan Island, American troops, here posing with one of their two small pieces of artillery, could by no means have matched the fire of the three British naval vessels that were ready to bombard them from just offshore. Lieut. Richard Roche, R.N., was the photographer.

TOP RIGHT: The northern portion of English Camp showing a fenced garden and tents used by the troops. Above the garden four marines stand at attention, looking at the photographer, Lieutenant Roche, who was probably in the upper story of the camp's blockhouse.

Bellingham, together with his entire command, to Cattle Point on San Juan Island. His justification was protecting the 16 settlers from the "Northern Indians of British Columbia and the Russian possessions," and "to afford adequate protection to the American citizens in their rights as such and to resist all attempts at interference by the British authorities residing on Vancouver's Island." In the same week Harney transferred Colonel Silas C. Casey from Port Townsend to Fort Steilacoom, effectively making Pickett the ranking officer in the trouble zone.

In late July, the British sent three small warships to train their collective guns on Pickett's 18 tents and two small cannon. There were 975 men aboard the warships, though less than a hundred were combat troops, facing one company

of American infantrymen.

Fortunately, the British wanted no international incident, and waited until Rear Admiral R. Lambert Baynes could get there, which would be very soon. In early August, he landed at Esquimalt, a few miles northwest of Fort Victoria. Governor Douglas explained the situation to him as quickly as possible. Baynes shrugged off Sir James's demands that he avenge "national honor" and in return told the governor some staggering news of what had been going on in other parts of the world that made war between England and the United States highly undesirable.

Unknown to Douglas, as well as Harney or Pickett, the balance of power in the world had changed suddenly during the period between the demise of the unfortunate boar and the arrival of



Baynes. The relatively insignificant Kingdom of Sardinia-Piedmont had allied with France, and together they had shattered the Austrian armies in three battles at Palestro, Magenta and Solferino during the month of June. The Austrians began to withdraw from their Italian holdings by July 1, and at once revolutions in Tuscany, Parma and Modena drove the Austrian-supporting rulers of these areas from their capitals. Italy was well on its way to unification, and a new Great Power was about to take its place in European affairs. England and Russia went into a state of highest alert to wait for the outcome, and to learn how all these events would affect their national policies. As though Baynes's news were not enough, Douglas received a memorandum signed by seven Hudson's Bay officials advising

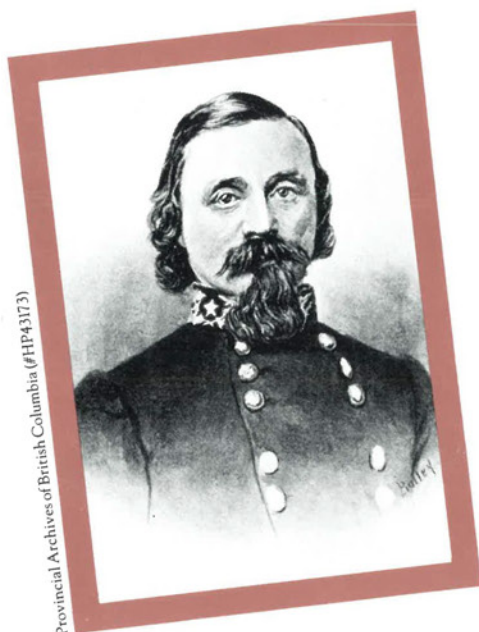
him against the risk of taking action against the Americans, because the policy of requiring licenses issued only in Victoria for gold hunters headed for the Fraser placer deposits meant that there were more Americans than British in Victoria. In case of hostilities the city itself might be taken over by the Americans, many of whom owned and carried weapons.

Baynes issued statements designed to calm the situation until he could get word from London about the policy he should follow. His attempt was jeopardized, however, when Harney, not wanting any kind of compromise, ordered four companies of artillery to land on San Juan Island to support Pickett's outmanned company of infantry. On August 10 these reinforcements landed under cover of a fog.



Provincial Archives of British Columbia (pdp253)

British Rear Admiral Robert Lambert Baynes brought startling news that ended talk of conflict.



Captain George Pickett, who was later a Confederate general, commanded the first troops sent to San Juan Island. Hunt thought him inexperienced and a man of poor judgement.

In late August or early September news of events in Washington Territory finally reached the East Coast. The *New York Herald* broke the story for its readers. The message President James Buchanan received from Lord Lyons, the British ambassador, was his first knowledge of Harney's actions. The president immediately called a cabinet meeting to discuss a plan of action, and he was advised to turn the matter over to General Winfield Scott, Harney's superior, who would travel to Fort Vancouver and San Juan Island and then take appropriate action. Scott was elderly and had been in bad health, but he left for San Francisco immediately, and by October 20 he was in Washington.

Scott had had trouble with Harney before, and disliked him personally in consequence. He was barely polite to him when he arrived at Fort Vancouver. As soon as possible he traveled on to Fort Townsend and wrote Governor Douglas proposing joint occupancy of San Juan

until diplomats from both countries could determine the boundary. Douglas made a counterproposal that all military should be removed, but Scott pointed out that this would return the situation to where it had been when the trouble began. Douglas agreed that he was right. Pickett was immediately returned to Fort Bellingham, and the other regiments except Company C, Fourth Infantry, were dispersed to Townsend, Bellingham and Steilacoom. Captain L. C. Hunt was put in command of Company C.

It took from November 9 until March 21, 1860, for letters to go back and forth between London and Victoria. Then orders came to send a detachment of Royal Marines under the command of Captain George Bazelgette to the northern end of San Juan Island, at what is now known as English Camp on Garrison Bay. When this landing was made, Hunt had 88 men in his command. Bazelgette had 87. The two camps were about nine miles apart.

Harney waited for a time, then countermanded Scott's orders and ordered Hunt back to Fort Steilacoom and returned Pickett to San Juan. Within a year, however, when the Civil War broke out, Pickett resigned and returned to Virginia to fight for the South.

The joint British-American occupancy ended 11 years later when the kaiser of Germany, who was asked to arbitrate the dispute, announced that the boundary should be the Canal de Haro. The British promptly withdrew their troops, and the incident was closed.

Professor Keith A. Murray is a retired professor of history at Western Washington University and author of The Pig War, published by the Washington State Historical Society in 1968.



Hunt's Letters

Captain Hunt, writer of the letters Professor Murray has examined, was single and a ladies' man. In letters written to women friends he often

wrote about other women friends. This does not cause them now to be of historic consequence, but the intimate parts of the letters do reveal something of relations between men and women long ago when Washington Territory was first established.

Hunt was lonely, commanding an army outpost on the bleak southwest shore of San Juan Island, and letters from friends, as always with servicemen in far-off stations, were high points in an otherwise routine existence. "Ma chere et bonne amie," he wrote to Mrs. McBlair on November 18, 1859. "I need not express ... my gratitude for the interest you continue to feel for your wandering and far-off friend.... You must feel that I deeply appreciate that most comforting and delightful assurance which your letters give me ... of womanly sympathy, so different from the cold and weak regard of even warm-hearted men. The friendship of a ... congenial woman is one of the most precious of all the prizes that a man can gain and bear through life."

He said he had few such friends, then described a Mrs. Triplet, whom he identified as a cousin. "You asked me one day about her," he wrote, "and at the same time look archedly and significantly at me and ... asked, 'Why it is that ladies' men are so obnoxious to their own sex?' Don't you see the reason? They envy them the secret, impossible for them, of attracting the sympathies and winning the hearts of women, who are intuitive judges of character...."

Then he described another woman friend, a Mrs. Stiles, and asked Mrs. McBlair, "Don't you agree with me that she has an eye and features most charming in their expression and expressiveness. That is the sort of beauty for me—and what a rich agreeable voice, the point in which almost all our women fail. Why is it that as a people we have such disagreeable voices? I very much fear that our friend's marriage was a most unfortunate step."

Then Hunt wrote that he had been "spared the ordeal" of passing a whole winter with "my black browed, high tempered, decided charactered, animal

magnetic, rather coquettish and altogether attractive and quite lovable chere amie. Did I tell you about our rather desperate flirtation, if not, I won't at present. She is at this moment [11 p.m., November 24th] on board the mail steamer from San Francisco whose lights I saw an hour since, and will reach her home [Steilacoom] tomorrow."

Then he wrote,

She will not find me there. General Scott on his arrival, very properly and very promptly, undid most of the foolish and indeed disreputable performances of our silly stupid Commander Harney. He ordered the troops off the island, including Captain Pickett and his company, who were first sent here by Harney four months since, to work upon a huge field. Work was given up at once and heavy guns shipped off.

One company only (my own) was designated as the temporary garrison of the island upon the ground promise of protection to the settlers against Indians. My instructions were accompanied by a very complimentary letter from General Scott in which he expressed "his entire confidence in the intelligence, discretion and courtesy required in the discharge of the delicate and important duties devolving upon me." The italics imply a want of that quality in the officer whom I have superseded [Captain Pickett], and there is little doubt that the change has been made by request of the British authorities.

I am confident that this whole imbroglío is a disgraceful plot involving General Harney, a dull animal, Mr. Commissioner Campbell, a weak, wordy sort of man; Captain Pickett, to some extent, whose main fault perhaps has been bad judgment in allowing himself to be used as a tool by the main conspirators. Nothing has saved us from a bloody collision but the patient dignity and forbearance of the old admiral [Baynes], who had an overwhelming force at hand, and so could afford to avoid the issue thrust upon him by Harney.

When urged by Governor Douglas and the clamors of his people to land a force of marines (which he had a perfect right to do, it being disputed ground, and which our force of 300 men would certainly have resisted, under our orders) the

old man remarked that he had seen his decks ankle deep in blood, but that under these circumstances he would rather shed tears than blood. The noble old fellow is now reaping the reward of his good sense and forbearance. It is admitted on all sides that his course, promptly determined on and followed out, has saved us from a war, a war in which the commercial interests of 50 millions of souls, of the same race, would have been destroyed, not to speak of the horrible consequences in other respects.

All this wretched performance of Harney is the legitimate result of popular government. It was to please the dear people that Harney made his *coup*, and he did please the people, silly, blind fools that they are. It was a master stroke of policy, the sending of General Scott. He has been enabled to do that which no

politician, no civilian could have done without raising a hue and cry from the patriotic brawlers. Their mouths are shut. They cannot accuse Winfield Scott of want of patriotism. It is really impossible to avoid feeling contempt for public opinion and the theory of the peoples' capacity for self-government, when one sees what was done by a reckless, stupid old goose like Harney, supported by a corrupt press. . . .

In the midst of all these performances, I have done my best to promote good feeling and meet half way the earnest and candid spirit constantly shown by the British naval officers. As caterer and manager of our mess I had them frequently to dinner and we dined aboard ship very often. I gave them as far as possible the impression that the warlike doings on shore were under orders from

Orders establishing the routine for the American military encampment on San Juan Island. The "town at the landing" referred to is now Friday Harbor. Visits to the Hudson's Bay post were strictly forbidden.

Head Quarters Pickett San Juan Island, November 16th 1861

Orders }
(No. 22)

I The different Calls will thereafter be sounded as follows. *Unless further Orders*

Review at	6-30 A.M.
Breakfast call	7— " "
Patrol call	7-30 " "
Stitch call	8— " "
Guard Mount	9— " "
Drill call	10— " "
Recall from Drill	11— " "
Dinner	12— " "
Patrol call	1— P.M.
Recall from Patrol	5— " "
Retreat	Sun. Tol.
Tattoo	8, 30 " "
Staps	8-45 " "

Inspections on Sundays at 9 A.M. Guard Mounting immediately after inspection. Saturday will be devoted to General Police of the Garrison by the whole Command.

16

II All passes will be handed in at Guard Mounting.

III Men will not visit the town at the landing or leave the reservation or vicinity of the Post without special permission. Intended men are forbidden the enclosure of the Hudson Bay Company in the vicinity.

Signed: A.C. Robinson
1st Lieut. 54th Inf.
Commanding



Provincial Archives of British Columbia (#HP14348)

ABOVE: The waterfront of English Camp, with a small sailing steamer moored at the post landing in Garrison Bay. In the foreground is a formal flower garden, maintained by servicemen with nostalgic thoughts of homes in Britain. The blockhouse still stands.

