NE OF THE questions that I am frequently asked is: "Why is the state historical society headquartered in Tacoma?" This puzzlement is based on the fact that in most states the state historical society is situated either in the state capital or the largest city. (Regionally, the Idaho and Montana historical societies in Boise and Helena, respectively, represent one convention, the Oregon Historical Society in Portland the other.)

Tacoma is neither the capital of Washington nor its largest burg, but it once competed for both, and as two articles in this issue of Columbia highlight, late in the nineteenth century Tacoma, not Seattle, was at the center of much of what happened in the politics, economy and culture of Washington. Lewis Saum’s essay on “Wheelwright vs. Fiske,” and Tom Rainey’s analysis of Elwood Evans’ rhetorical career are evidence of Tacoma’s key role in the life of Washington late in the nineteenth century.

In the census of 1890, Tacoma and Seattle were virtually the same size, and so, when it was decided to form a “Washington State Historical Society” in 1891, it did not seem untoward to build it in Tacoma. (Seattle, having its own pride, established a “University of Washington state historical society” for awhile.) The depression of 1893 hit Tacoma particularly hard, and then later in the decade Seattle was the peculiar beneficiary of the Klondike boom. Those events, plus the completion of the Great Northern railroad to Seattle, counterposing the terminus of the Northern Pacific in Tacoma, sent Seattle on its way toward regional preeminence.

But, back to the origins of WSHS. Among other things, this story means that our Society will be celebrating its centennial next year. Former Society president John McClelland is writing the Society’s centennial history.

Elwood Evans plays a key role in this story, as he was the first president of the organization. Indeed, the Society’s first function was an address by Evans, much in the same vein as those detailed by Professor Rainey in his article, delivered at “Ocosta by the Sea” in 1892, on the occasion of the centennial of Robert Gray’s regional discoveries. That the Washington State Historical Society should be in the midst of planning the bicentennial of Gray’s work only adds to the continuities of the moment.

—David L. Nicandri, Director & Editor

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COLUMBIA

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THE MYSTERY

THE MAGAZINE OF NORTHWEST HISTORY • FALL 1990

Wheelwright vs. Fiske  2
Two views on the origin of evil.
By Lewis O. Saum

Tribune of Manifest Destiny  9
Elwood Evans—orator extraordinaire.
By Thomas Rainey

Bridging the Narrows: a Reminiscence  14
Commemorating the 50th anniversary of the rise and fall of
“Galloping Gertie.”
By Joe Gotchy

The Comstock of Washington  18
The men and motives at the heart of the Okanogan mining
boom in the late 1800s.
By Bruce Wilson

History Album  31
Doin’ the Puyallup in 1926.

The Expedition of 1905  32
Two hundred climbers accompany Hazard Stevens up Mt. Rainier
on the 25th anniversary of his initial ascent.
By Lisa Mighetto

Patriot or Scalawag?  37
John Meares’ exploits on the Northwest coast.
By J. Richard Nokes

Columbia Reviews  45
Recent books of interest in Northwest history.
Edited by Robert C. Carriker

Correspondence/Additional Reading  48

Cover: Asahel Curtis’ experiences in the epic group climb of Mt. Rainier in 1905 (see story on page 32) were likely
the inspiration for a chromolithograph souvenir pamphlet on “Mount Tacoma”; these are photographs from that Curtis
publication. (Washington State Historical Society)
When John Fiske came to the Pacific Northwest in 1892, especially to deliver the Astoria address marking the Robert Gray centennial, he did not arrive as a newcomer. He had lectured in Portland and Tacoma in 1887. Now, having recently published *The Discovery of America*—probably his best piece of historical writing—he had ample qualifications for the occasion at hand. Along with his reputation as a historian, he possessed great talent as a lecturer, a talent from which he derived a good part of his livelihood.

Fiske combined historical writing with ventures into science, philosophy, philology and religion. He was doing nothing unusual when, on Sunday evening of May 22, he spoke from the pulpit of the Unitarian Church in Tacoma regarding "The Mystery of Evil." The *Tacoma Daily Ledger* of the next day reported a crowded church and provided a thorough summary of the remarks made by "the eminent philosopher and historian." Fiske first lectured on "The Mystery of Evil" at Thomas Lamb Eliot's church in Portland during the 1887 trek, and he gave it frequently until it appeared in print in 1899. The printed version of this essay contained ten constituent parts, of which the visitor offered eight in digest form on that evening in Tacoma.

Interestingly, the presiding pastor of the moment—another visitor, Reverend Herman Haugerud of Puyallup—gave a scripture reading from, of all things, Revelation. One wonders how comfortable Fiske felt with that as he readied himself, if not to demystify evil, then at least to get it into some philosophically and psychologically manageable condition. Unlike the visitor from Puyallup, the visitor from Cambridge chose Genesis III:5 for text: "Your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be gods, knowing good from evil."

Ever able to see the sunny side of things, Fiske found in those words more or other than the simple advent of sin. In building his case he ventured into comparative religion. He invoked great thinkers from the earliest Greeks and Hebrews to John Stuart Mill and beyond. He had resort to an ancient logic rendering evil the necessary backdrop for its opposite; and the Ledger reporter captured a Fiskean rhetorical question about the original condition of man in this way: "Doing good totally unconscious of it like machines[,] for strong men and women would that not be a fool's paradise?" But the finest arrow in Fiske's quiver was the evolutionary view, which J. S. Mill had failed fully to accommodate. His peroration applied evolution to evil in this arresting way: "In all this wonderful evolution it is manifest that evil is simply the lower state of living as looked at from the higher state." In the next sentence the reporter changed "spiritual evolution" to "spiritual revolution," but he got Fiske's last words about evil exactly as they appeared in print seven years later: "...assuredly its deep impress upon the human soul is the indispensable background against which shall be set hereafter the eternal joys of heaven!"

By Lewis O. Saum

COLUMBIA 2  FALL 1990
W

hewlright's course to the Pacific Northwest had even more of the compelling than did Fiske's. For almost 50 years his uncle, William Wheelwright, promoted and developed railroads and steamship lines in South America, and, on and off for some 20 years, the nephew seems to have been involved with him. After two years at Dartmouth College, Samuel Adams Wheelwright departed in 1853, and, because that was a year in which William made one of his infrequent visits to the family home in Newburyport, one surmises that the 19-year-old Samuel left college to join his uncle. After spending time in South America and Australia, he spent part of the Civil War years in the United States, but ill health kept him from much, if any, military service.

Late in the 1860s and early 1870s, he had minor diplomatic involvements in South America. State Department records show that he was recommended as a replacement for his uncle in the rather informal position of commercial agent at Rosario, Argentina, and he apparently acted for a time in that capacity. His 1868 plea to have that function enlarged to that of "counselship with small salary" bore fruit in late 1869. That realization came in the administration of President Grant.

In 1873 Wheelwright's uncle died, and in 1876, when Chile honored William Wheelwright's transportation pioneering by, for example, a statue in front of the Merchants' Exchange in Valparaiso, nephew Samuel was back in New York City in a broker's capacity. It would appear that Dame Fortune had a way of evading the younger Wheelwright, and in 1883 he pursued her across the continent to the City of Destiny.

Wheelwright co-founded the firm that became Hunt and Mottet Hardware, and city directories indicate that he had at least one other business association before becoming mayor for a term. A position with the Chamber of Commerce seems to have occupied him more than anything else during his Tacoma years. The mayoral election of 1889 proved a lively one, and Tacomans evidently had ample opportunity to consider Wheelwright's business acumen, as well as other things. Republican Robert Wingate, a portly native of Scotland, opposed him in that race. The lead editorial in the Democratic News when Wingate was nominated read: "For Mayor—450 lbs." More serious issues than avoidupois dominated the newspaper coverage. While professing fondness for the man Wheelwright, the Republican Leader did its duty in raising doubts about his suitability for handling the business

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"THE MYSTERY OF EVIL"

John Fiske's Brilliant Lecture in the Unitarian Church.

Connection of the Garden of Eden Story and the Madianean Myths.

Through the Unnecessary Warfare Righteousness and Morality Are Developed.

The announcement that John Fiske, the eminent philosopher and historian of Cambridge, Mass., would occupy the pulpit of the Unitarian church last evening served to attract this congregation that had extended the ordinary seating capacity of the church long before the hour for beginning the services. By bringing up chairs from the vestry to the church, room was made for others until all the available floor-space had been utilized, and the others who were unable to secure seats stood at the back of the auditorium and along the walls. The church was decorated with ivy, and on the pulpit and reading desk were bouquets, while in front of the pulpit was a moss-bordered bank of pansies.

After the singing of a hymn, which was read by Rev. Herman Haugeraud of Puysallup, that gentleman gave the Scripture reading, from the seventh chapter of Revelations, beginning at the ninth verse.

Prayer was then engaged in by Rev. Mr. Haugeraud, and after the singing of another hymn he said a few words in introduction of the distinguished visitor. He said that there was but one thing which he wished to impress on those present, and that was that he had received the greatest spiritual comfort and enlightenment from a study of the philosophical works of Mr. Fiske. Mr. Fiske issued his remarks on Genesis iii: 5. "Your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good from evil." What he said was in substance as follows: The story of the serpent comes from the Vendidad and was doubtless learned by the children of Israel during the Babylon captivity. The serpent is a very different personage from the later satan. The great crime of the serpent was that he taught mankind the knowledge of good and evil. His prophecy was fulfilled and mankind became sinful, or ancient Hebrew gods. The serpent's crime was bringing mankind to a knowledge of this interdicta evil. This story of the lost paradise has been regarded as that of the creation of mankind, largely because of St. Paul's use of it in his theological theory to account for Satan as the second

THE LEDGER did what it could to convey the gist of Fiske's celebrated lecture, though it saw fit to place it beside an item treating the Corbett-Sullivan fight and the baseball scores.
"In all this wonderful evolution it is manifest that evil is simply the lower state of living as looked at from the higher state."
—John Fiske

Wheelwright's year as mayor proved exciting. Statehood and fires in Seattle and elsewhere assured that. At home untidiness regarding law and order that nearly gave rise to a vigilance movement made it likely that few, if any, could have viewed the man from Newburyport in a noncommittal way. In fact, John Fiske's visit was not the first thing to prompt moralizing words from Wheelwright. Back in 1889, a few months into his term as mayor, the murder of one Enoch Crosby on a Tacoma street catalyzed dissatisfaction over what many perceived as an open-town policy. After suffering insulting treatment at a public meeting, and with the so-called "Committee of One Hundred" getting organized for unclear purposes, the mayor invoked Isaiah 1:18 in importuning his impatient followers to "Come, Let Us Reason Together." Visscher's Morning Globe billed Wheelwright's Sunday afternoon, opera house lecture as "The Mayor's Sermon," and carried the complete text, as it often did with the sermons of Unitarian minister William Copeland, in whose church Fiske would speak.
As he demonstrated that afternoon at the Alpha Opera House, Wheelwright, too, could range widely—biblically, philosophically and historically. Late in his efforts to beget tolerance of differing views, he hearkened back to his preparatory days at Andover and to his college days at Dartmouth, when two fine men—one of them President Nathan Lord of the latter institution—were so far out of keeping with general New England views regarding slavery as to be in physical danger. In moving from the likes of that to saloon licenses on Pacific Avenue, Wheelwright availed himself of many items from what he styled the “Thesaurum [sic] of worldly wisdom”—perhaps to little positive effect. Visscher of the Globe, who evidently liked and admired Wheelwright, had assessed him back at election time as “a cordial, genial and intellectual gentleman.” However, Republican Visscher supported Wingate not Wheelwright, and he felt constrained to note that the latter’s “talents and attainments better fit him for social, literary and clerical life than for executive duties.” Feisty Colonel Visscher may have been right. Certainly Wheelwright’s term as mayor degenerated into impasse, if not debacle, essentially featuring laissez-faire impulses in tension with impulses of law and order, or what later would be styled social control.

Now, two years after his stormy term as mayor, Wheelwright must have claimed the attention of many—whether in fondness or bemusement—as he raised questions about the message brought by visitor Fiske. Writing that Sunday evening in his room at 1201 Pacific Avenue, Wheelwright opened with generous reference to Fiske’s “scholarly and interesting lecture.”

“As an intellectual exercise,” he remarked, “it was excellent, as an evidence of the ignorance of the wisest and greatest thinkers on the origin and cause of evil it was conclusive....” Having acknowledged that, this apparently not very practical man went on to raise doubts about the lecture’s “practical lesson,” its ability to make its hearers “any better prepared to contend with the evils that afflict humanity.”
WHEELWRIGHT VS. FISKE.

The Ex-Mayor Writes On the Mystery of Evil.

