Society Headquarters to Be Refurbished

It's a typical night in December. The rain is falling hard, and there is not a little wind. In the Washington State Historical Society's Ben B. Cheney Hall a group is gathering in anticipation of their tour of the "Magnificent Voyagers" exhibit. Ironically, it's the American Institute of Architects; for while on the surface it appears as if the museum is weathering the storm, in fact a good portion of the staff and a roofing contractor are scurrying around as if at the foot of a dike trying to stem the tide. Water is cascading from the fifth floor to the second; in short, the roof leaks badly and has for several years.

Fortunately, due to the efforts of my predecessors and the state legislature, this will be the last winter of watery discontent. Indeed, repairs to the roof will be the least visible (though not least important) of many changes that will be occurring at our facility on Stadium Way during the course of the next year and a half. If Wilkes-related changes have created the impression of a revitalized museum, then what is about to happen should be cause for sheer wonderment.

Effective December 15, 1987, the Washington State Historical Society has been under contract with the architectural and exhibition design firms of Edelman, Naiman, & Bisset of Portland and Gerard Hilferty of Athens, Ohio. After an arduous and frequently delayed screening, interviewing and work-scoping process, planning is now under way toward the development of a new curriculum of exhibits detailing the dramatic history of Washington. The current displays have transcended themselves as didactic instruments in that, dating from the 1930s in many instances, they have also become pieces of antiquity.

Yet again, things are not all that they seem. While any informed visitor to the museum will tell you that the permanent exhibits are lacking in coherence, interpretation or drama (all of which "Magnificent Voyagers," for instance, had in spades) in actuality the ancillary spaces in the museum are in more drastic need of upgrading than what the public typically gets to see.

A portion of the holdings of the Hewitt Library is stored in hallways. The historic landscape-art collection is constantly exposed to sawdust emanating from the workshop which is positioned next to it. There is no room for any appreciable additions to the museum's artifact collection. I cite all this with no intent to launder dirty linen in public, but rather to highlight the fact that a substantial portion of the remodeling will also necessarily involve improvements to the "back of the house."

As the accompanying graphic from an earlier remodel should illustrate, there is a pattern to the life of an institution as venerable as the Washington State Historical Society. Each generation of stewards (the governing board, staff and membership) has its challenges and opportunities, and that the Society should be refashioning itself in such a substantive manner during the next year or two should make the centennial of our state (and of the Society itself shortly thereafter) all the more adventuresome.

—David L. Nicandri, Director

Members Become Subscribers

The categories of membership are as follows:

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Readers of Columbia who are not already members of the Washington State Historical Society are urged to join in one of the categories shown at left. Members receive Columbia or, if they prefer, Pacific Northwest Quarterly, published by the University of Washington. A member may receive both Columbia and P.N.Q. by paying an additional $10 per year.

Membership applications should be addressed to:

Washington State Historical Society
315 North Stadium Way
Tacoma, WA 98403
(206) 593-2830
The colorful but tragic story of the Ebeys of Whidbey Island, told through the family diaries.

By Laura Arksey

Samuel G. Morse 31

Many of his photographs of the Makah, taken at the turn of the century, survive today.

By Carolyn Marr

The First Ascent of Mt. St. Helens 36

A daring mountaineering feat in 1860.

Columbia Reviews 46

Recent books of interest on Northwest history.

Edited by Dr. Robert C. Carriker

History Album 48

Harvy Crawford and his amazing flying machine.

Front cover: Harriet Foster Beecher, regarded as the best of Washington's turn-of-the-century artists, produced two portraits of the state's most famous pioneer, Ezra Meeker. One of these is reproduced on the cover of this issue. More about Meeker, turn to page 12. Courtesy of the Museum of History and Industry. Back cover: This Samuel G. Morse photograph shows Makah Indian woodcarver Allabush holding one of his unusual mother-and-child figures, one of which is in the Indian Collections of the Washington State Historical Society. The background, showing age marks, is a huge plank laboriously chopped from a tree of great girth. To enjoy more of Morse's fine photographs of the Makah, turn to page 41. Courtesy of the Washington State Historical Society.
Save Those Family Diaries;  
The Historians Will Need Them

Hidden or tucked away in many a household is a diary or journal kept by a family member now gone. It is a very personal thing, a diary, and that is why it is kept out of sight and reach, often behind a lock. But what is to be its ultimate fate, now that there are no more thoughts to be placed in lasting ink on pages that at the time of writing seemed to have no purpose or meaning to anyone except the person who, in private moments, through many years or even a lifetime, faithfully made a record of one human life?

Historians have an answer to that question. First of all, save it. Don’t let it be thrown out, as the “old stuff” left over from the past often is. Then consider giving it to a research library where all the time and effort that went into the keeping of a journal can eventually be rewarded when it becomes a source for someone writing history.

One who repeats this recommendation often is Laura Arksey, the author of the article in this issue of Columbia that is based on the well-known Ebey family diaries. She is a student of the personal written record. Her studies brought the realization that the purposes of history are not served merely by transferring a journal from the back of a drawer in a home to a filing cabinet in a library. The existence of the journal and a description of what it contains is needed also. Then there needs to be a bibliography—a published listing of such journals, some printed in obscure places—so that those undertaking historical research can be led to often rich sources of material in their chosen field.

Ms. Arksey has done that. With Nancy Pries and Marcia Reed she produced, in two volumes, American Diaries: An Annotated Bibliography of Published American Diaries and Journals (Detroit: Gale Research, 1986).

Her Columbia article, based on the Ebey family diaries, which recorded settlement days on Whidbey Island in the mid-19th century, is an excellent example of the use to which personal records can be put. Oh, one may say, but that is pioneer material—real history; grandfather’s diary is from the 20th century. It makes no difference. Were the Ebey diaries less worth keeping 20 or 30 years after they had been finished than they are now? Now they are priceless. They were also in 1887.

It is true that journals of recent origin do not have as much historic interest as those from the far past. But what is recent now will be the far past of a future time.

The best diaries and journals are those that include the writer’s observations about current events, around home, in the neighborhood or even farther afield—what people then were interested in, what they talked about, how they voted, what they thought of wars and epidemics and minorities and draft laws and political campaigns. Prohibition, its repeal, the rise of labor, women’s suffrage, the Great Depression—all these and much more were on the minds of the many who kept journals after the 19th century was closed. But even a diary that is concerned wholly with family and friends has value.

History is no longer considered to be only a record of struggles for power by kings and tyrants, politicians and political parties, and of what such leaders did that affected the lives of common people, often for the worse as well as the better. The Russian Revolution was not the revolt of the people that the small group led by Lenin were able to enter as fact in the pages of history. That truth is coming out now even in Russia itself as the attention of historians, and Russian politicians too, turns to the real source of history out there among the “toiling masses,” as the opportunist leaders liked to call them. New insights into our own revolution have been provided by the recent publication of diaries kept during that time. Consider what is in store for Russia when the thousands of diaries that must have been kept secretly in the time of Russia’s revolution can be brought safely to light.

To whom can you entrust family records, once they are taken out of the closet? Naturally we recommend our own Washington State Historical Society which, over nearly a century, has been collecting the raw materials of history in its library. But it is by no means the only repository where written records are held.
in safekeeping, and either made available at once to researchers, or kept closed for a time specified by the donor. The four-year colleges and universities, especially the universities of Washington and Oregon, welcome contributions to their collections of Northwest materials. The Oregon Historical Society in Portland has a preeminent library of Northwest materials. Many county and town historical societies collect documentary material as well as the more common pioneer artifacts.

And photographs. Let not the visual records of the past at the local level be neglected in this appeal for preservation. The research libraries also maintain photographic collections. They welcome material of a higher degree of interest than family snapshots, especially photos in which the people shown are identified on the back.

Ezra Meeker and Gen. John Wool, the subjects of two other articles in this outstanding fifth issue of Columbia, had one thing in common—an attitude about the Indians that was a distinctly minority viewpoint. They could see that the “Indian War” of the 1850s might have been avoided if the natives had been dealt with fairly by the territorial governors of Oregon and Washington and by the settlers themselves who, in their eagerness to claim the land, could easily convince themselves that the natives were “siwashes,” a racial slur equivalent to the word “nigger” applied to blacks, and had no right to resist the civilizing efforts of the white man.

As Sidney Berland makes clear, those first settlers did not want to rely for protection on a military leader whose sympathies were with those who were spreading terror to such an extent that families fled for safety to hastily erected log blockhouses. The conflict between Gov. Stevens and Gen. Wool is one that not all historians have treated objectively. Mr. Berland’s piece helps greatly in providing an understanding of how and why the Indian “problem” was handled as it was.

The Meeker account focuses on another matter—the pioneer journalist’s trip to New York which resulted in his being hired temporarily to help financier Jay Cooke sell bonds to build the railway that Meeker and others in the territory knew was essential to the development of the Northwest. But it tells also of Meeker daring to take the side of Leschi, the Indian chief who was convicted on largely unsubstantiated evidence and hanged. The stands he and Wool took are viewed entirely differently now than they were in the turbulent period of unnecessary bloodshed at the outset of Washington’s and Oregon’s beginnings.

—John McClelland, Jr.
Strategy Strife on the Indian War Front

A young territorial governor challenges a veteran general.

By Sidney Berland

Congress, in early 1853, created Washington Territory. The few settlers north of the Columbia River who had been petitioning insistently for that long-sought objective were delighted. Territorial status was expected to open a period of rapid progress and development, especially in the Puget Sound area. Then into their midst to lead them as governor was sent a young army officer, Isaac I. Stevens, who had two other assigned missions—to survey a northern route for a railroad across the West and to make accommodations with the natives of the region. His survey was done well. His handling of the Indians was another matter. The treaties he negotiated with the chiefs of principal tribes were so poorly received by the Indians generally that a revolt amounting to war broke out. It lasted through the years 1855-58 and effectively thwarted hopes for immediate territorial growth and progress.

The conflict, however, turned out to be less an ordeal of bloodshed than an acrimonious war of words, mainly because the highest-ranking U.S. military officer involved openly blamed his own side for fomenting and profiting from the war, and because he judged the enemy—the Indians—to be the innocent victims of the war. The result was a strange historical anomaly.

The officer was Major General John Ellis Wool, who was given command of the Army of the Pacific in February 1854. Newspapers in the Pacific territories welcomed him as a "gallant warrior" for his victory at Buena Vista in the Mexican War, and for his 25 years of service as an Indian fighter. The settlers expected him to combine his troops with the volunteer militias of Washington, Oregon and California and make short work of the hostile Indians. But within the space of three years General Wool's reputation in the Northwest sank from gallant warrior to "traitor." Newspapers like the Pioneer and Democrat in Olympia criticized him unmercifully, calling him "criminal," "insane," "a decayed member of the order of the 'star and garter,'" and accused him of "failing to fight a little" and encouraging his officers and men to "luxuriate in their wine, Indian women and cigars." He was "an Indian and outlaw sympathizer, hated by all white men, women and children," a prevancator of "malicious falsehoods and slanders" and "vindictive efforts to manufacture public opinion and to prejudice the government against the people," a "superannuated functionary."

General Wool did not like Governor Stevens or his Indian policies. The trouble started at a San Francisco social function in April 1854. Stevens, 36 years old, was inebriated. He contradicted the 70-year-old general when he "boasted" about his exploits in the Battle of Buena Vista. General Zachary Taylor deserved credit for that victory, not Wool, said the governor, for he was the man in charge. It has been charged that Stevens derided the general for not being a West Point graduate, even though the academy had not yet been founded when Wool was of cadet age.

Historian Edmond S. Meany—one of Wool's severest critics, and a partisan of Stevens—wrote of a later conflict between the two men that "an unmanly, undignified cause for this [Wool's] miserable show of spleen... is found in the fact that Governor Stevens had offered [him] a rebuke in April 1854.... From that hour Wool hated Stevens.... It would have saved endless trouble if Governor Stevens had exercised a little diplomacy instead of a rebuke for the old soldier." Historian Clarence B. Bagley, another admirer of Stevens, said, "Wool was jealous of
the fame that generals Scott and Taylor had achieved in the Mexican War, and arrogated to himself honors justly their due.”

General Wool, upon his arrival at his headquarters in San Francisco in January 1854, wrote to Secretary of War Jefferson Davis that he expected the Indians, especially in Oregon and California, to commit “depredations” against the settlers, and asked for the power to restrain them “by a decided, steady and firm, but just course. They should be protected in all their rights, and punished whenever they violate the rights of others.”

He also asked for authority to restrain the white man. Throughout his three-year term in the Pacific territories and Utah, the general placed full blame for the Indian troubles on Governor Stevens, Governor George Curry of Oregon and their respective militias. On February 28 he informed the assistant adjutant general in New York City that “the difficulties with the Indians are frequently produced by the cupidity of the whites.... Most of the difficulties have been caused by outrages committed by men who have no regard for law or justice.”

To prevent the recurrence of outrages in Oregon and California, he sent a detachment of 50 men to reinforce Captain A. J. Smith at Fort Lane in March 1854 and asked army headquarters for a large force “to keep the peace and protect the Indians against the white people.” Smith, three other officers and Indian Agent Samuel H. Culver had notified Wool of the wanton murders of unoffending Indians, including women and children, and the intent of whole communities of settlers to massacre others. In a letter to General Winfield Scott, Wool blamed increased immigration and encroachments of the whites for complicating the preservation of peace.

By the month of April, General Wool needed no personal insults from Stevens to formulate the policy which so revolted the governor, the territorial legislatures, most of the press and the bulk of the settlers. He was a military dove in a forest of civilian hawks, largely because his experience with suppression of Indians elsewhere in the nation had left him with bitter memories.

In 1836-37 Wool—then brigadier general—was assigned to the Department of Virginia to oversee the roundup and disarmament of the Cherokee nation, in preparation for its long march from Georgia, Tennessee and North Carolina to northeast Oklahoma. Within a few months, according to historian Grace Steele Woodward, he requested and received a transfer, “so revolted was he by the prospect of disarming and subjugating the Cherokees.” In a letter to a friend he wrote,

The whole scene since I have been in this country has been nothing but a heartrending one, and such a one as I would be glad to get rid of as soon as circumstances will permit.... If I could... I would remove every Indian tomorrow beyond the reach of the white men, who, like vultures, are watching, ready to pounce upon their prey and strip them of everything they have or expect from the government of the United States. Yes sir, nineteen-twentieths... will go penniless to the West.

Under the supervision of General Scott, what was termed the “Trail of Tears” began in 1838. Of the 20,000 Cherokees who made the march, an estimated 4,000 died on the way from drought, disease, fatigue and exposure.

The Army of the Pacific under Wool never actually came to blows with the volunteer militias of the West, but a war of words between Wool and his supporters on the one hand and Stevens, Curry and their supporters on the other inflamed the far West. What little support there was for the general came from two newspapers in San Francisco and one in Steilacoom, some Indian agents, his own officers and men, and a minority of settlers, the most notable of whom was pioneer and author Ezra Meeker.

The crux of the controversy was Wool’s conviction that governors Stevens and Curry were bent upon exterminating the Indians in their respective domains. Whatever outrages the Indians committed, Wool believed, were retaliations against unprovoked outrages committed by the volunteer. The settlers, however, had few doubts about the justice of their acts. After all, Congress had offered them free and low-cost donation claims to make the long, tortuous journeys to the West. They came and now expected protection from the Indians.

The two governors wanted the volunteer militia to be mustered into the regular army and be paid and supplied by it. Stevens repeatedly demanded Wool’s reception of their services. In March 1856 he wrote, I warn you now, sir, that I, as the governor of Washington, will cast upon you the whole responsibility of any difficulties which may arise in the consequence, and that by my firm, steady and energetic course, and by my determination to cooperate with the regular service, whatever may be the provocation to the contrary, I will vindicate the justice of my course and maintain my reputation as a faithful public servant. I warn you, sir, that unless your course is changed, you will have difficulties, in relation to which your only salvation will be the firm and decided policy of the two Territories whose services you have ignored, whose people you have calumniated, and whose respect you have ceased to possess.

In the same letter, Stevens accused Wool of attempting to ruin his promised and certain “decisive blow to end the war,” and of scheming “to occupy my vantage ground, and throw me on the defensive,” and of “clearly demonstrating by your own confession the propriety of my
course." The letter omitted the specifics of Wool's "confession.

Meany compared the antagonists' writings, saying Stevens was "direct, forceful [and] convincing," while Wool was "weak, evasive and transparent ... a most pitiful spectacle of a man holding high military command."

Although the general had himself been a volunteer in the War of 1812, and had organized companies of them in Ohio in 1846 and used them in the Mexican War, he wanted none in the Pacific territories. He regarded them as undisciplined, bloodthirsty and greedy for government payoffs. Estimating that there were fewer than 200 hostile Indians on each side of the Cascades, he believed that the governors, private contractors, speculators and the press promoted a war fever to bilk the federal treasury. He said the militia "manufactured emergencies to justify mammoth requisitions of government funds, and consequently were driving even peaceful Indians into the war."

The Pioneer and Democrat and other newspapers which supported Stevens never let up on their claims that a full-scale war was under way. But until 1857-58, which was after Wool's transfer, the only reported pitched battles were the one-day "Battle of Seattle" in January 1856 and the four-day campaign in the Walla-Walla Valley in December 1855.

The Seattle "battle" was, in fact, no more than a skirmish. No Seattle-area Indians took part. Yakimas and Nisquallies were the principal warriors. An account by historian Nard Jones asserts that Indians east of the Cascades conspired with those of the Sound to attack simultaneously settlements throughout the territory, either to annihilate the settlers or to frighten them into abandoning the land. However, not even the Pioneer and Democrat made that charge. The attack may have been in retaliation for the executions of at least three Indians: one for the murder of his squaw and two for the murder of a white stranger to the town near Lake Union. Two whites were killed in the Battle of Seattle, accidentally and by townspeople. Several homes were burned or pillaged. If any Indians died, it was by bombardment from the ship Decatur anchored in Elliott Bay.

In the December 1855 Walla-Walla Valley incident, approximately 400 Oregon volunteers pursued and reportedly encountered more than 5,000 Indian warriors in Oregon Territory, defeating them. Accounts of that campaign are so perplexing and contradictory that little more than a half-dozen houses still standing in King County outside the village. Forty houses in Seattle were burned. The rest of the country was "depopulated." It added that "the whole county, with the exceptions above named, may be said to be literally used up and rubbed out ... That these things are facts we have corroborative testimony."