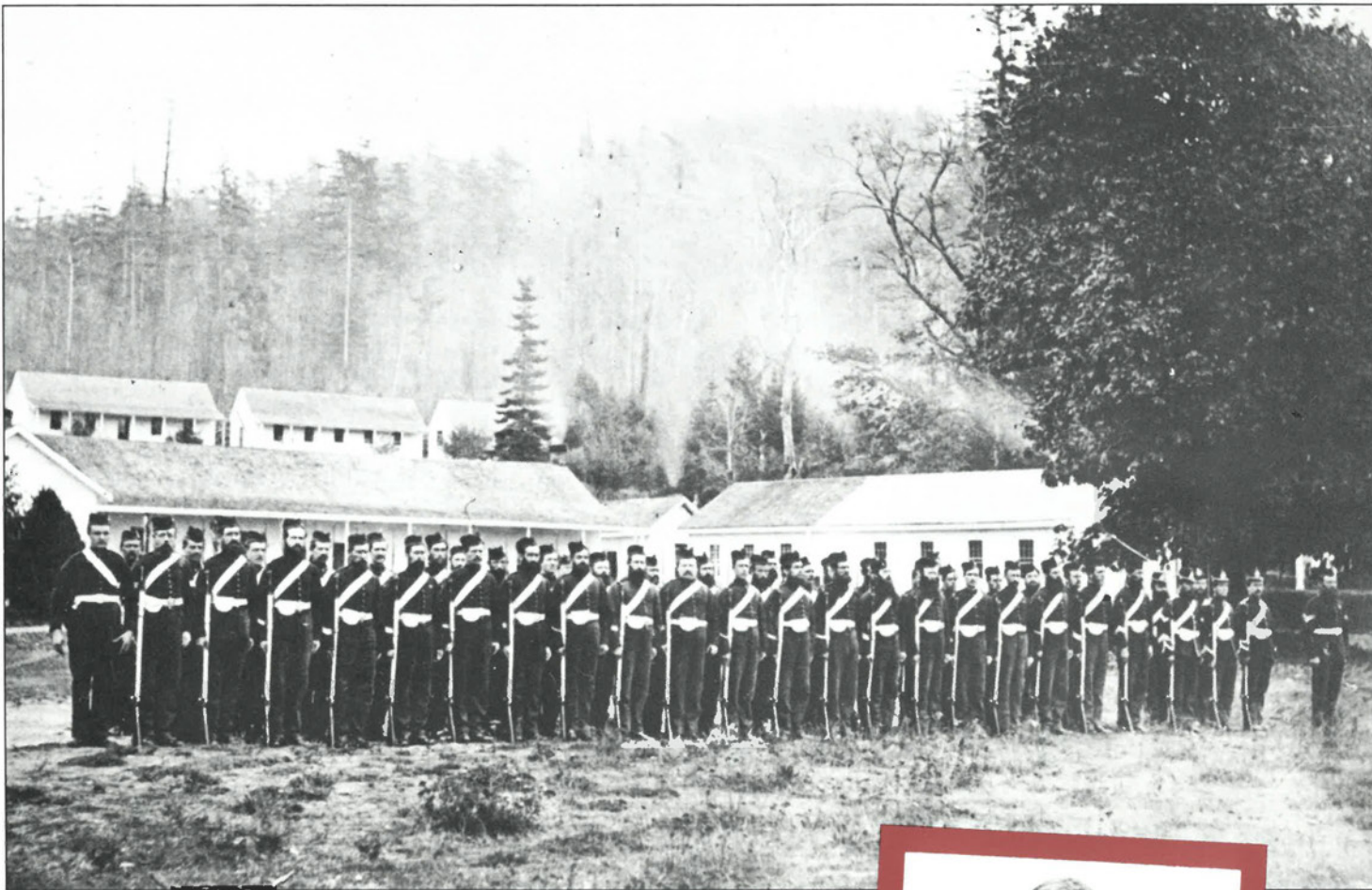
TOP RIGHT: To balance off American troops sent to San Juan Island, the British in 1860 sent a detachment of Royal Marines to establish English Camp (now a part of San Juan Island National Historical Park) on Garrison Bay. The heavily bearded troops stood at attention in front of their barracks to be photographed.

elsewhere. When Colonel Casey left, I remained in command with seven companies for nearly a month and had of course my own way. The result has been that we have formed some warm attachments among the officers of the *Satellite*. Yesterday I shipped off four companies of the third artillery for Fort Vancouver, and my own company is now on the island. All the officers took leave of me, expressing their satisfaction that I, who have been consistent throughout this business, seem to be the only one who has finally gained some credit and advantage from the issue of the affair. During the whole time I have endeavored through several newspapers, to which I had access, to *tone down* public opinion. I published one or two squibs to throw ridicule upon the foolish affair. I haven't the newspapers by me, but may send them hereafter. And when General Scott arrived I endeavored thro' those papers to give a conservative

turn to public opinion and prepare it for those measures which I felt sure General Scott would take. The general remarked in my presence that we had never been so near a war in all our previous disputes, and that nothing but the great strength of the British enabled them to take the course they did—but enough of this...

You forbear to yield to the temptation to indulge in sentimentalities—don't in future. I like sentimentalities. I have been reading "Elle et Lui" and the reply "Lui et Ella"—they are apropos of the loves of George Sand and Alfred de Musset who died not long since. She wrote to define her position and excuse her fickleness and Paul de Musset takes up the cudgels for his brother. Interesting and exceedingly Frenchy.

I will spare your eyes for the present. I will venture to promise you that you will see our friend Mrs. DeBenneville, and that she won't go to New Mexico. She



ought not to think of it. I am glad she is fat, and not sorry that she is gray. She will look all the better for it. When you see her give her my kindest regards and ask her how I have offended her, that she will not answer my letters. My love to Weenie and Captain McBlair. Do you hear anything of Tom Stevens? I am told he drinks and raises rows. I hope it may be a mistake.

Sincerely and faithfully yours.
L. C. Hunt

Apparently Mrs. McBlair was not entirely pleased with this gossip and opinionated letter, or did not think it prudent to continue an intimate correspondence with a single man, for she did not reply. He did not suspect that a woman to whom he was writing might not appreciate his effusive

RIGHT: Sir James Douglas, governor of Vancouver Island, wanted the navy to "avenge Britain's national honor" in the Pig War. G. R. Farndon was the photographer.

comments about others, for in this letter he began by deploring the fact that the twice-a-month mail had brought nothing from her and wondering if he had offended her "by some slip of the pen." Then he launched into a discussion of a Mrs. Stevens, with whom, he "confessed," he had been "desperately smitten" some years before. As he knew her, he wrote, "she was very pretty and interesting, extremely coquettish and made an easy conquest of what was at that time an insistent, impressionable



and enthusiastic young man—quite innocent in the ways of women. I looked upon her as a goddess incarnate. At a later period in life I could undoubtedly have taken the more sensible view, and seen her as she was—a pretty woman, intent on conquests, and who was pleased to fancy me.”



National Park Service

General Winfield Scott, acting on orders, hurried to Fort Townsend when tensions were increasing. He proposed joint occupancy while the boundary dispute was settled by diplomacy.

Then Hunt told more about his situation in Washington Territory:

I have a very difficult part to play here, inasmuch as I have the active hostility of General Harney, our unscrupulous department commander, who is seeking a pretext to remove me, and send back Captain Pickett, his pet, ordered displaced by General Scott.

The anomalous situation of affairs on the island, belonging as yet to nobody—the want of any recognized jurisdiction—the general nature of my orders, which throws upon me the responsibility of preserving order at the risk of my actions being disapproved by the general, who will easily seize upon any opportunity.

For example, I determined that the liquor dealers, or rather the poison dealers, who make all the trouble upon the island, should not go on with impunity. I prosecuted a number of them for unlicensed liquor dealing, but the juries in the face of the facts acquitted—because they were opposed to the jurisdiction of Washington Territory over the island, so far as the collection of taxes was concerned. Properly speaking, indeed, there is no civil jurisdiction which ought to apply to disputed territory. Well, these few sent on to General Harney a letter conveying the most absurd and incredible charges in a general way, but specifying nothing—the gross and scurrilous language of the letter should have condemned it to the fire at once. But, instead, the precious document was sent back to me “for my information.” I was ordered “not to interfere with the trade of our citizens,” nor molest them in any way, etc. Farther to “forward to the headquarters, a full and complete account of all your actions effecting citizens,” etc.—a sort of censure, in fact before knowing anything of the facts, of the persons complaining.

In reply I sent back the magistrate’s statement as to the character of the parties complaining, a petition signed by nearly every actual settler upon the island stating the grievances which they endured from the peculiar situation of the island—that the result of two jury trials had proved the civil power to be inoperative, and that having full confidence in the judgment and discretion of Captain Hunt, the military commander upon the island, they requested that he might be given dictatorial powers as regarded the whole subject of the liquor nuisance. I accompanied these with as salty an epistle as I dared write, conveying by implication and inference my opinion of the conduct of headquarters, and I am now awaiting with some little curiosity the sequel. With Harney all things are possible, and I should not be very much surprised if he gave his wrath full swing and removed me. In that case Ho for Steilacoom, and renewed flirtations (nothing more). But I am resolved that removed by the malice of the dull animal and his shallow advisors, who lord it over this remote department, I will know the reason why.

I am very busily occupied in building my new post, making company garden,

etc. My men are all comfortably housed, and I am established in as neat and snug a cottage as you would wish to see. It is built of hewn logs, closely fitting, and lined within—a piazza in front, the columns of which are decidedly rustic, being cut from the forest, peeled, and the knobs left some inches long. From the piazza I have a magnificent view. I look to the south upon the Straits of Juan de Fuca, a range of snow-covered mountains upon the mainland, and Vancouver Island with the town of Victoria to the right.

At Victoria, by the way, I have formed some very pleasant acquaintances, particularly Captain Prevost of the *Satellite*. The governor [Douglas], and the old admiral [Baynes] always show me marked attention, when I chance to go over, and the naval officers in general have been so particularly civil and obliging on all possible occasions that I really feel myself entirely at home on board of their ships . . .

I am quite alone here at present—my two officers, Lieutenant Shaaff and Doctor Craig, are uncongenial. I have been greatly disappointed in Shaaff, my subaltern—the result does not justify the promise of first impressions. I was very much taken with him, at the outset, but I find him weak, trifling, and a drunkard. The doctor is a coarse, uncultivated whisky drinker, and to such society I infinitely prefer my books.

Do you know I heard that Governor Isaac Stevens was not getting on well, drank whiskey, and raised rows? Have you heard anything about it? I hope that you will not delay writing any longer, but let me know all about yourself . . .

Adios, ma chere amie.

Your friend always,
L. C. Hunt

Lewis Cass Hunt, a native of Wisconsin, graduated from the military academy at West Point in 1847, close to the bottom of his class. He was promoted to captain in 1855, two months after Pickett, who was at the bottom of the class, achieved that rank. Like several other officers involved in the San Juan controversy, Hunt had a prominent role in the Civil War, achieving the rank of brigadier general of volunteers. In the postwar army he eventually became a colonel in the 14th infantry. He died while still on active duty in 1866. Available records do not reveal whether any of his romantic attachments culminated in marriage.

In Search of Chief Moses's Lost Possessions—Stolen from His Grave



**Two authors travel
7,000 miles to inspect
a strange collection in
New Zealand.**

BY ROBERT H. RUBY
AND JOHN A. BROWN

A dastardly act committed 83 years ago in Eastern Washington recently sent the writers on a long trip to perform some detective work in the Southern Hemisphere. The offense was the robbery of the grave of Chief Moses, the Columbia Sinkiuse Indian tribal leader, in a cemetery on the Colville Indian Reservation just south of its agency buildings at Nespelem. Nearly 30 years ago the authors learned of the robbery while independently doing research for a biography of Moses. After personnel of the Washington State Library in Olympia suggested that they combine their separate efforts, continuing research gave them a window through which to view the famous chief who found no rest even in death.—Ed.

Chief Moses—massive, proud and dressed to the nines, as he frequently was. Were some of these items of clothing among those which mysteriously showed up in New Zealand?

Chief Moses was first thrust into a leadership role by the killing of his chieftain father, Sulkalthscosum, by plains Indians on the buffalo range around 1850 and of his older brother, Quiltene-nock, by miners in 1858. Among his people the chieftain mantle fell usually on those in the hereditary line of succession who also displayed ability and valor.



ABOVE: The chief peers pensively into the distance for photographer Bushnell. BELOW: This ceremonial eagle-feather fan, now in the Otago Museum in New Zealand, may have been stolen from Moses's grave in 1904. OPPOSITE: In 1895, four years before his death, the chief posed for this somber photograph with Chief White Swan and Indian Agent Lewis T. Erwin.

Many former warrior chiefs, embittered and immobilized by defeat in the conflict, were incapable of further leadership. Unlike them, but not unlike his biblical namesake, Moses assumed leadership of tribesmen of the upper-middle Columbia River. Israel's Moses had deferred to his brother, Aaron, in oratorical matters among his tribes, but the Indian Moses was a speaker of considerable note and much given to histrionics. He used persuasion to dissuade his restless warriors from joining first with Chief Joseph's Nez Perce band and their allies in 1877, and then with the Bannock-Paiutes in 1878 in their battles against American forces. Their defeats helped convince Moses that cooperation with government officials was now the greater part of valor.

Moses had ample reason to be bitter toward white Americans, not only for loss of Indian lives and lands in the wars, but for his incarceration in 1878 for allegedly killing a white couple in the Yakima country, a deed committed by renegade Umatilla Indians fleeing the Bannock-Paiute War. Justice was finally served. Moses was freed from a territorial jail in Yakima to pursue his goal of leading the Indians to a reservation of his own choosing in his ancestral homeland, the Columbia Plateau. Unhappy memories of the Yakima country did not deter him from visiting it many times, providing us, as will be seen, with an important clue in our detective search. In the meantime his continuing leadership and cooperation with American officials earned him in 1879 a reservation, named the Moses or Columbia reservation, stretching to the Canadian border in north-central Washington. Then, after white miners and settlers pressured the government to return it to the public domain, he and his people were given a home on the Colville Reservation immediately to the east.

Buttressed by a thousand-dollar annuity from the government, Moses led a leisurely life there and elsewhere, racing horses, gambling and drinking with whites and Indians. From the whites he obtained not only liquid refreshments but other items as varied as guns and the geegaws which ornamented his clothing. He developed a reputation





as a clotheshorse, reportedly changing his attire several times a day.

Jump ahead now a century after Moses received his first reservation, when the result of our researches, *Half-Sun on the Columbia: A Biography of Chief Moses*, reached

Moses led a leisurely life on the Colville Reservation. He developed a reputation as a clotheshorse, reportedly changing his attire several times a day.

the Otago Museum in Dunedin, South Island, New Zealand. In January 1979, one of its anthropologists, G. S. Park, wrote us, "I have been interested for some time in Chief Moses of the Columbia Indians since our American Indian collection here contains a number of items of clothing and equipment which formerly belonged to him or members of his group. I was therefore very excited to discover quite recently your biography of Chief Moses which provided me a wealth of information concerning him."