SUNDAY EVENING.

EDITOR NEWS: Have listened to this evening to a very scholarly and interesting lecture by Prof. John Fiske on the "Mystery of Evil," and while it was entertaining and instructive, as explanatory of the theories of ancient and modern philosophers as to how and why evil exists in the world, yet I could not help wondering whether any of his hearers went away any wiser than I did or any better prepared to contend with the evils that affect humanity. As an intellectual exercise it was excellent, as an evidence of the ignorance of the wisest, the greatest thinkers on the origin and cause of evil it was conclusive, but as a practical lesson it necessarily fell a sort of its object, if indeed such was its aim and purpose.

I could not help thinking that it was a pity that men of such erudition and power of mental analysis should not devote their learning and mental powers to subjects that are fathomable to the human understanding, instead of attempting to solve the infinite and mysterious problems that no human intelligence can possibly compass.

Professor Fiske's quotations only served to show that students and teachers of today are no wiser in dealing with the Infinite than were Moses, Plato, and Aristotle.

The Bible itself declares as to the method of the Almighty, "It is too wonderful for me; His ways are past finding out." So it has been and so it seems likely to be through all time. If man is progressive, is it not reasonable to suppose that God is also? Consequently the distance between man and Deity is not likely to diminish but rather to widen and increase, as the greater the Creator the greater would be His growth and development.

But we are met with reply that God is perfect, therefore cannot change and therefore cannot improve. But is not this mere hypothesis, for who is there so presumptuous as to claim so accurate a knowledge of the Almighty as to declare that he has reached the highest stage of divine perfection?

The worst of these learned discussions is that they flatter us with the belief that we are capable of finding out the Almighty, which breeds in us a spirit of vanity that is almost wicked in its presumption and folly. The world we dwell in seems quite enough for our intellectual digestion, and would it not be a little more demonstrative and reverential towards the Creator to humbly acknowledge our own insignificance and utter inability to comprehend His plan or His motives?

WHEELWRIGHT
wasted no time in setting down his thoughts regarding the lecture given by the eminent visitor.

I could not help thinking that it was a pity that men of such erudition and power of mental analysis should not devote their learning and mental powers to subjects that are fathomable to the human understanding, instead of attempting to solve the infinite and mysterious problems that no human intelligence can possibly compass.

The man who left Dartmouth two years short of graduation phrased things in that paragraph and in the brief one that follows in such a way that it is not altogether clear whether or not John Fiske was among those "students and teachers of today" who were "no wiser in dealing with the Infinite than were Moses, Plato and Aristotle." The ex-mayor confronted Fiske more directly when, for sake of argument, he entertained a "progressive" view of things, that progressive frame of reference which had allowed Fiske to render evil and God's way more understandable. Wheelwright simply enlarged the progressive setting to encompass God. God Himself had not yet attained "the highest stage of divine perfection." Consequently, Wheelwright contended, "the distance between man and Deity is not likely to diminish but rather to widen and increase, as the greater the Creator the greater would His growth and development be relatively, to man's improvement."

Simply, the biblical assertion would, in Wheelwright's view, have to suffice: "His ways are past finding out." And then, resonating over ages of profound debate, came a specification of danger. "The worst of these learned discussions," Wheelwright warned, "is that they flatter us with the belief that we are capable of finding out the Almighty, which breeds in us a spirit of vanity that is almost wicked in its presumption and folly. The ancient tug-of-war between the working of spirit and faith on the one hand and the working of rational faculty on the other curiously foreshadows the episode in Tacoma in 1892.

When he left the Unitarian Church that May evening, Fiske had nine years of life remaining: his critic Wheelwright had just one. Liberality of spirit and, it seems, questionable habits aided adversity in its pursuit of the ex-mayor who soon left for Chicago to superintend a Washington State Headquarters at the forthcoming World's Columbian Exposition. Indeed, three days before hearing Fiske, he wrote a long letter to N. G. Blalock of the Washington World's Fair Commission, explaining a plan which would be conducted with an "eye single to the glory, greatness and welfare of the great State of Washington." His pleas notwithstanding, he received little, if any, support from the state, and by early the next year items appearing in Franklin K. Lane's News suggest that in the affairs of Samuel Adams Wheelwright bitterness had made common cause with defeat. He took arms against his troubles, and his life ended in suicide a few days short of a year after hearing John Fiske discuss "The Mystery of Evil."

One way of viewing his demise came from Visscher, covering the Chicago fair for the News. In "Goodbye, Wheelwright," the poetic journalist did poignant eulogy of the elegant man whom he remembered:

...amid music and flowers and bright lights, wit and repartee and the sparkling of the wine and the clinking of the glasses of good fellows. But it is dangerous to be a good fellow these times, for there are wolves who are waiting outside, in the wind and the snow and along the frozen way to feed upon the good fellows whose guardian angels have fallen asleep from much watching.

Visscher hit upon a compelling metaphor, perhaps all the more so in the financially troubled time the country was entering. He could hardly deny the world a lyric form, and it came three weeks later in "His Angel Slept," the conclusion of which reads:

"He who had been guarded well/ At the hands of demons fell—/ Through the shadows came they creeping/ Worn, his angel guard was sleeping."
Perhaps Wheelwright had lived in such a way as to place inordinate demands upon his "angel guard." Or one might say that, for all he had enjoyed life, there was no "mystery" about evil for him. It existed and abounded; it was palpable and self-evident. One might wonder why no one troubled to offer rejoinder when Fiske offered his thoughts on evil in Portland or when he "jerked" that lecture, as he breezily put it, at a church in Seattle on the morning before that evening performance in Tacoma. It would not do to suggest that no one bothered because in Portland and Seattle evil seemed less frequent and apparent, and thus more genuinely mysterious. That would, most likely, be amiss. Rather, for a moment, two attractive and accomplished men—one nearing the pinnacle of his high reputation, the other sliding into disaster—pondered evil at Tacoma's Unitarian Church and arrived at arrestingly different conclusions.

At the end of his reply to Fiske, Wheelwright offered a prayer:

Oh, Lord forgive my arrogance and presumption in dreaming that I could understand and interpret to my fellowman Thy wonderful and incomprehensible ways. They are, as Thou hast declared, past finding out, and henceforth I will scourge myself with humility and acknowledge Thy superiority. I have made up my mind, oh Lord, after careful reflection, that this world in which Thou hast

"He who had been guarded well,
At the hands of demons fell—
Through the shadows came they creeping;
Worn, his angel guard was sleeping."

—William L. Visscher
placed me is quite as much as I can attend to, and when I have thoroughly
learned how to deal with my neighbor, how to avoid slander and backbiting,
how to hate hypocrisy and deceit, how to exercise the virtues of Christian
charity and brotherly love, that will be time enough, oh, Lord, for me to
undertake the task of calling You to account for Your inscrutable behavior. I
have sinned against Heaven and in Thy sight. Forgive me, forgive me!

I have found no evidence that Fiske heeded, or even saw, Wheelwright's cavils.
That good-natured historian avoided disputation, being too busy responding to
time, as one friend put it, "like a call to dinner." Aboard the City of Topeka in
Commencement Bay, bound for a brief Alaska trip, his love of beauty kept him on
deck, "for I may never pass this way again." He did not; but he did offer a couple of
assessments only tangentially associated with evil. "As between Tacoma and
Seattle," he informed his mother, "I decidedly prefer Tacoma...." Tacoma showed
"much more taste and intelligence...and the tone of the place is much more
refined." The next day, still in Puget Sound, he offered a more general thought
about the Far West, an area in which, by and large, he luxuriated. Perhaps evil,
construed as the absence of good, enters this critique he wrote to his wife: "One
thing about the Pacific coast condemns it fatally for me, puss. The beer is poor.
You can't find a jolly good glass of beer or ale west of the Rocky Mountains." John Fiske
did not as much as intimate that that was what troubled Samuel Wheelwright.

Three years before, with his mayoral term hardly under way, Wheelwright stood to respond to the toast, "The City of Destiny," at a gala and
convivial gathering at the Tacoma Hotel late on a spring night.
Clinton Snowden and others had spoken before him; Will Visscher
and others followed, going well past dawn. The mayor centered his remarks upon
his change of allegiance. Though part of a Newburyport family, he had been born
in New York City and spent several of his adult years there. "I was born in the metropolis of this country," he concluded, "but I have transferred my affections to
Tacoma because I see in Tacoma the germ of another New York." Later that year,
when debate erupted as to the proper place for the World's Columbian Exposition,
Mayor Wheelwright opined that, aside from New York City, Tacoma had best
claim to act as host of that celebration. He sought to oblige and was ever ready to
counsel together: "Let New York and Tacoma compromise on Chicago."

His cheering words about the City of Destiny in the spring gave way to
maledictions from others in the fall. A newspaper headline of the story of angry
citizens confronting their leader attests to the change: "CRUCIFY HIM! CRU
CIFY HIM!" In turn, once out of the mayor's office and replaced as Secretary of the
Chamber of Commerce by Clinton Snowden, Wheelwright confronted crises far
greater than those precipitated by saloon licenses on Pacific Avenue or by the
murder of Enoch Crosby. Panic and depression provided grim accompaniment to
the world's fair itself, and Tacoma followed a predictable course. Thomas Emerson
Ripley, another New Englander who had rushed to the Tacoma boom, summed it
up nicely: "The party was over." Ripley used the suicide of Paul Schultze, a Northe
ern Pacific official, rather than that of Wheelwright, to give impressionistic accent
to the plummet, but Wheelwright would have served as well. Wheelwright and his
momentary adversary John Fiske knew the party of life quite well. Aside from
taking on a few more pounds, Fiske slipped away unscathed, while Wheelwright
paid the piper fully. John Fiske illustrates much about the late nineteenth century.
Though now almost forgotten, Samuel Adams Wheelwright does as well.

Professor Lewis O. Saum, currently managing editor of the Pacific Northwest Quarterly,
teaches American intellectual history and Northwest history at the University of Washington,
and sits on the Board of Trustees of the Washington State Historical Society.
Tribune of Manifest Destiny

BY THOMAS B. RAINEY

In January of 1870, the Tacoma Library Association invited the Honorable Elwood Evans to give an oration on the question of annexing British Columbia to the United States. Evans was a prominent lawyer, politician, and reputedly the best orator in Washington Territory. The tacit support given by the British government to the southern states during the American Civil War rekindled Anglophobia and a sense of spread-eagle patriotism in the territory.

An invitation, addressed to Evans, reflected the great respect and esteem of his fellow citizens. "The undersigned, knowing the long and careful study you have given to the subject of the claims of sovereignty by various nations to the Northwest, request you to deliver an address on the propriety and right, and the advantages growing out of the annexation to the union of British Columbia, thereby securing the continuity of the Pacific boundary."

Evans accepted with ceremonial modesty befitting the political protocol of the day. "I am always ready to do my little to contribute to such worthy objects," he graciously replied. "Fix any evening next week, and if health and life are spared me, I am cheerfully at your service." Cheerful indeed! Elwood Evans was a happy political warrior, always ready to "twist the lion's tail," stir the patriotism of his audience, or promote the interests of his adopted territory. The three-hour oration that he delivered in Tacoma represented the happy conjunction of a man with his medium.

No political orator in America more ardently embraced and defended the divine calling of manifest destiny than Elwood Evans. Born in Philadelphia on December 29, 1828, Evans had studied there for the law. He came west as a young man in search of fortune and political opportunity. He first arrived in the tiny village of Olympia, Oregon Territory, in 1851, even before it became the capital of a newly created Washington Territory. Like so many of the early territorial politicians, he came as a federal appointee. He thrived on federal patronage. An ambitious young lawyer of 23, he immediately used his office as a federal customs official to embarrass and harass the Hudson's Bay Company, still in occupation of lands on Puget Sound. He was proud to boast in later years that he grew up with the territory.

From the day of his arrival, Evans was struck, indeed, awed by "the majesty of the mountains all around, the forest primeval of huge trees, which came down to the water's edge." His writings and orations ever after were filled with enthusiastic descriptions of the beauties, the "salubrious climates" and the "inexhaustible resources" of Puget Sound. The new territory was just waiting to be exploited by hardworking and ambitious Americans. Washington Territory was the Promised Land, lacking only people and capital to assure its bright future.

A powerful, articulate advocate of young America, Evans frequently represented the new territory as a virile, aggressive, youthful Hercules, straining against the bonds placed on it by
perfidious, senile Great Britain and an indifferent American federal government.

Evans' political career spanned the history of the territory. In turn, he served in almost every major territorial office and was elected several times to the legislature. One of the founders of the Republican party in the territory, he flourished after the Civil War in an era dominated by the Republicans; and he never tired of reminding his audiences that the Democrats had trucked with rebels during the great trial of the Union.