The same issue said that up to 700 Indians were alleged to be waiting in the swamps, lakes and rivers, 1,200 others on reservations, and thousands more of "northern British-Russia [sic] savages!" The article continued, "King County had been literally blotted out, in detail, up to the stockade around the county seat [Seattle] ... and all the inhabitants on the Puyallup, White and Green rivers have either been indiscriminately slaughtered, by families, of all ages and both sexes, or driven into towns or forts."

In late June, after denouncing Wool's "falsehoods, malignant purposes, glaring deformities," the Pioneer and Democrat reaffirmed its delusion: "That county is laid desolate and the inhabitants murdered by barbarous hands. Southern Oregon is the same... We charge General Wool, whose country when laid waste and made desolate by a savage foe, and [sic] laughed at our calamities, and mocked when our fear and desolation came."

No wonder Seattle's growth was stunted for the next decade. Until the mid-1860s, few came to settle.

On January 19, 1856, Wool informed the adjutant general in New York City that Governor Curry of Oregon had called up two regiments of volunteers for southern Oregon and Washington, with 2,000 horses plus a fresh relay for another regiment, all unnecessary. He predicted the cost would range from two to four million dollars. Two weeks later he observed that Curry had sent volunteers against the peaceful Walla-Wallas, because the severe winter prevented the aggressive whites from reaching the hostile Yakimas. He blamed the governor for giving the volunteers something to do "to justify the enormous expense ... in bringing them into the field."

S

venst was a West Point graduate and held the rank of army major before his appointment to the governorship. In December 1855 he sent Wool a long, overbearing "recommendation" of how to defeat the Indians in a full-scale winter campaign. His detailed plan even denoted places and times of rest. He assumed the enemy to number in the thousands. Wool's reply promised to conclude the war as soon as possible, adding, "I have neither the resources of a territory nor the treasury of the United States at my command. [I expect] to bring the war to a close in a few months, provided the extermination of the Indians, which I do not approve of, is not determined on and private war prevented, and the volunteers withdraw from the Walla-Walla country."

Later, in a 10,000-word speech to Congress on May 31, 1856, Stevens—elected Washington's delegate to that body after he resigned as governor—claimed that six million dollars were owed to both territories by the federal government for Indian War expenses.

The Medicine Creek Treaty negotiated by Stevens in 1854 encompassed most of the tribes west of the Cascades and he was proud of it, no matter that it was the primary cause of the war. He duplicated it east of the mountains.

Stevens did not consult the Indians before writing his treaties. The Medicine Creek treaty was virtually copied from those used earlier in Oregon. The treaties concentrated diverse, even traditionally hostile tribes on the same, skimpy reservations. Contained within the treaties were most of the abuses which drove Indians to war from the Atlantic to the Pacific: surrender of their land and sovereignty, removal to reservations, subjugation. Wool regarded Stevens' treaties as frauds. As long as he commanded the Pacific Army, Congress kept them tabled.

All the chiefs "expressed joy and satisfaction" at signing his treaties, Stevens told Congress. They took pleasure, he implied, at giving up their age-old homelands to settlers and gold miners. Some, he said, like Kamiakan and Peu-poe-mox-mox, betrayed the pacts without justification by later going to war. He made no mention of what the Indians received for their signatures.

The governor's childlike pride in his treaties deserves another mention. The 1855-56 Journal of the (Washington) House of Representatives quotes him as saying, "I am opposed to any more treaties. I shall oppose any treaty with the hostile band. I will protest against any and all treaties made with them—nothing but death is a mete punishment for their perfidy—their lives should pay the forfeit."

Communications being what they were, it could only have been coincidental that the Seattle attack came five days after this provocative declaration.

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On October 9, 1855, Joel Palmer, superintendent of Indian affairs of Oregon, notified his superior in the city of Washington that Stevens had met with chiefs of the Walla-Walla Council individually and that those who signed a treaty did so in good faith, but Kamiakian and others “were easily induced to join in opposition to adhering to its provisions” when their people denounced them as traitors.

Palmer noted the capture and murder of Indian Agent A. J. Bolon by Yakimas. He blamed the rash of gold miners into the eastern territory for arousing opposition to the treaty. The miners customarily “disregarded the rights of the Indians”; outrages committed by the miners, including robberies and murder, were blamed on the Indians.

The murder of Bolon became a cause célèbre, raised repeatedly to illustrate the Indians’ “perfidy.” What Palmer and the press omitted from the references to it was Bolon’s other vocation, namely gold mining. This was reported in the Pioneer and Democrat in references to another matter on April 8, 1854.

General Wool was trapped in a narrow space between his idealistic hope for peace and justice and the settlers’ impatient eagerness to develop the area. He wanted the settlers to wait for the Indians to discover the advantages of living and trading with them, as several tribes had done with the British Hudson’s Bay Company. In such circumstances the Indians would invite the settlers to build homes and communities on their land. But when peace offerings were made by the Indians along these lines, the volunteers responded by attacking them.

The most notorious of such cases was the one involving Chief Peu-peu-mox-mox. In November 1855, Palmer assured Wool that the Walla-Walla chief would engage in no hostilities unless provoked, and that reports of conspiracy of various tribes to make war on the settlers were false.

When Governor Stevens went east of the Cascades to conclude his treaties, Wool believed he was up to no good, refused to provide him an escort and advised him, for reasons of safety, to return to Olympia—but by going east, then traveling down the Missouri and Mississippi rivers and back to the west via Panama. At least one historian dubbed Wool a “buffoon” for such advice. The humor was lost on Stevens, who castigated Wool for “criminal neglect” of his duty in not protecting him. Wool estimated that there were no more than 200 hostile Indians east of the mountains and did not believe Stevens needed protection.

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Stevens had gone to the upper Missouri, in what was later to be Montana, to negotiate with the Blackfoot Indians. Some 400 volunteers were summoned from west of the mountains to open a safe way for his return, and on their way to the Walla-Walla country they captured Peu-peu-mox-mox. Wool’s version of the capture included: When the volunteers marched against the Walla-Wallas, the chief, Peu-peu-mox-mox met them under a flag of truce and declared he was for peace, and did not wish to fight; that his people did not wish to fight, and if his young men had done wrong he would make restitution; and at the same time offered them cattle for food. He, however, was taken prisoner, and afterwards barbarously murdered, scalped, his ears and hands cut off, and these preserved and sent to the friends of the volunteers in Oregon. All which was reported by volunteers.

The Pioneer and Democrat reported that the encounter with the Walla-Wallas occurred while the volunteers were engaged in rescuing Stevens from a war party led by the chief. A letter in that newspaper published on April 11, 1856, observed that the chief had been caught unawares and raised an improvised flag of truce to save himself and that the next day Indians attacked the camp. It said that Peu-peu-mox-mox, then a prisoner, tried to escape and was struck on the head by a volunteer.

Everyone knew of the chief’s hostility, Stevens later told Congress—Indian agents, settlers, factors, employees of the Hudson’s Bay Company, even regular army officers. Stevens agreed that the chief had approached the camp under a flag of truce. Colonel James K. Kelly “refused to receive him, except as a prisoner.” The chief, he said, allowed himself to be taken prisoner, “his object being to gain time in order to concentrate the Indian forces, and also by cunning and management to induce the troops to occupy a position where he could attack them with advantage.”

On their way to the Indian camp, Stevens added, accompanied by the chief, the volunteers were attacked, “and while [the action] was going on the chief endeavored to make his escape, and was killed whilst furiously attacking his guard.”

Three eyewitness reports by volunteers involved in the Peu-peu-mox-mox affair support Stevens’ contentions, but shed only an incomplete light upon the events. All agree that the volunteers were pursuing the Indians in their own country—the Walla-Walla Valley—ostensibly to punish them for threatening settlers and for sacking Fort Walla-Walla after it had been abandoned by the Hudson’s Bay Company, their friend for the past 40 years. The Indians tried stubbornly to avoid a fight, allegedly to draw the volunteers into a “death trap.”

In a 13,000-word written report, Sergeant A. B. Roberts of the volunteer force contended that the chief came to the volunteers under “a rag of deception” inviting them to a peace talk and a feast, but intending an ambush. Accompanying the “wily and treacherous Chief” were warriors wearing blankets recently stolen from the fort. Peu-peu-mox-mox and five or six of his head men were captured beneath their white flag when Colonel and Indian Agent Nathan Olney advised Colonel Kelly, “I don’t think it is safe to go down there [the Indians’ camp] at this time.” More than a hundred warriors stood at a safe distance behind the chiefs, looking menacing, but doing virtually nothing.

In his History of Washington, C. A. Snowden, a staunch partisan of the volunteers, cites a statement Roberts made several years after the events. He said that Colonel Kelly was warned by Olney, or an interpreter, that the chief had been overheard telling an Indian “that he was leading the party into an ambush. Instantly...the Indians were made prisoners.” Snowden maintains that the chief spoke in a language he believed none of the enemy understood. He does not explain why the chief waited until he was among the volunteers to reveal his plan to one of his head men.

Snowden quotes Colonel Kelly’s frank declaration that he was holding the chiefs “hostage” to guarantee the surrender of arms, ammunition, stolen property, and fresh horses and cattle “to enable us to wage war against other hostile tribes who were leagued with him.” The colonel offered to let the chiefs depart under their flag of truce, leaving their village to be destroyed. Thus not only did the colonel confess to extortion, he contradicted Roberts in a crucial matter; for in his written account, the latter observes unmistakable “evidence” of a thousand or more warriors lying in wait in the valley, with three or four thousand more a mile beyond. Kelly claims to have seen no more than 200 warriors at any one time.

On December 6, 1855, Private Pympton J. Kelly wrote in his diary that all the prisoners were tied after one tried to escape. The next day he wrote simply, “The 5 prisoners were killed [sic] at this place [a farmhouse] as they refused to be tied.”

Roberts’ report states that Colonel Kelly “sent word to ‘tie them and if they won’t be tied... Kill them.’ The prisoners grabbing knives and pistols and struggling with the guard for their guns, all was a mass of deadly strife and confusion, but in less than minutes... Peu-peu-mox-mox and his followers lay still in death.”
Some guards had been knifed, one was shot, but none were killed. One of the head men was Peu-peu-mox-mox's son. Presumably, according to this account, the Indians—each taller than six feet—had been left unbound for two days while the troops pursued the warriors.

What became of the 5,000 warriors Roberts reported seeing after the hostages were killed?

Roberts contended that the four-day-long campaign was the greatest conflict between whites and Indians ever fought on the Pacific Coast. He claimed that 84 Indians and five volunteers were killed. Snowden wrote that Peu-peu-mox-mox had boasted he would have Stevens killed and scalped during his return for the Blackfoot Council, and that this campaign "doubtless" saved the governor's life.

The alleged boast was reported by Lawyer, a Nez Percé chief long allied with the settlers. Lawyer reported other Indian "plots" to the authorities; some, like Palmer, considered him unreliable, a teller of tales to ingratiate himself with the authorities, or to provoke even more bloodshed. Lawyer also warned that the hostile chiefs plotted to exterminate all the whites at the Walla-Walla Council. Learning of this tale, Peu-peu-mox-mox, Kamiakan and Looking Glass confronted him at the council, and said that he lied.

The fourth eyewitness account is the most startling of them all. In this, recounted by Olney biographer Roscoe Sheller, a young volunteer corporal named Underwood dismissed the other eyewitness accounts as failing to "correspond" to the facts. According to Underwood, the chief told the volunteer officers, "We knew you were coming so I ordered five big steers to be killed and roasted."

The volunteers had been seeking Peu-peu-mox-mox the last 10 days of November. Since the chief had so much advance notice of their coming, it is unreasonable to maintain that he needed a flag-of-truce "ruse" to allow time to send the women and children away.

Despite Olney's warning of trickery, Underwood recounts that the volunteers immediately followed the Indians to their village. After sundown, and during a heavy snowfall, Olney rode up from the rear to warn Kelly they were headed for a trap. Only at this point does Underwood note that the Indians were "captured," and had tried to escape. When warriors following the march yelled to the chief, Olney yelled back in their language telling them "to go home and have breakfast ready for us, that we would be there and that their chief had gone to bed and didn't want to be bothered. So all was quiet until morning."

In the morning, with three inches of snow on the ground, signs of trickery and treachery were found on the route to the village. There is no mention of lurking warriors waiting to spring the traps. Instead, they were seen on high ground nearby, following the volunteers, but doing nothing menacing. The volunteers continued to the village on a different course. They found 300 huts and as many fires, but no Indians. When asked about the promised food, the chief said his people "must have gotten scared" and fled, a reasonable supposition since their chief and subchiefs were now prisoners. But hidden beneath the fires, the volunteers found sufficient food for themselves and the horses.

The volunteers left the village and traveled southeast all day; accounts make no mention of where they were headed and what they planned to do with the prisoners. Corporal Underwood was put in charge of them. That night they attempted to escape. Then, for the first time, they were bound "hand and foot."

The next day, after hearing "rifles popping around the bend," Olney rode up "and said things were getting pretty hot up ahead." The prisoners made another break, said Underwood, without explaining how that was possible while their hands and feet were bound. All but Peu-peu-mox-mox and a Nez Percé boy were shot.

Hearing shots from about 100 yards away, Olney "rode up, pulled his revolver and shot old Peu-peu-mox-mox." In a footnote, Sheller wrote, "Few accounts credit any named man with the Chief's killing. Among those who do, several names are mentioned as candidates for the doubtful honor."

Although once as hostile as Kamiakan, Peu-peu-mox-mox had been in a state of flux since the Walla-Walla Council. He expressed misgivings there about Stevens' integrity, and he was hard pressed to regard as fair trade the exchange of goods and gifts for land. Yet he signed the pact, as did other hostile chiefs. That he intended to abide by the pact was manifest in the successful bargaining he did for himself. Settlement of the land was not to begin until the treaties received Senate ratification. But it began almost immediately, and continued unabated through the four years that went by before ratification took place.

The volunteers set out to "chastise" the Indians for killing, burning out and otherwise discouraging settlement of their lands. Peu-peu-mox-mox met them under a flag of truce, intending to negotiate a peace treaty. The bargaining point was undoubtedly premature settlements on the land. Since neither Colonel Kelly nor any of the eyewitnesses explained what chastisement was planned for the chief, the only reasonable conclusion is that he was marked for death.

The congressional reports make no reference to anyone challenging Stevens' credibility by bringing up the Leschi affair. Another instance of a violent response to Indian peace offers. In November 1856—a year after Peu-peu-mox-mox's death—Leschi, chief of the Nisquallys, was hanged for a peace conference by a volunteer officer, arrested and, pursuant to Stevens' demand, brought to trial for the murder of a volunteer officer a year previously. Five days after his arrest, his brother Quiemuth surrendered to Stevens. While asleep in the governor's quarters, Quiemuth was murdered. Stevens personally despaired Leschi for repudiating the Medicine Creek Treaty. Leschi, like Kamiakan and Peu-peu-mox-mox, Stevens claimed, had signed it and afterwards betrayed it. According to Meeker, virtually all of the whites who attended the council agreed that Leschi did not sign. But Stevens took the war as a personal affront, and blamed Leschi for fomenting it.

Leschi knew that the Nisqually and allied tribes had little chance of defeating the settlers. But succumbing to the treaty would have meant certain annihilation. The war was the least unpalatable of his options. During its two-year course west of the Cascades, he made several unsuccessful attempts to negotiate a peace settlement. When he offered to surrender to Colonel George Wright of the regular army, he was told to go home and fight no more.

The Leschi affair highlighted the Wool-Stevens conflict. After the chief's arrest, Wool warned against giving him up to the governor. Two trials followed. In both, army officers and some civilians declared that the charges were fabricated. Even if they were true, the killing of the officer could only have been an act of war exempt from criminal prosecution. Ezra Meeker was one of the two jurors who voted to acquit Leschi in the first trial. He subsequently wrote the classic Pioneer Reminiscences, the Tragedy of Leschi, published in 1905.

Leschi was convicted and sentenced to hang in the second trial; both decisions were affirmed by the territorial supreme court. The court began its review by excoriating the Nisqually chief for his role in the war, and answered the act-of-war issue by ignoring it. The army refused to allow the execution at Fort Steilacoom, and then arranged for its postponement by causing the Thurston County sheriff to be arrested for bootlegging. On February 18, 1858—three months before Stevens' congressional appearance—Leschi was hanged.

It was not long before most Washington citizens came to agree that
he had been unfairly convicted. The Medicine Creek Treaty was revised to grant the Indians most of what Leschi had requested. Identified as a martyr, his name has been given to schools and a park and in other ways honored around Puget Sound, wrote Meeker.

It had come to this, that if Leschi were right then Stevens was wrong; that if Leschi was proven guilty then Stevens would be vindicated, otherwise General Wool would have his day in court. If Leschi and compatriots were not proven ruthless savages, murderers and criminals, what would become of those official reports from Governor Stevens going forth with regularity to Washington? Leschi must be proven guilty or else Stevens would be discredited, and the convention of the regular army officers proven.

General Wool was unable to reconcile his dream of Indian-white harmony with the realities of their vast cultural differences, resistance to Indian peace offers and the generally approved policy of extermination. Hunger for their land and its resources consumed the settlers. Whatever moral values they had were spent only on themselves. As long as the Indians could be deemed "siwashes," whatever was done to them was considered fair.

Wool closed the territory east of the Cascades to settlers in 1856, in part to stem the tide of abuses against the Indians, in part to give them time to contemplate the advantages of inviting the immigrants to live among them. Miners ignored his proclamation.

Pending the implementation of his plan, Wool advocated, and in California achieved, larger and better-supplied military reserves than Stevens' and Curry's treaties offered. He provided escorts to protect the Indians on their way to the reservations. In letters dated January 21 and 26, 1856, he pleaded for understanding of the California Indians' refusal to leave the lands of their forefathers, and for alleviation of their miserable living conditions. In addition to escorts for their protection, Wool offered mules for their baggage, "if they can be induced to remove." As early as March 1854, the general had recommended experimental military reserves in California and Oregon. Treaties should be made with the Indians, he proposed, and remuneration paid to those "driven from their lands and hunting grounds."