Developments involving the Otago's acquisition of the Moses items in 1939, wrote Park, were unclear. The items came to the museum at the beginning of World War II, when Sir Percy P. R. Sargood, a Dunedin businessman, made a gift of a large quantity of American Indian materials, most of which came from Oregon and Washington.

On receiving Park's letter we were intrigued by the possibility that Moses's grave-robbled possessions might have found their way into the Otago collection. We recalled that Indian informants had told us that clothing, a gold watch and ring, and a medal given Moses on a visit to Washington, D.C., were stolen from his exhumed grave. In fleeing the scene of the crime, the robbers, two white men, dropped a ceremonial pipe. The two continued their flight the short distance to Canada where they escaped extradition and prosecution.

A young Indian girl was the first to discover the disturbed grave. Isabelle Friedlander Arcasa,

Our Buried History

It deserves better than we give it.

By David M. Buerge

This account by Drs. Robert H. Ruby and John A. Brown describes their trip to New Zealand to identify materials stolen over 80 years ago from the grave of Chief Moses, the famous 19th-century native leader of the Columbia Sinkiuse people. It highlights an issue that is being given special and much-deserved attention in the planning of Washington's centennial—the conservation of this state's priceless archaeological heritage.

Human beings have lived on the land included within Washington's boundaries for at least 12,000 years. Buried remnants of those first inhabitants give us information about how they lived their lives and how their lives changed over the long millennia of residence. Certain clues to this distant past have made headlines, like the discovery of some of this hemisphere's oldest human skeletal remains at the Marmes rockshelter on the Palouse River, or of a 12,000-year-old mastodon hunters' camp on Emanuel Manis's farm near Sequim. Both of these sites served to emphasize the immense antiquity of the human presence here, while other discoveries like that of the buried village at Ozette on the Olympic Peninsula evidence its richness.

While Native Americans, by the length of their residence, have contributed the most to this unique heritage, other groups have done so also. The first Europeans to settle in what is now Washington were not British or French but Spanish, and their earliest settlement, at Neah Bay, has yet to be examined. British traders, Hawaiian workers, Chinese shipwrights and French-Canadian and American pioneers have all left their marks on the land, and our ability to read the impress contributes mightily to our understanding of the region's historical genesis. The record of the past buried beneath the land's surface constitutes a very real treasure whose conservation can culturally enrich the community and whose loss can impoverish it. The problem with any kind of treasure is that it inspires thievery.

Anyone who has had the experience of finding an arrowhead or an old coin while gardening or walking the land is not likely to forget it. It is a wonderful moment when the doors of imagination swing wide and one can enter into a unique communion with the land, life and time. Such moments have inspired many to become archaeologists, and no doubt they have inspired others to become grave robbers.

In 1985 Governor Booth Gardner requested that the state Centennial Commission develop recommendations concerning the protection and preservation of the state's heritage that

would serve as a lasting legacy of the centennial celebration. The commission duly appointed a citizens' committee, the Lasting Legacy Committee, to carry out this work. Part of its assignment is to identify problems affecting the state's archaeological heritage and recommend ways these might be dealt with. Among these problems is the poor record of conservation that contributes to a poor public understanding and appreciation of the state's rich Native American heritage. Few safeguards exist to prevent the wanton or inadvertent destruction of the archaeological record on state-owned lands. Part of this is due to the fact that catalogs and records that document the existence of sites on state lands are woefully incomplete. The committee found also that, in spite of recent noteworthy discoveries, the general public is still largely unaware of the need to preserve the archaeological heritage and of the value of archaeological research. Another problem is the dearth of individuals trained to conserve the heritage and of facilities to properly house what has already been recovered.

To help rectify these problems, the committee recommended that a major exhibit be mounted during the centennial year to dramatize the richness of the state's Native American heritage. It also recommended that laws protecting archaeological remains on state lands be upgraded at least to the level of protection afforded them on federally owned lands. Since profit from the sale of remains like those from Chief Moses's grave fuels the wanton looting of sites, the law should also address the merchandising of such goods. The committee also recommended that programs be developed to identify and locate sites of archaeological and cultural value and to train personnel to conserve and interpret them for the public. To increase public understanding of the need for qualified archaeological research and something of its methodology, it recommended a program of "Centennial Digs" where the public would be invited to observe and perhaps even participate in a series of significant excavations and other projects around the state during the centennial. With the benefit of greater under-

standing of the value of archaeological research and the need for laws to protect a valuable resource, the discovery of an arrowhead or an old coin might be reported to able authorities rather than inspiring a destructive, hasty dig to search for more.

Since these recommendations were made, committee members have striven to see them implemented and have found, not surprisingly, that the process is slow and difficult. The sponsorship of the exhibit celebrating Washington's Native American heritage has been assumed by the Burke Museum at the University of Washington, and its staff has put together an ambitious and creative plan, but this and the program of centennial digs require generous funding from a state which is financially strapped.

The development of legislation protecting the state's archaeological heritage is presently at an impasse, and its future progress is complicated by an issue bedeviling to most archaeologists. Besides leaving a record of their past, the ancestors of Washington's Native Americans also left the graves of their dead. In archaeology, graves have always been a valuable source of information, but a great many in the native community regard disinterment as sacrilege. Even such a renowned researcher as Franz Boas had to stoop to trickery to obtain bones from native burial grounds. On one occasion he stationed a photographer near a village to draw attention away from him while he sedulously rifled the graves. On these occasions native critics maintain that the distinction between archaeologist and grave robber disappears. Does the state own the graves and their contents simply because it holds title to the land in which they are located? It is a vexing problem and one that reflects the misunderstanding and antagonism that has perennially marked the relationship between native peoples and the state.

That these issues are being addressed at all and in such a serious manner must be considered a positive achievement of the centennial celebration, even before it takes place. As the celebration gets underway, we can hope, other projects will be realized to the benefit of the community. The chairman of the Lasting Legacy Committee, State Senator Al Williams, writes that the committee "believes the 1989 Washington state centennial celebration is an opportunity to identify who we are and where we came from, and to preserve this knowledge for the future." The archaeological record resting within the land is an important and irreplaceable fund of knowledge. It constitutes the memory of the people. If we can remember the past clearly and accurately we can act intelligently in the present and plan confidently for the future, but a poor memory diminishes the present and clouds the future.

LEFT: The label on these beautifully embroidered moccasins says they belonged to Chief Moses's daughter, but the inscription is almost illegible.





despite her nearly one hundred years, retains a sharp memory of the details of her startling discovery in 1904. Isabelle had been left at the home of Billy Curlew, near where Moses was buried in 1899. While feeding some chickens Isabelle drifted to the cemetery. "I do not know what made me go over there," she told us when recalling the event. She said she found the grave soil to be fresh, for it was soft and smoothed over with scattered beads, and the gravestone tilted — definite proof of the sacrilege. When Moses's widow, Mary, and members of the Indian community were told of the discovery, they opened the grave and found that indeed it had been robbed. The widow covered the body with one of Moses's fur-trimmed coats and it was reinterred.

Armed with photographs of Moses to see if we could identify the garments and other items, we flew to Sydney, Australia, in November 1983. Upon arrival we learned that Park had moved to New Zealand's North Island to assume the post of curator of a museum in Auckland. The anthropologist now in charge of Indian clothing in the Otago was Wendy J. Harsant, who became interested in the Moses items and whose researches on them she incorporated into a paper.

Harsant, who was on vacation in Sydney, gave us the details of the collection. Then we flew via Wellington to Dunedin, where we went to the imposing Otago Museum and met a helpful anthropologist, Dimitri Anson, a specialist in Polynesian cultures. Harsant had arranged for him to open the museum storage room for our inspec-

tion of record books and items not in display cases. He also helped us carry the clothing and other Indian items up several flights of stairs to a room used for photography.

Items labeled in 1943 as once belonging to Chief Moses were a leather coat, a pair of gloves and an eagle-feather ceremonial fan. Also in the collection was a pair of finely embroidered moccasins labeled as belonging to Moses's daughter. A name written in fading ink was nearly illegible. It appeared to be "Catherine." There was also a leather "war" jacket which was decorated with



The Mystery of the Two Coats: Opposite is Moses in the coat he habitually wore; left is the Otago Museum's coat. Although similar, the museum's coat differs in design, is in nearly new condition—and would never have accommodated the 250-pound chief. **ABOVE:** The chief, late in life, on horseback on the Colville Reservation.

strips of porcupine quill-work over the shoulders and partway down the front. Such adornment was common among Columbia Plateau Indians before trade beads were readily obtainable.

Nearly as interesting as the items themselves was the manner in which they had come to Dunedin. Harsant said her researches revealed that they had been displayed in stalls of Indian clothing at the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition in Portland in 1905. Questions now came to our minds. Had the two robbers sold their purloined prizes to some artifact-peddling entrepreneur at the exposition, where such wares were highly valued? Had Sargood obtained them directly from such an entrepreneur? Unfortunately, Sir Percy, a good and successful businessman, kept scant records of the purchases. Possibly the accounts of them had become lost. Sparse information on the old labels appeared to be the only records remaining.

Moses's connection to Yakima came into play when we examined what were believed to be his



According to their tag, these gloves were sold by Moses to a Yakima storekeeper shortly before his death. If true, this obviously precludes their having accompanied him to his grave.

Indian informants told us that clothing and a medal given to Moses on a visit to Washington, D.C., were stolen from his grave.

gloves, carrying the notation that he had sold them to Chris Miller, a North Yakima storekeeper, shortly before his death. Such a transaction could have been made in late summer or early fall when Indians from the Colville and other reservations gathered to pick hops in the Yakima Valley, and where they traded things they made for "store-bought" goods. Park had informed us that Miller might have been related to Sam Miller, a close friend of Moses, who operated a store near the mouth of the Wenatchee River. We have been unable to establish this connection.

The gloves sold in 1898 may have belonged to Moses, but they would not have come from his grave as he was not buried until the following year. The eagle-feather fan may have been from his grave since Indians we interviewed recalled that he owned one. It seems unlikely that his funerary

coat was the leather one in the Otago. The museum's coat was decorated with a varicolored cloth border of circular and hourglass-shaped designs like those adorning the coat in which Moses was often photographed, and which represented heavenly bodies. But the Otago coat would not have fitted Moses who at his death weighed over 250 pounds. Moreover, the leather in the Otago coat was well preserved, showing no signs of the mildew which would have appeared if it had been buried.

Our journey was not a disappointment, since it gave us an opportunity to see some items which may have belonged to Moses, as well as allowing us to visit one of the world's fine museums. Positively identified items from Moses's grave may never surface. If they do, in all probability they will never bear the precise labeling of those now resting in the Otago museum—7,000 miles from the Nepelem burial place of their chieftain owner.

John A. Brown, a native of the Skagit Valley, is professor of history emeritus, Wenatchee Valley Community College. Robert H. Ruby, born in the Yakima Valley, is a medical doctor in Moses Lake. His avocation is history. Ruby and Brown have coauthored a number of books on Northwest history. Their biography of Moses, published by the University of Oklahoma Press in 1965, received the Pacific Northwest Booksellers' award for nonfiction, the Burien, Washington, Library Guild's Northwest Author Award, and, in 1967, the Governor's Festival of Arts award.

The photographs are from the collection of Robert H. Ruby.



Robert H. Ruby

No Wrath Like That of an Indian Chief Scorned

BY ISABELLE ARCASA



Isabelle Friedlander Arcasa is a member of the Entiat Indian tribe in Eastern Washington. The following unusual story about Chief Moses is taken from a transcript of an oral interview by Ronald Strickland and Susan Fleury. Strickland is engaged in an oral history project, interviewing older persons living in many parts of the United States to record their memories of early times. This interview and others will be published next winter in Strickland and Fleury's book *Whistlepunks and Geoducks: An Oral History Portrait of Washington State*.—Ed.

ABOVE: Isabelle Arcasa, left, with her mother, Elizabeth Friedlander who was married first to Chief Moses's brother.



My mother was a full-blood [Indian] and my dad was a white. In those days [late 19th century], there were very few Indians who could talk English. She didn't know how to speak a word of English when she married my dad.

She was married first to Chief Moses's younger brother, Gher-man-choot, and had three little girls from him. Two of them died and one grew up. In the Indian days, a long time ago, a man whose wife died was expected to marry her sister or her cousin, the nearest relative. That's the way the Indians do. So when my mother's first husband died, Chief Moses, who was his brother, thought in the Indian way that he should come over and take her up. She couldn't say no.

Her first husband had quite a few head of horses when he died. They lived way down by Bandish with her in-laws.

It was late in October when he died and old Chief Moses came over and took everything his brother owned, horses and everything. My sister Mary had a little Shetland pony, a little tiny horse. He even took that—his niece's horse. He took them all away, and my mother couldn't say anything. He took everything and left her stranded there. She stayed at her in-laws all winter, and in the springtime they said, "Would you like to go back home?" She said, "I sure would." That was from Vantage to Entiat. So a lady gave Mother a horse and the little girl a horse, like a packhorse, and they started back up to Entiat where her father and mother lived.

Mother was a widow. And [Frank Friedlander, who would later be] my dad was a soldier—they were all moved down to Chelan Falls across from Chelan. Of course, they had big soldier tents, and a store and a saloon. So one day my mother's brother and her sister, who was just a young girl, wanted to do some shopping, so they went up to Chelan from Entiat by horseback. Her uncle went with her. They shopped and got through, and the store owner, Frank Friedlander, said to the uncle about my mother, "Such a beautiful lady. I sure would like her for my wife."

On the way back to Entiat, my uncle said to his sister, "You know that man that owns the store, they called him Frank. He said, 'Gee, you sure are a nice looking woman.' He sure would like to have you for a wife."