Concerning his contribution to the important political decisions of the territorial period, a friend once mused: "Well, Elwood maybe never made an important decision, but he was always there when they were made." He was the consummate tribune of party, country and territory, an optimistic booster of the flush times coming for white Americans in the Pacific Northwest.

One cannot overemphasize the importance of oratory in the political and cultural life of territorial Washington. Orators like Evans formed and confirmed political principles and sectional aspirations. They provided a major source of entertainment in an era without mass media. Fourth of July orations, in particular, reminded listeners of their national heritage, of their country's glorious deeds, of the pernicious enemies of liberty, and of their sacred mission to spread Christianity and what Evans called "healthy Americanism."

Evans and other territorial proponents of manifest destiny explained to their audiences why, on the basis of superior culture and material progress, the American pioneers were fully justified in seizing the land from the Indians. They issued stirring calls to the divinely-sanctioned task of "subduing and replenishing," that is, of "Americanizing" the new land.

Territorial orators shared with local newspapermen and preachers the power to influence the opinions and attitudes of their fellow citizens. They provided not only the entertainment but also the news, the propaganda, and the historical analyses now furnished by different and more modern institutions of mass communication. To be an effective politician in territorial Washington, in fact, one had to be a good orator, or employ one to speak for you. It was as simple as that.

Aspiring Washington politicians learned rhetoric and "speechifying" as part of their training. Young men observed and imitated the oratorical skills of their seniors. Georgiana Percival Ford, daughter of a leading Olympia businessman, remembered a Fourth of July celebration in the late 1870s that was planned and executed by teenage boys under the guidance of Elwood Evans and Governor Elisha Ferry. Evans rehearsed the young men and prompted one of them in the reading of the Declaration of Independence, a crucial responsibility in the traditional celebration of "this all-patriots' day."

The style of the orations was classical, drawn largely from the works of the noble Greeks and Romans. Speakers also aped the great national speakers and political heroes of the time, men such as Senators Henry Clay of Kentucky and Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri. Political orators of the territorial period studied contemporary poetry and literature. The verse of William Cullen Bryant was a particular favorite of Evans. And rare was the stump speaker who could not recite copious passages from holy writ. Elwood Evans once noted that the four most important books in his library were Aristotle's Rhetoric, the Speeches of Cicero, the Collected Speeches of Thomas Hart Benton, and the Holy Bible. As orations were usually filled with literary and classical allusions, newspapermen often printed orations in full, for the literary as well as the political edification of their readers.

Evans' peers frequently referred to him as the Nestor or the Cicero of the territory. One admirer noted that he could hold an audience in rapt attention for hours, even longer than his friend Thomas Melbourne Reed, a businessman of Olympia, who once gave a three-and-a-half-hour impromptu oration to the territorial legislature upon his election as Speaker of the Territorial House of Representatives. Reed and Evans were the oratorical war horses of the Republican Party.

For about 30 years Elwood Evans knew few oratorical equals in Washington Territory. "Nature lavishly endowed him with a broad and comprehensive mind, a remarkably retentive memory and a graceful flow of language," observed Clarence Bagley of Seattle. Bagley, who both admired Evans for his rhetorical brilliance and criticized him for his bigoted attitudes toward the Indians and the British, recognized him
as the "great overshadowing authority regarding historical matters."

During the 1870s Evans reached the zenith of his political and oratorical powers. Listeners took notes at his orations. Legislators called upon him for advice regarding political and international issues, as he was considered one of the best read, most literate men in the territory. His peers regarded him as particularly expert on the history of the "Oregon Question," the struggle between the United States and Great Britain for dominance in the Pacific Northwest.

Frequently published at the public expense, his orations of this decade were often elegant. Some were like lawyer's briefs with flowery flourishes. Others were tendentious diatribes, gross examples of nationalistic special pleading. Some were bombastic effusions, filled with clever rhetorical devices. His most popular orations contained all of these elements.

Two lengthy orations, delivered in 1869 and 1870 respectively, illustrated the master specifier at his full strength. Taken together they showed the range of the speaker's views as well as the attitudes and ambitions of a generation of territorials, sometimes heedless of their headlong pursuit of the "flush times acoming" in the Pacific Northwest. These two speeches contained rich political veins that he would constantly mine in the decades to come.

Early in 1869, Evans delivered in Port Townsend what was perhaps his most famous speech. Entitled "Puget Sound: Its Past, Present, and Future," this long oration ran the gamut of territorial ambitions. It began with a history lesson that reviewed the exploration of the area, the conflicting claims of Great Britain and the United States, and early American settlement. Historical facts were selectively presented so as to confirm the righteousness of American conquest and to substantiate U.S. claims all the way to the "Russian Line"—54°40' north latitude.

The speech also contained a diatribe against "the humiliating temporization of the Oregon controversy," the Treaty of 1846, which set the boundary between the United States and Canada at the 49th parallel. It closed with a plea for public support to attract new immigrants and investment capital into the territory. Boosting the territory was never very far from twisting the lion's tail in Evans' oratorical intent.

Here were all these vast resources lying dormant, he boomed, just waiting for people and capital to exploit them. Immigration should be encouraged, and by any means necessary, the
Northern Pacific Railroad must be completed. The railroad, "the great engineering and utilitarian idea of the century, the great annihilator of space," would connect the territory to the population centers and markets of the East.

Evans, not coincidentally, was one of the foremost local promoters of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Later, he would move his law practice and residence from Olympia to Tacoma, when the Northern Pacific bypassed the territorial capital in favor of the fledgling settlement on Commencement Bay. He once quipped to a friend: "The more prosperous my blessed community, the more prosperous me." Such were the political standards of the time that mixing public and private interest did not constitute a stain on his shield. "Conflict of interest" was not in his political vocabulary.

Evans argued in his Port Townsend address, however, that capital was most needed to stimulate commerce and development in the territory. Promoting capital investment would be a recurring theme in his speeches. "Money is not abundant in the Territory. The amount in circulation is too small to keep the market easy. Operations towards territorial development are cramped.... Heavy capitalists are necessary in just such a country, and for the benefits they bring to our territorial development, we may tolerate a tyranny which capitalism exerts."

Money is not abundant in the Territory. The amount in circulation is too small to keep the market easy. Operations towards territorial development are cramped. Heavy capitalists are necessary in just such a country, and for the benefits they bring to our territorial development, we may tolerate a tyranny which capitalism exerts.

From Puget Sound: Its Past, Present, and Future, an address delivered by Elwood Evans, Esq., at Port Townsend, Washington Territory, January 1869.

At Port Townsend, Elwood Evans attuned himself with the major themes of manifest destiny—divinely ordained expansionism and rapid economic development. Americanization equaled economic progress. It was an irrevocable formula. Evans did not vary much from this theme for the rest of his political life, though he later expressed some doubts about the supposed inexhaustibility of resources. Nor did he waver in his attacks on Great Britain and the "humiliating treaty of 1846." He gave full vent to his Anglophobia and red-blooded American expansionism a year or so after the Port Townsend address when he pleased the Tacoma Library Association with a withering attack on Great Britain. In that speech he demanded the immediate annexation of British Columbia to the United States.

The Tacoma Library Association heard, in January of 1870, one of Evans' most learned, most elegant, but nonetheless most tendentious orations, "The Re-annexation of British Columbia: Right, Proper, and Desirable." He clearly knew the facts about the dispute; he had the best collection of articles and documents on the topic in the territory. In this speech, however, he presented the facts in such a way as to defend and approve the action stated in the title. Much of the speech was a tissue of clever lawyer's tricks and selective pleading. It told the listeners much about the speaker's patriotic assumption and little about the topic—not that it mattered much to the audience, for many shared his conclusion.

Elwood Evans did not shilly-shally about annexation of British Columbia, or as he put it, "re-annexation," since he sincerely believed that the province had always really belonged to the United States. Alaska being recently secured, Americans must further spread their benevolent government, founded on the natural authority of the people. There must not remain a British possession sandwiched between American territories on the Pacific. Re-annexation of British Columbia to the United States would efface the humiliating Treaty of 1846. It was the rightful recompense for the aid and comfort that Great Britain had so recently given to the Southern rebels during the War of the Rebellion.

Old England was fast verging into senility, he
thundered, while “our youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage and honorable love of glory and renown.” England should gracefully withdraw from the continent. “Our English brethren across our northern border pine for the mere want of the pure invigorating influence of healthy Americanization.” The conclusion was clear: “The Re-annexation of British Columbia to the United States is right, proper, and desirable.”

British Columbia citizens apparently did not share Evans’ enthusiasm for re-annexation. Soon after his speech, an election revealed that very few “pined for the pure air of Americanization.” Nor did Evans seem to notice Anglophobia and re-annexation fever diminishing in the United States, even while it remained standard fare in his orations and historical writings.

In 1875 Evans’ peers in the territorial legislature elected him Speaker of the House. At 47 he was at the peak of his political influence in the territory. So great was his reputation as an orator that Governor Elisha Ferry, with the overwhelming support of the legislature, appointed him Washington Territory’s commissioner to the Centennial Exposition, to be held the following year in his native Philadelphia. In this service, he prepared and delivered a lengthy descriptive address, entitled “Washington Territory: Her Past, Her Present, and the Elements of Wealth which Ensure her Future.” All of the elements of previous orations were there—the story of bold and courageous Americans wresting the territory from “that powerful British monopoly,” the Hudson’s Bay Company, and the benighted Indians, reports of virtually unlimited land and resources just waiting to be exploited, and the irrepressible pride and enthusiasm of a pioneer lawyer touting his chosen territory.

He delivered the address in Philadelphia on September 2, 1876, and, by special request, to the joint convention of the Washington Territorial Legislature in October 1877. By act of the legislature, the oration was published at the public expense. It subsequently formed the basis of a booklet, edited by Evans and Professor Edmond S. Meany of the University of Washington. Published by the new state of Washington, it was distributed as a promotional pamphlet at the World Columbian Exhibition in 1893.

After the territory became a state, Evans settled into the status of historian and elder statesman. Greatly respected for his historical knowledge and political experience, he was frequently called upon to render “a few patriotic remarks” on appropriate occasions.

Elected to the first state legislature, he authored legislation which prompted the Puyallup Indians to alienate their lands to white speculators. This act reflected the interests of one of his major clients at the time, the land company of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which was encouraging development of the rich Puyallup Indian Reservation close to Tacoma.

Evans later defended the act in an oration excoriating the Senate of the United States for temporizing on the issue of alienating Indian lands. Bolstering his views with newfound Social Darwinist opinions, he argued that replacement of Indian by white occupation reflected an eternal principle—“the survival of the fittest.”

One of the founders of the Washington State Historical Society, Elwood Evans was in the process of composing a massive history of the Pacific Northwest, when, in 1898, he collapsed and died after greeting a friend on a Tacoma street corner. A few lines from an earlier historical work might have served as his epitaph. In them he sounded the sentiment embodied in his most famous orations. “It is the purpose of Infinite Wisdom that this continent should become the abode of civilization, the arts and Christianity.” The grand, the inevitable march of American civilization, “in the appropriation of the wilderness for its benign purposes, necessitates the conflict between that race who were content that it should remain in primeval desolation, and the advancing race whose mission it is to spread the benefits of civilization.” Thus he trumpeted manifest destiny without apologies, a view that he proudly and unreservedly carried to his grave.

Thomas B. Rainey is a member of the faculty at The Evergreen State College, Olympia.
A Reminiscence

BRIDGING the NARROWS

By Joe Gotchy

EDITOR’S NOTE
The year 1990 marks the 50th anniversary of the completion and collapse of the first Tacoma Narrows Bridge, and the 40th anniversary of the completion of today’s bridge of the same name.

SINKING THE PIERS—building them section by section upon the original caisson provided was a continuous operation: pour concrete, put up steel, raise forms, and do it over again. The hollow cells formed from concrete reached to the very bottom, which was made of timber. The bottom edges of the lowest section were the steel cutting edges of the caisson. When the pier, floating upright during construction, reached a predetermined point in sinking, the blocks and lines that went to the concrete anchors had to be moved up to new positions by the divers. This was always done on the day shift, as good visibility helped.

Constructed to their full size on site, the piers’ exterior walls are three feet three inches thick; the interior is divided by cross walls of reinforced concrete two feet thick, covering the structural steel framework extending from top to bottom. Each time a pour was made the pier sank lower in the water, its buoyancy remaining the same with the enclosure of more watertight cell area. The

A DAY RIGGING crew prepares to build fenders to extend down from the overhanging pedestal top to below the lowest tide line. The wooden fenders deflect marine traffic and debris. Galloping Gertie’s original set did not need replacement until 1960.