In May he noted to the inspector general in San Francisco the success of two military reserves, and asked for more where the California Indians would "cultivate the soil. [It] will not preserve these people who are fast disappearing by disease and other causes ... but relieve us of much trouble and great expense of maintaining military posts in the interior."

General Wool was not one to allow protocol to deter him. To publicize his unorthodox views, he sent letters to the National Intelligencer in the city of Washington, and in one of them he berated one of his own officers, Major G. L. Haller, for carelessly leading 104 men into a Yakima ambush while trying to arrest Bolon's murderers, and for filing a false report. Confronted by 1,500 Yakimas, two of the major's men were killed and 14 wounded in that encounter. Wool wrote, "I did not consider such an enemy greatly to be dreaded. The repulse of Major Haller created great excitement and alarm throughout Oregon and Washington, lest all the Indian tribes...should at once combine and come down upon the settlements." Wool also praised the Yakimas for exercising restraint.

In his reply, Haller asked why the general had arraigned him in the columns of a newspaper rather than a court martial.

With unabashed glee, the Pioneer and Democrat reprinted Wool's charge and Haller's reply, describing the former as "a kind of compound of ruthless impudence, audacity, self-conceit, selfishness, zig-zag duplicity, gauze and wormwood, and etc." Haller's reply was described as "noble," the major as "gallant."

General Wool was relieved of his command in 1857 as much for his efforts to abort the incursions of private armed "filibustering" into Baja California as for his Indian policies. The filibusters sought to overthrow the Mexican government on the peninsula and replace it with one under the U.S. flag. Secretary of War Davis had admonished him for placing too much importance on the overthrow attempt and too little on the protection of American citizens. Wool reminded the secretary that the adventurers were in violation of the neutrality laws, and generally ignored him.

Indian clashes with miners in Eastern Washington increased after the general's departure. Without official notification, the Indians learned of the forthcoming construction of the Mullan Road, proposed by Stevens in 1854, to connect the Missouri with the Columbia River. The war was then at its height.

Colonel E. J. Steptoe, described as a naive officer on a peace mission, suffered a humiliating defeat in May 1857. Colonel George Wright, who had refused to arrest Leschi when he offered to surrender, and who notified Wool of atrocities committed by miners and volunteers, plunged eagerly into the conflict following the Steptoe battle.

In the "Battle of the Spokane Plains" in September, Wright inflicted a crushing defeat on the Yakimas and their allies. Chief Owhi and his son Qualchan complied with his demand for unconditional surrender. Qualchan was immediately hanged; four days later Owhi was shot "when he attempted to escape." Soon after, four Palouse hostages "were hanged from a nearby tree" while Wright and members of the tribe were conferring. In spirit, the volunteers had at last been mustered into the army.

The Yakimas had been the most hostile tribe in the war, and Kamiakan had without doubt been the leading spirit among them and the other eastern warring tribes. He had declined to confer with army officers when invited, lest the fates of Leschi and Peu-peu-mox-mox befell him. But recognizing the hopelessness of his cause he had finally withdrawn from the action and lived in obscurity and poverty until his death in about 1880.

Owhi and Qualchan had filled the leadership void when Kamiakan departed, and with their deaths, and Wright's stunning victory, the Indian War was essentially over, although skirmishes, massacres and murders continued until the late 1870s.

Wool was succeeded by General N. S. Clarke, who a year later was in turn succeeded by General W. S. Harney. The latter rescinded Wool's order closing the area east of the Cascades to settlement. In March 1859, the Senate finally ratified Stevens' treaties and settlers were soon rushing in to stake land claims.

During the Civil War, Isaac Stevens rose to the rank of major general in the Union Army. On September 1, 1862—at the age of 44—he was killed in action in the second Battle of Bull Run.

General Wool was transferred to the Middle Military Department, then to the Department of the East. When he retired in 1863 he became active in Democratic Party politics. Surprisingly, he was an ultracconservative, campaigning vigorously for the election of Andrew Johnson. He died in Troy, N.Y., on November 10, 1869, at the age of 63. A 75-foot monument to him and his wife stands in that city.

But in the Northwest, Wool is remembered only occasionally by contemporary historians. No lake, mountain pass, town, school or street honors him. Because of his unique respect for the humanity of the Indians, he put his reputation out on a dry limb, and as a consequence lost it. Such courage is perhaps stronger than the risking of one's life.

Sidney Berkland of Seattle is a full-time hospital worker, part-time writer of history, paralegal, teacher of origami and folk dancer.
In 1981 the Washington State Historical Society set out to compile a Centennial Hall of Honor to be composed of 100 Washingtonians whose accomplishments have become a proud part of the state's history. It chose a deliberately slow way of compiling the list. Only 10 or 11 names were to be added to the growing list each year until the centennial year of 1989. In this way ample time would be provided to obtain nominations from around the state and to give careful evaluation to all nominees.

With the addition of nine names in 1987, there remain 27 to be chosen before the 100 mark is reached. Half or more of the 27 will be chosen in 1988.

Nominations may be made by anyone and are to be sent to the Washington State Historical Society, 315 North Stadium Way, Tacoma, WA 98403.

Those selected so far served in many fields—education, the arts, business, sports, health, public affairs, industry and others. Some have been brought back to the light from the dim trail of obscurity. Some are luminous celebrities whom everyone remembers.

Most of the eight selected in 1987 do not have names known in every household, but all are deserving of honored memory. The reasons why are to be found with their pictures on these pages.

FRANK LAMB (1875-1957), Hoquiam

Frank Lamb was the founder of the Lamb-Grays Harbor Company, a leading supplier of pulp-mill machinery and presently the world's leading producer of a system for bundling newspapers as they come off the press. In addition to being a leading industrialist, he was one of the founders of the Port of Grays Harbor, which he served as commissioner for 44 years.

RUSSELL STANLEY CALLOW (1890-1961), Seattle

Russell Stanley (Rusty) Callow was known at the height of his career as the dean of America's rowing coaches. He began as a crew member and coach at the University of Washington in the 1920s. From there he went to the University of Pennsylvania and finally to the Naval Academy, where his 1952 crew won the Olympic gold medal.
Sonora Smart Dodd was an accomplished artist and poet, but is best known for her promotion of a day to be set aside for fathers. The third Sunday in June, 1910, at her urging, was observed as Father's Day in Spokane. From there the idea spread until a joint congressional resolution in 1914 made it a nationwide observance.

F. Richard Scobie was born in Cle Elum and raised in Auburn. After training as an astronaut in 1978-79 he logged 168 hours in space before his appointment as commander of the ill-fated space shuttle Challenger in 1986. He had made significant contributions to the space program and continues to be an inspiration after his untimely death.

Orville A. Vogel was a U.S. Department of Agriculture research scientist at Washington State University from 1931 to 1972. He led the team that developed the first commercially successful semidwarf wheat variety, which resulted in a 25 percent increase in wheat yield and added an estimated $50 million to the incomes of Washington wheat growers.

Richard E. Fuller was a professor of geology at the University of Washington, but is known mainly as a patron of the arts. He founded the Seattle Art Museum in 1933 and served as its first director. He was active in a number of museum and art groups and other civic and business organizations.

Barney Clark received international attention as a result of his heroic struggle to prolong his life with the use of the first artificial heart. Dr. Clark lived for about 16 weeks with the man-made organ in his body.

Archie Van Doren developed the controlled-atmosphere storage technique which preserves apples for months following harvest, thus enabling orchardists to market fresh fruit throughout the year. He is credited with revolutionizing the apple industry.
Jay Cooke welcomed his help in the struggle to build our first railroad.
The following letter to Clarence Bagley, dated January 11, 1919, was written by Ezra Meeker, then 89, in response to Bagley’s request for information concerning a rare pamphlet Meeker had written about Washington nearly a half-century earlier. The letter is in the manuscript collection of the Washington State Historical Society.—Ed.

Dear Bagley:

I rejoice to know that after a 15-year hunt you have at last secured a copy of my Washington Territory West of the Cascade Mountains, published in 1870, even if you did have to pay twenty dollars for it.

You ask how I came to publish it, what I did with the edition that has become so rare, how many were printed—in a word, a history of the publication, and of personal recollections of the times at the time.

I believe this pamphlet (book, my friends persisted in calling it) was the first publication of any kind put out from Washington Territory other than newspapers.

I had lived in the territory 18 years, in fact came before the territory was created (March 21, 1853), and things moved slower. We all thought if we only could get the railroad direct across the plains, our fortunes would be made. We had high hopes, when Isaac Stevens (the first governor) made his 1853 railroad survey of a route for the Northern Pacific, that the construction of the road would speedily follow, but we were year after year doomed to be disappointed. We had no outlet to the “States,” as we always spoke of the East, only by the way of the isthmus of Panama, until the Union and Central Pacific was completed from Omaha to San Francisco in 1869.

After that anyone going East had to make a sea voyage to San Francisco and take cars from there. The southern coast was forging ahead, leaving us far in the rear, and we rightly attributed this condition to the lack on our part of having direct rail connection with the populous states lying east of us. We felt, as the sequel has shown, that had we the making of a great state could we get the people to come here to help develop our resources, and that if we got the railroad we could get the people, and so it came about a yearning to do something to hasten the building of the Northern Pacific railway, and try to do our best to induce people to come to the territory by letting them know about our magnificent resources.

E. T. Gunn and W. B. Afflick published a paper in Steilacoom during the Indian War of 1855-56, called the Puget Sound Courier. Now and then I would write what Gunn called a “squib,” and he would always print it. I lived in Steilacoom at the time, in fact driven there by the Indian War, and, by the way, built a log blockhouse which is there yet.

After the Fraser River gold stampede of 1858-59, he sought to make a profit by taking a scowload of dairy cattle to the boomtown of Whatcom (Bellingham today) and selling milk and butter to prospectors. But by the time he arrived, the boom at Whatcom had petered out as quickly as it had arisen, and he returned home with little to show for his efforts but a rich fund of experience.

During this time he began to involve himself in journalism. Although he had only four months of formal schooling, he succeeded in educating himself (by reading newspapers, he once said) and became a writer able to communicate skillfully in clear and vigorous prose. He contributed “squibs” for local papers and prevailed upon to write a 50-page pamphlet, Washington Territory West of the Cascade Mountains, to promote the region to prospective immigrants and railroad men. It was to promote this work that he made his eventful trip by train to the East and caught the attention of Jay Cooke.

(continued on page 16)
A rare photograph of Ezra Meeker (left), in that it is one of the few shots of him as other than an old man with long white hair. It was taken in his hometown, Puyallup, in 1882.

Gunn and I became fast friends. I think it was about 1858 that Gunn left Steilacoom and removed to Olympia, where he, in partnership with John Gale, began the Transcript. Later I removed to Puyallup, and Gunn would from time to time importune me to write him a "squib," which I did over my own signature. Our relations of friendship ripened as time passed till there came about a mutual feeling of esteem that I do not know of any other word to express than by saying we loved each other. Gunn was a true friend of noble impulse—but not a good friend to himself, and died young 20 years ago.

Well, the upshot was that Gunn put at me to write a book, as he called it, on the resources of the territory, and that he would hustle and rustle and print it. I tried to persuade him out of the notion, for he was not financially able to do it, but he would not be persuaded. Finally Marshall Blinn came to the rescue and said he would loan me the money—a thousand dollars—if I had a mind to undertake it. I pondered this for a long time. A thousand dollars looked mighty big to me. I then was struggling with the heavy timber on my homestead—now the center of the city of Puyallup of 6,000 inhabitants—with no income in previous years, though I thought I saw daylight ahead in the hop business; and, by the way, I paid the loan from the yield off one acre of hops—2,000 pounds at 50 cents per pound, which I sold to Henry Weinhard of Portland in the fall of 1871. And so I, in one sense reluctantly, entered into the work, though all the while anxious to do it, really believing, as likewise some of my friends did, that something would come out of the efforts to induce immigration.

In this we were all mistaken in the way expected, though from one unexpected source some large results did follow...

The burden of the work was far greater than anticipated. No publication of the kind had preceded this, and hence the material must need be collected from scattered fragments. I remember several times I walked from my home in the Puyallup Valley to Olympia—35 miles. I could easily make the trip in a day, though of course not in eight hours. I would stop at Aunt Becky's hotel—the colored hostess presiding—then the most popular resort in the embryo city of Olympia. These long walks, however, did me good as I could always think clearer in my walks than when confined indoors. It was no hardship to take these walks. At this time I did not own a horse, did all the work on the home claim with oxen and anyway would not have taken a horse to keep over in Olympia on account of the expense.
[Jay Cooke] assigned me to a desk in the land department.... I became a sort of walking advertising delegate in a class by myself.

Well the time came at last that the book was ready and five thousand copies were printed, and I was ready to start for the "States" with the precious cargo of half the edition, December 4, 1870.

A Mr. Woodward, whose given name I do not remember, a natural-born naturalist, suggested we collect the flowers then in bloom to press within the leaves of my scrapbook, and, incredible as it may seem, we actually collected 52 varieties, which he in greater part named and classified.

We sometimes build better than we know, and such was the case in this venture. I pasted the flowers when dried on sheets of yellow-tinted paper and showed them to Horace Greeley and, upon his suggestion, to the New York Farmer's Club. The exhibit covered a space of about 20 feet on the wall and attracted wide attention.

Upon the advice of Mr. Greeley, I had prepared something to say. He gave me a letter to the chairman, Mr. Ely, who introduced me to the audience. The proceedings of the club were printed in three leading papers of New York (I think the Tribune, World and Herald) and, as I learned afterward, what I said also reprinted in London, making an aggregate of nearly three million copies—quite an advertisement, wasn't it? I watched Greeley closely while he was writing the letter of introduction, and all the while talking to me. I had never heard tell of such a performance before and yet think there are but very few people in the world that could do such a thing.

I have gotten ahead of my story though, and will now tell you how I got to New York. I left Olympia December 4 in the "mud wagon" for Monticello at the mouth of the Cowlitz. Do you remember the mud wagon and the Chehalis mud and the corduroys [roads made of logs laid transversely side by side]? Well it is some mud and no mistake, so sticky that at times the spaces between the spokes would fill up with mud and make a closed wheel so loaded that it would become necessary to clean it out; then the corduroy—I never saw anything in Indiana to beat it to give one an appetite for dinner—and on by steamer to Portland then by ocean steamer to San Francisco. Oh the smell of the oil! The seasickness! It almost turns my stomach as I write. I actually did get sick from looking at a picture of a scene at sea in the lobby of a theater in New York, and came very near making a scene of my own.

On Market Street in San Francisco nearly all the buildings had "to let" signs. Most of the buildings were one-story and wooden. The completion of the Central and Union Pacific as a continuous line to the East had wrought an unexpected change in business. The trade incident to the building of the Central Pacific had all centered in San Francisco but, when the through connection was made, that trade suddenly vanished. Chicago

This is the cover of the 52-page booklet extolling the virtues of Washington Territory that Ezra Meeker wrote and published in 1870 to encourage immigration and settlement. He took 2,500 copies to New York where, by chance, he met Jay Cooke, the financier who bought all the copies Meeker had brought, to help promote his sale of bonds to build the Northern Pacific Railroad. It is one of the first nondocumentary Washington imprints. Enough copies were still on hand in 1921 for Meeker to add them as a bound-in supplement to his principal historical work, Seventy Years of Progress in Washington.
commercial travelers came in with their samples and flooded not only San Francisco with direct orders for goods from the East, but also for the interior towns of California, and left San Francisco for the time being as “dead as a doornail,” to use a Western phrase. I in truth felt solemn to see this condition of affairs, not so much prompted by pity for the people of that city as wondering in my mind what lay in store for us if we did get a line built to Puget Sound. You will remember we did have an experience of disappointment when the Northern Pacific was built from the Columbia River, thus centering in Portland the trade incident to the building.

Now I am ready to take car for the Atlantic Seaboard—for New York City. A feeling of depression seized me that I could not shut off. I had never before been so far from my family, and the thought of the little cabin home in the Puyallup Valley and the occupants so near me became uppermost—in a word I was homesick.

I do not remember certain, but think there was no sleeping car. Anyway I took a passage in the day car of stifling atmosphere, with two in a seat, most of the way—a mixed train at that, with bumps in taking up slack that would almost throw one from his seat. I think I had eight days of this and often thought of the comfort of the ox wagon or of the long walk. Traveling by rail then was not what it is now.

I had never before been in New York and guess I did feel a little lost, but soon got over it and quit looking at the signs. Nevertheless a “Sharp” spied me out and “got hold of me.” I told him what called me to the city. “You ought to by all means go and see Jay Cooke,” he said, which was good advice. I told him I thought so too, but as yet, I had no letter of introduction, not then realizing my little book was all the letter of introduction I needed. “Why, I will introduce you; I am acquainted there.” I felt suspicious of the fellow, having been warned to look out for friendly strangers, but consented to accept his offer, and so with book in hand, I accompanied him to the bank, corner of Wall & Broad streets. “Mr. Cooke is very busy and can’t be seen today,” came the response to the request to see him. “Won’t somebody else do?” “Yes, can I see Mr. Pitt Cooke?” Presently Mr. Pitt Cooke put in an appearance, showing plainly he knew the man that introduced me. Glancing at the title of the book then realizing my little book was all the letter of introduction I needed. “Why, I will introduce you; I am acquainted there.”

I do not remember certain, but think there was no sleeping car. Anyway I took a passage in the day car of stifling atmosphere, with two in a seat, most of the way—a mixed train at that, with bumps in taking up slack that would almost throw one from his seat. I think I had eight days of this and often thought of the comfort of the ox wagon or of the long walk. Traveling by rail then was not what it is now.

I had never before been in New York and guess I did feel a little lost, but soon got over it and quit looking at the signs. Nevertheless a “Sharp” spied me out and “got hold of me.” I told him what called me to the city. “You ought to by all means go and see Jay Cooke,” he said, which was good advice. I told him I thought so too, but as yet, I had no letter of introduction, not then realizing my little book was all the letter of introduction I needed. “Why, I will introduce you; I am acquainted there.” I felt suspicious of the fellow, having been warned to look out for friendly strangers, but consented to accept his offer, and so with book in hand, I accompanied him to the bank, corner of Wall & Broad streets. “Mr. Cooke is very busy and can’t be seen today,” came the response to the request to see him. “Won’t somebody else do?” “Yes, can I see Mr. Pitt Cooke?” Presently Mr. Pitt Cooke put in an appearance, showing plainly he knew the man that introduced me. Glancing at the title of the book then realizing my little book was all the letter of introduction I needed. “Why, I will introduce you; I am acquainted there.”