My mother never said a word. Well, in the

meantime, while they were shopping up there at Chelan, old Chief Moses came to her dad and mother and he said, "I came over to get my little niece and my sister-in-law." So that he could marry his sister-in-law the way Indians used to do, not by the justice of the peace or anything, but just the Indian way.

When she got back home, her dad told her, "Your brother-in-law was here, Chief Moses, and he said next week he's coming back after you."

In those days instead of giving presents to a married couple, the woman's parents would receive presents. So her dad says, "Chief Moses says he's going to bring me some horses and saddles." My mother said, "I would never marry that man, not if he was the last man on earth. I'd rather go to hell than marry that man! The way he treated us! Took his little niece's horse and left us stranded. If it wasn't for those good old people there we'd have nothing. Took everything with him. He didn't think about his little niece then. Never, I'd never!"

In the meantime, when they were coming back, her uncle had told them all what my dad said, so she turned around and said to her uncle, "Take me back to that white man. I'd rather marry him than Moses." So then her uncle took her. She told my dad the story of what Chief Moses had done. There was a justice of the peace among the soldiers, so they got married.

The next weekend, here comes Chief Moses with his horses. So my grandfather went out and told him, "I'm sorry," he says, "she married Frank." Everyone knew my dad. "She's married now." And it made Moses mad. He got on his pony. "I'm going to kill that man," he said. "She's supposed to be my wife."

When he approached, Mother said, "There he is! Old Moses is coming!" So Dad took his rifle and put it by the door. Here he comes. "Frank," Moses hollered, "Frank! Come out. I'm going to kill you. You took my wife!"

My dad says, "She's not your wife. I'm married to her. Married by the justice of the peace."

"Not in the Indian way! She's my wife. I'm going to kill you!" He was getting out his gun.

"Go ahead. Shoot me!" my dad said. He had his gun. "Go ahead and shoot."

Instead of that Moses just turned around with all of his ponies and left. He was so mad. But there wasn't anything he could do. That's how my mother happened to marry my dad.

The Biggest Real Estate Deal

Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana doubled the size of the nation and shaped the course of Northwest history.

This news story from the *National Intelligencer*, January 30, 1804, reports, in the journalistic fashion of that time, a development of transcendent importance in the history of Northwest America—the Louisiana Purchase.

In 1803 the United States was still a tiny nation, made up of the Atlantic coast colonies wrested from Britain in the War for Independence. President Thomas Jefferson was concerned because the country was surrounded by areas controlled by unfriendly or potentially unfriendly European powers—Spain, Britain and France—and set out on a course of westward expansion that ultimately resulted in the boundaries of the nation as they are today.

The first bold step he undertook was the acquisition of the territory immediately to the west between the Indian reserve and the Mississippi River known as Louisiana, claimed first by Spain and then by France. With Western Europe in political and military turmoil, Jefferson obtained congressional approval to negotiate for the acquisition of the eastern part of Louisiana and sent James Monroe to assist the French envoy, Robert Livingston, in dealing with the government of Napoleon Bonaparte.

One week before Monroe's appointment, Jefferson sent a message to Congress recommending an appropriation of \$2,500 to send "an intelligent officer with a party of 10 or 12 men to explore even to the Western Ocean..." He wanted to learn what was out there, beyond the sunset, while he went about trying to acquire it. Thus the Lewis and Clark expedition had to begin in a state of secrecy since it would be exploring in

foreign territory.

Events moved swiftly, even at a time when communication between Paris and New York took weeks, and Napoleon offered to sell to the U.S. not part but the whole of Louisiana—827,000 square miles—for what came to three cents an acre. Monroe and Livingston accepted the offer, and overnight the area of the country was doubled even though Congress had not approved so large or expensive a purchase. That approval was soon given, however, despite opposition from some congressmen fearful that a

new state or states out in the wilderness of the West would not be compatible with Eastern-seaboard civilization.

Without Jefferson's foresight, and the decisive action he took in acquiring Louisiana, the history of Northwest America would have been much different. Lewis and Clark would not have been sent West. The westward emigration of Americans might have been delayed and Oregon, a land in dispute, far away on the other side of Louisiana, might have become so firmly British that it could never have become American.

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WASHINGTON CITY

MONDAY, JANUARY 30.

ON FRIDAY last, the acquisition of LOUISIANA was celebrated in this city by a numerous company assembled at Stelle's Hotel, on Capitol Hill. A most superb dinner was given by a number of the MEMBERS OF CONGRESS, to the President of the United States, the Vice President, the heads of departments and the other officers of government. The President was escorted from his own house to the place of entertainment by members of both houses, the Brigadier General and the Colonel of the Washington militia, and the officers of government generally. His approach was announced by a discharge of artillery from the Hill; and he was received at the door by the President & Vice-Presidents of the day, and welcomed by a full band of music playing 'Jefferson's march'. The company, consisting of about one hundred, set down to dinner at 5 o'clock; Genl. S. Smith presided, and Mr. Nicholson and

General Varnum acted as Vice-Presidents. On no occasion have the same number of countenances exhibited more real satisfaction, as none ever offered itself upon which mutual congratulation could be more sincere, or mutual good will more generally felt. An assemblage so numerous, to celebrate an event, at once so glorious and so happy, may not occur again for centuries to come. The reduction of a petty fortress which has cost the lives of thousands; the conquest of a town, in which the widow, the orphan, and the helpless virgin have had ample cause to heap curses on the heads of the conquerors, have too often furnished occasion for joy and festivity. But what must have been the sensations of those who were now assembled, when they reflected, that without exciting the anguish of one heart, they had extended the blessings of liberty to an hundred thousand beings who were added to the population of their country; and by means unstained with the blood of a single victim, they had acquired almost a new world, and had laid the foundation for the happiness of millions yet unborn!



THE CANNONBALL

Rails to the Capital via Tenino



By Arthur G. Dwelley

THEY CALLED IT, laughingly, the "Cannonball." It had a roller-coaster roadbed, homemade cars, and was usually late. Sometimes it didn't get there at all. But it was the first railroad to serve our state capital and for nearly 40 years it rattled and rocked back and forth between Olympia and the Northern Pacific main line at Tenino.

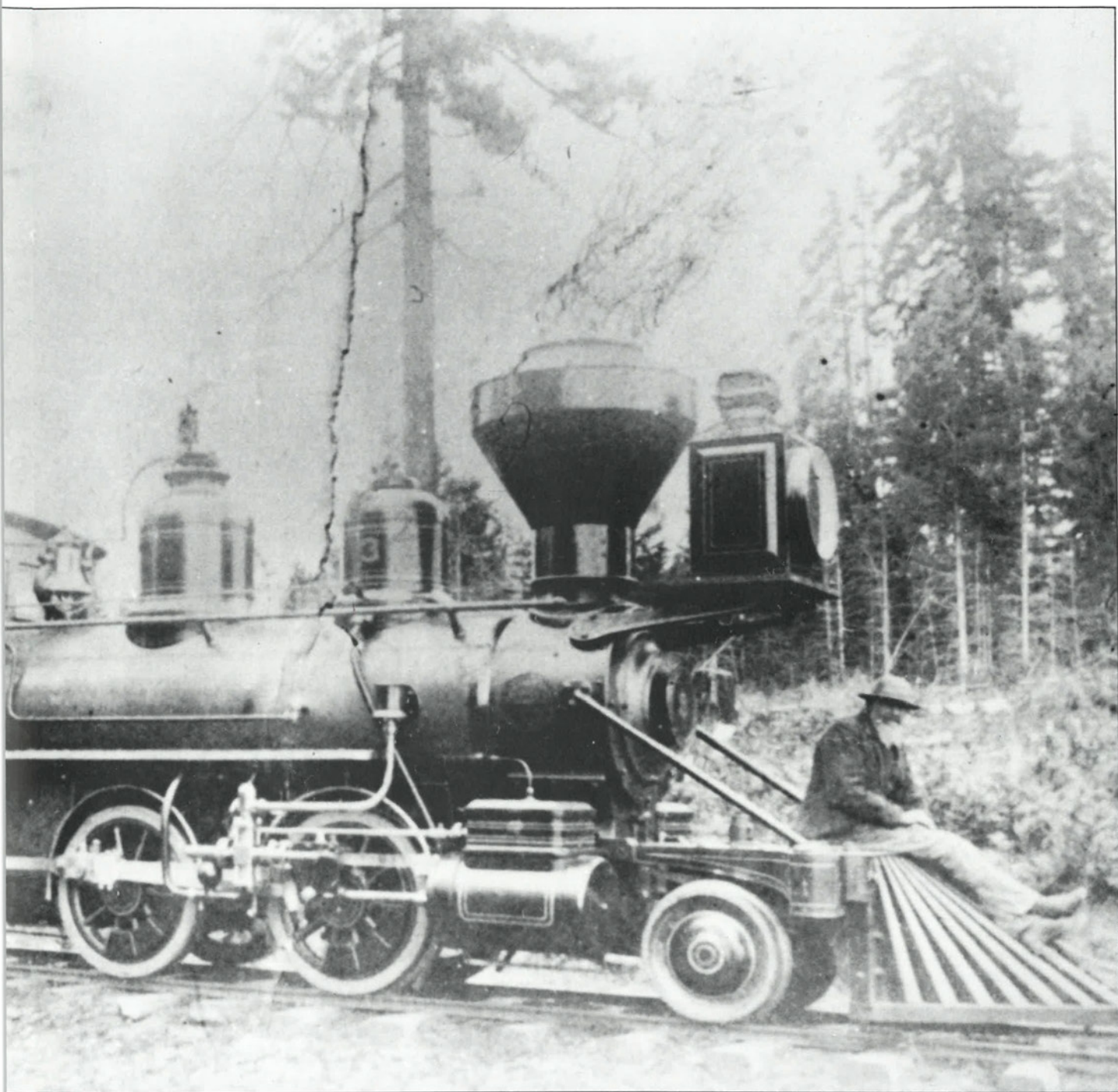
The Olympia & Tenino Railroad, as it was officially called, was born of necessity when the Northern Pacific Railroad bypassed Olympia in the early 1870s and made the new town of Tacoma the terminus of the railroad line connecting the Columbia River with Puget Sound. For many years it was Olympia's only connection to the main-line railroad, an annoying 15 miles away. During that time Olympia may well have been the only state capital in the nation not served directly by a major railroad.

A Northern Pacific committee, which surveyed lower Puget Sound in 1871 to select a deep-water terminus for the railroad being pushed north from Kalama, bypassed Olympia, the largest town with a population of about 1,000, because low tides there left its harbor shallow or in mud flats. Steilacoom had no protected harbor. Seattle was an unpromising village of about 20 houses at the foot of a steep hill. Tacoma was no bigger but it was closer to the Columbia River, the harbor was deep, and land for the town that would grow with a railroad was cheap. The N.P. bought the town site and established Tacoma as the western headquarters of the railroad.

Being bypassed was a severe blow to Olympia. A rail connection with the Northern Pacific was considered the only way to retain its standing and preserve its all-important but often challenged designation as state capital.



"We got humbugged and swindled by the agents of the Northern Pacific," the *Olympia Transcript* moaned. And indeed they did. The Northern Pacific had led Olympia to believe it would be the terminus. Railroad surveys on both sides of Budd Inlet started a major land boom. But by the spring of 1873 the tracks instead were reaching out towards Pierce County. Steilacoom had hoped also to be the lucky town. The *Puget Sound*



Washington State Historical Society

Early locomotives, like ships, were given names.
This is the "Olympia" which pulled trains to Olympia for the Olympia and Chehalis Valley Railroad in the 1880s. Out in front, where a bearded man poses for the photographer, is a large device for pushing aside unexpected obstacles on the tracks, appropriately known as the "cow catcher."



**A local
legend tells of a
belligerent
bull which once
kept the O.&T.
at bay for
nearly an hour.**

Express there happily noted that Olympia had only mud flats for a harbor while Steilacoom had deep water.

When the decision was announced, land prices and spirits in Olympia tumbled. Something had to be done to keep the town competitive and to remain in the race to be one of the major cities of the Sound.

The Olympia & Tenino Railroad idea was born out of that need and a number of local financial schemes were promoted, all of which ended up short of funds. Even ex-Governor Edward Salomon got into the act briefly with the proposed Olympia Railway Mining Company. Salomon tried to convince San Francisco capitalists to bankroll an Olympia-Tenino railroad, which he claimed would be a real money-maker by hauling Skookumchuck coal to Olympia and thence by ship to San Francisco. The idea later evolved into the Olympia Railroad Union, which was capitalized at \$200,000 with shares of \$100. The shares could be bought with land, articles of value or even labor on the grading and track-laying work.

Because enough cash couldn't be raised, congressional approval was sought to change territorial laws to allow Thurston County to issue bonds. Then, as now, Congress moved slowly. In the meantime Olympians tried their hand at building their own railroad with volunteer labor. Capital matrons donated the services of their Chinese servants to the cause and merchants and farmers pitched in with shovels and picks. But soon this enthusiasm faded and the work ceased.

Finally Congress approved the issuance of the railroad bonds and the project was on its way to becoming a reality. A vote in 1874 on whether the county should issue the bonds was overwhelmingly positive in Olympia

and the northern part of the county, while Tenino, Grand Mound and Yelm voted against it. (Grand Mound was very emphatic about its views, turning down the measure 33-0.) The Olympia area carried the day, however, the final vote being 496 yeas to 133 nays.