COLUMBIA 14 FALL 1990
final excavation was carried out through the hollow concrete cells thus formed.

When the floating pier was near bottom, setting it down had to wait for the right tidal conditions. The anchor lines were manipulated so the pier was on the selected spot. Two heavy shafts, one on each derrick, were lowered through the cells until they reached the bottom timbers, where they knocked the bottom into splinters. It fell to me to take off the shafting and reeve up [thread the cable to operate] the three-yard clamshell buckets, which were totally different from any I ever had experience with.

The closing halves were levered in such a way that there was very little lift till the bucket was closed. As I was figuring this out, the master mechanic for Pacific Bridge came over to offer his help, saying, "Did you ever reeve up one of these before?" I said, "Hell, no! I never saw one before!"

WHILE THE CLAMSHELL dug up wood and gravel from the bottom of the Narrows, frequent checks were made. If the pier was moving off location, a bit more digging on the correct side would bring it back. Standing on the

THE CAISSON for the east pier was towed to the site in August 1939 by the 128-foot Wanderer, the Foss Company's last steam tug, built in 1890 at Port Blakely. Other vessels and rigging scows help to position it.

Constructed to their full size on site, the piers' exterior walls are three feet three inches thick....
My crew for the job included a man called Dishface Whitey, who gave signals on the derrick doing the stripping.

WALT CATHEY, Pacific Bridge Company superintendent, watches as a clamshell brings up earth and concrete rubble from the bottom of the cell, the final operation in sinking the piers to their prescribed depth: 55 feet into the bottom for the west pier, and 90 feet for the east.

The Narrows Bridge and claimed again.

Dug down 90 feet. Both stopped in compacted sand and gravel. Then the bottom seal was poured, using a long steel tube known as a treme, which reached within two to four feet of the bottom and had a funnel at top where concrete was poured in. A large bundle of burlap bags was crowded into the entrance of the tube before the pour, acting like a piston, pushing the water out at the bottom, ahead of the concrete, so there was no separation. The air pressure in the tube must have reached 100 pounds per square inch; at times rocks came up out of the tube like shot from a gun. The fellows learned to stay clear and warn others; the object from now on was to keep the bottom of the treme in the new concrete so water did not get back in till moving to a new location.

AFTER THE DIVING operation was finished I worked as a carpenter, stripping the forms from the tower pedestal. My crew for the job included a man called Dishface Whitey, who gave signals on the derrick doing the stripping. We had hooked on a fair-sized load, which was to be lowered and turned loose in the water. There always were beachcombers to tow the lumber to one of their projects, and I have no doubt some of it went into the nearby Salmon Beach homes.

One ambitious young rigger was anxious to ride the load down, unhook it and ride back on the headache ball. The operator could not see the load when it reached the water, so he had to take signals from Dishface Whitey. As soon as the rigger turned the load loose it drifted away, and he was sitting nicely on the headache ball hanging onto the lifting line. But instead of going back up, he was going down! He stood up on the ball and tried to climb the line. Whitey wet the young man's feet, then slowly lowered him till he was waist deep before signalling to bring up the line. It was a warm day and all done in fun, but that water was cold.

My work for Pacific Bridge finished, I went to pile-driving again and eventually, in ten years, back to the Narrows Bridge to lay the new deck steel. A question asked of me many times always makes me think of the fine crews I worked with on both bridge jobs: "Just what sort of a person becomes a hard-hat diver, or a high structural steelworker?"
I WILL SAY HE cannot be timid and must be in good physical condition, for his fast reaction could save his life or someone else's. He should always think of the safety of his partner as well as his own. A sense of teamwork and cooperation is a factor also. Beyond that, I would say it is just a fair cross-section of our population that finds satisfaction in seeing a structure completed that will stand for years. My crew worked on the diving scow for Pacific Bridge in all kinds of weather with never a grumble. And those piers we helped to build withstood the collapse of Galloping Gertie four months later, and the severest test of all, the 1949 earthquake, with no damage whatever.

Joe Gotchy, 86, is a native of Washington and a retired member of the International Union of Operating Engineers Local 612. In his working life he helped construct both the first and second Tacoma Narrows Bridges. Gotchy’s book, Bridging the Narrows, from which this article is excerpted, is published by The Peninsula Historical Society, Gig Harbor. Copyright 1990 Joe Gotchy.

My crew worked on the diving scow for Pacific Bridge in all kinds of weather with never a grumble.

FACTS

- The first Tacoma Narrows Bridge, quickly labeled “Galloping Gertie” for its wind-induced motion, opened July 1, 1940, connecting Pierce County and the Tacoma area directly with the Bremerton shipyards on the Kitsap Peninsula.
- Gertie withstood the Narrows winds for only four months, and collapsed on November 7, 1940. World War II dictated the salvage of her steel and wire, and the delay of any attempt to rebuild.
- Today’s Tacoma Narrows Bridge opened to traffic October 4, 1950.
- Both bridges were, on their opening dates, the world’s third longest suspension span.
By Bruce A. Wilson

The Comstock of Washington
Mining the Okanogan

“THIS IS A healthy country; there has not been a natural death since I came,” wrote Mathias Garigen from Ruby City in Okanogan County in 1888. Garigen then related a sequence of unnatural deaths he had observed:

“The first man was shot with his own gun, the second was shot by accident though the shot was meant for another man..., the next was shot and killed instantly, the murderer got free though the mob came very near shooting him, the next man while under the influence of liquor fell into a fire and burnt himself so badly that he died after two weeks of suffering, the next went into the brush and died, others were killed blasting in the mine.... The last was shot accidentally by his own gun, he was riding along when his rifle fell to the ground, the ball went through his thigh and he bled to death.”

The Old West was very much alive during the stirring times in the Okanogan when the first mining towns were springing up and the first wildly exaggerated reports were exciting further interest. The Okanogan was the new “El Dorado of the North” and Ruby Hill “a solid mass of paying ore,” declared the Morning Oregonian in Portland before there had been any production to speak of.

More than miners were hurrying toward this newly-opened territory hard against Canada. Farmers were drawn by the promise of free land. Merchants opened for business in tents. Wagons creaking and lurching, freighters began hauling in goods the entrepreneurs would need. Indians added to the medley, crossing the Okanogan River from the Colville reservation for food gathering and celebrations. But a quest for mineral riches in the already fabled region tucked between mountain ranges, provided most of the early impetus.

Since the 1870s, virtually all of the Okanogan country in north central Washington had been assigned to two reservations: the Columbia and Colville. When the Columbia reserve west of the Okanogan River was eliminated in 1886 and the land opened to settlement, a mining rush began. While not to be compared to such monumental excitement as the 1860s stampede to the British Columbia Cariboo country, the Okanogan mining boom was, for a few years, the liveliest in the Northwest.

Prospectors panned creeks but soon discovered the real riches were hidden in lodes that would require perseverance and capital to exploit. Some hoped to accomplish this themselves; others contemplated opening mines only to the extent needed to sell the properties to syndicates with greater resources or to inexperienced eastern investors. In either case, back-breaking labor was needed, and the largest element of the population now streaming into the Okanogan consisted of young single men hoping for employment.

They were typical of a procession normally found moving toward any new hard-rock mining field—men far from home, already widely traveled, familiar with harsh conditions, their conversations (mostly about minerals and rumored strikes) dosed with profanity, crowding saloons to down “villainous concoctions” at a gulp, evil-smelling (baths were a rarity, though occasionally somebody fell into a creek), and accustomed to violence.

They were not entirely a likeable lot. Of the miners at Ruby, Boston-bred Guy Waring, founder of the town of Loomis, wrote disdainfully, “Their wholesale annihilation could not honestly be regretted.” William B. Fisher, a consulting engineer from Portland, reported that the “biggest liars and thieves” he had previously encountered were honorable, high-minded citizens compared to the “worthless bummers” he found in the Okanogan. Almost weekly, there was a shooting or robbery, claim jumping automatically ignited disputes. One group, “by trickery and fraud,” tried to jump the entire townsite of Loomis. The mining population seemed capable “of every conceivable crime except interfering with virtuous women,” Waring noted.

To cope with violations, the nearest law and order of consequence was 120 miles distant at Colville, seat of Stevens County, which included the Okanogan until the latter’s separation in 1888. A few constables and justices of the peace had been appointed, but none was inclined to track armed despera-
does into the brush. Law enforcement was half-hearted and irregular.

It is no wonder that in this unfettered society, with little likelihood of punishment, grievances were abruptly addressed and the act of taking was not uncommon. But it is easy to exaggerate the level of lawlessness in a frontier setting. At the core of every mining community is the need for order. Without it, the staking of claims becomes meaningless and the accumulation of riches invites a constant peril. In the Okanogan country of the late 1880s and the 1890s, most of the newcomers, while rough, seem to have been decent, reasonably honest, and certainly enterprising, for they had willingly entered a remote, unforgiving domain where a lazy man stood a good chance of starving.

The earliest of these adventurers had been illicitly prospecting through the Columbia reservation several years before it was opened. They knew the gold flakes and nuggets they panned from rivers and creeks had been eroded from hidden veins which contained the real wealth of the country. They searched for these deposits with the intention of staking them as soon as it was legal. In many formations, they saw more evidence of silver than gold. Silver is almost always found associated with other metals, sometimes with gold, but in the Okanogan more commonly with lead or copper.

**RUBY**

The initial scramble when the Columbia reservation was formally opened in 1886 focused on the Conconully area in Cascadian foothills northwest of present-day Okanogan. The following year, even more claims were staked on Ruby Hill, a few miles south of Conconully. There, a forested canyon suddenly filled with tents, cabins and shacks, resulting in Ruby, queen city of the Okanogan County mining boom and for several years the most vibrant mining camp in the Northwest, with stages and freight wagons rolling into town and miners pouring down from the hills at night.

Sam Lichenstadter launched the Bank of Ruby, lending modest amounts of money at unconscionable interest rates. Lichenstadter also opened a saloon. Not many bankers do that. Ruby was equipped with six, seven, fifteen or twenty saloons, according to various recollections and depending on when an inventory might have been taken.

Not all the drinking was done on these premises. The school doubled as a community hall. When an early county school superintendent, Virginia Grainger, arrived one morning to conduct classes, she found four of her pupils, ages five to eleven, lying drunk. A dance had been held the night before and a few unemptied bottles left behind.

A business license receipt book for 1892-93 lists 29 businesses in Ruby, including 6 general stores. There were no listings for saloons or brothels, which apparently were licensed separately.

Ruby served as temporary seat of Okanogan County, created in 1888 from a portion of Stevens County. The most important function of the first county auditor, Cullen B. Bash, a former U.S. Customs agent who had successfully lobbied the separation bill in Olympia, was registering mining claims. The sheriff, Philip Perkins, spent much of his time trying to collect $300 for annual saloon licenses, money which was supposed to become the county’s chief source of income. Lacking a vault, the treasurer, E. C. Sherman, kept the county’s cash (at one time $1,800) in a baking powder can buried at his nearby ranch.

In 1890 Ruby became the only incorporated town in Okanogan County. A five-member council authorized the grading of Main Street, paying for the work with warrants that, as it turned out, “had more value as souvenirs than as negotiable instruments.” The council, during its three-and-a-half years of existence, prohibited “minors and women” from frequenting saloons, pigs from running at large, and “obscene or abusive language,” an absurdly hopeless restriction.

**CONCONULLY**

Conconully was more favorably located than Ruby, crimped in its canyon. There, prospectors found open grasslands with the west and north forks of Salmon Creek joining at a meadow. In this nearly idyllic setting rose a mining town “more pleasant, refined and lawful,” according to Richard F. Steele in History of North Washington, than others. At Conconully, reported The West Shore, a magazine widely circulated in the Northwest, “The arrangement of the town is such that genteel folks live entirely segregated
from the toughs.

On November 6, 1888, the citizenry voted overwhelmingly, 357 to 154, to move their county seat from Ruby to Conconully where, in time, a $2,500 courthouse was constructed on the lower flanks of Mineral Hill.

Few cities anywhere have been staggered by such a variety of disasters in consecutive years as Conconully experienced—a community-wide fire in 1892, the end of the silver mining boom in 1893, and a flash flood in 1894.

The fire began about one in the morning on August 30 in an unoccupied store. A strong wind drove flames horizontally. Within minutes buildings on both sides of the main street were blazing. "The entire town was suddenly illuminated by a fierce, red glare," reported the Spokane Review. Fewer than 20 buckets of water were thrown at the conflagration as disbeliefing citizens, wrenched from their beds, stood "awestricken and utterly hopeless in their calamity." Within two hours most of Conconully lay in smoldering ruins.