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This is the wagon and bull team used by Meeker in retracing the Oregon Trail in 1906 and 1907. The sign announced that the "Old Oregon Trail Monument Expedition" left Puyallup January 29, 1906, and arrived in Washington, D.C., November 23, 1907, after covering a distance of 3,650 miles. The signs also advertised Meeker's books and postcards that he sold along the way to finance his trip. The wagon and the two oxen, stuffed, are on display in the Washington State Historical Society Museum in Tacoma.

"Could you go to Hartford with me this evening?" I answered "yes," whereupon Pitt Cooke gave me particular direction how to reach the train and warned me I had no time to spare. He had previously warned me to look out for the party who had introduced me. I bolted from the bank without so much as saying good-bye to my erstwhile friend, and never saw him again; in fact I thought afterwards that Pitt Cooke had managed to have me go out at a side door so as to escape notice.

I fairly ran to get my flowers and a supply of books and just barely did reach the train in time. I found Jay Cooke on the train and took a seat beside him. He didn't have much to say and was soon fast asleep. For the moment I felt a little uncomfortable, wondering to myself if I had crowded myself beside one who did not relish my company.

When he woke up his conversation and questions soon dissipated my forebodings. I was the first man he had ever seen who
Good Roads Associations were formed in the early 20th century to lobby for federal and state appropriations to build highways. Meeker was an active participant. Here he poses under a statue in Portland behind the wheel of a car built to British standards with the steering wheel on the right-hand side.

had lived in the Puget Sound basin. He had never been told there was a vast area of burned-off timberland and could hardly credit the story; well, he said, the soil is there that has produced such wonderful timber. I then called his attention to the fact that the fir timber gave off very little ash—that it was the product of air and moisture and some of it grew on very poor land, so poor it was not fit for "goose pasture" (an Indiana phrase) at which he laughed immoderately, having never heard the expression. The upshot of the conversation was that although I had given him some unwelcome information, he expressed himself pleased to get it firsthand.

Suddenly changing the conversation, he asked me where I got my education. I had told him of my early trip to the Oregon country, and my long residence there, age, etc., and I responded that I was not an educated man, to which he dissented, referring to the book in his hand, and paid a high compliment to the writing. I had never thought of it before, but upon the spur of the moment said the reading of the New York Tribune for 18 years had educated me in the use of language. He seemed greatly amused, and afterwards in Philadelphia, he told Mr. Greeley the story which he said "tickled the old man mightily." He then told me he was going to Hartford to meet bankers and capitalists to
When coffee was served, I without thought dropped a good-sized lump of butter in my cup, as I had so often done when in camp.

interest them in the purchase of Northern Pacific bonds. He wanted me to give them the information I had given to him.

I think there must have been at least 40 at the banquet that evening. My flowers occupied a prominent place in the banquet hall and the little book passed around freely while I was kept more than busy answering questions till midnight and confessed to myself I did feel a little "used up"; it was like being on the witness stand for five hours at one stretch.

The next morning Cooke asked me to go with Carlton on a lecturing tour through New England, and when I got through New England to come to Philadelphia and bring all my books with me as he said he wanted to buy me out, with the remark in lighter vein that he could not brook having competition in advertising the Northern Pacific route. He took all of the editions I had with me and sent them to his agencies and bankers, and asked me to send the remainder from Olympia. Thus ended happily the financial part of the rash venture.

Not so as to other results. After visiting several cities of New England in company with Carlton, including Boston, I took Mr. Cooke at his word, bundled up all my "traps," blankets, books, flowers, etc. and found my way to his bank in Philadelphia. Mr. Cooke at once assigned me to a desk in the land department on the second floor above the bank.

The same machinery of the organization with the six-power printing presses that had been so successful in advertising the government bonds five years before in the closing year of the rebellion were being utilized to advertise the Northern Pacific bonds. A hundred or more men were employed in the bank correspondence department. A ton and sometimes more of printed matter was sent out every weekday, most of it through the mails. Over a thousand newspapers were carrying advertisements of the bonds and many of the smaller papers were printing editorials prepared in the room above the bank.

I became a sort of walking advertising delegate in a class by myself, for none could duplicate my work. Sometimes I would be called to Mr. Cooke's private office to meet visitors and then again he would send them up to my desk. And so, what with meeting intending purchasers of bonds, writing editorials for small papers, and answering letters referred to me, I was kept quite busy.

In the basement of the bank building a splendid noon lunch was given to all employees to which I was immediately invited and to which I did ample justice, and by which I soon became acquainted with nearly all the employees—a sort of moving curiosity shop because of my Western ways. They all, however, treated me courteously, though now and then some with a sort of benevolent care that inwardly I could not receive with cordiality. I do not think I was uncouth, yet my ways and language were markedly different, and I would not change and undertake to ape Eastern ways, neither to "show off" Western ways, and so we got along splendidly. Two employees in the bank I particularly remember—old white-haired men—tellers, who stood at their stations day after day counting money. They must have been 75 years old, and had been with Mr. Cooke from the beginning of his banking career. I know I was particularly drawn to them and there seemed to be a mutual attraction as we often met at the lunch hour.

I often met Mr. Cooke during the three months I remained with him. He was a very plain man, simple and unaffected in his manner. Unless one knew him personally he could not detect by his manner whether he was at the head of the bank or one of the hundred employees. He often sent for me, as I have said, to meet prospective bond buyers in his private office and I frequently found him at work in his shirt-sleeves. Upon occasion of receiving delegations he would slip on a dress suit, but I always went in my work suit, and you may be sure never essayed to put on any "airs."

Coming as I did from out the simple pioneer farm life of early pioneer days into the limelight of the elite of the Eastern wealthier class was something like coming out of a dark room into the glare of the sunlight. I mean as to the contrast, but I remained my own self and won out.

Mr. Cooke wanted me to meet working people in particular and upon several occasions arranged for public meetings, but I did not satisfy myself on the platform and avoided this as much as I could.

One incident I will relate to illustrate my thoughtless ways that led to comical results. I dined one day at a hotel opposite Independence Hall. I think it was called the American. Anyway, it was a large dining room full of people and a darky in full "swallowtail" dress suit at each table—stiff bosom shirt, stiff laundered high collars reaching up nearly as high as their ears, all to me appearing extremely comical. When coffee was served, I without thought dropped a good-sized lump of butter in my cup, as I had so often done when in camp and could not secure cream. My darky did not see me do it, but others nearby did, but when my own attendant discovered it, thinking it an accident, moved to remove the cup to which I protested and resulted in a titter of mirth from darkies at nearby tables. All the same I had my way, but I didn't go back there—too much style to suit me.

One day a table companion at the noon lunch hour heard my remark to another party that I had been at an opera the evening before and had not enjoyed it, came to my desk just before nightfall, and dropped a ticket on the desk with the remark that
In January 1, 1870, Jay Cooke, the boyish-looking 48-year-old head of the banking firm of Jay Cooke & Company, signed a contract making him the sole financial agent of the proposed Northern Pacific Railroad. At the time Cooke was the most famous financier in America, having made a fortune selling nearly a billion and a half dollars worth of government bonds to finance the Union in the Civil War. No one had attempted anything of such magnitude before, or carried it out with such panache or succeeded so brilliantly. In the process he revolutionized banking, introduced the word “syndicate” to the English language and was the first American businessman referred to as a tycoon, a title applied originally to the Japanese Shogun.

Flush with success after the war, Jay Cooke & Company looked elsewhere for investments to broker. The Northern Pacific corporation approached him three times and three times he turned it down, claiming that railroads were poor investments. But as the lucrative market for government securities declined, and the nation’s attention was riveted elsewhere for investments to broker. The Northern Pacific corporation

The route was the one surveyed by Isaac I. Stevens on his way west in 1853 to become the first governor of Washington Territory.

The reports of Cooke’s western and eastern surveys rhapsodized. A member of the survey team, journalist Samuel Wilkeson, wrote, “Oh! what timber...Tuget Sound, anywhere and everywhere, you give me for the cutting, if you are equal to such a crime with an ax; trees that will lie straight on the ground, and cover 250 feet of length and measure 25 feet around above two men’s height from the ground...”

Cooke hoped to interest European bankers, such as the Rothschilds, in selling the bonds, but the risk involved and the threat of war between France and Germany kept them shy. At home, $100 million worth of bonds ranging in denomination from $100 to $1,000, and carrying a 7.3% interest rate, payable in gold, were offered for sale. The road was to be built in stages, and to obtain funds for the first section, from Lake Superior to the Red River on the western boundary of Minnesota, he organized a pool of Philadelphia financiers who bought $5.6 million of bonds and company stock. With that money in the pipeline construction began.

The public sale of railroad bonds was carried out in much the same way as the Civil War drive. The country was divided into regions headed by banking houses which sold bonds on commission. Advertising agencies were used, and the greatest efforts were reserved for the press. At one time advertising was run in 1,371 newspapers. One huge ad trumpeting the claim, “Safe! Profitable! Permanent!” was published in virtually every paper in the nation. Editors were feted in Cooke’s Washington, D.C., office and in 1871 a group of them was taken on a grand tour of the region between Lake Superior and the Red River. Additionally, enormous quantities of pamphlets and brochures were printed and distributed, all crammed with facts, statistics and projected censuses of the region, along with answers to every conceivable question that could be asked about the project.

Meeker arrived in New York in the midst of all this and was hired by Cooke to help. On maps the route was haloed in golden yellow and described as the “Fertile Belt...a territory that would accommodate all the pastranuty of Europe, and, by the development of its boundless and varied mineral and agricultural resources, lift millions of men from poverty to wealth, and enable men who are burdens upon society to bless it by their prosperity!” Societies were formed to bring in immigrants and help them settle on the land.

The claims Cooke & Company made for the fertile belt have been verified by history, but at the time they seemed overblown to critical observers, and the inflated prose in which they were couched was easily parodied by their competitors. The curving yellow fertile belt became the “Banana Belt,” and in one clever broadside, a New York broker advised prospective bond purchasers to consult sources that gave the “correct census of the inhabitants, including Indians, foxes, muskrats, white bears, black bears, grizzly bears, green bears, polar bears, Wall-Street bears, bisons, stationary herds of roving buffaloes...grasshoppers and wheat fields.” The puffings of the road’s boosters were imitated in one broadside which claimed, “Branch lines or ‘feelers’ will be built from the main trunk, Eastward, Westward, Northward and South-West by Southward, stopping at all the important points on both hemispheres going and returning, so as to drain the entire known world, and render valueless all the other railroads on the face of the Globe.”

But the methods Cooke perfected during the Civil War did not work for the Northern Pacific. The sale of bonds proceeded sluggishly. Businessmen wisely shied away from projects so heavily promoted, and too, the Northern Pacific bonds were sold at par rather than discounted as were those for other railroads. The Franco-Prussian War blocked European participation, and at home, the Credit Mobilier scandal, the antirailroad sentiments of the Granger movement and the anger of many in the West over land grants worked against Cooke & Company. Meanwhile construction had begun at both ends of the line. The town of Kalama was established by the company in 1871 as work began on connecting the Columbia River with Puget Sound.

Soon the builders were spending money faster than Cooke could raise it. Branch lines were purchased to prevent ruinous competition, and improvements to facilitate the anticipated use of the line had to be built before there was anyone to use it. Finally, the hoard of immigrants, whose land purchases and use of the line were expected to pay for it, did not materialize.

The result was the bankruptcy of Jay Cooke & Company in 1873 and the collapse of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The American economy was beginning another of its cyclic downturns, and the fall of the house of Cooke precipitated a severe financial panic. Work on the railroad ceased, leaving a 1,500-mile gap between its eastern and western sections. Fifteen years were to pass before it was completed.

By David M. Buerge
The eight years from 1845 to 1853 were the period when the greatest use was made of the Oregon Trail by the immigrant wagon trains. Meeker's goal was to have markers set along the trail's entire length. Here he stands beside a marker in Tenino, Washington, which was appropriately placed if one agrees that the "end of the Oregon Trail" was at the foot of Puget Sound and not at The Dalles or Vancouver, as others will contend.

if I would use it I would surely be interested. I, of course, thanked him and said I would attend, which I did, but did not become interested—infatuated should be the word—as others did. In fact opera never did interest me any more than stately measured poetry does now—deficient in mental capacity to appreciate either I assume. As I came out of the opera house a band of negro minstrels were passing, singing one of their negro melodies, and I followed them, till I became all aglow with enthusiasm for their melody and simple song of folklore, and went to my room homesick to get back to the cabin home in the Puyallup Valley, where we had the melody in the voices of our own children accompanied by the tones of the melodeon that now rests in the State Historical Society room at Tacoma.

Forty-eight years have passed since these scenes occurred; many, in fact most of the voices are hushed, and only live in sweet memory of the past and passing days. I would not change these memories if I could, could not if I would. Those pioneer day memories are more and more precious as days and years pass, and one by one our own comrades' voices are hushed and we with the few are left.

The history of the Northern Pacific has been written and rewritten so often, I will not undertake to go into any details. There are, however, some incidents that came under my personal observation I can relate that will interest you.

The failure of Jay Cooke, three years after the scenes related, to my mind resulted from his extreme optimism, in great part. While I was with him, and I think the policy was continued, any purchaser of Northern Pacific bonds could present the bond at the bank, and I think any of the agencies, and receive the face of the bond and accrued interest in cash. This policy was adopted to prevent the bonds from dropping below par, thus insuring confidence and increased sales. It was a policy that at any time might embarrass the bank and was certain to do so if a time came to shake the confidence of investors in the feasibility of the enterprises. That time came; the resources of the bank were soon exhausted and failure speedily followed.

The primary cause lay farther back. Why should the lack of confidence follow so soon? Of course, building into an uninhabited country, it was inevitable traffic receipts would be light; coupled with this came townsite companies not wholly in the interest of the railroad company, as witness the Tacoma townsite speculation—half was distributed to outside speculators, a scene that should not have been tolerated by the company.

Jay Cooke's policy was to build the road to the north boundary line without touching the Sound, to secure the land grant, and run in short lines of independent railways to the Sound, in a number of places. As soon as the Northern Pacific touched tidewater of Puget Sound, they could not hold the grant further north. I heard Jay Cooke time and again advocating, or rather asserting, the policy of extending the line to the boundary of the United States and British Columbia, but I never heard him say a word against Olympia, Steilacoom, Seattle or any other established towns on the Sound.

The establishing of Tacoma as the Sound terminus was an afterthought, and finally compelled by the failure of Jay Cooke, making it impossible to procure funds to extend the line, as abundantly proven by the action of the company in grading the roadbed from the Nisqually River a considerable part of the way, and clearing the right of way nearly all the way to the Puyallup River, crossing above the mouth of the Stuck River, securing and paying for the right of way far to the north and surveying the line east of Lake Washington, and I think beyond.

I accompanied the surveying party in charge of Morrison to assist in searching out the way, nearly to the present town of Renton, and until his arrogance became so insufferable, I left the party in disgust, being with him, not as an employee, but a citizen to aid in the development of the country.

(signed) Ezra Meeker
When History Was News

Wall Street Panic of Another Day Had Bad Consequences for Washington

The stock market debacle of October 1987 is commonly compared to the worst similar crash of recent times—the one in 1929 that was the first step of descent into what will always be known as the Great Depression. But what occurred last October and in 1929 was by no means unprecedented. The economic history of the United States is anything but one of evenness. It has been marked by periodic ups and downs, the precise causes of which are puzzling each time they occur, as in 1873, the year when turmoil in the investment market led to the collapse of several large investment firms. These included Jay Cooke & Company, then engaged in selling bonds to finance the Northern Pacific Railroad, a project that would end the Northwest’s isolation from the rest of the nation (see “The Great Gamble” on page 20).

The 1873 financial crisis delayed the completion of that railroad by a decade, and postponed for even longer the time when the Territory of Washington could gain enough population and political influence to become eligible for statehood.

How the news of the 1873 crash was handled in one newspaper can be seen in the accompanying reprint from the Watertown Reformer, published in New York State, of September 25, 1873. Journalistic customs of that time enabled news writers not only to present the facts but to add their interpretations and opinions.

Ezra Meeker’s inadvertent involvement in Cooke’s railroad bond promotion is described in his own words in the article “Ezra Meeker Goes to Wall Street” beginning on page 12. Meeker, impatient as were all the pioneers with the slow growth of Washington, wrote a chamber-of-commerce-type pamphlet intended to let the rest of the country know that the territory was a land of riches and promise, waiting to be developed, which indeed it was.

Cooke had never been to the Pacific Coast, but he believed what he heard about it and was convinced that a railroad across the northern plains and mountains to Puget Sound would cause a rush west that would provide the railroad with abundant revenues to pay off the bonds. Besides, the government was providing generous land grants.

But Cooke was unlucky. The mysterious combination of forces that generate feelings of panic among investors was at work in 1873 and suddenly it happened, as it was to happen in other times ahead. Prices on the stock market declined. The Reformer story lists some of the price drops. The market became bearish overnight. Investors wanted to sell, not buy, and that ended the sale of Northern Pacific Railroad bonds, which soon went into default.

Fortunately for Tacoma the shore of Commencement Bay had been selected by the Northern Pacific as its western terminus, and a track extending north from the company’s Columbia River town, Kalama, had been almost completed. So Tacoma emerged as a railroad-inspired settlement in the early 1870s, as did Kalama and other towns along the route in between, but it was in 1888, long after the effects of the 1873 market crash had dissipated, that real railroad-induced prosperity began to lift Washington out of the pioneering era.

The Beginning of the End

Friday was an inconceivably blue day among some of the business men of New York. Wall-st. has never experienced such a storm and panic—certainly not in a quarter of a century. The “Black Friday” was reasonably white compared with Friday, Sept. 19, 1873. The suspension of Jay Cooke & Co. on Thursday probably precipitated the failure of Fisk & Hatch and a host of smaller operators on Friday. Indeed, the stamina of the stoutest firms in the city must have been severely tested.