But progress continued to be slow, and it was 1878 before the Olympia & Tenino Railroad was finished. The grading of the roadbed and laying of track were completed by late July of that year and the O.&T. opened service with a free excursion on August 1. More than 700 people took advantage of the offer and two trips were made to meet the demand, each filling up the line's total rolling stock—three flatcars, a boxcar and a single passenger car. The 15-mile trip took nearly two hours, one way.

Except for the small Baldwin locomotive, the entire railroad was homemade. The flatcars, boxcar and passenger car were built in Tumwater by Ward and Mitchell and were primitive at best. The passenger car did not have seats at first and made do with benches until mid-September. The rails were rerolled in San Francisco from old Central Pacific tracks and the locomotive was delivered in pieces by ship. The engineer's first task was to assemble it on the dock.

The locomotive was delivered without a headlight and when the train ran late (which was quite often) the conductor was forced to stand on the cowcatcher with a lantern. As winter came on, an oil lamp and a bright new tin milk pan were fashioned into a workable source of illumination. The rustic light offended the tender sensibilities of the ladies of Olympia, so they held a ball and raised \$75 to purchase a genuine headlight. Their eager generosity was somewhat spoiled, however, when an unscrupulous San Francisco equipment dealer palmed off a mine lantern on the naive ladies.

Service of two trains a day to Tenino was originally planned, but in the first few months of operation the locomotive derailed so frequently that service was cut to one a day to free the engine for roadbed ballasting and track repair. Service gradually improved, but the ride was still a little like a roller-coaster on the unevenly graded right-of-way.

In 1879 the *Washington Standard* complained that the locomotive was larger than needed and causing "unnecessary wear on the tracks." A few months later *Standard* editor John Miller Murphy was more optimistic, proclaiming, "The railroad is fast pulling off its swaddling clothes and will be soon in its majority."

Not quite. The record cold winters of the late 1800s played havoc with timetables. Windstorms blew down trees over the tracks and heavy snow often stopped the train entirely. In January 1880 the O.&T. was stranded

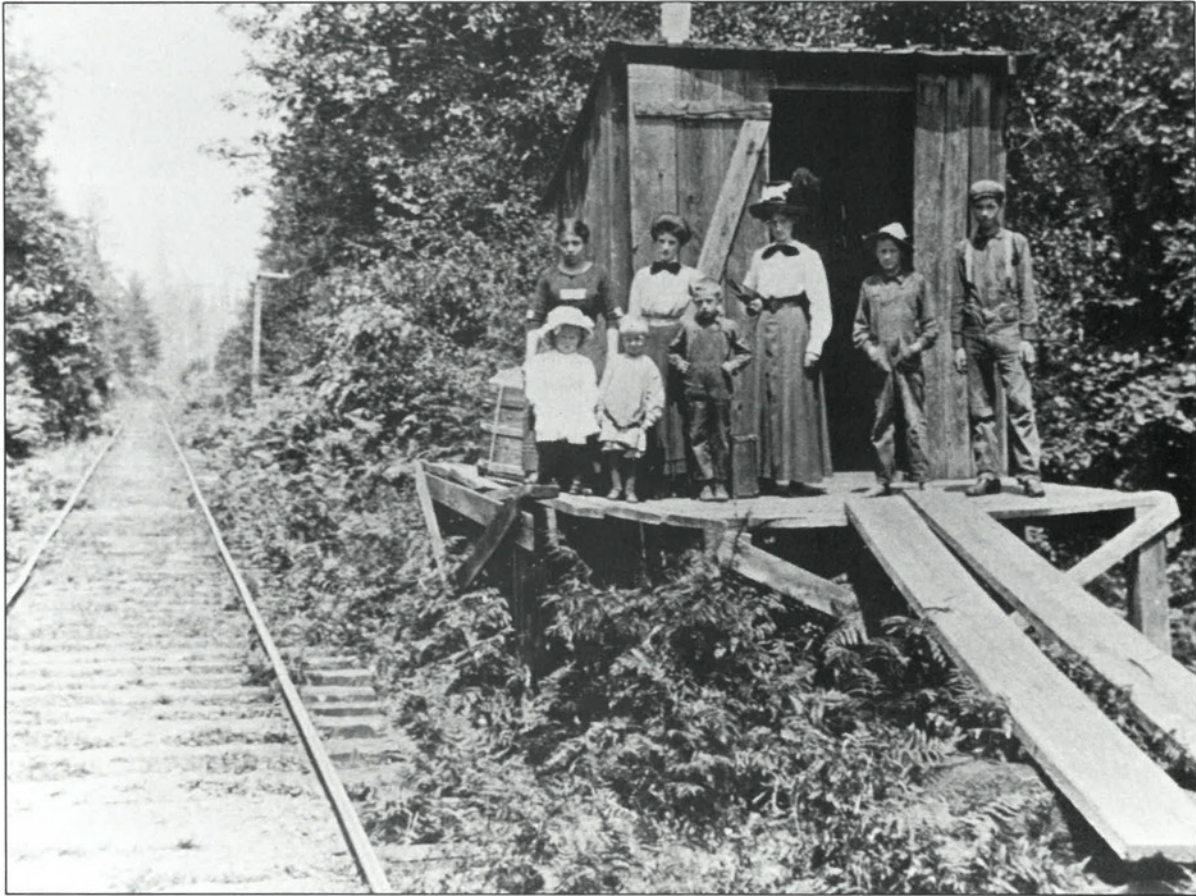


Photo courtesy of Arthur G. Dweley

❖

Along the route between Olympia and Tenino
were numerous stopping places dignified with the name "station."
In this photo two ladies and one little girl, dressed up to go to town, await the train at
"Sheldon's Station." The others might have been there to see them off.

❖

between Tumwater and Tenino for five days, out of wood and water. More than once, mail in and out of Olympia had to be carried by horseback. According to a contemporary account, Thurston County Commissioner John Yantis grew so tired of the delays encountered by the train in pushing through snowdrifts on one southbound run that he jumped off and struck out for Tenino on foot, arriving in town an hour before the train.

Few railroads offered the flexibility of schedule and stops that the O.&T. did. It stopped anywhere there was a passenger or a little freight. Shack-like "stations" were built here and there along the tracks and were usually named for the nearest resident, such as Bush's, Spurlock's, Plumb or Sheldon's. Unscheduled stops were often made for cows grazing between the ties, and a local legend tells of a belligerent bull which once kept the O.&T. at bay for nearly an hour.

A one-way fare on the line was 12½ cents from Olympia to Tumwater, 50 cents to Bush Station, 75 cents to Spurlock's, and \$1 to Tenino. Ordinary freight was \$1 a ton, with a proviso that bulky produce such as hay was \$2 a ton. As predicted earlier, Skookumchuck coal was hauled to Olympia, but never enough for the railroad to make any money.

In 1881 the little railroad was sold to new owners, much to the relief of Thurston County taxpayers. The new management included former Northern Pacific general superintendent Gen. John Sprague, president; Robert Wingate, vice president; Tenino merchant Fred Brown, treasurer; and A. A. Phillips, secretary. The name was changed to the Olympia & Chehalis Valley Railroad and Fred Brown took a dual role by also serving as the train's conductor. A second locomotive was pur-



**The East
Olympia depot was
heated by a wood stove.
And it was the only
capital city
railway station in
the nation
equipped with
outhouses.**

chased that year and the company began to improve its revenues by hauling logs along with passengers and freight. Passenger service must have picked up a bit, too, as a boxcar was converted into "quite a comfortable passenger coach."

The line changed names again in 1887 and this time was given the impressive title of the Port Townsend & Southern Railroad, although Olympia and Port Townsend were never joined by rails. In 1891 the line was widened to standard gauge. And the homemade passenger cars had been replaced by factory-built coaches by the time the P.T.&S. was taken over by the Northern Pacific in 1898.

The Tenino-Olympia run remained in existence until 1916, when the N.P.'s "Point Defiance line" was completed and the Union Pacific's Oregon, Washington Railway and Navigation Company tracks finally reached Olympia after many years of promises. Olympia railroad passengers for both lines were then shuttled back and forth to "East Olympia" where they caught main-line trains, still a half-dozen miles from the capitol. The depot at East Olympia consisted of a small frame building heated by a wood stove. It was the only capital city railway station in the nation equipped with outhouses.

Thus closed a memorable and unique chapter in Washington history. The "Cannonball" had served its purpose despite its early trials and tribulations. Olympia successfully weathered several attempts by other cities to wrest away the capital, which without the vital rail connection it undoubtedly would have lost. The O.&T. and its successors also had developed into a major artery for logs from southwest Washington and helped make Olympia a major lumber-milling center for many years.



However, Olympia did not mourn when the era of busy passenger rail service ended with the completion of the north-south freeway in the 1950s.

Arthur Dwelley, publisher of the Tenino Independent, is a member of the Board of Curators of the Washington State Historical Society. He has written extensively about the history of the Tenino area.

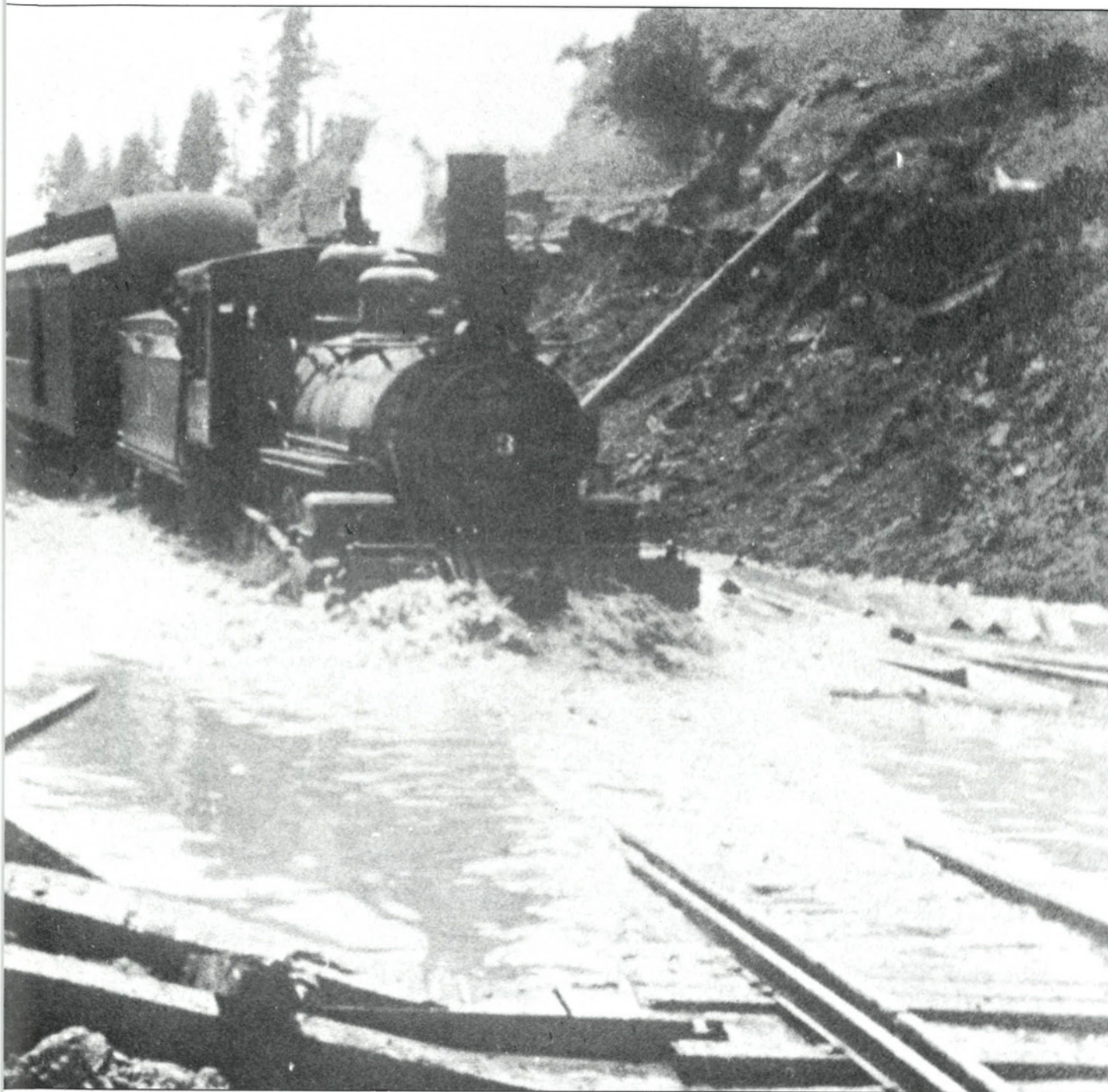


Photo courtesy of Arthur G. Dwelley

❖
This Port Townsend and Southern train was forced to ford a rainwater pond that formed on the right-of-way during construction of the Northern Pacific's "Point Defiance line." This is the main-line route used today, bordering the Sound from the Nisqually flats along a water-level route into Tacoma.
❖



Gil Dobie when he was the coach at the university.

The Loser Who Won

The story of the legendary Gil Dobie.



By Robert S. Welch

Quite simply, he was the best football coach the University of Washington has ever had. And, not incidentally, the worst.

Gilmour Dobie, who coached the U.W.'s team from 1908 through 1916, was the ultimate in pigskin paradoxes. Despite compiling a record unequaled in college football history, he laughed, officially, only once. His motto was, "I am always right—you are always wrong." His nickname was "Gloomy Gil." He was loved and hated, fancied and feared, idolized and ostracized. He is still the only football coach in America to go unbeaten for nine seasons—and he still got fired.

Therein lies the mystery of Gil Dobie. It first unfolded in the fall of 1908, at a time when Seattle was alive with logging, sawmills and shipping, but desperately trying to shore up that other significant area: the university football team. It was a time of five-point touchdowns and 10-cent vaudeville shows.