Conconully rebuilt, but the price of silver had been sagging. A recession in 1893 closed most of the mines. The population dwindled. Only the courthouse and a scanty volume of trade by farmers and ranchers kept a dispirited Conconully going.

Times were still difficult when, towards midnight of a sultry Saturday, May 26, 1894, L. L. Work, who had organized the Commercial Bank of Conconully two years earlier, was awakened by a violent storm 10 or 15 miles up the north fork of Salmon Creek, which flowed from the mountains into overflowing its banks and surging through several channels torn through the length of Conconully. There was activity all along the stream as families carried goods from houses and the current began undercutting commercial buildings. At the west end of town dynamite banged as men tried to break up driftwood jams. At about 8:45 a.m. somebody shouted, "Run for the hills, everybody—the water is coming down 30 feet high!"

From slopes on either side of town, an incredulous population watched as a great swirling torrent, pushing a jumble of drift before it, smashed into Conconully, spreading and slowing, requiring several minutes to pass through. Entire rows of buildings stirred into motion. They were lifted and carried

THE OKANOGAN County seat from 1889 to 1914, Conconully was one of the most ill-starred of all mining camps. In rapid succession, an 1892 fire devastated Conconully's business district, the Panic of 1893 staggered the town's economy, and a flash flood in 1894 ripped away most business places and many homes. Conconully Lake shows behind the town.
short distances before collapsing, their roofs spreading fan-like across roiling waters.

Conconully was a mess, with boulders, rocks, branches, brush, sand, gravel, splintered boards and ruined household effects everywhere. Forty-two buildings had been destroyed. An elderly woman lost her life.

OKANOGAN GROWTH

The four largest communities listed in a June 1890 state census were: Conconully, 235 residents; Ruby, 191; Chelan Falls (then in Okanogan County), 149; and Loop Loop, 138. When miners swarmed in from the hills, each of these towns might have appeared to contain several hundred inhabitants. The census credited Alma (now Okanogan) with 62, Loomis with 47, and “Ragtown,” which became part of Loomis, with 28. All of these figures may be suspect, for Benedict Gubser, a miner near Conconully, noted in his diary that the enumerator who took down his name was inebriated and fell off his horse twice. The total white population of Okanogan County in 1890 was given as 1,509.

An 1891 Colville reservation census listed 437 Okanogans, 406 Columbias (Moses band), 129 Nez Perces, 59 Nezpeles, 348 Lakes, 303 Colvilles, and 300 Sanpoils, for a total Native population of 1,982. As a guess, perhaps 60 percent of these, or about 1,200, resided in the Okanogan County portion of the reservation, with the rest living in that part of Stevens County which, in 1899, became Ferry County. If this division is reasonable, Okanogan County’s total population in 1890-91 was about 2,700, consisting of approximately 1,500 whites and 1,200 Indians.

Early in the mining period, supplies came to the Okanogan from a Northern Pacific railroad division point at Sprague, 150 miles distant. To profit from this traffic, Samuel Wilbur Condit, more commonly known as Wild Goose Bill Condon, launched a Columbia River ferry in 1885 and scratched a toll road across what is now the south half of the Colville reservation to the present site of Omak. There, he built a bridge across the Okanogan River.

Ellensburg (which dropped its “h” in 1894) countered with an adventurous route over Colockum Pass, 4,000 feet up from the Kittitas valley, then 5,000 feet down to the Columbia River near Wenatchee where, starting in 1888, stern-wheeled riverboats relayed goods to Port Columbia (later Virginia City, then Brewster).

Wherever freight came from, most of it reached the Okanogan camps in four-horse wagons propelled by world-class oaths.

Land of Opportunity

The Okanogan Country

"Two years ago that portion of Washington formerly included in the Moses Indian reservation was thrown open to occupation. It lies north and west of the Columbia river and adjacent to the British Columbia line, extending 100 miles from east to west and a little less than from north to south, in which direction, through its center, runs the Okanogan river, emptying into the Columbia. The Methow is another stream, though of less size, flowing south to the Columbia farther to the westward. Into this region a great tide of immigration is pouring, composed of miners, stockmen and farmers. Some of the richest ledges of quartz yet discovered on the Pacific coast have been found here, and the report of the quality and great extent of the mineral ground has drawn a great number of prospectors. The mineral zone extends from the Chelan mountains eastward across the Methow to the Conconully range, and the strongest veins yet discovered appear to be on Ruby mountain, though the possibilities of rich discoveries at any point are great.

"When Ruby mountain shall begin to render up her immense deposits of silver and gold to the persistent miner, and the mountains around Conconully shall do the same, then this valley and the adjacent mountains will count their population by thousands. Farther to the north and east are the Wannikut Lake, Lime Belt, Pine Creek and Silmikaneeen mines, in all of which good prospects are found, and those are receiving much attention.

"Unlike the majority of mineral districts, this region offers great inducements to the farmer, stock grower and lumberman, admitting of a complete and well-balanced development. The grandeur of mountain, hill and dale is no more striking and pleasing to the eye than the great possibilities the entire landscape affords to the industry of man. If stock ranges are wanted, they are here. If hay is wanted, it may be had for the cutting of it. If farms are sought for, profitable locations are at hand. If timber is desired, here are the yellow pine, fir, tamarack, alder, etc. The extremes of climate are not objectionable. The currents of heat felt during the early part of the day in summer are forced along by refreshing winds in the after part of the day. Nights are cool. The winter climate is not as severe as is generally supposed. Snow falls to the depth of three feet, but the average is less. It drifts from the hillsides, and the friendly Chinook drives it away. Stock lives out all winter."

—The West Shore Magazine, November 1888
population was enormous, providing a ready source of fresh meat.

The public fascination for this newly-opened Okanogan country, with its promised mineral riches, available land, and Wild West flavor, was heightened by the observations of visitors. George A. Bethune, the first Washington geologist, toured the mining districts in 1890. He said the Okanogan, recently so unknown as to qualify as "the Africa of Washington," was now "the Comstock of Washington," with deposits comparable to King Solomon's mines. Bethune predicted that within a decade Okanogan County "would rival any mineral producing section thus far prospected within the confines of the Union." The Okanogan had become the "Tyrol of the American continent," a dominion "honeycombed with golden storehouses," wrote the Tacoma Daily Ledger.

In 1888, Conconully in the spring of 1888. They put in eight- to ten-hour shifts for 35 cents an hour. Their progress was slowed by the frequent breaking of drills, picks, shovels and wheelbarrows. Sometimes the Gubsers had to slosh through a foot of water admitted by seepage. During one discouraging sequence, Gubser noted, "It took about 600 strokes to the inch to drill a hole...and then the shot failed to blow the rock out." The best that could be accomplished by three two-man shifts working round the clock at the Minnie Haha was 20 feet of tunnel in one week.

Later, working alone at the Last Chance mine, Gubser advanced the tunnel about a foot a day. In nine days he prepared 35 shots, ignited 15 blasts, moved out 73 carloads of rock, laid 13 feet of wooden rail for ore carts, and completed 8 feet of tunnel. "Total cost of ammunition" for this progress, Gubser wrote, was $3.60, consisting of $2.50 for black powder, 40 cents for caps, and 70 cents for fuse. Even after tons of rock had been removed, there remained the necessity of shipping ores to distant smelters. From Conconully it was 45 miles by wagon to Virginia City, then 80 miles by stern-wheeler to Wenatchee, followed by rail transport to Helena, Montana, or Tacoma, or points as remote as Denver and San Francisco.

This compelled the building of concentrating mills to reduce the volume which had to be shipped. In time, 35 to 40 mills were constructed in Okanogan County. Many were stamp mills which broke up the country rock so ore-bearing pieces, which tended to be smaller, could be separated by hand sorting or the use of screens. Later, flotation mills pro-
JOHN BOYD'S Palmer Mountain
Gold Mining & Tunnel Company at
Loomis never made plans on a modest
scale. Its tunnel was driven 6,610
feet (one and a quarter miles) into
Palmer Mountain, and was one of the
longest mine tunnels in the western
states. The company's concentrating
mill was the largest ever built in
Washington. But financing dried up.
The tunnel never produced ore and
the mill never operated.

lieutenant governor, defeating the
Democratic nominee, L. H. Plattor, a
Spokane attorney, 33,998 votes to
24,363, thus perhaps becoming the only
person ever to serve as lieutenant gover­
nor of two states. In 1891 Washington's
first governor, Elisha P. Ferry journeyed
to California for his health. In Ferry's
absence, Laughton functioned as acting
governor, outraging much of the citi­
zenry by his veto of bills placing restric­
tions on railroads. Laughton
served one four-year term. He
maintained his home at Con­
conully until 1894. He died the
following year, at the age of 49, in
his quarters at the Bohemian Club
in Tacoma.

JOHN BOYD'S Palmer Mountain
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the mill never operated.

Jonathan Bourne, Jr., came from a monied Mas­sachusetts family. En­
tranced by the raw vigor of
the burgeoning Northwest, Bourne sky­
rocketed into business and political prominence in Portland. Drawn to the
Okanogan, his Arlington Mining
Company in 1888 purchased the Ruby
claim from the four prospectors who
had staked it, paid $40,000 cash for the
nearby First Thought, and $45,000 for
four claims which became the Arlington
mine. Soon Bourne owned 27 con­tiguous claims on Ruby Hill. He was the
largest single investor in the Salmon
River and Ruby mining districts.

No man to think small, Bourne and
his associates began planning an enor­
mous concentrating mill on Loup Loup
Creek across Ruby Hill from the town of
Ruby. The mill would employ rock
crushers, leaching tanks, and a smelting
furnace to reduce ores from all mines in
the district. A stag­
gering volume of construction
supplies began flowing into the Loup
Loup's high and remote valley. Near the
mill site, a crew started molding and
firing the first of 300,000 bricks needed
for chloridizing furnaces which would
roast the silver ore to eliminate its
sulphur content.

Nearly all the mill construction took
place during September and October of
1889. About 150 workmen living at the
site raised an immense structure—130
by 180 feet—its huge stone foundations
and retaining walls buttressing the west­
ern slopes of Ruby Hill. Blocks of gran­
ite were split from a quarry 300 yards

prominent MINING PROPONENTS

veloping mines, building
mills, and shipping ore re­
quired capital. Capitalists
became as important to the
Okanogan County mining boom as day
laborers. Four of the most prominent
were Charles E. Laughton at Conconully
(1887-1889), Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of
Portland (1888-1893), Col. W. Tho­
mas Hart in the Methow Valley (1895),
and John Boyd of Loomis (1892-1905).
Laughton and Bourne were men of
means. Hart was a capitalists' agent.
Boyd had to raise the funds he needed.

A native of Maine, the ebullient
Charles Laughton had lived a venture­
some life before the Okanogan's excite­
ments attracted him in 1887. He worked
as a Union Pacific postal clerk on sway­
ing mail cars even as rails were being
laid toward that momentous joining at
Promontory, Utah. In Nevada he rose
to become auditor of the Virginia &
Truckee Railroad, a 21-mile line con­
ecting the famous Comstock gold mine
with Virginia City. A Republican, he
served from 1883 to 1887 as Nevada's
lieutenant governor.

At Conconully, Laughton invested
in several mines and constructed a
modest-sized custom concentrating mill
a mile up the north fork of Salmon
Creek (the same brook which in 1894
would virtually wipe out the town). For
years settlers would remember Laughton
ceremoniously leading the grand march
highlighting an all-night dedication ball
staged in the elaborately decorated mill.
The dance was a success, but the mill
was not. Its rudimentary processes sal­
vaged less than half the value of the ores
fed into it. After a two-week run, the
machinery stopped forever.

His well-furnished dwelling only a
few hundred feet from the disappoint­
ing mill, Laughton continued to live
well. He became active in civic affairs,
and was the "uncrowned king" of the
Okanogan country, his renown evolv­
ing more from a resumption of his po­
litical career than his mining activities.

When Washington became a state
in 1889, Laughton was elected its first

COLUMBIA 24 FALL 1990
distant and dragged to the mill site on stoneboats. Some weighed a ton. Master stonemasons fit them tightly together. Walls were 3-1/2 to 4 feet thick and up to 27 feet high. A wooden structure was added. Some of the reduction equipment, including three-and-a-half-ton boilers, was installed.

On November 9, directors of the Arlington Company, meeting in modest offices in Portland, learned they were $35,000 overdrawn at the bank. They ordered construction stopped immediately. Work was never resumed and the great Arlington mill—commonly known as the “China wall,” though no Chinese were involved in its building—never operated.