How stocks tumbled will be seen by the decline in the leading ones. For example: N. Y. Central fell from 96c. to 91; Erie from 54 to 52 1-2; Lake Shore from 87 3-4 to 83; Wabash from 46 to 39; Rock Island from 97 1-2 to 89; Milwaukee & St. Paul from 39 to 38; Ohio & Mississippi from 32 1-4 to 27 1-2; Union Pacific from 22 to 17; C. C. & Ind. Central from 83 1-2 to 19 1-2; Western Union Telegraph from 78 to 68 1-2; Pacific Mail from 88 to 82 1-2, and so on. Men who fancied they were rich in the morning, suddenly found themselves bankrupt. It was difficult to determine who was and who was not solvent. When such concerns as those of Jay Cooke & Co. and Fisk & Hatch find themselves unable to meet their engagements, it is hard to say who are good. Bankers who are in good standing to-day may suspend to-morrow. Henry Clews and Vermilye & Co. deny that they are in trouble, but the latter confesses that if the Secretary of the Treasury does not come forward with ten millions for the relief of the bankers of New York, there will be a general suspension. So he does not regard himself as standing on a very sure foundation.

Fisk & Hatch suspended because their
customers did not pay them, and these customers did not pay because the parties from whom they expected the money were unable to obtain it. The explanation is simple enough. The failure of Jay Cooke & Co. was brought about in the same manner. There was a call on them for more funds than they were able to pay. Therefore, they did not pay; in other words, they suspended.

Of course, it is idle to look into the future and undertake to say where this business will end. Jay Cooke & Co. and Fisk & Hatch may shortly resume, as they promise to do. No doubt they expect to raise the necessary funds from some source; but suppose they should find it impossible to obtain them, what then? Why the simple truth is they could not resume; and thousands of bankers and others who have considered them as good as the government and relied on them for funds, will be disappointed.

Hence it is impossible to foresee what the future may have in store for us. The failure of even so gigantic a firm as that of Jay Cooke & Co. is a matter of no great importance in itself; i.e., it would not be if they did not owe immense sums of money, and the parties they are owing did not owe other parties, and these others still others, until almost every man in community is affected directly or indirectly. So the suspension of this great concern may lead to a general stoppage of payment and to such losses as no man has dreamed of.

We observe that there is a frantic call going up to the government for aid. The Secretary of the Treasury is implored to come to the relief of agonizing Wall-st. Now we hope this official will do nothing of the kind. What has government to do with the embarrassment of individuals or communities? Nothing whatever. The operators in Wall-st. having sown to the wind, are reaping the whirlwind. If their reckless operations have involved them in trouble let them get out of them in the best way they can. We think the government should not go to their relief for the reason that anything it might do for them would be temporary and of no permanent benefit. It would serve to put off the evil day and that is all. That day will finally come, and it may as well come this year as next, or five years hence. In fact, the sooner it comes the smaller will be the injury inflicted. Despite the teachings of all history, we have a class of people among us who claim that our financial system, based as it is on nothing but the government's suspended paper, is a safe and excellent one. These have got to be undeceived, and the sooner it is done the sooner will the country get back to a state of financial stability and soundness; the sooner will business men know where they stand and what they can depend on; and the sooner will the masses find themselves in the way of securing better returns from their industry, and therefore of achieving greater material prosperity.
By Laura Arksey

By looking at the diaries of four members of the Ebey family of Whidbey Island, it is possible to see a remarkably representative cross section of Northwest pioneer experience. Not only are important events of the period described, but social and personal history become real and immediate to the reader in a way that only diaries seem able to provide.

The Ebey family began settling on Whidbey Island in 1850. Isaac Neff Ebey and his first wife Rebecca Davis Ebey, Isaac having gone ahead in 1849 to Oregon before taking up a claim on Whidbey Island. In 1851 with Col. Walter Crockett and others, joining Isaac at “Ebey’s Landing” early in 1852. There was by then a small settlement on Whidbey to which, in subsequent emigrations, would be added other members of the Ebey and Davis families.

The remarkably energetic and versatile Isaac Ebey divided his time among farming, service in the territorial legislature, law practice and work as a customs collector. Rebecca had to endure his long absences in addition to the usual labors and worries of most pioneer women, and died of an unspecified illness, possibly tuberculosis, in 1853, at the age of 30. Her successor as Mrs. Ebey was Emily Sconce, a widow who was married to Colonel Ebey for less than two years before finding herself again a widow. In 1854, Isaac’s younger brother, Winfield Scott Ebey, accompanied his parents and other relatives and neighbors from Missouri to Whidbey Island.

All four of these Ebeyes were diarists. In fact, diary keeping seems to have been part of a family regimen, with the diary begun by Isaac kept faithfully in his absence from home by the two Mrs. Ebeyes. However, young Winfield Scott Ebey was the most prolific of all, keeping in full and colorful detail accounts of the overland journey, Whidbey Island pioneer life (and violent death, as we shall see) and his own later adventures as a mining prospector in Oregon.

The Whidbey diaries of Col. Isaac Ebey are mostly the hurried notes of a very busy man, with
February 17, 1853

"Six large Indians came today and crowded in the door.... They knew no person was here but myself and the children."

A tintype of Col. Isaac N. Ebey, pioneer legislator and Whidbey Island settler, whose life was sacrificed in the 1850s struggle against the intrusions of the Island settler, whose life was white man. (From A History of Whidbey's Island by George Albert Kellogg, 1934.)

Sound. In addition, he planted a great variety of apple and peach trees and attempted to introduce grape culture to Whidbey Island. His is, in many respects, a typical farmer's diary, full of tasks, crop yields, prices, beef contracts and always the weather. His diary also provides a clear picture of frontier cooperation of relatives and neighbors in house and fence building, harvesting, and sharing of tools and equipment.

To be a Whidbey Island farmer meant, of necessity, to be a boatman, and Colonel Ebey's diaries seem as full of entries related to water as to land. Whether traveling by Indian canoe or various other Puget Sound boats, he was constantly back and forth to Port Townsend, Bellingham and other Sound settlements, not to mention his legislative travels to Salem and Olympia. The entry of November 10, 1856, shows a typical mixture of his activities:

I returned from Port Townsend last night. I came home on the Bellingham Bay scow. The day was so unfavorable that I did not like to come over in a canoe. The scow drifted out to Point Partridge.... I got home at 7 o'clock. The day had been foggy all day; nevertheless I cleaned and housed my oats.

That Puget Sound conditions could be worse than "unfavorable" Ebey discovered in January 1857 when he drifted helplessly for weeks in his disabled sloop until rescued by his brother, after most had assumed he was dead or captured by Indians.

Ebey's interest in politics is plentifully evident in his diaries. Although the published Whidbey diaries do not cover his periods of service in the territorial legislatures of Oregon and then Washington, his wives' diaries (and other records of the time) give clear indication of his leadership role. On February 1, 1853, Rebecca Ebey reports,

I received two letters from Mr. Ebey which state that he will be home before long. The last Olympia papers give the proceedings of the legislators. Mr. Ebey has had four counties organized and their county seats stationed for which among other things he is extolled very highly by his friends publicly.... Our county is called Island County and Coreland the county seat.... I am truly glad to have a county of our own.

Mrs. Ebey was equally pleased when, in May, word came of the establishment of Washington as a territory separate from Oregon, a cause for which her husband had worked tirelessly. But, as the diaries of the two Mrs. Ebeyes make clear, their pride in Isaac's legislative accomplishments was tempered by loneliness, fear and sometimes resentment during his long absences.

Colonel Ebey also took a keen interest in national politics, and, as the following entry would suggest, there is no indication that he regarded himself or his location as remote from national affairs:

This evening in the States the agony is over and a new President has been elected. I suppose that Mr. Buchanan will receive a larger popular vote than has ever been polled for any man for the presidency.... I think Mr. Buchanan will carry every Southern State, and will get Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and California. His predictions proved almost entirely accurate.

Like many frontier lawyers, Ebey was largely self-educated. It is surprising that he found any spare time for reading, but in addition to keeping up with the news, he read popular novels of the time and even commented on their style and possible moral impact, noting, "I am still reading Dream Life by Donald Grant Mitchell. The author sustains himself well, I think." Ebey found some deficiencies, however, in the character of the protagonist, a young graduate of Yale, and goes on to say of a "collegiate
education."

If it tends to deaden the high moral feelings that are home bred and make home lovable, if it tends to stimulate self-pride and create in one a high opinion of himself without stimulating one's self to rigid application... then its results are less good than I have expected.

The colonel's attitude toward the Indians on Whidbey is rather hard to deduce from the diaries. He seems to have been a moderating influence in quarrels that developed from time to time between them and the settlers, yet there was a chronic problem over the settlers' free-ranging cattle destroying the Indians' potatoes, which occurred, in Ebey's view, because the Indians refused to adopt the white farmers' practice of fencing their crops. He often gave shelter to half-frozen Indians who had crossed the Sound in their canoes in bad weather, and made use of their services to convey himself, mail or goods back and forth from Port Townsend.

The Ebeys were rarely without company. In fact, the social and family life they had enjoyed in Missouri was brought almost entirely intact to Whidbey, as relatives and neighbors joined them in their thriving island settlement. In a short time, there were the Ebeys, the Davises, the Hills, the Engles and others, including several households of Crocketts, who were forever borrowing something, even, on one occasion, the Ebey cat to control the Crockett mice. There was much congenial visiting back and forth and cooperative effort, as evidenced by entries such as that of October 2, 1852:

We had our two houses raised today. We had 12 men and it was a hard day's work for them. Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Smith and Ann Crockett were here all day and helped me cook dinner. They were all quite cheerful and seemed to enjoy themselves.

In addition, there were often strangers at their table, including Hudson's Bay Company personnel or captains and officers from ships plying the Sound (and if winds were unfavorable, these visits could be annoyingly extended). While the men discussed political, military or commercial affairs, Rebecca listened when she could and kept the food coming. Most of these guests she enjoyed, such as Captain Cousins of the Powhatan, "a very sociable old gentleman," but those who outstayed their welcome only added to her work and exhaustion. However, domestic life was not without its little compensations, as when she wrote,

I washed a large washing today with my new soap which takes the dirt and stains out of the clothes without boiling them and with but little rubbing. I only have to soak them three or four hours and rub them a little, wring them out and rinse them. It is called the ExceLSior family soap.

One task that produced considerable anxiety for Rebecca was educating her lively little boys Eason and Ellison, who sometimes preferred jumping in the oats, a forbidden activity, to studying their lessons. Her constant concern was that her sons grow up to be intelligent, upright Christian men. Thus her diary contains prayers that she and her husband would "set an example before them which they may look to as a pattern and guide when we are no more on this Earth." She longed for the day when Ebey's Prairie would have its own minister, noting,

I feel as though I would like to hear a sermon preached this beautiful Sabbath which makes a person feel so happy. I hope the time will not be very long until we will be blessed with the preached Gospel from Zealous Christian Ministers... Let us pray the Lord that He may send us pure-hearted laborers in this His plentiful vineyard.

Her prayer was answered soon when Whidbey Island became part of the Methodist circuit of Olympia.

Both the work and the worries increased, however, during the colonel's legislative absences. Rebecca gamely acknowledged her husband's Herculean efforts to leave his household and farm snug and well supplied before his departure to Olympia for the winter, but still his absence was hard on her. She felt less able to cope with teaching and disciplining the boys, and the freeloaders who were doubly trying, especially when "old Capt. Coffin came and sat nearly all day and I had to get dinner for him. I did not feel like keeping him company or cooking for him. He is a very disgusting man." Furthermore,
November 25, 1856

"The next morning the Indians hoisted a white flag. Twenty-seven were found dead.... Those who were killed were dreadfully cut up."

Many who crossed the plains in the mid-19th century, including several of the Ebey family, kept journals. This drawing of a traveler making an entry in her journal is the frontispiece of Covered Wagon Women: Diaries & Letters from the Western Trails 1840-1890, Vol. VI, edited by Kenneth L. Holmes and published by the Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, California, 1986. It seems an accurate depiction except that bleached bovine skulls, while numerous along the Oregon Trail, were not customarily hung up for display.

She was constantly worried about her parents and other relatives who had set forth from Missouri and not yet arrived at Whidbey, and her worst fears were confirmed when she learned of the death of her mother, which had occurred some months earlier on the plains. She poured out her grief to her diary, and her need for Isaac is evident in this entry:

I cannot get this load of grief away, yet I know it does neither Mother nor myself any good but is a great injury to me, but I cannot help it. I... think if Mr. Ebey was here I would not take it so hard. I am alone and no person who can take interest in my welfare to converse with.

Not only was her husband not there to share her grief, but apparently her women friends, who had visited so often during happier time, avoided her: "Samuel Crockett here a few minutes this morning. I looked for his mother but she is not coming. I do not know why they cannot come to see me in my distress."

Belatedly, the visits resumed, but with Rebecca cynically concluding that "the neighbors begin to think they must come to see me again before Mr. Ebey comes home."

When he did return, her relief and contentment were evident:

My health is some better today than it
August 14, 1857

“My brother Isaac is dead . . . I have seen death often before . . . but I never yet saw so horrible a sight as this.”

has been latterly. I hope it may continue better that I may be able to attend to my family and my household duties without suffering all the time. The children are studying their new books which their Pa brought them . . . Dr. Lansdale is here tonight. Mr. Ebey enjoys himself very much in conversing with the Dr. I am pleased to see him so cheerful around his own peaceful fireside.

Another year passed, and on May 21, 1853, Rebecca noted, “I am very weak today. Can scarce do my cooking. I am very lean and feel sometimes like my stay on this earth will not be very long.” On May 26, Isaac records, “Rebecca was delivered this morning at about 1 o’clock a.m. of a fine daughter. She suffered a good deal but not so much as we expected . . . Women and Dr. all went home after breakfast.” There are no more entries by Rebecca and few by Isaac until he records her death on October 8, noting that “the loving heart from whence flowed the passages of affection in this volume is forever stilled.”

The household diary begun by Isaac and Rebecca was continued by Isaac and his second wife, Emily. (Was she able to resist reading the entries of her predecessor?) The family consisted of Isaac’s two sons and Emily’s daughter by her previous marriage. Isaac’s parents, who had emigrated from Missouri in 1854, had taken over the care of Isaac and Rebecca’s baby girl, and she continued to live with them.

Emily, like Rebecca, records household chores, visits of neighbors and strangers, her husband’s varied activities and her own weariness and occasional depression:

I am always glad when Saturday night comes, when the toils and cares of the week are done. Tomorrow I shall rest. And will it be so when the Saturday of my existence comes? I sometimes think it will not be long until the cares and sorrows of this life will be hushed, and the

great Sabbath of Eternal Rest by my home forever; nor is the thought always unpleasant. No one thinks I feel so, Why have I penned it here?

Although Isaac’s entries are very much taken up with his farming, beef and potato contracts, and junkets about the Sound on his multifarious business, an increasingly ominous note during 1856 is the frequency of entries, by both Isaac and Emily, relating to danger from Northern Indians. Various groups of Haidas, Tlingits, Stikines and other northern tribes had long been accustomed to sweeping down from their fjordlike inlets along the coast of Canada and Alaska to raid the Puget Sound Indians. Their presence in increasing numbers on the Sound was disquieting to settlers as well, although a few had employed them in sawmills or intermarried with them. Contemporary accounts refer to thievery and other problems resulting finally in a rash and disastrous action by the U.S. warship Massachusetts. On November 25, Isaac enters into his diary news of the incident that would lead to his own death the next August. In brief, what happened was that the Massachusetts fired on and killed a number of Northern Indians encamped temporarily at Port Gamble, some of whom had been involved in harassment against settlers. They had refused the Massachusetts’ demand to hand over the guilty and had begun firing on two parties sent ashore from the warship. The ship let off a broadside . . . The firing was kept up all day, the steamer throwing her heavy metal in the timber where the Indians had taken refuge . . . The next morning the Indians hoisted a white flag. Twenty-seven were found dead . . . Those who were killed were dreadfully cut up . . . One woman was killed.

Ebey reports only one marine killed. Unfortunately for the settlers, the Massachusetts was shortly thereafter assigned to distant waters, leaving the Sound without naval protection, while the Northern Indians retreated to their strongholds, letting it be known among the Sound Indians that they would return and avenge their losses. Some sources say a chief was among those killed, and thus only the death of a white “chief” would suffice as restitution. Island settlers prepared for trouble by moving to the mainland or building stockades or blockhouses.

By this time Winfield Scott Ebey, Isaac’s resourceful and stalwart brother, 13 years his junior, had settled on Whidbey. As a young bachelor with no family of his own to protect, he was much in demand as an overnight guest in homes where the menfolk were away. During this period, there are frequent references by Emily to Winfield’s spending the night, and often entries by Winfield himself in the household diary. His entry of December 16 refers to an intended move to the mainland.

I got a letter from my brother, saying that he had hired the sloop Col. Ebey for a month, and that he had gone to Bellingham Bay . . . with potatoes for Mr. Warbass. Emily had her goods & chattels all packed, ready for moving to Port Townsend and she feels some disappointment that the intended move is postponed. Eason is particularly put out about the matter.

As if the Indian scare were not enough for the family at home, it was at this point that Colonel Ebey had his near-shipwreck. With his return long overdue, Emily wrote, “News came today that he had not been seen or heard from. Oh, my God, can it be that I am never to see him again? Am I such a wretch that my cup must run over?” Although Winfield had desperately and unsuccessfully tried to enlist the aid of the Port Townsend revenue cutter to search for Isaac and had finally concluded “that my brother was in the hands of the Indians if not murdered,” he eagerly set forth by canoe to search the area of a
reported shipwreck. He found the Col. Ebey, which had been adrift with torn sails for three weeks, Isaac and his small crew totally lost and “in a bad situation,” surviving, not surprisingly, on the cargo of potatoes. The revenue cutter had, in fact, come very close to the disabled sloop, but its apparently drunken crew had failed to notice the signals. Winfield wondered how its commander, Lt. Edgar O. Musden, “can reconcile his actions with his feelings as a human if he has any—which I doubt.”