In 1908, with the football team coming off a .500 season, the *Washington Alumnus* lamented that the trouble with U.W. athletics was the matter of priorities among students, complaining, "Too much society. Too many social stunts. Too much competition among the sororities and fraternities as to which can give the swellest and biggest social affair; and too much energy wasted in giving them."

Discipline and a hunger for success—that's what Washington needed. And that's exactly what it got in Gil Dobie. Reared in poverty in little Hastings, Minnesota, Dobie had developed a nearly fanatical drive to win at everything: school (he was an honor student who earned a law degree), football (he quarterbacked the University of Minnesota to its first Big Ten championship in 1900) and finances (his shrewd stock-market investing would make him a wealthy man before the collapse of 1929).

After college, when he began coaching, Dobie's Southside High (Minneapolis) team went unbeaten both years he was there, as did his North Dakota Agricultural College squad in 1906 and 1907. Washington knew it was getting a winner; it also knew it was not getting the world's most warmhearted human being.



To Husky scout Joe Cutting: "If a player of mine runs 90 yards to a touchdown, that's nothing. If he tried a little harder he could do it more often."

At North Dakota, Dobie had quickly earned the wrath of every rival coach for his stubbornness and total lack of sentimentality. But such things are easily overlooked when weighed against the four undefeated seasons he'd produced. Thus, Dobie was hired—for \$1,200 a year.

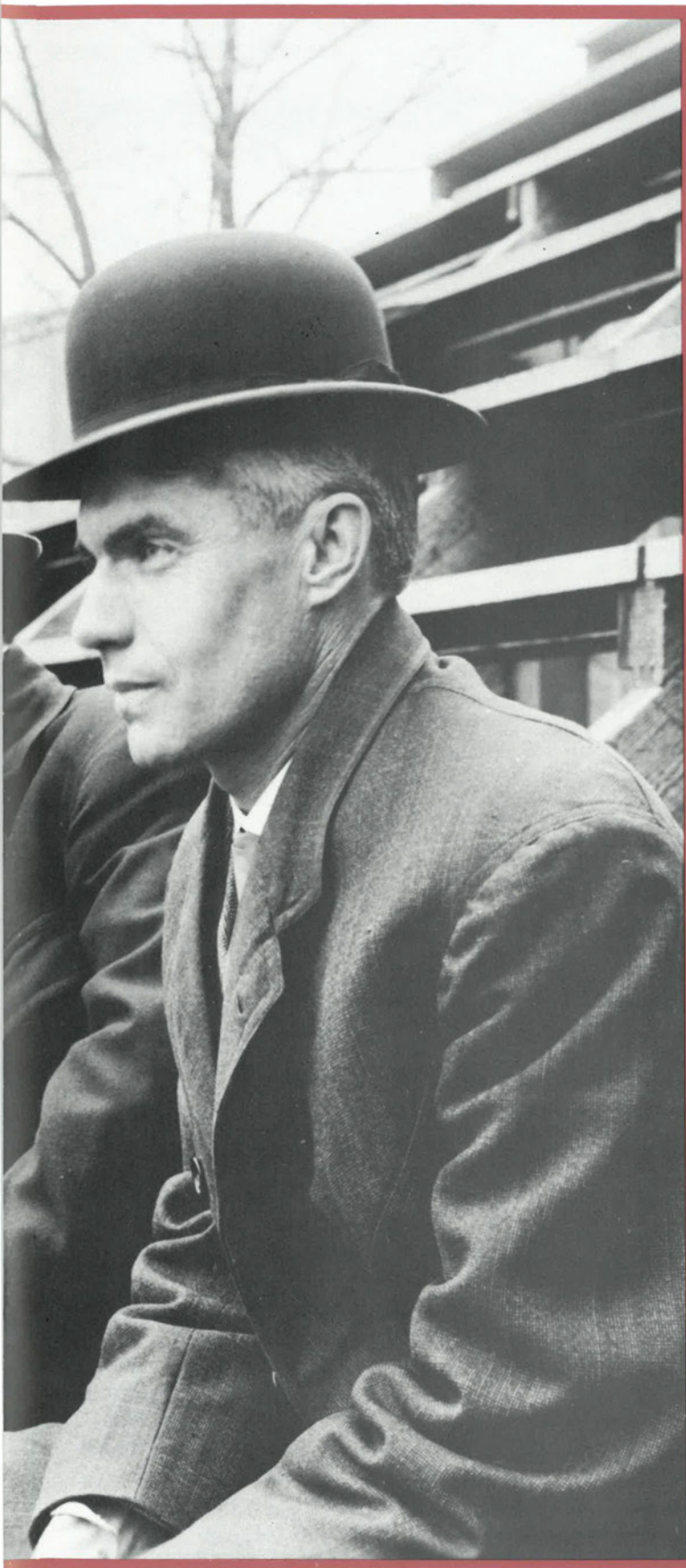
"He's maybe a little rough," said U.W. graduate athletic manager Lorin Grimstead in 1908, "but real sharp. No, sir, no more seasons like the last one."

What Grimstead failed to realize was that "maybe a little rough" would ultimately mean things like the team being forced to run 20 laps—after a 70-0 victory. But, then, Dobie never sold himself as the Good Fairy. Upon arriving on Washington's fir-studded campus, he first alienated the alumni, faculty, students and sportswriters by closing practice sessions. He then alienated the team with an icy introductory speech.

"There were no smiles, no handshakes, no slaps on the back . . . nothing but a pair of black eyes coldly peering out of a dark face," wrote Wee Coyle, who played quarterback for Dobie from 1908 to 1911, in a 1948 *Seattle Times* article. "Many of the players

In this photo Dobie, dressed up and wearing a derby, fashionable at that time, sits in the stands, probably watching a practice session. The man beside him is not identified.





University Archives, University of Washington Libraries

thought about leaving; this tall glob of gloom couldn't tell us what to do. But when it came time to depart, something besides the love of our homes, our sweethearts and our friends kept us on the right track—it was the spell of Gil Dobie."

Indeed, though his heart was as cold as a November drizzle, the Scot's mind was sharp, cunning



**To the team after
halfback Melville
Mucklestone fell asleep during
a Dobie pregame speech: "I
hope you get licked! You
cowards!"**

and calculating. He was highly intelligent, a shrewd investor and, off-season with a glass of brew in his hand, almost tolerable. On the football field, he was a drillmaster and master psychologist.

When halfback Cedric "Hap" Miller received national attention for an outstanding game, Dobie promptly told him he had a swelled head, was no help to the team and should quit. His pride threatened, Miller, of course, responded with an even better game. When going against a favored Oregon team, Dobie told his players that the sawdust on U.O.'s field was a devious ploy to slow the U.W. down and he wouldn't allow his team to play. Begging to play, the players blanked the favored Oregon squad 15-0.

Physically, Dobie was an Ichabod Crane type—tall, gaunt and sharp-featured—who often wore a derby and smoked a large, black cigar as he nervously paced the sidelines of Denny Field. Emotionally, he was something of a Heathcliffe of *Wuthering Heights*: mysterious, independent, brooding and seemingly unfeeling. His only official laugh came in 1911, when a trick play in practice worked well. The only recorded compliment he ever gave came when he told Mike "Mother" Hunt, "I wouldn't take you out if both your legs were broken. I've got that much confidence in you."

On Friday nights before home games, Dobie would

University of Washington Coaching Records Since the Time of Gil Dobie					
Years	Coach	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
1908-16	Gilmour Dobie	58	0	3	.975
1917-19	Claude J. Hunt	7	4	1	.625
1920	Leonard B. Allison	1	5	0	.167
1921-29	Enoch Bagshaw	63	22	6	.725
1930-41	James M. Phelan	65	37	8	.627
1942-47	Ralph Welch	27	20	3	.570
1948-52	Howard Odell	23	25	2	.480
1953-55	John Cherberg	10	18	2	.367
1956	Darrell Royal	5	5	0	.500
1957-74	Jim Owens	99	82	6	.545
1975-	Don James	101	39	1	.720

Dobie's Record					
Year	Won	Lost	Tied	Points	Opp.
1908	6	0	1	128	15
1909	7	0	0	214	6
1910	6	0	0	150	8
1911	7	0	0	277	9
1912	6	0	0	190	17
1913	7	0	0	266	20
1914	6	0	1	242	13
1915	7	0	0	274	14
1916	6	0	1	189	16
Ttls.	58	0	3	1,930	118

have quarterback Coyle come to his small house near the university—now a Christian Science reading room—to prepare for the next day's game. The living room would be cluttered with sports pages and foot-



To lineman Pete Tegtmer, hero of town and campus: "You yellow-haired bum, you've got a yellow streak up your back as yellow as your dirty yellow hair."

ball diagrams. The twosome's "discussions" were simple: Dobie would talk; Coyle would listen. Among the bits of information Coyle remembers is, "You play like a man devoid of brains."

Dobie once endeared himself to the team with the remark, "You are the dumbest, clumsiest, rankest collection of so-called football excuses I've ever seen." Despite such verbal lashings, or because of them, Coyle and his teammates responded game after game. "If we can take him day after day, we can take anybody on Saturday," one player reasoned. And, indeed, they did, compiling a record of 58 wins, no losses and 3 ties over nine years—a mark unmatched in college football history.

In a sense, Dobie was the Vince Lombardi and Woody Hayes of his time. He demanded perfection, courage and complete loyalty. "If he doesn't get what he demands he unceremoniously kicks the individual off the field never to return," wrote Coyle in 1914.

And Dobie wasn't discriminatory in the least. He seemed to feel equal disdain for players and non-players alike. Once, Dobie nearly came to blows with Hi Gill, former mayor of Seattle, and George Russell, the city's postmaster, because the lanky coach was obscuring their view of a game, a fact they relayed to the coach by showering him with peanuts and politely yelling, "Sit down, you big bum."

He didn't particularly like sportswriters either, nor was he number one with them. "The sportswriters of the Seattle dailies were placed in the same class as poison ivy," wrote Coyle. Dobie wasn't much for publicity and he particularly disliked naming All-American teams. Later, when coaching at Cornell, Dobie said, "Many a tomato has been made to look like a peach through the pressure of publicity. If you sing the praises of a man high enough in this country, it will reach not only to heaven but from Kennebunkport, Maine, to Walla Walla, Washington."

Sportswriters didn't like being banned from practice, nor did they like the way it was done. Once, a writer from the *Daily* approached Dobie from behind at practice.

"That you, Fred?" asked Dobie.

"Yes, it's me," came the reply.

"Get the hell out of here, Fred," said Dobie.

Because of such tact, many Dobie accounts suggest he was disliked intensely by all. Not true. Winning, regardless of how it's accomplished, is seductive—and it was particularly so in upstart Seattle, which was tenaciously trying to establish credibility in the eyes of other cities. True, halfback Penny Westover admitted he once wanted to punch Dobie after the coach had called him a "poor numbskull." True also, Dobie wasn't tops with the faculty, which wasn't pleased at a Dobian language well flecked with four-letter words, his marked disinterest in academics, and a salary—\$3,000 a year by the time he left—higher than their own.

Ah, but winning wipes clean many a sin. And, besides his skill at swearing, Dobie knew how to win. In Dobie's first season, the U.W. went undefeated and won the Northwest championship. "The prayers of the righteous prevail and Washington has a champion football team," responded the *Washington Alumnus* magazine. "It is a team, a fighting machine, and a thing of beauty to see in action."

"Dobie was quiet, determined, exacting, shrewd, capable," the magazine later added. "He minds his own business and, what is more, he sees to it that no

one helps him mind it." Anyone who disagrees, the magazine said, should be considered "a candidate for speedy annihilation."

He continued his tongue-lashings and harsh prac-



**Of his 1916 team:
"Team? What team?"**

**There isn't going to be a team.
Just 11 tackling dummies for
Oregon and California to
practice on."**

tices, but Dobie's disciples remained loyal to the cause. "Dobie means what he says and rarely says it," wrote F. A. Churchill, Jr., in a 1911 *Seattle Town Crier*. "As a result, the squad accepts his word in the attitude of a gang of Platos surrounding Socrates."

Washington rolled through opponent after opponent. Dobie won with trick plays, including a well-practiced center-to-end handoff—called the "bunk" play—that helped beat Oregon 29-3 in 1911. Dobie won big, once beating Whitworth 100-0. And he won even in 1915 when Northwest schools, in an attempt to derail the dynasty, refused to play Washington, forcing Dobie to round up new opponents.

But at the end of the 1915 season, Dobie suddenly resigned. At a subsequent luncheon in Dobie's honor, President Henry Suzzallo praised the outgoing coach. "The university," said Suzzallo, "is a large place to make men, and the process takes place both in and out of the classroom. Dobie has aided in this building of men."

Soon thereafter, Dobie pulled his personal "bunk" play, reversing his decision and deciding to stay on. Though Suzzallo might have been less than thrilled—behind his glowing words, the president was tiring of Dobie's popularity and disregard for the classroom—most of Seattle rejoiced. Editorialized the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, "Tune up the sackbut, psaltery, harp and lute, and anything else that will make a noise, and let us sound a paean of joy over the return of the mentor whom we had mourned as officially dead."

But Dobie's encore was short-lived. As the 1916 season wound to a close, controversy clutched the campus and Dobie was right in the middle. One of his players, Bill Grimm, had been caught cheating on a history test. A student committee recommended Grimm be suspended from school for one year, from December 1, 1916, right after the big Thanksgiving Day finale against California, until December 1, 1917. A faculty committee turned down the students' recommendation and stiffened the penalty by setting November 20 as the date of suspension.