Perhaps it was just as well. Mining men today cannot imagine where Jonathan Bourne’s concentrator could have obtained the 60,000 gallons of water it would have needed daily to operate at its designed capacity. Neither runoff nor Loup Loup Creek could have supplied such a volume or anything like it.

Bourne retained his faith in the Okanogan mines. Still wealthy, he invested in the Washington Reduction Company, which built a mill at Ruby in 1892. This enterprise operated for three months before the Panic of 1893 closed it forever.

Like Laughton, Bourne became more interested in politics. A progressive Republican, he represented Oregon in the United States Senate from 1907 to 1912. He remained in Washington, D.C., a man who, in the words of a friend, “had spent three good-sized inherited fortunes (mostly on mining ventures) and had a wonderful time doing it.” Bourne died in 1940, having never revisited the massive stone walls which, like remnants of a medieval fortress, still rise awesomely above Loup Loup Creek, gently swirling through brush and meadow. In 1893 the United States plunged into another of its periodic depressions. President Cleveland blamed the Sherman Silver Purchase Act of 1890, which required the U.S. Treasury to buy 4.5 million ounces of silver each month and issue legal tender against this backing. Bimetallism (concurrent gold and silver currencies) was promoted by farmers and small businessmen who believed a more plentiful money supply would increase prices and ease credit, and also (hard to imagine) by people who owned silver mines. A sound money man, Cleveland deplored inflation and the drain on U.S. gold reserves created by the mandate to buy silver. He prompted Congress, in 1893, to repeal the Sherman act.

This intensified the depression in the West. The price of silver had been sliding anyway, from $1.05 an ounce in 1890 to 99 cents in 1891 and 87 cents in 1892. Now, in 1893, it dropped to 78 cents, and 63 cents in 1894, 60 percent of what it had been four years earlier. The Okanogan silver mines, bedeviled by vapurous veins and sandbagged by freight charges to remote smelters, could not survive on such returns, even with labor only a dollar or two a day. The mines ceased operations.

Cleveland’s obduracy was devastating to the Ruby-Conconully area. Camps emptied. On August 23, 1895, the Chelan Leader reported the following populations: Conconully about 100; Ruby, 25; Loop Loop, 2 (these being the postmaster, George W. Tonkin, and the mail carrier, Jack Hayes, the only men left with incomes).

Austin Mires of Ellensburg, a signer of the state constitution, had visited Ruby in its heyday. When he returned in 1898 he found three residents—Ned Payne, a veteran Oregon stage driver, now a saloon keeper and mayor; a hotelman (town clerk); and a liveryman (town marshall). “The three batched together and patronized each other,”

Many concentrating mills were improperly designed and left more value in their tailings than in their concentrates.
THIS IS THE classic photograph of Ruby, queen city of the Okanogan County mining boom. Ruby sprang up in 1887, and for several years was the liveliest mining camp in the Northwest. The town was abandoned almost overnight following the Panic of 1893, which closed most of the silver mines. Today, the townsite is a lonely, forested canyon a few miles northwest of the city of Okanogan.

Mires noted. When he passed through the next year, nobody lived there. Settlers relieved Ruby of boards and entire buildings. A fire swept through the remnants. Today, only a few stone foundations remain of what was once the liveliest mining town in the Northwest.

The Okanogan County mining boom may be said to have ended in 1893. Never again would mining attract such an influx of people, give birth to towns of consequence, or dominate the local economy. But the U.S. Treasury, as it had since 1850, continued paying $20.67 an ounce for gold. After an unwelcome quiescence, activity resumed in areas with significant gold deposits, among them the heavily mineralized Loomis country and various sections of the Methow Valley.

This reawakening in 1895 brought Colonel W. Thomas Hart into the Methow. A mining man and promoter, Hart arrived as an agent for Montana interests who may have included copper king Marcus Daly.

In March 1895, Colonel Hart, corpulent, courtly, and with resources at his disposal, entered the Methow Valley, taking options on mines at Squaw Creek and in the Slate Creek district. Slate Creek was on the west side of the Cascadian divide, hidden in a wilderness in the eastern reaches of Whatcom County.

Since the 1870s, miners had been prospecting up Ruby Creek, a tributary of the Skagit River. In time, they reached Slate Creek. A rush started when Alex Barron discovered the Eureka lode in 1893. Not surprisingly, the new camp was named Barron. Edging along steep-walled ridges to reach Slate Creek from the west demanded a gruelling effort on the part of newcomers. Passage through the Skagit River canyon between Newhalem and Diablo was downright hair-raising. Many felt it was easier to enter the Slate Creek district from the east, through the upper Methow.

These included Colonel Hart, who became instantly popular when he made known plans to begin shipping 100 tons of ore a day from Slate Creek through the Methow Valley, and revealed he was prepared to spend $100,000 to achieve this lofty objective. Such a level of commerce would require more than a primitive trail. Hart engaged Charles H. Ballard to survey a road along the north side of the upper Methow River, crossing the summit ridge at what was then known as Slate pass, soon renamed Hart's pass.
by mid-April 1895, Hart had 65 men working on a narrow gauge wagon road starting at Lost River and climbing gingerly past Deadhorse point from which exposure, allegedly, an entire string of pack horses and the packer (who survived) had plummeted a thousand feet almost straight down. One warm day the colonel's crew flushed and killed a record 130 rattlesnakes. Higher on the route, the men encountered six feet of snow. One critic said Hart spent half his road money on snow shoveling. This or something else caused a rupture. In the first week of June, after only two months of road building, Hart abruptly paid off his men and "departed for Arizona." He had been "fired by his syndicate," explained the Leavenworth Times. "Extravagant and unnecessary use of money [caused] Col. Hart's tumble from the pinnacle of prominence and power."

Five years later Hart was living in Weiser, Idaho, near the Idaho-Oregon border, promoting a proposed Bridgeport & Helena Railroad into the rugged Seven Devils country where he had mining interests. When his financial support evaporated, the 65-year-old Hart, on February 10, 1901, boarded the Cannon Ball freight running from Huntington to Weiser. As the train crossed a high mountain bridge, Colonel Hart stepped into space, plunging 70 feet into the boiling Snake River. His body was not found.

We are uncertain as to how far Hart had advanced his road, twisting out of the upper Methow. At its narrowest, the road was 26 inches wide, requiring wagons to be cut down and horses to be hitched in tandem. Apparently, the Ballard brothers, Charles and Hazard, widened the road to 36 inches and completed it to the summit and down into the Slate Creek district. The present Hart's pass "highway," following the

Industrious Chinese Mine Riches from the Columbia

Persevering, quiet, hard-working Chinese placer miners were very much a part of the Okanogan scene for 40 years, from the early 1860s to about 1900. A few worked the lower Similkameen. But most were found along the Columbia River from Rock Island north to the Canadian border. Some came directly from China, mainly from Kwangtung province near Canton, an open port which funneled western ideas and news into their villages. This flow ended with the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882. Other Chinese, recruited to help build the Union Pacific Railroad, came from California.

Nearly everywhere, Chinese were greeted by hostility. Newspapers railed that Chinese were products of "a pagan climate and a despotic soil" whose acceptance of low wages threatened the existence of the American working man. In 1864 the Washington territorial legislature joined in the hounding with a law levying a quarterly tax of $6 on each Chinese.

As the Chinese moved away, settlers helped themselves to the China Ditch and its water. The ditch was diverted water from a point three miles up the Methow River, carrying an enormous volume through ditches and flumes four or five miles to Columbia River sand and gravel bars below Pateros rapids.

When Arch Fuller settled at Pateros in 1889, he observed about 20 Chinese still mining the Columbia. They had a pack train to bring supplies from Spokane, he said, and a large rowboat requiring 8 or 10 oarsmen to transport goods across the river. Another Pateros settler, Thomas Pasley, found the Chinese living in "comfortable" dugouts with bunks and fireplaces. When they bought vegetables, eggs and melons from the Pasley farm, he recalled, they paid by dipping a knife point into a poke of gold dust, lifting out the proper amount.

As the Chinese moved away, settlers built ditches to deliver water to sluice boxes. The longest of these was the China Ditch constructed sometime between 1860 and 1880. This ditch diverted water from a point three miles up the Methow River, carrying an enormous volume through ditches and flumes four or five miles to Columbia River sand and gravel bars below Pateros rapids.

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As the Chinese moved away, settlers helped themselves to the China Ditch and its water. The ditch was extended nearly to the Okanogan-Chelan County border. Formed in the 1920s, a China Ditch Reclamation district eventually was irrigating 335 acres of orchard. This ended when the Flood of 1948 destroyed the headworks and two miles of line. By then, the ditch had produced a far greater value in apples than it ever had in the gold dust sought by the patient people who built it.
wagon road route, was built by the Civilian Conservation Corps in the 1930s. At 6,197 feet, Hart's pass is the highest road crossing in the state. In comparison, Sherman pass is 5,575 feet; Chinook, 5,440 feet; Rainy, 4,860 feet; Stevens, 4,061 feet; and Snoqualmie, 3,022 feet.

More than Colonel Hart, Charles H. Ballard became the prominent mining figure of the Methow Valley. Born near Roseburg, Oregon, Ballard studied civil engineering at the Washington territorial university in Seattle. Surveying instruments loaded on pack horses, he entered the Okanogan in 1886. From Conconully, Ballard ran lines for dozens of early mining claims. He surveyed the town sites of Ruby, Conconully, Chelan, and Swansea, an ill-advised promotion near present-day Brewster. When the Palmer Mountain tunnel project was launched at Loomis in 1896, Ballard was the engineer. He then turned to the Slate Creek district, managing the Mammoth mine and, later, for nearly 20 years, promoting the Azurite. Both became major gold producers.

JOHN BOYD AND THE PALMER MOUNTAIN COMPANY

vershadowing all this was the Palmer Mountain Gold Mining and Tunnel Company, managed and promoted by still another of the Okanagan's noted entrepreneurs, John Boyd.

Born of Scottish ancestry in 1865 in Kincardine, Ontario, Boyd emigrated to North Dakota where his father, John C. Boyd, worked as an engineer for the city water works in Fargo. The younger Boyd was naturalized in 1888. By 1892 he was living in Loomis, operating a general store, John Boyd & Co. He served as postmaster of Loomis from October 1893 to June 1897.

We have been unable to learn how this young merchant, only 30 when he organized the Palmer Mountain Company, became equipped to punch in one of the longest mine tunnels in the western states and build the largest concentrating mill ever erected in Washington. But Boyd did both, accounting for one of the most incredible stories in Okanogan County history.

In 1895, four or five years after Boyd had moved to Loomis, he and a group of noteworthy investors, including Dan M. Drumheller of the prominent Spokane family and Frank H. Luce of Davenport, who had succeeded Laughton as lieutenant governor of Washington, organized the Palmer Mountain Gold Mining and Tunnel Company.

The following year the firm began driving a tunnel into 4,267-foot Palmer Mountain, a massive uplift abutting Loomis where, it was believed, extensive veins of gold, copper and other ores could be tapped. The company acquired 56 mining claims on the southwest slope of Palmer Mountain. Its tunnel, eight-by-nine feet in size, attained a length of one and a quarter miles.

In 1905, after ten years of raising and spending enormous sums of money, mostly on its tunnel, the Palmer Mountain Gold Mining and Tunnel Company began construction of a 104-by-265-foot concentrating mill, the largest in Washington. The mill was designed for 100 stamps. A typical Okanogan County concentrating mill used five or ten stamps. By May 1908 the building had been completed and stamps were being installed.

Four months later, the company having again run out of money, all work ceased. John Boyd's tunnel never produced ore and his mill never operated. Whether it all had been a legitimate effort or a stock-selling promotion is still debated. At least the activity kept Loomis alive for 15 years beyond the end of the Okanogan County mining boom. Boyd left town. It is believed he died in California.

There were two further mining rushes into Okanogan County before the turn of the century. In 1896, the north half of the Colville Indian reservation was

COLUMBIA 28 FALL 1990
opened to mineral entry. Gold seekers poured into the open hills and rolling fir-tamarack forests of the Okanogan highlands. They placer mined along Mary Ann Creek and located hundreds of lode claims, few of which became producers. A 25-ton (daily capacity) mill near Molson struggled for years to show a profit. Many claims were staked solely to prevent their being included in Indian allotments, with the notion that the land could later be homesteaded.

Pressures mounted also to open the south half of the Colville reservation to mining. By early 1897, anticipating Congressional action, interested whites were gathering along reservation borders. Some did not remain there. The Spokesman-Review reported on April 7, 1898, that 200 "sooners" already had staked claims on Indian land and were guarding them until the seizures became legal, which they did on July 1. Again, many of the new arrivals were more interested in farmland or stock ranges than in mining. This helps explain why 11,072 claims eventually were posted on the South Half. But this coveted domain would not be opened to homesteading until 1916. Meanwhile, the Apache and Little Chief mines two miles west of Nespelem yielded rich silver ores, while Park City, an almost va- porous hamlet, flowered in the woodlands north of Nespelem.