Curiously, the household diary of Isaac and Emily ends at this point, and we turn to Winfield’s diary and other sources to conclude the dramatic events of 1857. The danger from Northern Indians remained unabated. They murdered a few of their traditional Puget Sound Indian enemies, but were undeterred in their main purpose to take “Boston [American] heads,” some of whom were specified by name, but the list did not include that of Isaac Ebey. On January 20, the territorial legislature passed a futile resolution requesting that the Massachusetts continue to patrol the area, and small detachments of soldiers fanned out from the various forts to unprotected areas, such as Whidbey Island, but Winfield’s opinion of the soldiers sent to Partridge Point “as a protection to the people of the Island” was that “it would be better I think to put them in the midst of the neighborhood so the people could protect them.” More families, including Colonel Ebey’s, moved temporarily to the mainland. Under increased military pressure, however, the Indians ceased their threatening behavior for a time, and settlers were lulled back into a sense of security. On July 25, Colonel Ebey and his family returned to Whidbey.

Later accounts vary as to exactly what happened on August 11, when a Northern Indian man and woman actually came to the colonel’s house ostensibly seeking to buy provisions or perhaps asking help with a damaged canoe. Colonel Ebey dealt with them in some fashion, apparently sensing no danger. The Indian couple lingered long enough to ask a young farmhand, Thomas P. Hastie, if Ebey was a “big tyee” among the whites. The lad innocently replied that his employer was indeed a big tyee. That night, at home and unarmed were Isaac, Emily, Eason, Ellison, Emily’s little girl Anna, and Indians from the Vancouver Island area, like the Norsemen of medieval Europe, periodically conducted forays to the south and preyed on weaker tribes. The sight of them, moving swiftly in large, colorfully painted war canoes, terrorized Puget Sound Indians—but not the whites, whose killing of a number of them brought about the retaliatory beheading described in this article. (This illustration is from the cover of Indians of the Pacific Northwest, by Ruth Underhill, Bureau of Indian Affairs, 1945.)
guests Mr. and Mrs. George W. Corliss. Winfield was at his parents’ home as were several other relatives. It was not until three days later that he was finally able to commit to his diary the events of that night. We can only summarize what Winfield poured out in pages of agonized detail.

During the night, a larger number of Indians slipped into Ebeys Landing, climbed the bluff and created a disturbance outside the house. When Colonel Ebey went out to investigate, they shot and beheaded him. Others in the house were able to escape out the back way, Mrs. Corliss fortunately stumbling onto the road in the dark and running to the Engrs’ to spread the alarm. After quickly ransacking the house, the Indians fled, taking with them Colonel Ebey’s head, before Winfield and other men could get to the scene. What they saw was ghastly beyond imagination.

My brother Isaac is dead—My noble high minded brother is no more—shot and beheaded by the murderous Northern Indians. . . . His headless trunk lay on its side near the end of the porch apparently where it had fallen. When I knelt by his side & took his rigid hands in mine there was no room for doubt as to identity. Although the head was not there I could have recognized him among a thousand. I have seen death often before & have seen the bodies of persons killed by savages but I never yet saw so horrible a sight as this. I never before saw the human head severed from the body.

Next, Winfield and the other men rounded up the survivors, who had escaped to the woods. Although Emily had seen her husband fall, she was “overpowered entire” by the news that he was, in fact, dead and beheaded, and “the poor boys hearing their father was dead were almost powerless with grief.” Then the news had to go to other relatives, with the result that “my poor Father & Mother were almost dead—awful, awful.” Reports had to be filed at Fort Townsend, including that of Mr. Corliss, who claimed to have held the door against the Indians singlehandedly, allowing the women and children to escape out the back. Emily hotly disputed this account, declaring that Corliss had been the first one out of the house. “I cannot tell which is right,” wrote Winfield. “It is immaterial.” People came from all over for the funeral, which was not without its bizarre aspects. The first coffin proved too small, even for a headless corpse, and the minister engaged to preach the sermon was, according to Winfield, “too much shocked to do so.”

Word of the tragedy spread rapidly throughout the Sound region and newspapers called for “Justice,” but “the murder remained unavenged,” according to the Weekly Victoria Gazette, because it was never known for certain which particular tribe the perpetrators were from. (The historical marker currently at Ebeys Landing states that the Haida were responsible, but there is considerable disagreement in contemporary and later sources.) The historian Hubert Howe Bancroft states that the governors of Washington Territory and Vancouver Island conferred but decided against trying to find and punish the murderers for fear of risking all-out war with the northern tribes.

Late in 1859, Isaac’s scalp was recovered by Capt. Charles Dodd, who succeeded in buying it from Kake Indians, a Tlingit tribe. It was given to A. M. Poe, of Olympia, to return to the family, which he was able to do in April 1860. Winfield easily identified the grisly relic:

Mr. Poe brings my brother’s scalp which was recovered from the Northern Indians by Capt. Dodd. At last this memento is received. At last a portion of the mutilated remains of my dear brother is returned. Near three years have elapsed since his murder and now his poor head (or a portion of it) returns to his home. The skin of the head is entire containing the ears and most of the hair. The hair looks quite natural.

Winfield had, by this time, set up his own law practice, eventually using one of the blockhouses as his office. Much of his time was taken up with administering Isaac’s rather tangled affairs. Never was a younger brother more loyal to an elder, in life or in death.

The scene of these dramatic events is now part of Ebeys Landing National Historic Reserve. Because of this fact and other local efforts to resist subdivision and development, this spectacularly scenic and historically important area looks much as it did when the Ebeys and their neighbors lived and died there: the sweep of prairie is still farmed, the dramatic view of sea and mountains totally unobstructed, some of the blockhouses still stand and the Colonel Crockett house is a thriving bed and breakfast. Of course, a particular combination of tide and wind still produces the loud surf Rebecca found so romantic and beautiful. The Ebeys names appear on historic markers, in county records, in newspaper articles and on the tombstones of Sunnyside Cemetery. However, the real memorials to these pioneers of Whidbey Island are the vivid and moving diaries they kept.
Samuel G. Morse
Clallam County’s talented turn-of-the-century photographer of the Makah.

* *

By Carolyn Marr

A sea lion catch photographed at La Push. The people are members of the Quileute tribe.
OPPOSITE (UPPER): A burning political issue arose early in the 20th century when the Western silver-producing states attempted to get silver monetized on a standard that would make 16 ounces of silver worth one ounce of gold. Morse undertook to illustrate this ratio by assembling 16 native women around one donkey. The silver forces, led by William Jennings Bryant, did not prevail.

OPPOSITE (LOWER): Makahs were skilled woodworkers, living between forest and sea, using wood for canoes, houses, implements and works of art. One Makah artist was Young Doctor, son of Old Doctor, who was described in popular author James G. Swan’s writings as a powerful healer in the 1860s. Young Doctor was a healer as well as an artist, although partly crippled from childhood. He is shown here seated behind a miniature canoe in which are seated six fur-clad paddlers. He is holding a cloth on which he has painted a two-headed animal or sea serpent used during a canoe dance ceremony. The canoe became part of the Tocier collection once held by the Washington State Historical Society and now in the Museum of the American Indian in New York City.

Samuel Gay Morse came from a pioneer family of Clallam County and resided on the Olympic Peninsula his entire life. The Morses settled in Port Angeles in 1863 and helped to assemble the framework of that frontier settlement. Samuel contributed his share of public service, as a member of the Chamber of Commerce, sheriff and assessor, but his accomplishments as a photographer of the Makah and other Native Americans were little appreciated outside the realm of his immediate family. Now, several decades after his death, the treasure trove of Morse’s negatives and prints held by the Washington State Historical Society can be viewed as an outstanding collection in both aesthetic and historical terms.

Morse began photographing Indians in 1896 when he accepted the position of Indian agent for the Neah Bay Agency, with jurisdiction over the Makah villages of Neah Bay, Tsooes, Wyaach and Ozette as well as the Quileutes at La Push. His wife’s father, George Draper, was at that time employed as the trader at Neah Bay. During Morse’s seven-year tenure as Indian agent, he took over 750 photographs of Makahs and Quileutes going about their everyday activities of fishing, trading, wood gathering and playing. He also provided visual evidence of cultural change, especially the kind being encouraged by federal policy, such as vocational schooling of Makah children, planting of gardens and construction of modern-style houses. And he included, fortunately for us, portraits of religious leaders and artists, such as the carver Young Doctor.

In focusing on the seemingly inconsequential aspects of ordinary life on the reservations, Morse differed considerably from most of his contemporaries in the field of Indian photography. The well-known photographer Edward S. Curtis posed his subjects in romantic scenes in a deliberate effort to recapture their
supposedly pure, noble past. His pictorial images, unrivaled for their beauty, evoke nostalgia for a way of life that many believed was soon to vanish. Other slightly less ambitious image makers sought to capture evocative pictures for commercial reasons, for sale as postcards and souvenirs. Morse approached his subjects in a relatively straightforward manner and they, in turn, responded in a more casual way to the camera. His strongest inclinations were directed towards portraiture, and the faces of these Makah elders tell a story of their own.

The photographs made by Morse between 1896 and 1903 were done primarily with the gelatin-coated dry plate technology invented in the 1880s. This process reduced the number of steps required prior to exposure, and brought photography within reach of the amateur. Morse used mainly 6½-by-8½-inch glass plates that retain much of their original clarity and detail today. His later work with Kodak roll film and smaller cameras has not fared as well.

In 1917, while struggling to make a living from a fish cannery at Mora, Morse sold his entire bank of some 500 negatives and 622 prints to the Washington State Historical Society for $300, a fair sum of money in those days. In the spring of 1921 all his possessions were lost in a fire at the Taholah general store, where he was chief trader. A few of Morse’s photographs are preserved in the Smithsonian Institution, and family members retain many more, but the Historical Society’s collection is by far the most comprehensive.

In 1984, the Makah Cultural and Research Center in Neah Bay initiated a cooperative project with the Society for conducting research on the Morse photographs among elders of the Neah Bay community. Former Makah Cultural and Research Center director Greig Arnold and I selected 150 images to take to Neah Bay, where I spent three months interviewing knowledgeable individuals about the places, people, events and general conditions of Makah life at the turn of the century. Many of the older people recognized the photographs and identified people known to them in childhood. They related episodes about village life at the time Morse photographed it. One woman was surprised and pleased to see herself at age nine months together with her parents and older sisters. Mistaken identifications were corrected and missing interpretations supplied.

The culmination of this photo-history project, funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities, is the exhibit and catalog that are traveling from the Makah Cultural and Research Center to the Washington State Historical Society museum and other museums in Western Washington.

Carolyn Marr is Assistant Librarian in charge of photographs at the Sophie Frye Bass Library of the Museum of History and Industry in Seattle, and coordinated the Morse photograph project.

Photographs courtesy of the Washington State Historical Society.

*ABOVE (UPPER): Owaata, an Indian woman, Neah Bay.*

*ABOVE (LOWER): Sonnie Barker, identified as a fisherman and seal hunter who came from a coastal village to Neah Bay in 1900.*

*OPPOSITE (UPPER): The weaving of baskets became a Makah cottage industry after the whites came to the area in the mid-19th century. In 1903 distribution of them was arranged through a local trader, W.W. Washburn. This photo shows a collection of baskets and other items of Makah art offered for sale including a painting, a canoe and figurines. Such early-day baskets are now rare enough to bring high prices when they are offered for sale. The Washington State Historical Society has accumulated one of the largest collections of Indian baskets in the region.*

*OPPOSITE (LOWER): When an Indian invited his neighbors to a feast where he would give away his possessions, it was called a potlatch. This view shows an assembly for such an occasion on Tatoosh Island. The old-style longhouse, made of split cedar boards, can be seen at right. The visitors, who arrived in their dugout canoes, brought tents as overnight accommodations. At least 50 canoes are pulled up on the beach. The apparatus on the bluff is a crane used to hoist materials for the lighthouse.*
The First Ascent of Mt. St. Helens

A daring mountaineering feat is vividly described in a rare 1861 pamphlet.

The "hard times" which have prevailed throughout Oregon and Washington have proved unusually oppressive in this little valley during the past spring and summer, and still continue with unabated power. The desire to relieve themselves from this blight has incited men to cast about for the ways and means to pay their taxes and store bills, and remove from themselves and neighbors that corroding burden called debt. Neither grain, hay nor beef are in demand, even at the low prices which nominally prevail; consequently money has become so scarce in this neighborhood that Cayuse horses, bees and calves have become a legal tender. A contemplation of this state of affairs, as early as last spring, brought on an usually severe attack of "yellow fever"; and men began to recall what they had heard of the mines, and others recollected what they had seen in the mountain streams. These two classes got together and the "fever" spread. From May 1860 to the present writing, the mountains and streams have been rarely, if ever, without a number of gold hunters.

Sometime during the month of August 1860 some six or eight gentlemen proposed to form a small party, which should go out on the new trail to Kalima [Kalama], rusticate awhile and hunt elk, which are said to abound in that vicinity. ... An account of the progress of this new company and the result of their labors, the wonderful natural curiosities which they saw, as well as their ascent of Mt. St. Helens, I will endeavor to lay before the reader.

Having completed the necessary preparations, the horses were packed, guns loaded, dogs tied, and about 10 o'clock on the morning of the 19th of September, this new party of explorers started to prospect the "new mines" on Lewis River....

Half a day's travel brought us to Cha-la-cha [Chelachie Prairie], a beautiful rolling plain, containing, probably, 3,000 acres of land. Upon it are some improvements, which were abandoned during the Indian War. Lately several families have settled upon some of the old claims, and are busily engaged in cultivating and improving them....

On the morning of the 23rd we arose before the sun, full of hope and enthusiasm, for here within three miles of us, according to the positive assurance of reliable men, from 5 to 10 dollars a day could be made. After an early breakfast, our company, which had been augmented by the arrival of two more friends, set out prospecting in earnest. All the bars on the east side of the river, for three miles from the canyon, were thoroughly examined; then the streams which came in on that side were prospected down to the bedrock. In every panful of sand or dirt there was the color; but it was so fine the naked eye could scarcely distinguish it. We bridged the river and passed over to the other side, down which we examined every sandbar and stream until we arrived at the hole, from which a gentleman informed me he had taken five dollars in a few hours; we failed to get the color. In order to get back to camp we were compelled to build a raft, which came near swamping. With our enthusiasm some-
what cooled, weary and worn with fatigue we reached the camp, no richer, but much wiser.

Two days spent in laborious exploration in and about the Big Canyon Creek and its tributaries convinced us that we were not in a gold region. Indeed, had it not been for the assurance of gentlemen—in whose integrity I have the utmost confidence, that the points which they described and to which our attention was particularly directed, would richly remunerate the laborer—we would not, for a single moment, have entertained the idea that gold could be found in that vicinity, in sufficient quantities to pay; for neither its geological formation, nor a comparison with other "diggings" either on the Pacific slope or elsewhere, warrants the presumption that paying gold mines will ever be discovered in that portion of the Cascade range. Failing thus far in the main object of our trip, we turned our faces toward headquarters on Cha-la-cha, prospecting the small streams on the way, and arrived at camp about noon on the 24th.

Still hoping to find the places that would pay from 5 to 10 dollars per day, we determined to resume our journey, in the direction of Mt. St. Helens, and the headwaters of Lewis River....

We started northward on the Simcoe Trail, passing over an exceedingly steep and rugged mountain range until we reached the river valley, about six miles east of Cha-la-cha. The valley on the south side is very narrow, sandy, poor and unproductive. On the north side the quality of the land is much better, but the limited extent of the "bottom" will probably prevent its settlement for many years to come. Two miles beyond this "upper crossing" of the Lewis River we forded a very rapid, noisy stream, transparent as the purest crystal and as cold as ice water, which bears the Indian name of Spil-ye-i [Spilyeh Creek]. Within a mile of the ford, and directly on the trail, this stream forms one of the most lovely little cascades imaginable. The stream divides itself amongst the rocks, then pitches over a precipice of some 50 feet, and unites before reaching
the surface below, lending a charm and an interest to this wild forest of fir and cedar rarely equaled. Another mile brought us to Spil-ye-i Prairie, where we encamped for the night. This beautiful plain lies about nine miles from Cha-lach, contains probably 500 acres of nearly level land, covered with the most luxuriant grass, and is well watered by a good spring, the branch from which runs across the northeast corner.

Four miles further on the same trail we crossed the river again, then traveled up it two miles and recrossed at one of the roughest, most rapid and difficult fords conceivable. For several miles further our trail ran near the bank of the river, the mountains running down so close as to prevent much divergence from it until we came to a small valley, which was entirely covered by lava and pumice stone of immense thickness; our course ran over it for several miles. In several places the upheaved stone had the appearance of having but recently left the "Iron Works" below. To the south of us, across the river, an immense mountain of volcanic origin towered to the clouds in almost perpendicular cliffs. Around the west point of the mountain the river runs with a treacherous rapidity for several miles.

Until our arrival at this trackless deposit of lava, the possibility of losing or missing the trail to St. Helens had not occurred to us. But now the impression that we were far beyond the point at which we should have left the Simcoe Trail could not be shaken off. The reflection was, of course, very unpleasant; but we had to make the most of our situation. We determined, therefore, to go ahead until we should again come in sight of Mt. St. Helens, which the intervening mountain had hid from us for nearly two days. Late in this afternoon, while looking for a place to camp, one of our men came suddenly upon an Indian who seemed to be frightened out of his wits, and indeed there was not much wonder; for our men, being unlearned in the language of Chinook, began to call vociferously for our interpreter, which the Indian mistook for a summons to surrender. He was entirely unarmed and stood and trembled. Our interpreter soon made him understand that we had mistaken our way and wanted to be put right. While talking with him, another Siwash, in the person of "John (Boston) Staps," made his appearance, and very soon informed us that we were several miles too far; that we must return to the further side of the volcanic rocks, where the trail would turn off, if there had been one, but since no trail had ever been made, it would be next to impossible for any white man to find the way to the peak of Mt. St. Helens. As long as we believed there existed a good plain trail to St. Helens, which had been frequently traversed by different persons who told us of their ascent, we were somewhat indifferent about going to it; but now the case was entirely changed, it was next to impossible to get there, and of course, human nature must perform impossibilities, so nothing human could now prevent the accomplishment of the trip. A proposition was then made to John Staps to pilot us. At first he objected, but finally agreed to go if we waited until day after tomorrow; he enlarged upon the difficulties of the way; our enthusiasm increased when he finally told us it was entirely impossible for either white man or Indian to reach the summit of Mt. St. Helens. We hunted, prospected and climbed a high mountain, from which we could distinctly see St. Helens, still further east than it seemed to be two days before, and from the many intervening hills, chasms and canyons, we became satisfied we had done wisely in engaging John Staps.