The players were stunned. Losing Grimm next year was one thing—but losing him for next week's big game against Cal, well, that was quite another. So they went on strike. For two days, they refused to practice. Suzzallo looked to Dobie for leverage but the coach, almost with an air of cockiness, sided with his players. "If the boys feel that their studies demand their attention more than football practice, why that's their privilege," said Dobie, in a rare and suspicious proacademic statement.

The alumni and even Grimm entered the mess and convinced the team to play "for the greater good." The players ended the strike and beat Cal 14-7 in a game whose halftime entertainment was a 50-yard dash between the referee and umpire for a \$10 stake.



To Wee Coyle during one of his Friday night sessions: "Kid, listen to me. We're going to get licked....We haven't got a prayer."

It was Dobie's last game at Washington. A week later, Suzzallo fired him, contrary to subsequent accounts that said Dobie quit. In remarks strikingly different from those in his speech on Dobie a year previously, Suzzallo said, "The chief function of the university is to train character. Mr. Dobie failed to perform his full share of this service on the football field. Therefore, we do not wish him to return."

Suzzallo was still stung by Dobie's antifaculty stance on the team strike. Had the coach intervened,

he contended, the strike and subsequent controversy could have been prevented. Others suggested that the sophisticated Suzzallo, with no shortage of ego himself, was simply tired of playing second fiddle to a man whose success stemmed from Xs and Os scribbled on restaurant napkins.

The *Town Crier* defended Suzzallo's decision with sarcasm: "The disagreement between Dobie and President Suzzallo is caused by a misunderstanding on the part of the president. In some manner, Suzzallo has gotten the idea that the educational functions of the university are of more importance than the football team."

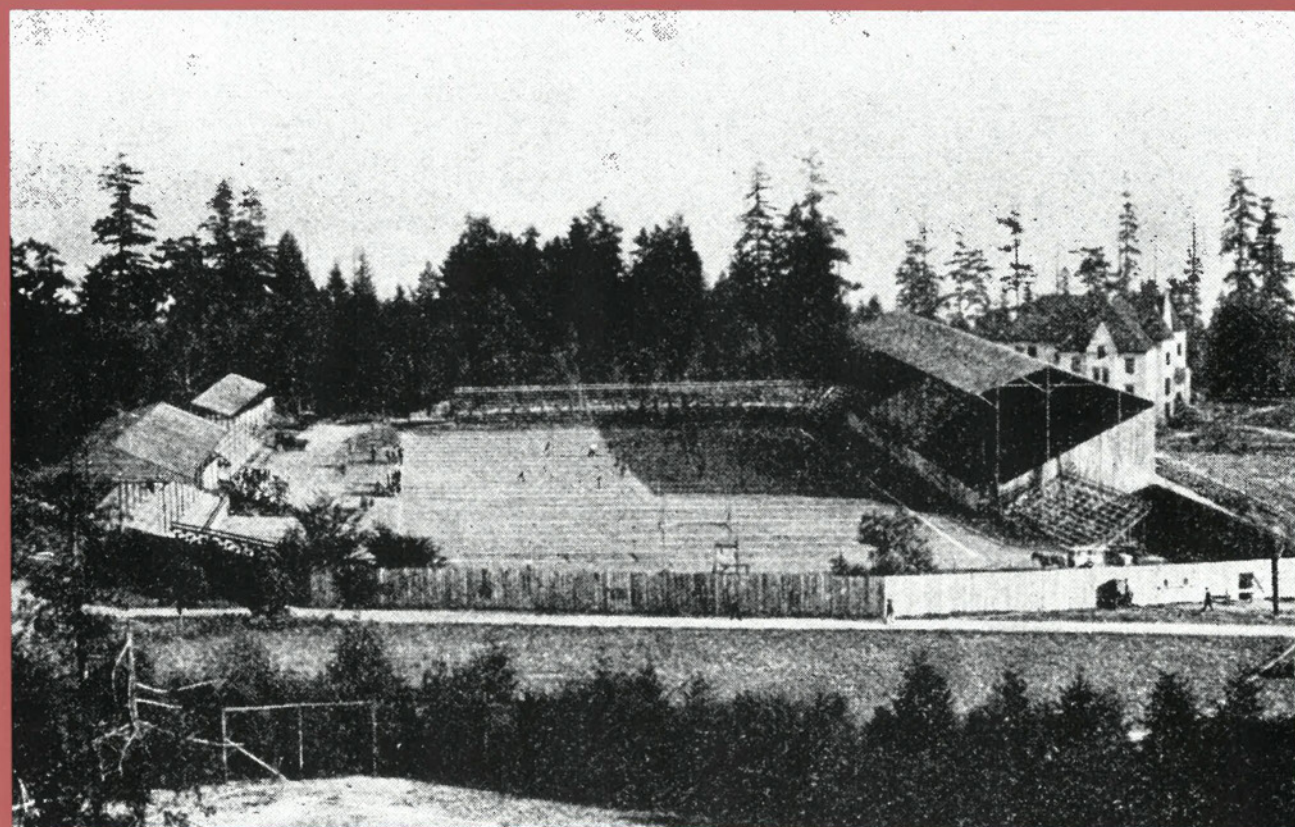
Responded Dobie, "My support of the strike was justified and great good has been accomplished. I feel that the football team was grossly wronged by robbing it of a member whom I had approved all season as the best man in the defensive scheme of the team's existence."

The students rallied around Dobie, whose U.W. teams had recorded 42 shutouts in 61 games and allowed only one team more than a touchdown. Calling him "the most loved and the most feared man who has ever fought for Washington," the *Daily* said, "His greatest fault was not that he did not serve, but that he served too well."

Former player BeVan Presley wrote to Suzzallo, "As far as character building and moral influence are concerned, I think he was one of the strongest factors working along these lines. And I feel that I derived as much benefit from my association with him as I did from any member of the faculty."

Some 800 students—more than one-fourth of the student body—showed up in front of Dobie's small house on 14th Avenue on a drizzly December night to honor the man they loved. When he walked out onto his porch, Dobie was greeted with three minutes of applause. In an uncharacteristic moment of kindness, he thanked the students, saying, "Kings, presidents and statesmen have been greatly honored, but I know they could have felt no greater honor than the honor bestowed upon me tonight." He implored them to "take your stand for or against intercollegiate athletics and stay there."

It was typical of Dobie that there was no middle ground. From the moment he stepped on campus to the moment he left, he ruled with a bullheadedness that was both his strength and weakness. To him, everything was black and white; there was no room for compromise.



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Not surprisingly, he didn't change much upon leaving Washington. He went to the University of Detroit where he quit after "several days," reported the *Times*, "because he was not satisfied with the small squad."

Then Navy took him on. He resurrected its dying gridiron program, losing only one game a year for three years. Then, when offered a three-year contract on his terms, he abruptly quit, later saying there were "too many admirals trying to run football at Navy when they should be at sea."

Later, at Cornell, after achieving a record of 82-36-7 from 1920 to 1935, Dobie was fired after two sour seasons. "You can't win games with Phi Beta Kappas," he concluded.

He ended his coaching career with three years at Boston College, in which his teams lost six games. He was fired, but that didn't surprise Dobie. After all, he'd once said, "A football coach can only wind up one of two ways—dead or a failure." A decade later, in 1948, he died in Putnam, Connecticut, at age 69.

Had he fulfilled his prophecy? No. In reality, Dobie died both a success *and* a failure.

He was a master technician and psychologist when it came to coaching. He squeezed players for

Denny Field, where football was played in the years when Dobie was the coach, was adjacent to Lewis Hall near the north border of the campus.

everything they had to offer—and the results were impressive. His .780 lifetime winning percentage still ranks among the best in the country. The most points scored against one of his Washington teams was 20—in an entire season. Had Washington, where he enjoyed his greatest success, been on the more populated and media-rich East Coast, it's likely the name Gil Dobie would be mentioned in the same breath as Pop Warner, Knute Rockne and John Heisman.

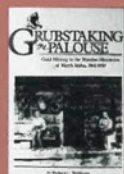
But for all his ability to coach winning football teams, Dobie was a lonely man who, because of his own pessimism, was always facing third-and-long against the world. He couldn't see beyond the scoreboard, couldn't see that life was wider than a football field, couldn't see that compromise doesn't necessarily mean defeat.

All such things considered, Dobie's legacy is the ultimate paradox: He was a loser who won.

Robert S. Welch is feature editor of the Journal-American in Bellevue.



Edited by Dr. Robert C. Carriker



Grubstaking the Palouse:

Gold Mining in the Hoodoo Mountains of North Idaho, 1860-1950.

By Richard C. Waldbauer. Pullman: Washington State University Press, 1986. 75 pp. \$12.95 paper.

Reviewed by Dr. William S. Greever.

The small Hoodoo Mining District has, over a period of 90 years, produced perhaps \$1,125,000 worth of gold (measured in 1980s currency) and a tiny bit of copper. It is located along the gulches which flow into the North Fork of the Palouse River in Latah County, Idaho.

The initial discovery was apparently made in the early 1860s. At first, miners made an attractive profit, but then they faced years of declining yields. Many left as news of other strikes circulated, but others remained. A flourishing mini-rush occurred in 1884-85, though nobody now knows why, when 90 new claims were registered. Later, the national economic disaster of 1893 stimulated even greater interest in Hoodoo mining.

Activity in the Hoodoo region slackened as better times returned nationally, and as increasing employment at better pay became available with the local expansion of the lumber industry. Several mining companies after 1900 attempted large-scale operation, financed by the sale of stock initially priced as low as two cents a share, but these enterprises proved not to be economically viable for the long run. During the early 1930s bad times again drove amateurs into the area, but they met with little success. The final mining effort, a large one by a corporation, involved river dredging in 1939-42 and 1947.

The author has researched exhaustively in the available written records. These are only fragmentary and he has probably unearthed all we shall ever know about the Hoodoo Mining District. He also has made an archaeological study of the physical remains, but says little about this in his book. His clear and effective writing style is at its best in his chapter on placer mining methods used by individuals and small groups. Indeed, as a technological explanation for the layman, this chapter is superior. This definitive study, published in conjunction with the historical societies of Latah County, Idaho, and Whitman County, Washington, is an important contribution to local history and a useful footnote to the story of the Pacific Northwest.

Dr. William S. Greever, Professor Emeritus at the University of Idaho, is the author of a classic study on the mining West, *The Bonanza West*, and is an expert in Pacific Northwest history.



The Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition: Volume 2, August 30, 1803- August 24, 1804.

Edited by Gary E. Moulton. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1986. 612 pp. \$40.00.

Reviewed by Robert Saindon.

This ambitious literary endeavor is Lewis and Clark scholarship at its best! Volume 2 is the first text volume in the new edition of *The Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition* prepared by the Center for Great Plains Studies at the University of Nebraska. (The first volume in the series, an atlas, was issued in 1983.) It covers the 12 months in 1803-04 when the Corps of Discovery floated down the Ohio River, wintered in Illinois opposite St. Louis, and began its journey up the Missouri River as far as present South Dakota.

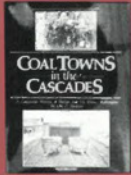
Editor Gary Moulton sets the stage for subsequent text volumes with a concise 48-page introduction to the series in three parts: "History of the Expedition," "The Journal-keeping Methods of Lewis and Clark," and "The Editing and Publishing of the Journals." There is also a comment on editorial procedures, plus three appendices: "Members of the Expedition," "Provenance and Description of the Journals," and "Calendars of Journals and Manuscripts."

Moulton has chosen to place the captains' daily journal entries together, one after the other. Annotations follow each dated entry. Journals for other expedition members appear only in the notes, although they will be published in their entirety in a later volume. This reviewer would have preferred to see the daily entries of all the journalists presented together.

For some unexplained reason, Dr. Moulton has trouble breaking from the long-held, though fallacious, name of "Scan-non" for Lewis's Newfoundland dog. In fact, he seems to prefer that name over the correct "Seaman." On the other hand, the editor gives no reason for breaking from the traditional spelling of "Sacajawea" to the more recently adopted "Sacagawea."

Beyond these minor points, quality is evident everywhere in this production. Moulton does a masterful job of research and editing while maintaining the journalists' creative spellings and colorful writing style. If the first two volumes are a promise of what is to come in this series, every worthwhile Western Americana library will be enhanced by a subscription to it.

Robert Saindon lives in Helena, Montana, where he is the editor of *We Proceeded On*, the quarterly of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation.



Coal Towns in the Cascades:
A Centennial History of Roslyn
and Cle Elum, Washington.

By John C. Shideler. Spokane: Melior
Publications, 1986. 151 pp. \$22.95.

Reviewed by Dr. Nigel B. Adams.

In the summer of 1986 Roslyn's citizens hosted approximately 3,000 former residents, relatives and friends for the celebration of the town centennial. At the picnic grounds, tucked away in the shade on a table at one of the ethnic gatherings, sat John C. Shideler, selling and autographing his book *Coal Towns in the Cascades*.

It was a pleasant experience to witness the pride and memories sparked by Shideler's book. At the same time, the book renewed heated debate among those who had strong remembrances of the struggle within rival labor organizations for the heart and soul of the town's citizenry. The author received help from several people who lived and labored in the Roslyn-Cle Elum area when these towns were in their glory, and he has written a history from stories passed down through the generations.

John Shideler is a principal in the history consulting company Futurepast, which published this book. It is a generalized account of the geographical and historical origins of two coal towns in the larger context of the region's past. Seven of the ten chapters deal specifically with the communities after the railroad arrived and mining commenced. Shideler found abundant local photographs to illustrate previous scholarship and official government publications. This nicely printed book is attractive and readable.

Shideler makes no pretense of trying to write a scholarly book. He uses footnotes sparingly. However, the author has made a critical mistake in rushing the book into publication. Even the weakest pictorial history needs a well-organized bibliography for its readers.