IN RETROSPECT

How real and how rewarding was the Okanogan County mining boom? Washington as a whole has never been an important silver producer and ranks only eleventh among gold-producing states. Within Washington, Okanogan County stands fourth in silver production, far behind Ferry, Stevens, and Chelan, and fifth in gold production behind the same three counties plus Whatcom.

Trying to evaluate the so-called glory days of Ruby, Conconully, Loomis and Squaw Creek becomes an aggravating exercise when one is confronted with the tendency of many miners to inflate their purported returns (in hopes of selling out) or depreciate them (to ward off the interest of others). This results in "much ridiculous posturing," in the words of historical writer Ann Briley. Further, production records were not segregated by counties prior to 1900.

Only a few estimates for districts and individual mines have been developed, most of them by the U.S. Bureau of Mines or the Washington State Division of Mines and Geology.

The most lucrative placer mining areas in the Okanogan were the lower
LOOKING AS though it had been built as a Wild West movie set, Loomis, in northern Okanogan County, became a major supply center for cattlemen and miners.

Similkameen River, Cassimer bar, and Mary Ann Creek. The Similkameen, site of the original gold discovery in Washington (in 1859), yielded an estimated $500,000 worth of precious metals within a few years. Cassimer bar, in the Columbia River, was about half a mile upstream from the mouth of the Okanogan River. For a few years, in the 1860s and 1870s, this bar was highly productive. It has been flooded by Wells Dam backwater. Mary Ann Creek, in the Okanogan Highlands, produced $40,000 in the latter 1880s.

It has been estimated that hard-rock mining in Okanogan County yielded 150,000 ounces of silver between 1889 and 1904. At Ruby, prior to the Panic of 1893, the First Thought mine reportedly generated $66,000; the Fourth of July, $36,000; the Arlington, $25,000. Around Loomis, the Pinnacle mine produced $200,000 worth of gold before 1910, and the Black Bear, $150,000 prior to 1902. Not many more production figures are available from those early days.

Against these and other returns must be assessed prodigious exploration and development costs. Jonathan Bourne, Jr., said his Arlington Mining Company alone invested $253,000 in the Ruby district.

Marshall T. Huntting and Wayne Moen, with a combined 60 years of government service as geologists, are veterans of the Division of Mines and Geology (now part of the Department of Natural Resources). Huntting was director of the division (in effect, the state geologist) from 1957 to 1971. Moen was, for years, the division’s authority on the economics of mining.

They agree that ten-to-one is a likely ratio—ten dollars spent on wages, black powder, wheelbarrows, provisions, machinery, freighting, road building, concentrators, outbuildings, and stock-selling promotions during the Okanogan County mining boom for each dollar realized from the sale of minerals.

So, there were disappointments and frustrations beyond measure. But for the Okanogan country, opened to public awareness by one of the state’s most flamboyant mining booms, it was a period of captivating interest and high adventure.

Bruce A. Wilson, Omak, is a retired weekly newspaper publisher currently serving as vice president of the Washington State Historical Society, and author of Late Frontier, a history of Okanogan County (published by the Okanogan County Historical Society), from which this article is excerpted.
L. A. "DAD" Chamberlin set up a big canvas tent on Second Street in Puyallup on October 4, 1900. He organized exhibits of produce, flowers, livestock and crafts; arranged contests; and invited the town. 'Most everybody came, including a passel of visitors from Tacoma and Seattle jammed into railroad coaches. That first fair drew over 3,000 people, and featured dog shows, poultry displays, a bull so tame children could ride on his back, and a horse race won by the ancient and decrepit "Sleepy Tom." There were baking and canning contests, and displays of homemade jellies.

A 12-year-old boy named Hedges took first prize for a can of pickles, and Julius Bodtke's cow produced the most butter in 24 hours.

THE VERY first Western Washington State Fair was a resounding success, and the ones since then have grown in size and popularity to the point where, for many, it wouldn't be autumn without the traditional trek to "do the Puyallup." This photo of a little girl beaming proudly beside her magnificent pig was taken at the 1926 fair. A prize-winning porker, no doubt—one in a long line of farm animals to find fame at the Puyallup fair.

The Historical Society gladly accepts donations of prints or negatives of regional historical interest to add to its photograph collection. (Please contact the Society before making donations.) Readers are invited to submit historical photographs for History Album. If a photograph is to be returned, it must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

COLUMBIA 31 FALL 1990
When General Hazard Stevens climbed Mt. Rainier in 1870, it was a lonely enterprise. Only one companion joined him on this first ascent of the region's most prominent landmark. At the base camp, a single Indian guide waited for their return. When Stevens climbed Mt. Rainier again in 1905 the setting was considerably different. This time, over 200 fellow climbers cheered him on. They were members of four outdoor organizations: the Mazamas, the Sierra Club, the Appalachian Mountain Club, and the American Alpine Club. All had gathered at Paradise in late July for their first joint climbing expedition. In 1870—the year Stevens became the first man to reach the summit of Mt. Rainier—not one of these organizations had existed. Thirty-five years later, the numbers present at this remarkable gathering indicated the increasing popularity of mountain sports.

Rarely had such a large group camped at Paradise. In 1905 Mt. Rainier offered few roads and amenities. The train went only as far as Ashford, and the stage ended in Longmire; visitors had to travel the steep 13 miles to Paradise on horseback or foot. For all its inaccessibility, however, Mt. Rainier became a subject of great interest to climbers when it was designated a national park in 1899. It is significant that the Sierra Club, based in San Francisco, chose Mt. Rainier in 1905 as the site for its first trip outside California. For the Appalachian Mountain Club, too, the expedition to Mt. Rainier was a momentous event; many members were visiting the Pacific Northwest for the first time. The Mazamas, based in Portland, acted as hosts.

This expedition quickly became a source for regional pride. Newspapers in Portland, Tacoma and Seattle boasted that the visitors were awed by Washington's superlative scenery. It was inevitable, noted one reporter, that climbers from other regions would seek the wild, rugged peaks of the Cascade Range, for no "true nature lover" could remain satisfied with the tamer mountains of the rest of the country. Complaints about the weather received less coverage from the locals. However, the San Francisco Chronicle reported that Sierra Club members disliked the summer rain, "and had no hesitation in saying so." Some of these Californians resented the necessity of
pitching tents; they longed "for the stable climate of the high Sierra."

Despite such occasional grumbling, the climbers encountered no serious problems. In part, their success can be attributed to their remarkable ability to organize. At Paradise, the large and unwieldy group divided into two camps: one for the Mazamas, and one for the Sierra Club and other climbers. Each featured men's quarters, women's quarters, and a commissary. The Sierra Club was the most regimented group. Even their meals were executed with military precision; they were called to eat by a bugle—and they arrived for their food in single-file lines, utensils in hand. The Mazamas, who were more relaxed, poked fun at the Californians' culinary routine. However, such regimentation proved useful in dangerous climbs.

Most of the 200 participants hoped to reach the summit of Mt. Rainier. However, all were required first to demonstrate their climbing ability on more accessible glaciers and peaks. These were reached on lengthy day-excursions, during which the men and women marched single file. For nearly two weeks, the group prepared for the big climb. In the long run, this training effort was worthwhile. Although the expedition experienced several close calls with falling rocks and small avalanches, no one was killed or seriously injured.

For all the intense preparation, there was plenty of time for frivolity. One of the most notable activities was a snowball fight involving 75 people. Even here, the climbers demonstrated their organizational skills; the participants divided themselves into two "armies," one of which was "commanded" by General Stevens. They also appointed an arbiter. The "battle," recorded by the Kiser Photographic Company of Portland, appeared in the local newspapers. Owing to the size of this group, most of its activities were large-scale. Even the evening campfires grew to "gigantic proportions." Participants seemed well-aware that they comprised one of the largest expeditions in the history of American mountain climbing.

The composition of the group was also impressive. Included in the activities were geologist Joseph N. LeConte, photographer Asahel Curtis, and Stephen T. Mather, future director of the National Park Service. Stevens, the most revered member of the Mazamas, remained the center of attention at the camp. Notably missing was John Muir, president of the Sierra Club. The presence of these eminent figures attracted the press and kept the expedition before the public.

By the end of July, the group was ready for the big climb. The Sierra Club, which sent 62 people, went first. After
CLIMBERS march single file up a glacier.

FIVE MAZAMAS, clad in club uniforms, pose for the Kiser Photographic Company of Portland.

Mt. Rainier’s “rarified atmosphere becomes a developing fluid which quickly brings out any lurking evil or narrowness of mind as well as capacity for kindness, courage and self-reliance.”
an icy night at Camp Muir, they reached the summit in less than six hours. What made this party remarkable was that it included 17 women. Although the first ascent by a female had occurred in 1890, few women, until the Sierra Club climb, attempted the feat. On their return to Paradise, the Californians passed over 50 Mazamas making their ascent. As the pioneer climber, Stevens gave the expedition valuable perspective. Now in his sixties, he reported that his second journey to the summit was every bit as rigorous as his first. "I believe the dangers and extremities are about the same now," he assured his fellow climbers, as "they were thirty-five years ago." When the group reassembled at Paradise, there was much to celebrate.

The climbers' attitude toward their feat varied. Many claimed to have mastered the mountain. John Muir, president of the Sierra Club and veteran climber of Mt. Rainier, sneered at the notion that humans could conquer nature. "When a mountain is climbed it is said to be conquered," he observed. "As well say a man is conquered when a fly lights on his head." Yet the Sierra Club boasted that their expedition to the Pacific Northwest "had conquered the kingliest among all the mountains of the United States." Some Mazamas, too, regarded Mt. Rainier as a trophy to be bagged. In recounting the big climb, they emphasized their physical prowess as well as their ability to endure pain and discomfort.

At times, the expedition assumed a carnival atmosphere. In an effort to add color and fanfare to their ascent, the Mazamas left two men to spend a night on the summit with several bags of "flashlight powder." These men withstood freezing gales to light an enormous red blaze, which was visible for a distance of 60 miles. The Boosters in Tacoma responded to this signal by shooting off fireworks over Commencement Bay. To modern climbers, the expedition's whimsical display might seem frivolous and even foolish. Similar to the nightly firefall which scorched the granite cliffs of Yosemite, the fire on Mt. Rainier in 1905 reflects an era which viewed national parks as playgrounds and places for amusement.
THIS SNOWBALL fight above Paradise involved 75 people and was featured in most local papers.

A MAZAMA WASHES her clothes in a stream, to prepare for a campfire meeting with the Sierra Club.

then, were convinced that they had conquered Mt. Rainier.

For some climbers, the expedition was a process for revealing character. One Mazama, for instance, concluded that Mt. Rainier’s “rarified atmosphere becomes a developing fluid which quickly brings out any lurking evil or narrowness of mind as well as capacity for kindness, courage and self-reliance. Nothing in our natures remains hidden in the mountains.” Hence, climbing could impart a sense of enlightenment and humility.

There will never be another expedition like the one in 1905. Today, the National Park Service limits the number of people assembled in a single spot. Modern rangers might well cringe at the thought of over 200 people camping at Paradise; the damage to park vegetation caused by pack stock is still visible. Owing to safety concerns and a desire to protect ecosystems, the size of climbing parties also is regulated. Generally, they do not exceed 25 to 30 people. In 1905 most visitors to Mt. Rainier National Park were not concerned with resource protection. Yet this group, for all its large size and rambunctiousness, demonstrated significant foresight. The expedition of 1905 culminated with a lengthy report, written by the members of the four outdoor organizations, concerning the need for stronger preservation of the park’s natural features. Submitted to the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Interior, this report indicated that its authors were more than mere climbers—they were activists. Indeed, the Sierra Club in particular has been a prominent force in the conservation movement throughout the twentieth century.

Lisa Mighetto teaches history at the University of Puget Sound. Her book Wild Animals and Environmental Ethics will be published in 1991 by The University of Arizona Press.
Patriot or Scalawag?

By J. Richard Nokes

Captains John Kendrick and Robert Gray were still a year away from sailing out of Boston on their pioneer American voyage around Cape Horn into the Pacific Ocean when a brash English seafarer, John Meares, was piloting his vessel into a harbor on the Northwest coast in the autumn of 1786. The paths of the Americans and the Englishman would cross in the Northwest in subsequent years, but now Meares was preparing his ship, the Nootka, to winter over in Prince William Sound, Washington, and emerge again to the sea. Another English captain, George Dixon, scoffed and said the track of the sloop looked like "the mould of a good old housewife's butter pat." At lower right, the legendary River Oregan seems to flow into John de Fuca's Straits.