At the time appointed, before we had our breakfast, Staps, his friend and an old blind Indian, with their respective families and household goods, arrived, on their way to the berry harvest. Bidding them proceed, and be ready to start with us when we should overtake them, they moved off slowly and were soon lost to view. We were also quickly ready and began to retrace our steps towards the point of divergence from the Simcoe Trail. Within half a mile of this point really commences the ascent of Mt. St. Helens, though it is nearly 20 miles from the foot of the peak. Here we found the family of John Staps, which consisted of a squaw, a boy in a cage and a young puppy, partaking of a sumptuous repast, served up in an old tin kettle. This family group afforded a study which might immortalize an artist; but to portray anything like the effect it produced on my mind is entirely beyond my power. The squaw sat upon the ground with the kettle between her knees, while the baby was placed upright against a tree, within reach of the squaw, and there received its breakfast of berries. The puppy enjoyed a larger liberty; it got into the kettle and helped itself. This scene reminded me of one I had witnessed near Pembina, on the great Red River of the North. Having stopped one night with an Indian family my companion and myself were invited to breakfast on succotash, which was served in the kettle in which it had been cooked. After all had eaten, a little, rough, ill-visaged, shaggy dog was called to finish the succotash. He very soon got enough, and began to retreat; the squaw perceiving it immediately made a grab at the little fellow, caught him behind the ears with one hand, and with the other took hold of his tail, turned him "bottom upwards," doubled him into a mop, and deliberately wiped out the kettle from which we had just eaten.

Despite the disgust produced by this exhibition of Staps' family, one of our young men, attracted by the fine appearance of the berries, had the bravery to "pitch into" the bucket and help himself. Mrs. Staps seemed to think the berries were likely to suffer materially from the onslaught, and immediately covered the kettle, with the puppy inside.

At 10 o'clock we left the Simcoe Trail, started across an "old burn," in a north-easterly course, and ascended a precipitous elevation of probably 300 feet, which brought us in full view of Mt. St. Helens' peak—standing like a hoary-headed giant amongst an army of dwarfs—apparently not three miles from us. The intervening ascent seemed to be covered with the same volcanic stone and scoria which we had left in the valley below; but it appeared so little undulating that we began to think our guide and his friend (who also accompanied us) had...
trees was supported seemed a mystery. Large and deep caverns were discovered on either hand, but our time would not allow us to explore them.

The changes in the growth and species of timber, as we ascended, attracted our attention. The red fir of the valleys and hills had been exchanged for the gigantic hemlock, balsam fir, white fir, shittim-wood, spruce and what is commonly known as Norway pine. These now gave place to the scraggy, split, broken and almost limbless dwarf pines of every high altitude. Mosses and lichens became more common. The lowest forms of vegetable life now and then appeared. The ascent became more rugged and difficult; again huge masses of volcanic rock frequently intercepted our way; in one place they confined us to a narrow ledge, barely wide enough for our horses to stand upon, while a yawning chasm on each side seemed ready to swallow the entire train. A misstep would have proved the destruction of both horse and rider. Thick clouds hung around the summit of St. Helens, and hid it from us; but the pulverized pumice washings, and debris on every hand, indicated our near approach to the limit of vegetable life on the mountain and the close proximity of the peak. Shortly after passing the "narrow way," our guides started up a gulch which had been washed out by the melted snow, and pursued it about three miles; we then left it, crossed a small ridge to the east, and about six o'clock of the 27th of September, we camped upon the bank of a stream of water was running. The rain soon began to pour down in torrents, for which the Indians credited the "Bostons," saying we had caused it by our much talking.

After eating our suppers, the guides were invited to help themselves. While they were thus engaged, our interpreter began to ply John Staps with questions about the mountain, to ascertain the Indian idea of it, as well as to learn whether any white man had ever ascended it. He replied to a few questions, but when he found them coming thicker and faster, he stopped eating, looked around, laughed, and said: "Bostons great man; he eat heap and talk heap, all at one time. Siwash can't." Having thus delivered himself, he set about his supper again with a zeal and relish which seemed to say, "You see I can enjoy 'Boston' muck-a-muck, if I can't their wi-a-wa." We were not surprised to find that John, after traveling 20 miles over a very rugged country, upon a limited supply of berries, had quite an appetite for his supper. But he managed, by dint of close attention to the matter in hand, to get through it in an hour, and then announced his readiness to wi-a-wa all night.

He said the only company of which the Indians have any knowledge, traditionary or otherwise, that ever started from the settlements for the purpose of ascending St. Helens, were a party of Hudson's Bay Company's men, headed by old Mr. Lewis, which proceeded, some by water and some by land, under the direction of their Indian guide, to Spil-ye-i Prairie, where it began to rain. Some of the party became discouraged and wanted to return; others wished to go on. The guide refused to go without more blankets. The advance party threatened to shoot him; the return party encouraged and protected him. Quite an angry scene occurred, which resulted in the return of the whole party. This happened about 20 years ago. Hudson's Bay men have hunted and trapped in the streams around it, but they never attempted its ascent. Since the return of the party mentioned, sometimes one or two men would start with a guide or without one, and get to the end of the trail leading to the berry patch or in sight of St. Helens, and then return. But neither white man nor Indian had ever made the ascent to the summit of the mountain. Nor had any white man ever gone as far up its side as our party were then encamped. When an Indian boy wished to be received into the council of the brave of his nation, he would ascend the mountain peak as far up as the grass grows, and there prove his bravery by walking to and fro, in presence of the Spirit which governs the mountain, until morning. His return to his people was hailed with every demonstration of delight....

Being encamped near the limit of...
We could distinctly see St. Helens... and the many intervening hills, chasms and canyons.

the timberline, we turned our horses upon a fine undulating prairie, which lay on a ridge to the southwest of us, and set about the necessary preparations for the great event of our trip—the ascent of Loo-wit-lat-kla, or Mt. St. Helens.

Having accomplished all that could be done that night towards the great work of the next day, we retired to our blankets—which lay beneath a poor shelter that we had constructed of the miserable pine boughs we found growing sparsely in the hollow about us—our minds alternating between fear and hope. Indeed after everything became quiet in camp, we were so completely occupied in estimating the chances for a fair day and a successful effort that we were only aroused to a consciousness of material things by a flood of water which poured down upon us. The structure, which out of charity I have called a shelter, served to “tangle” the rain until we were snugly stowed away, as we imagined, for the night; when the descending torrents found an opening that let in a deluge, soaking our bedding, clothing, arms, ammunition and our persons, sleep was, for a time, out of the question. While we were considering the best means of protecting ourselves, one of our most excitable young men became very indignant at the liberty the water was taking with him, and, as he stood before the fire, his boots filled to overflowing, while miniature cascades ran down and pitched off his head, shoulders and arms, he suddenly exclaimed, “By the jumping Judas priest, I would sell my interest in Washington Territory for four bits.” No bidder appearing at that ruinous price, he presently added, “Or a drink of whiskey!” As the utterance of that magic name fell upon our half-conscious ears, all of us involuntarily arose from our wet blankets, looked wildly around, and inquired, “Where?” Discovering that we were sold, our entire party expressed their emotions by a terrific yawn, which aroused our Indians from their slumbers, and set the wolves to howling around the camp.

When we arose in the morning, the rain had ceased, but a dense fog hung like a pall over the mountain; the air was quite cold and uncomfortable, and the stream of water which we left running down the gulch at 10 o’clock of the night before was now dried or chilled up, so that we found it difficult to get sufficient water to cook with. Our enterprise seemed to be doomed to a reward of disappointment; should the fog continue, we knew it would be next to impossible to find our way up the peak, and altogether impossible to see anything after getting up. Hoping for the best, however, we prepared for the ascent, and at seven o’clock, of the 28th of September, we started. Our Indian guides continued with us until we had passed the timberline, and traversed a small part of the belt of magnificent grass which girdles the mountain and extends from the timber to the base of the snow line, probably a mile and a half in width. Nothing, however, would induce them to cross it, nor would they agree to go with us. They shuddered at the idea, and strongly protested that it was impossible to ascend the peak and further intimated that our persistence in this, to them, mad attempt would inevitably bring upon us the sore displeasure of the Sah-hah-ly Ty-ee (or Tie) of the mountain, who would inflect upon us a severe penalty for our temerity. Leaving us to make our way as best we might they directed their course toward a beautiful prairie of some 3,000 acres, lying on the top of the ridge to the southwest, where mountain sheep, black-tailed deer and woodchuck are numerous.

An impassable ledge of volcanic rock on the west extending from the timber to the summit prevented us from going up what had appeared to be the easiest and consequently the most practicable route. We were, therefore, compelled to bear more to the east. The fog was now rapidly drifting away; and as Mt. Hood, in the southeast, showed its hoary head above the clouds, we rejoiced in the prospect of a clear, bright day. The ascent was so gradual over the grassy belt that we might have ridden our horses up it with ease, had it not been for the deep gulches that we were compelled to cross. Prodigious
rocks were started by us which caused the earth to tremble as they pursued their mad career, dashing and tearing the timber, towards the valley below.

As we ascended we encountered several gashes which had been washed out by the melted snow, to the depth of from 100 to 250 feet. Falling over the precipices of lava were some beautiful little cascades of 50 to 80 feet in height. Grass had become more and more sparse, until now, not a spear could be seen; and the mossy covering which succeeded it had gradually given way to the immense stone, pulverized lava and ashes, which at first appeared to be bottomless. The narrow ones, of from two to four feet, we leaped; others, of from six to ten feet, caused us to take a circuit, sometimes of half a mile. Rocks almost as large as houses were settled on the snow and in the sand or pumice, which but little labor would remove and send like an avalanche down the mountain. Climbing another sharp ridge of rocks, we found a comparatively level spot of about half an acre, which, I have no doubt, had been formed by the descending scoria, as it became hemmed in by the ledges that run from the south to the east and west of it. Fatigued and dispirited—the fog having come over the surrounding country—took the wind from us, and we determined to climb the one on the right. To accomplish this feat we had to crawl on our hands and knees for more than a quarter of a mile, every instant in danger of rolling off to the right or the left, down a rugged precipice, of from 200 to 300 feet, into a chasm, the bottom of which could not be seen. The danger attending the ascent of this ridge was sufficient to appall the stoutest heart, but, in the excitement of the occasion, while we flattered ourselves that it would conduct us to the summit, we did not give a single thought to the danger.

Nearly two hours were consumed in ascending this ledge, but when we reached the top of it and found another bed of snow, of half a mile in width, lying between us and another precipice, our limbs and lungs aching and our bodies weighed down by the pressure of the atmosphere, we nearly despaired of ever attaining the summit. A short rest and increased determination renewed our wasted strength, revived our drooping spirits, and we crossed the snow quickly. Another narrow ledge of some 400 feet in height, more precipitous than the last, had to be ascended. From the top of it, we looked upward, at an angle of about 60 degrees, and there, only a short distance from us, stood the little peak, which forms the summit of Loo-wit-lat-kla.

Now began an exciting race, to determine who should be first to reach the summit, and the intervening snow, which had been lying there for untold ages, was for the first time impressed with the marks of human footsteps.

Mr. Failing, the young gentleman who loves berries and wishes to dispose of his interest, was the first to reach the summit, and to him belongs the honor.

At that moment—at half past two p.m. on the 28th day of September A.D. 1860—the top of Mt. St. Helens ceased to be a terra incognita.

The Summit of Mount St. Helens

The intensely cold atmosphere which greeted us as we ascended the little embankment which had separated us from the summit produced the most unpleasant sensations, and at the same time warned us not to remain long without moving. And, as the thick dark clouds had again spread over the surrounding country—veiling it with their impenetrable, vapory mantle—we set about the erection of the flagstaff, which one of our party had brought as a walking cane from the timber, where it had been cut. Nailing our “duck” to the little pole, two held the staff, while the others heaped stones around it to the height of three feet, thus securely bracing it against the heavy winds, which at times passed over it. In a few minutes the work was accomplished, and then the first flag that ever waved over Mt. St. Helens was fluttering and cracking in the gale, as if proud of the high distinction to which it was assigned. And there it waves yet, triumphantly, while it stands ready to
announce to the next successful pilgrim, that "on the 28th day of September A.D. 1860 James A. Burk, Jesse Failing, Amos E. Russell, Lyman Merrill, Squire J. Boearth and James H. Neyce succeeded in reaching the summit of Loo-wit-lat-kla, or Mt. St. Helens, under the directions of John Staps (Indian) guide." Having made the flag before we left camp, we were not prepared to believe—indeed we could not have been persuaded—that any of our party would fail to make the ascent or that our guide would "back out." Hence the name of every man in our party was inscribed upon it; but, as already stated, our stoutest man, Mr. B., was overcome by fatigue and the Indian could not be induced to accompany us. Now that we have performed what were represented as physical impossibilities, while we stood gazing at our little flag, every man of us felt himself a hero, so trifling in themselves are the events necessary to excite self-adulation and vanity in the human heart.

Still hoping—almost against hope—to see the clouds again disappear and reveal what we so much desired to see, we busied ourselves in a closer examination of the summit.

The top of the peak is in form a triangular, inclined plane, the right angle of which forms the highest point, while the hypotenuse describes a horizontal line to the southwest, at a declination of about 30 degrees from the top. Within this area is embraced, probably, an eighth of acre. But the extreme topmost point is not larger than the top of an outspread dining table, in shape much resembling the larger end of an egg. Upon this egg-shaped elevation stands the little monument of stone which supports our flagstaff. North and east there is an abrupt descent of from 25 to 35 feet, that terminates at the commencing of a large plateau, containing 10 or 15 acres and embracing the triangle on two sides. This plateau is in turn bounded by an impassable barrier of basaltic rocks, many points of which rise from the lower side to the height of from 100 to 300 feet above the snow which covers this entire area.

Unlike any mountain of equal height I had ever seen, this highest point of this was without snow, though to the north, east and west, but a few feet below, the snow of ages probably covered the stones and lava for many, many feet. Equally peculiar and remarkable was its physical formation. Instead of an immense pile of stones to crown its lofty head, its crown is composed of hematite, pumice, sand and ashes. "As loose as an ash-bank" would aptly describe the surface of the inclined plane of the summit. In view of this peculiarity there is no doubt in my mind that the Indian's assertion that "the mountain is not as high as it once was" is not only well founded, but strictly true.

The high points of rock around the summit have no doubt been deeply covered by volcanic deposits, but the melting snow which the summer sun has started in semiliquid streams, down the mountainside, age after age, has carried with it a portion of the surface, until are formed acres of deposits now found liying around the base of the peak. Thus the mountain

Mr. Rainier (Tahoma) with their connecting ridges and intervening valleys; the placid lakes and meandering rivers; dense forests and lovely plains; beautiful cascades and purling rills; the glistening glacier of the mountain and the dark brown volcanic scoria of the valley all combined their peculiar features to form the most gorgeous, the most sublimely grand, picturesque and wonderfully attractive spectacle upon which the eye of man ever feasted—a scene far surpassing in all the natural points of interest many for which the tour of Europe is annually made—more profoundly imposing because the hand of man has never interfered to despoil the perfect work of nature. Surely, thought we, no sane man occupying our standpoint and viewing the evidences on every hand could for a moment doubt the existence of an Almighty Creator. All nature seemed to proclaim, in the language of revelation: (only) "the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

While visiting Niagara I have seen persons standing on the tower above the cataract, who became so completely lost to all consciousness of their own physical materiality by the fascinating power of the grandly enchanting scene, so etherealized by the exhilarating influence of its majesty and beauty as to feel as if they could arise from their position and sail gracefully and safely to any point below them. So we, whilst enchanted with the grandeur of the stupendous works of nature, felt as if nothing was easier than to soar from crag to crag and from peak to peak, until we had visited all the points around us. But the intense cold served to bring us to reason again, and make us feel that we were yet in the flesh.

The heavy clouds which hung for an hour or more over the west, shutting out entirely every object of interest in that direction, now began to drift towards the east again; very soon the enchanting landscape was covered by rolling clouds. Occasional fitful gusts of wind would sweep away the fog that hung around Mt. St. Helens and reveal many of the wonders immediately connected with it. Far
down the declivity on the north was plainly visible the yawning crater—now cold as the snow around it—which in 1842 sent forth clouds of smoke, ashes and lava. Farther still, near the base of the peak, but more east, lies a beautiful little

plainly visible the yawning crater—now enameled setting, as it reflected the beautiful deep green shadows of the surrounding forest.

Out of this lovely basin the water pours over a precipice for 40 or 50 feet, forming in its descent a strikingly beautiful cascade; and then, losing its identity, becomes the west branch of the north fork of Cathlapoolde (or Cathlapoode, now Lewis) River. Running with the velocity of the wind, dashing and foaming among the boulders as it pursues its tortuous course, it presently meets the east branch which runs from Mt. Klickatat, where the two unite and form the rapid stream, called Lewis River by the whites. The lake (the Indian name of which, I regret, I can't remember), it is said by our guide, abounds in the largest and finest-looking salmon but nothing could induce the Indians to fish them, because the salmon are not fish except in form. According to their belief their deceased warriors have assumed that form to mock their people and punish them for allowing the white man to take possession of this country. It would not be possible for the most skillful fisherman to take one of these salmon. Near the lake, in the dense forest, resides one of their greatest and most ancient chiefs who sometimes condescends to exhibit himself in the form of an immense lion. The terror of his roar strikes consternation to the heart of every hearer, whether that hearer be man or beast. So great is his displeasure that he will not permit his nation to take any game in his vicinity, no matter how great may be their necessity. Warriors and hunters can surround and hem in the game until its capture seems to be beyond peradventure; but this fearful monster is always on the watch, and no sooner does he perceive the advantage of the hunters, than he utters one terrific roar which completely paralyzes them and sends the game rushing through the woods, far beyond the reach of the swiftest arrow.

West of the lake, across a high ridge of volcanic rock, rises one branch of the river Cow-litz, called Klick-a-Parma by the Indians. Still west of this again the Kowena [Cow­eman River] commences; and to the southwest of St. Helens is seen the Kalima, as it meanders through a canyon in pursuit of an outlet. Between the Kalima, Kowena, and on the north side of the ridge upon which the prairie lies is the little creek called Xobits. It waters the prairie, then runs a little way and loses itself in the waters of the Kowena. Hence it will be perceived, five streams, some of them of considerable magnitude, are formed from the melting snowbanks upon Mt. St. Helens.