Shideler has served notice on other historians, communities and states: Private historical businesses intend to make a living from the wave of centennial celebrations which will take place in the next few years in the Pacific Northwest. Trained historians like Shideler are going to be writing and earning. In the meantime, the lesson learned from reading *Coal Towns in the Cascades* has to be that, if you do not think the book is good enough, then do not wait another hundred years to try and improve the product. Coal towns in the Cascades have been

the subject of intermittent work by scholars, historians, archaeologists and others. Much of this work remains isolated from the mainstream. At least Shideler's work is available to the general public!

Dr. Nigel B. Adams has conducted extensive archival research on mining activities in the Pacific Northwest in addition to teaching at Green River Community College. Adams' grandparents established a home in Roslyn in 1886.



Grisdale:

Last of the Logging Camps.

By Dave James. Fairfield,
Washington: Ye Galleon Press,
Mason County Historical Society,
1986. 142 pp. \$14.95.

Reviewed by
Dr. Hal K. Rothman.

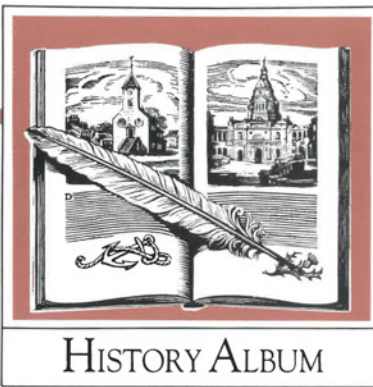
Local history authored by enthusiastic "buffs" has always had a place in historical writing. It offers valuable insights into social and cultural history in particular. In addition, the sheer love that many such authors bring to their subjects is in and of itself compelling. They add a zest and familiarity sometimes missing from traditional scholarship. Dave James's *Grisdale: Last of the Logging Camps* falls squarely in this genre. It is a chronicle of the Simpson Timber Company and its activities in the southern Olympic Mountains.

With folksy language and attention to detail, James makes life in the timber camps come alive. He describes every detail of life in the camps, from the "undressing room," where a wet logger could leave his clothes, to what the men wore and ate, and how they did their work. Much of the folklore of the camps comes through, as do the vivid personalities of its characters. The many photographs are an added asset. James has mined the collections of photographer Clark Kinsey and the Simpson Timber archives to compile a record of the camps that is stunning in its simplicity. The photos show a world now gone—the people, the camps, the land they worked and the machines they used—with a vigor rare in historical documentation.

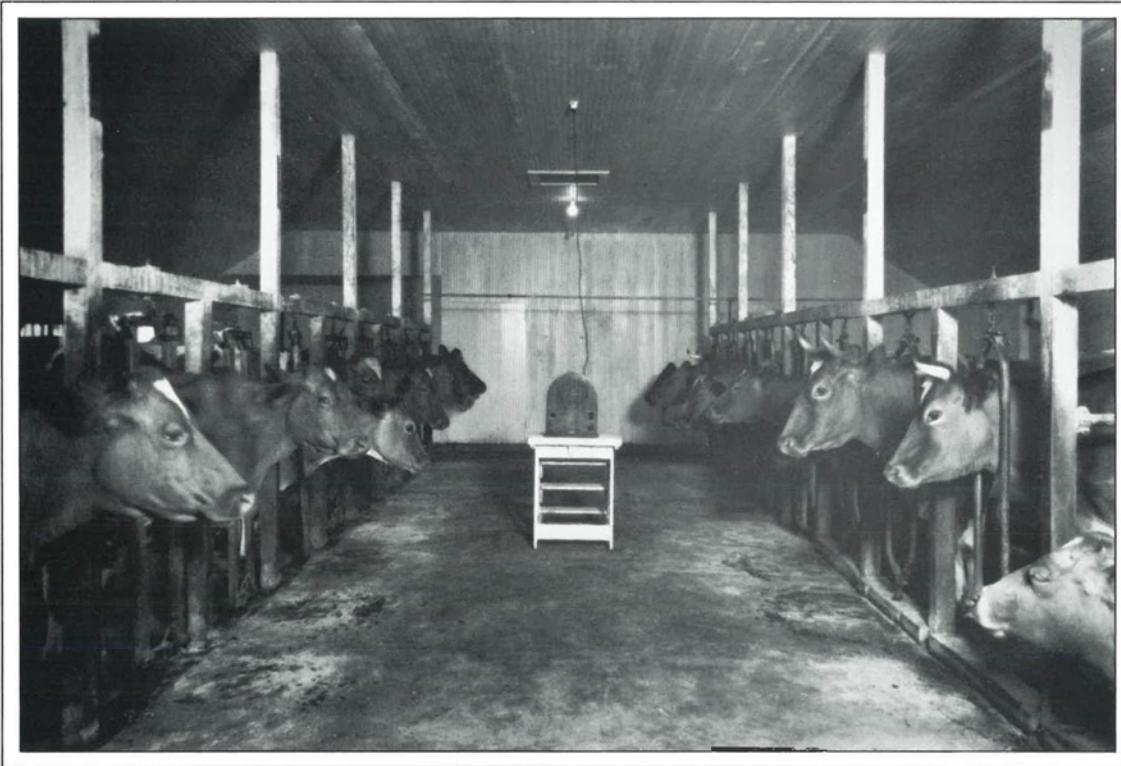
This book is aimed at an audience in the know. It is neither synthetic nor comprehensive, but it's not meant to be. *Grisdale* is a commemoration of a place and its people in times gone by.

Dr. Hal Rothman is Senior Vice-President of Futurepast: the History Company, in Spokane.

Address all communications and review copies to: Dr. Carriker, History Department, Gonzaga University, Spokane, WA 99258



HISTORY ALBUM



MOOSIC TO MAKE COWS UDDERLY PRODUCTIVE

The staff at a Marymoor dairy in Redmond conceived a novel use for the electric power being introduced to rural areas around 1930.

They installed a radio as well as a light bulb in the barn, in the hope that soothing music would make the cows more contented and thus better milk producers.

As early as 1928 Puget Power had electrified 63 percent of the farms in its territory, but in many parts of the state oil lamps burned and there were no radios until the federal Rural Electrification Act was passed in 1930, bringing rapid growth and power extensions into areas the power companies previously considered to be too remote to serve. This photograph by Asahel Curtis is from the Washington State Historical Society's Curtis Collection.

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.

Congratulations on a fine first edition of *Columbia*. The depth of the articles and the format of the publication are outstanding. I wish you continued success and give you every encouragement for this undertaking!

Jane Bigelow
Portland

I just received my first copy of *Columbia*. My hat is off to you! Colorful, interesting, educational. Who could ask for more? It should set a standard for state historical magazines.

Dr. James Warren
Museum of History and Industry
Seattle

Congratulations on your publication, *Columbia*. I am what is termed an amateur historian. I have always firmly believed that history left exclusively to professionals is the root of so much disinterest in a fascinating discipline. While professional analysis of past events is necessary, it is also necessary



that our history be communicated to the public in a more informal, human manner. History is not just events; it is also people, the way they lived, thought and acted. *Columbia* is an elegant attempt at conveying that idea. Long may the publication flourish!

Harriet De Long
Shelton

Love it. Enough said.

Mrs. Lincoln R. Perry
Bremerton

I'm glad to see that you have launched your first issue with Wilkes. As a researcher

of his work in the Oregon Country, I appreciate David Buerge's general account, but was sorry that he failed to present Wilkes as a man and commander of great vision and dedication—certainly far beyond that of most of his critics, as the record shows.

Constance Bordwell
LCDR, USNR (Ret.)
Eugene, OR

I just saw the inaugural issue of *Columbia* and thought I'd drop you a note to tell you how wonderful it looks. Hooray for "popular history" and book review editors determined to bring scholarly works to the attention of a wider audience!

Patricia A. Knapp
University of Nebraska Press
Lincoln, NE

Columbia welcomes letters from its readers. Please write to: *Columbia*, 901 Lenora, Seattle, WA 98121. We do reserve the right to edit letters for publication.

PUBLICATIONS

OF THE WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This is a partial list of books and pamphlets published by the Society. Please send your order to W.S.H.S., 315 N. Stadium Way, Tacoma, WA 98403. Orders received with payment will be shipped postpaid. The Society offers a discount of 10% to libraries; 15% to Society members; and 40% on wholesale orders of five or more books.

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 Neah Bay teacher and Indian agent who wrote the territory's first printed book. 126 pp. Sale price: \$5.00.

Asahel Curtis, by R. Frederick and J. Engerman. Subtitled "Photographs of the Great Northwest," this catalog of a W.S.H.S. exhibit includes a Curtis biography, historical essays and a guide to using the collection, now in the Hewitt Library at W.S.H.S. 72 pp. Sale price: \$5.95.

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

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

A Girl in Washington Territory, by Ruby Chapin Blackwell. Miss Blackwell recounts the early life of Tacoma, and includes her experience of the anti-

Chinese riots. 31 pp. Sale price: \$2.00.

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 Le Roy. 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 Holden 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 Holden. 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.

Lost Perspectives, by Nile Thompson and Darrel Thiel. A catalog of a W.S.H.S. exhibit by Collections

Curator Thiel showing the art and culture of Western Washington Indians during the last century. 32 pp. Sale price: \$2.50.

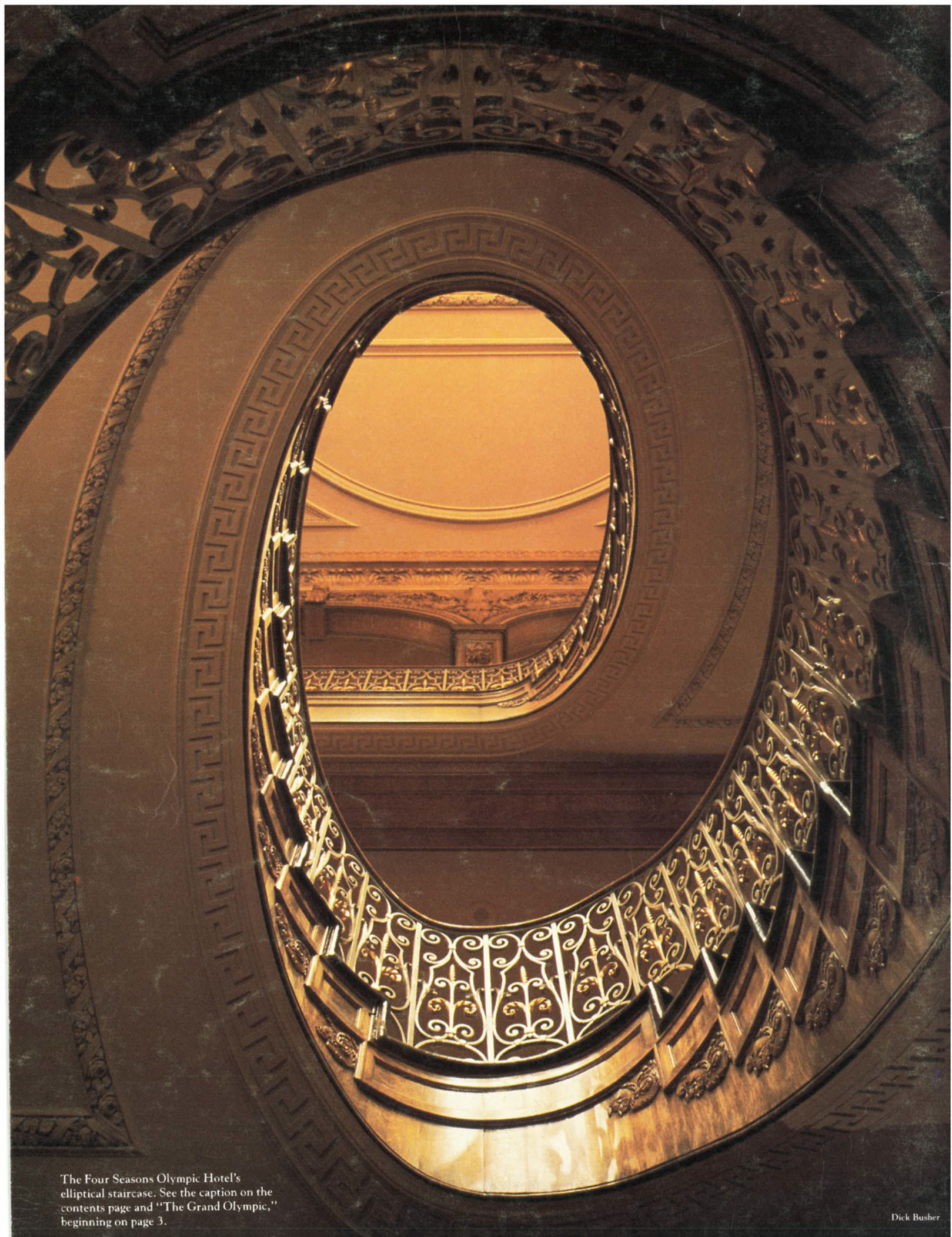
The Mill on the Boot, by Murray Morgan. Subtitled "The Story of the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Company," this history of a pioneer company tells how it brought prosperity to Tacoma from its founding in 1888. 286 pp. \$19.95.

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 Waiilatpu. 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. Nicandri. 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.

Letters From Oregon City, edited by William Sampson. Subtitled "The Business Correspondence of Dr. John McLoughlin," the book throws additional light on the Hudson's Bay Company's chief factor. 179 pp. Sale price: \$10.00.



The Four Seasons Olympic Hotel's elliptical staircase. See the caption on the contents page and "The Grand Olympic," beginning on page 3.