The cold increased in intensity as the fog thickened around us, until it became unsafe to remain any longer. Every hair of our whiskers, mustaches and eyelashes was encrusted with hoarfrost and ice. Our limbs and lungs ached and we prepared to descend, the declining sun warning us to hasten back to camp.

Starting from the summit by a more easterly course than that by which we made the ascent, we soon encountered a large glacier, which appeared to extend from the wall of rock around the plateau to the foot of the peak. It was wonderfully smooth and very steep; but we concluded to use it to facilitate our descent. Squatting on our feet, therefore, and sliding, as boys frequently do, our progress became fearfully rapid and, when we had passed over but a small portion of our unique pathway, we were horrified at perceiving but a short distance ahead an immense yawning chasm in the snow, extending entirely across our intended track, and much too wide to leap. A few more feet and inevitable destruction appeared to await us; to avoid it required some presence of mind and instant action. Throwing ourselves flat on the snow and digging our heels and hands into it, we succeeded in arresting our progress, upon the very brink of the awful abyss. Crawling carefully along to the westward, we presently reached a rocky ledge which we climbed, and from it looked down into the fissure, which we just escaped. The peculiarity of its formation was to us very remarkable. A ravine in the mountainside extending, apparently, from near the summit to the base of the peak had been filled with snow, until in one place it had assumed a conical elevation of from 10 to 15 feet above the snow level. Through this cone were two fissures, which cut each other at right angles, at the highest point where they were not over six or eight feet wide. But as they descended, they increased in width as far down as we could see, probably 300 feet, assuming the form of an inverted funnel.

While we were gazing at this wonderful deposit of snow, wondering how many ages were represented in its strata, a slight wind blew away the drifting clouds and left the atmosphere above it very clear. But no sooner did the wind cease than a slight mist arose from the fissures, and settled in a cloud just above the united chasms. Our curiosity became aroused and we waited further developments; and while we watched from our inconvenient perch we witnessed the same phenomenon again. At once the inquiries suggested themselves: "What causes the cloud to gather here before it can be seen over any of the neighboring chasms? And why are these fissures wider as they descend, whilst all the others become more and more narrow?" Can it be that there is still some latent fire, an embryo volcano struggling into life and activity, which now can only produce sufficient heat to cause the steam to arise from the melting snow? If so—and I confess my mind inclines strongly to the opinion—we may yet live to witness another eruption of Mt. St. Helens.

Leaving our ledge, we descended to the snow on the west, and taking our squatting posture again, recommenced our descent, passing over the snow for a mile and a half with almost the speed of a
Intervening fissures were easily passed, all being narrow, by assuming our perpendicularity as we approached the edges of them—a single step would be sufficient to take us several feet beyond. But woe to the unlucky wight whose equilibrium was overbalanced as he attempted this feat.....

This somewhat novel mode of locomotion brought us directly to a small deposit of scoria, wedged in between the ledges of basalt, burying beneath it the frozen snow of ages probably—upon and around which were some very large rocks but slightly imbedded in the pumice and snow. These served to amuse us, as we started them down the mountainside and watched their rebounds, until the dense fog shut them out from view. The trembling earth, the dull, deep reverberating sound, and sudden crash, frequently heard, as they dashed headlong in their progress and the dense fog intervening to prevent us seeing, served to delude the imagination into the idea that a convulsion was rending the earth.

The amusement however was too much like work to continue long. We therefore started again stepping down the sandy declivity as upon a bed of down, the weight of our bodies being sufficient to take us downward with fearful velocity, without an effort to move forward. Varying this mode of descent when occasion permitted, by running, jumping, sliding, skating and sometimes rolling, we soon reached the point below which we had left our companion. Hailing him several times without receiving any response, we concluded that he had become chilled and out receiving any response, we concluded that he had become chilled and hurled him up a precipice which he professedly believed us, because, he said, the Bostons could do anything when they had their Tamanawos [a legendary Indian leader] with them; still there was a good deal of the incredulous lurking in his dark, deep eye.....

The next morning found us much refreshed; but the thick fog and slowly falling rain induced us to listen to the Indians' expostulations, abandon our projected trip to the lake and turn our faces homeward. All nature appeared to be overawed by the expectation of some unusual phenomenon; and but for the light trickling noise of the water drops falling upon the dry moss, everything would have been as silent as the grave. The guide predicted a tremendous storm, and admonished us to hurry from the mountain before it came upon us; because the Tie was mad and meant to punish us for invasion of his domain.

About nine o'clock we left our
entered the wood en route for Lewis encampment upon Loo-wit-lat-kla and
to Lewis River. Now the value of our precaution and foresight in causing our track to be
marked or blazed became manifest. Our guide and his companion were packed with at least a hundred pounds of meat each, besides their guns and blankets, which so materially interfered with their locomotion that we began to entertain serious apprehensions of being compelled to camp upon the bed of lava—She-quash-a-quash as the Indians call it—without fire or food for our horses. But the marks encouraged some of our men to go ahead; and while the fury of the most terrific rainstorm I ever witnessed came down upon our pathway, saturating everything at all pervious, we slowly pursued our adamantine track to the valley, where we arrived about dark. From the last high point beyond the valley we looked back toward St. Helens and were surprised to find the side next us covered, from timber to summit, with a heavy mantle of snow, thus demonstrating what the guides had told us before commencing the ascent—the delay of a single day would render it impossible to ascend Loo-wit-lat-kla beyond the timberline.

Scarceley had we stopped before the rain began to pour down in torrents again, and the wind increased to a gale. The wood was very wet, matches decidedly damp and the chances of fire extremely remote and problematical; and added to this cheerless catalog was the soaking condition of our bedding and our clothing. Altogether there was presented for our contemplation and endurance one of the most unpleasant evenings that ever caught a “pleasure party” from home. Still the relentless storm increased in violence, as if in mockery of our “dripping” situation. Cold, wet, hungry, angry and uneasy, some of our party were ready to curse the day that beguiled them from their homes; but the mother of ingenuity came to our aid and called our genius into action. Fire or freeze appeared to be the alternatives; and the condition of everything around us favored the latter immensely; but by the time wood had been collected, we had so dried our matches by placing them under our arms that they ignited without difficulty; then very soon, by the aid of powder and rags, we had a cheerful fire blazing up before us, enlivening the scene as it illumined the dark forest around us. During the night the rain continued to pour down as if the flood-gates of heaven were opened; still we slept soundly. When we awoke in the morning, we found the river much swollen and all chance of crossing apparently cut off. But we were “home-bound,” and when you get a married man’s face turned towards the dear ones at home, after a three-week absence, neither swollen streams nor swift running waters present any obstacles to his determined will! As we had at least two of this class with us, we were compelled to go.

The first ford was rapid and difficult, and required a good deal of courage to attempt it; but three of us started in far up the rapids and landed far down on the opposite side. The worst being now passed, the other two crossings were easily made. The ascent of the almost perpendicular mountain which lay between us and our next camp was rendered more difficult by the tremendous rains which had been falling for several days, and frequently, during our progress, our horses would fall and slide downward until some projecting crag would stop their descent. Scrambling up again they would push onward over the causing what the guides had told us before commencing the ascent—the delay of a single day would render it impossible to ascend Loo-wit-lat-kla beyond the timberline.

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Whilst stopping here a large pack of tiger wolves came in full cry apparently upon our track, and instantly every man was pouring powder into his gun barrel, half filled with water. Finding it utterly impossible to charge our guns with anything explosive, terror took possession of the minds of some who as the wolves approached us suggested the propriety of abandoning our horses to the wolves, whilst we saved ourselves by climbing trees. But before this wise and valiant suggestion was executed, the wolves turned off and passed several hundred yards from our track. They had possibly been baited with Cayuse horses before, and now feared another trap!

Four days of fruitless prospecting and diligent traveling brought us to our homes, ourselves worn down by fatigue, and our horses’ feet almost worn away by the stones.

For several weeks we were beset by anxious inquirers after the “diggings.” As our report was not the most encouraging, the excitement amongst the whites soon died away. The Klickatat Indians, however, were greatly exercised when they heard that we had been to the top of Loo-wit-lat-kla. They came down in delegations to ascertain the truth; and when informed they manifested the most serious apprehensions for their people. To their superstitious minds the fact that one of their people had been our guide was sufficient to produce the greatest alarm. The Sah-hah-ly Tie would be angry and their people punished, if not destroyed.

Fearing the storm raised about his ears, John Straps, the Swash, denied all participation in the enterprise, and probably saved his bacon by his resolute persistence in asserting a lie; but the Indians still look upon our party with suspicion.

To the farmers of Lewis River bottoms, I would say before closing—that we have failed to find the place where gold can be scooped up by the physician, I have discovered mines, near your own homes, that will pay if only the labor be expended upon them, which gold placers require to make them profitable. Your farms contain these mines; cultivate them assiduously and intelligently and then look for the gold! It will as surely come as you pursue this plan.

Reader, to the partiality of the editor of the Chronicle and the solicitations of a few friends are you indebted for this very long journey over a very short distance; but if I have succeeded in exciting a feeling of interest in the wonderful natural curiosities and magnificent lands of Washington Territory, or enabled you to relieve an otherwise monotonous hour—then am I amply rewarded for the labor of preparation.
Mount Adams Country:
Forgotten Corner of the Columbia River Gorge.
Reviewed by Roy Craft.

A rich and readable contribution to the history of the Columbia Gorge area is the newly published volume by Keith McCoy of White Salmon, Washington. Based not only on years of painstaking research but on McCoy's personal observations over 72 active years, the book recounts many little-known facts about the settlers in the area of western Klickitat and eastern Skamania counties, and summarizes the larger historical events that shaped its destiny.

The 196-page book contains 74 illustrations—many of them photographs published for the first time. McCoy worked for eight months on the final draft but he had spent many more years collecting the material and drew heavily on information gathered by the late Bernard Pollard, longtime editor of the Mount Adams Sun newspaper. Before his death, Pollard turned his papers over to McCoy in the hope that he would complete the history which Pollard intended to write.

McCoy's roots are in the Mount Adams country. His grandfather, William McCoy, came west from Illinois to Hood River, Oregon, in 1882 and crossed the Columbia River to White Salmon in 1886.

Aside from its historical importance, McCoy's book is good reading. He writes about significant events such as Captain George B. McClellan's railroad survey through the backcountry from Fort Vancouver and the coming of the sternwheelers on the river. There are also short chapters on such diverse topics as interracial marriages and the long-standing rivalry between the communities of White Salmon and Bingen.

McCoy's book is a must for any library devoted to Washington State, the Columbia River Gorge or the Pacific Northwest.

Roy Craft has long been an activist in establishing both Lewis and Clark and Oregon Trail sites in the Columbia River Gorge. He is Editor Emeritus of the Skamania County Pioneer.

The Inland Empire:
Unfolding Years, 1879-1929.
Reviewed by Dr. Fred C. Bohm.

John Fahey’s title gives his readers the perspective from which he has chosen to write his history of Washington east of the mountains. The Inland Empire is a peculiarly “Spokane” term for describing this region of the Evergreen State and the adjoining counties that make up the Idaho panhandle.

Fahey’s Inland Empire is built around Spokane. His overview commences in the late 1870s, with the coming of the railroad, and ends in 1929 with the events leading to the Great Depression. Fahey suggests that the rapid economic change and revolution in transportation that took place during those 50 years shaped the region and determined what it would become. He concludes by declaring, “Spokane’s unfolding half a century had been typical of the West, where cities were founded as commercial ventures based on railroads, and real estate ventures were laid out on grids ... and [it] developed by private enterprise riding on the back of federal land policy.”

Fahey provides his readers with numerous thumbnail sketches of the business of empire building. These are woven, along with a wealth of factual information, into an overview of boosterism and economic exploitation that includes an extensive discussion of the evolution of the inland rail transportation network. He also devotes considerable space to agriculture and the importance of irrigation, both to timber and to mining in the Coeur d’Alene area of Idaho.

To his credit Fahey is a traditional narrative historian of the old school. But his view of Inland Empire society is from the top down. If there is fault to be found with his presentation, it is the extent to which he slights social history and a treatment of everyday life. He tells us of mining and railroad magnates, of timber barons and of land speculators. But there is not much on the lives of working men and women, minorities or even immigrant groups. The Industrial Workers of the World, for example, are only briefly mentioned; and Indian-white relations are virtually ignored. Despite these oversights, there is much to be learned about Eastern Washington and Spokane in this fine book.

Dr. Fred C. Bohm is Editor-in-Chief of Washington State University Press in Pullman.
By Carolyn Marr, Lloyd Colfax and Robert D. Monroe, Neah Bay and Tacoma:
67 pp. $15.00.
Reviewed by Dr. Stephen Dow Beckham.

The process of acculturation began among the Makah of the Olympic Peninsula nearly 200 years ago. Possessing a rich culture which utilized resources of both land and sea, the Makah have weathered many storms in their centuries of life at the edge of the continent. Portrait in Time captures the Makah in the years 1896-1903 in the photographs of Samuel G. Morse, and also serves as the catalog for a traveling exhibit of Morse’s work (see page 31 of this issue).

An early user of dry plate photography, Morse had unique opportunity to employ his skills when, in 1896, he gained appointment as Indian agent at Neah Bay. During his tenure on the Makah Reservation, Morse photographed villages, buildings, schoolchildren, elders and changing aspects of the life of the Makah. He captured scenes of processing fish on the beach, cutting firewood, social gatherings, basketry and carving in his quiet, sharply focused views.

The late Lloyd Colfax contributed the essay on Makah history; Robert D. Monroe assessed Morse as a photographer in both regional context and the field of specialists concentrating on American Indians; and Carolyn Marr has researched and written the text which accompanies the photos. Makah elders played a major role in this enterprise and their memories as well as quotations from Morse and others create word pictures which ably support the photographs.

The pride of the Makah shines forth in this slender volume, and the special appendix, “Photography Terms in Makah,” links language and the art of Samuel Morse in a unique way. This volume is aesthetically pleasing and handsomely printed.

Dr. Stephen Dow Beckham is a Professor of History at Lewis & Clark College, Portland, Oregon. He recently addressed the American Anthropological Association on the history of photography of Northwest Coast Indians.

Current and Noteworthy
By Dr. Robert C. Carriker, Book Review Editor

It took three years for the second volume to follow the first in the new edition of The Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, edited by Gary E. Moulton (reviewed in Columbia, Volume 1, No. 3, Fall 1987), but now, within a single calendar year, two additional volumes have appeared. Volume 3, August 25, 1804-April 6, 1805 (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1987; 544 pp., $40) takes the Corps of Discovery from the Vermillion River, South Dakota, through the winter at Fort Mandan, North Dakota. Volume 4, April 7-July 27, 1805 (464 pp., $40) continues the journey to Three Forks of the Missouri River, Montana. The editorial procedures established for the earlier volumes are maintained and will continue for the remainder of the 11-volume series. Volume 6 will contain the first journal references to Washington State.

* * *

Inspired by the interest in the Corps of Discovery generated by the new edition of the original journals, Donald Jackson, the acknowledged dean of Lewis and Clark scholars, has published Among the Sleeping Giants: Occasional Pieces on Lewis and Clark (Champaign: University of Illinois Press, 1987; 136 pp., $17.95). In six short essays and two long ones Jackson muses about various aspects of the captains and their journey that have intrigued him since 1962, when he first began to follow their trail.

* * *

The University of Washington Press and the Washington State University Press continue to produce books of interest to Northwesterners. In addition to volumes fully reviewed in these pages, they have also recently issued: Saying the Course: Henry M. Jackson and National Security, edited by Dorothy Fosdick (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1987; 280 pp., $20 cloth, $9.95 paper); Into the Second Century: The University of Washington, 1862-1962, by Jane Sanders (Seattle: University of Washington Press; 1987; 56 pp., $4.95 paper); and China's First Hundred: Educational Mission Students in the United States, 1872-1881, by Thomas E. LaFargue, introduction by Thomas K. Kennedy (Pullman: Washington State University Press, 1987; 184 pp., $12.95). LaFargue was on the faculty at the State College of Washington when he wrote this landmark book in 1942. His insights into Chinese-American educational exchange spurred several publications on both sides of the Pacific Ocean in subsequent years.

* * *

The first volume of Floyd Hall Oles' autobiography Glen-cove: Scenes From a Puget Sound Boyhood (Tacoma: privately printed, 1987; $12 paper) is out and the second volume is in preparation. Oles was recognized for his achievements in local history when he was named a David Douglas Fellow of the Washington State Historical Society.
HARVY CRAWFORD
and His Amazing
Flying Machine

The history of aviation in the Northwest began only 76 years ago when
derbies were in style, as this picture, taken on the tide flats in Tacoma, shows. The
crowd had gathered to see Harvy Crawford and his wonderful flying machine, which
didn't look much different from the one the Wright brothers had used in making the first
heavier-than-air flight a few years before. Crawford took off from a stubble field adjoining the
Puyallup fairgrounds (there were no airfields at all then, of course) and headed for Tacoma with a
load of circulars advertising the fair, which he dropped along the way. He landed on a sandbar
near Stevens Dock. Crawford then picked up a courageous passenger, Lowell Mellett,
and flew back to Puyallup. They made the journey in five minutes, winging along
at a height of 5,000 feet and getting up to a speed of 71 miles per hour.

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.
UNION STATION in Tacoma is pictured here in 1910 with a horse-drawn carriage alongside the motorized station wagons sent to meet the trains by the Tacoma and Olympus hotels. The station is now in the hands of the city of Tacoma, a gift of the Burlington Northern Railroad, which retained the property on either side. Because it is an architectural treasure, most agree, the depot must be preserved and put to some use—as a federal courthouse, according to one set of proposals; alternatively—or additionally—as the entrance to a full-scale museum of Washington history, to be designed and operated by the Washington State Historical Society. Because three levels of government are involved—federal, state and city—a considerable amount of negotiating and coordinating of planning is taking place preliminary to a final decision on what shall be the ultimate fate of the green-domed structure that looms up near the new freeway entrance to the City of Destiny. —Ed.