Exxon Valdez would run aground in 1989, causing one of the greatest oil spills in history. That disaster devastated marine life, but it didn't match the loss of human life that Meares' misjudgment of the severity of the winter weather caused two centuries earlier. Before that terrible winter was over, 23 crewmen died of scurvy and exposure. Another died later. A second ship under Meares' command, the Sea Otter, was lost at sea with all hands.

That was not the only experience that brought notoriety to the English captain: He built the first European house and ship in the Northwest and explored the coastline for a Northwest Passage he was sure he would find. His crew fought a fierce battle with Natives inside the Strait of Juan de Fuca. He carried the first Chinese to the Northwest and Hawaii, and had a Hawaiian prince aboard his ships as passenger. He wrote an outstanding journal of his adventures, and his charts and maps were of value to later mariners. And a memorial he presented to the British Parliament in 1790 almost provoked a war with Spain.

That memorial is contained within his journal of voyages from India and China across the Pacific. The report is beautifully written and wonderfully printed. The original version, leather-bound and well illustrated, was published in London by the Logographic Press in 1790. Copies may be found in the best rare book collections, includ-
Meares was a dreamer. He dreamed of a trading empire across the Pacific Ocean from the Northwest to the Sandwich Islands, to China and thence to England. He intended to find a passage from the Pacific Ocean to Hudson's Bay, and thought it might be through the Strait of Juan de Fuca. His plan was to colonize the Northwest coast and gain sovereignty over the Sandwich Islands for England.

In 1786, with the backing of several unidentified sponsors in India, Meares acquired the Nootka, 200 tons burden, and the Sea Otter, 100 tons. He would head the expedition in the Nootka. Lt. William Tipping, Royal Navy, would command the smaller ship. To help underwrite costs, Tipping took a cargo of opium from Bombay to Malacca for 3,000 rupees. Because of problems on the Sea Otter, the ships went their separate ways to the Northwest and planned to rendezvous there. The Nootka arrived off Prince William Sound on September 20, 1786, and dropped anchor in Snug Corner Cove, visited earlier by explorer James Cook. On the shore Meares noted evidences of timber cut with sharp-edged tools and a section of bamboo, indications that Tipping had been there and gone. A Native chief confirmed this, saying a ship had left with a cargo of pelts a few days earlier.

It being so late in the season, and with heavy weather already at hand, Meares decided to stay the winter. It was a tragic decision. He found a better anchorage in the sound 15 miles east-north-east, then put his crew to work erecting a log cabin and making the ship weatherproof. The Natives harassed the workmen ashore, so they had to abandon the log house; the extreme cold, snow and icy winds attacked before the Nootka could be made tight.

Ice closed around the ship. Cold penetrated the deck and hoarfrost an inch thick covered the overhead below, though three stoves were kept burning 20 hours a day. Meares wrote:

While tremendous mountains forbade almost a sight of the sky, and cast their nocturnal shadows over us in the midst of day, the land was impenetrable from the depth of snow, so that we were excluded from all hopes of any recreation, support, or comfort, during this winter, but what could be found in the ship and in ourselves. This, however, was only the beginning of our troubles.

By mid-January 1787, 12 men were down with scurvy. Four died later that month. Twenty-three took
Despite the discouraging outcome of the first voyage, Meares held to his dream.

The surgeon died in March and to Meares fell the responsibility of doctor and "the dreadful office, of dragging the dead bodies across the ice, to a shallow sepulchre which our own hands had hewn out for them on shore. The sledge on which we fetched the wood was their hearse, and the chasm in the ice their grave." Provisions that would have helped were exhausted.

Death still stalked the Nootka in March and April. Some who tried pine needles improved. Others refused the diet.

On May 19, 1787, Chief "Sheenoway" came by to tell Meares that two sailing ships had been sighted. Two days later Native canoes led a boat carrying Captain George Dixon of the ship Queen Charlotte out of London, sent by Captain Nathaniel Portlock of the King George to investigate the Natives' report that a white man's ship was in distress.

Assistance was not given without stern arguments between Portlock and Meares. Eventually, Portlock transferred two of his sailors to augment Meares' reduced crew, but Meares had to promise under a £1,000 bond to leave the coast without further trading.

The Nootka's hold was not filled with furs, but Meares had obtained many from Natives in the Aleutians and in Prince William Sound. He sailed for China on June 22 via the Sandwich Islands, where he took aboard "Tianna" (Kaiana), a "prince of Attooi" (Kauai), and carried him to Canton. There Meares learned that the Sea Otter had not returned to China: "I am too lament the fate of our consort...no tidings have been received of her after she left Prince William Sound. We must conclude that she and her people have perished beneath the waves."

Despite the discouraging outcome of the first voyage, Meares held to his dream. He gained new sponsors (including the governor general of India) and the support of a Portuguese-born merchant, Juan Cowallho (Carvallo). He acquired two ships—the Felice Adventurer and the Iphigenia Nubiana—for another Northwest adventure.

On January 22, 1788, Meares put to sea from Canton. His ship, the Felice, 230 tons, and the Iphigenia, 200 tons, commanded by William Douglas, were classed as "snows" (similar to brigs). Meares signed on 50 "China-men," most of whom were craftsmen, to help him on building projects in the Northwest. They were the first of their countrymen in the Northwest, and when they arrived in the Sandwich Islands in the fall of 1788, they were the first in Hawaii, too.

Also aboard the Felice were Tianna and Winee, "a woman of Owhyhee," two other Sandwich Islanders and a Northwest Native that had been taken to China by other traders. Winee had come to China with Captain William Barclay on the Imperial Eagle; Mrs. Barclay, a bride sailing aboard her husband's ship, became attracted to Winee in Hawaii and engaged her as her maid. Winee became ill and was left in China, from where Meares offered to carry her back home. Meares had portraits made of Tianna and Winee while in Canton. They appear as illustrations in Meares' journal. Winee died on February 5, 1788, and her body was committed to the deep. Tianna, grieving terribly, was transferred, along with the other passangers, to the Iphigenia, where he was consoled by Captain Douglas.

The Iphigenia suffered damage in a storm and needed a new mast. Meares forged on alone and arrived in Nootka Sound on the coast of Vancouver Island on May 13.

The Britishers were welcomed by Chief Comekelah, "dressed in scarlet regimental coat, decorated with brass buttons,...a military hat set off with a flaunting cockade, decent linens, and other appendages of European dress." On May 16 Meares received the royal welcome of Chief Maquilla (Maquina) and Chief Callicum. Twelve canoes, each occupied by 18 Natives dressed "in the most beautiful skins of the sea otter" from neck to ankle, paraded around the ship. Their hair was powdered with "white down of birds" and their faces daubed with red.
and black ochre. But they called out “wacush, wacush,” which Meares translated to mean “friends,” and they sang “a pleasing though sonorous melody.”

Meares presented the chiefs with copper and iron and other items, whereupon the chiefs doffed their splendid fur robes and threw them at Meares’ feet, leaving themselves naked. Meares hastily presented them with woolen blankets.

That was the beginning of a pleasant experience with the Natives during the summer of 1788. Meares wrote on May 25:

Kaiana (Tianna) was a “Prince of Attooi” (Kauai) when he joined Captain Meares on the Nootka on a voyage to China. Kaiana took care of Winec in her final illness and stayed with Meares’ expedition to the Northwest coast in 1788. He was on board the North West America when she was launched at Nootka Sound, and returned to the Sandwich Islands aboard the Iphigenia, one of Meares’ ships, captained by William Douglas.

Maquilla had not only most readily consented to grant us a spot of ground in his territory, whereon an house might be built for the accommodation of the people we intended to leave here, but had promised also his assistance in forwarding our works, and his protection of the party who were destined to remain at Nootka during our absence. In return for this kindness, and to insure a continuance of it, the chief was presented with a pair of pistols.

The Natives helped bring timber from the woods, for which they were paid beads and iron. By May 25 the house was finished. Meares considered it spacious for the party that would remain there while he went exploring along the coast. It had workshops and storerooms on the ground floor and eating space and bed chambers above. (Others, including Robert Gray, later denigrated its sumptuousness.) A breastwork was thrown up around the house and a cannon mounted to command the harbor.

Work began on a vessel (described as a sloop and schooner) of 40 or 50 tons. It was designed to enter shallow harbors. Trading also continued, and by June 5 Meares had 145 otter pelts aboard.

While Meares avowed in his journal that his expeditions were commercial in nature and not for the purpose of discovery, it is obvious from his records that he had both in mind when the Felice sailed south from Friendly Cove in Nootka Sound on June 11. He counted on the Iphigenia, which had not yet arrived, to trade and explore north of Nootka.

Off Clayoquot Sound he encountered Chief Wicananish, who led him into his village and entertained the officers in a huge house of planks. The carved and painted rafters were supported by great posts adorned with “gigantic images.”

Meares sailed further south, and it was on this cruise that he could have attained the glory of important discoveries that eventually went to Gray and other mariners.

On June 29 at three in the afternoon, the Felice arrived at the entrance of “the great inlet” that he recognized as the “Strait of John de Fuca.” (Meares gave credit to Barclay’s crewmen in a boat for discovering it in 1787, but believed Barclay himself did not see it. Other journals dispute this.) Meares does not make plain why he did not sail in at once. “Circumstances put it out of our powers,” was all he wrote. His journal does provide a sketch of the entrance with a boat under sail.

He did espy a large opening in the vicinity of 47°1' that he again failed to enter after repeated attempts. He called it Shoalwater Bay (today’s Willapa), on the
Washington coast. As he searched to the immediate south for an opening, he sighted, on July 6, a large cape that he thought might be the "Cape San Roc" shown in Mourelle's charts, based on a sighting by Bruno de Hezeta in 1775.

The Felice doubled the cape at three miles. "After we had rounded the promontory, a large bay, as we had imagined, opened to our view, that bore a promising appearance, and into which we steered with every encouraging expectation." He continued:

As we steered in, the water shoaled to nine, eight, and seven fathoms, when breakers were seen from the deck, right-ahead, and from the mast-head, they were observed to extend across the bay. We therefore hauled out, and directed our course to the opposite shore, to see if there was any channel, or if we could discover any port.

The name of Cape Disappointment was given to the promontory, and the bay obtained the title of Deception Bay.... It lies in the latitude of 46°10' and in the computed longitude of 235°34' East.

We can now safely assert, that...no such river as that of Saint Roc exists, as laid down in the Spanish charts; to those of Mourelle we made continual reference, but without deriving any information or assistance from them.

Meares came closer than any mariner up to the time of Robert Gray in 1792 to entering the long-sought "River of the West" that Gray named Columbia, after his ship.

Meares continued south the same day to another opening, which he named Quicksand Bay. It is known today as Tillamook Bay. "By seven o'clock we were abreast of this opening, the mouth of which, to our great mortification, was entirely closed by a low, sandy beach, nearly level with the sea, which appeared to flow over it, and form an extensive back water: ...beyond it...an open champaign country extended to a considerable distance, when it was confined by a boundary of lofty mountains."

Meares gave the name Cape Grenville to a headland adjoining the bay. (It was named Captain Gray's Hill in 1988 in a ceremony in Garibaldi honoring the 200th anniversary of Gray's entry into the bay. Gray sailed in on the sloop Washington only a month after Meares passed by.) Seeking an opening, Meares sailed south on the morning of July 7 until he encountered a cape that he named Lookout. Realizing the bay could not be entered below that point, he turned northward.

cape has since been renamed Cape Meares, and the name Lookout was transferred to another promontory a few miles south.

Meares sailed north across the entrance of the Strait of Juan de Fuca a second time and moored in what is known as Barclay's Sound (he called it Port Effingham). From there, he sent his longboat, under First Mate Robert Duffin, to explore and trade in the strait. Duffin had a pitched battle with a party of Natives that set upon the boat from the shore. Several sailors were severely wounded. Duffin was struck in the head by an

WINEE (WYNEE) was believed to be the first Hawaiian girl to sail with the Europeans. She became the maid of the bride of Captain William Barclay, discoverer of the Strait of Juan de Fuca in 1787, aboard his ship Imperial Eagle. Mrs. Barclay took Winee to China where she became seriously ill. John Meares was returning her to the Sandwich Islands when she died February 5, 1788, off the Philippine island of Panay. She was buried at sea.
Meares named it the Columbia, and the crew also had traded for many furs.

Within two days (on July 28), a mutiny broke out. Most of the sailors apparently were sympathetic to the outbreak, but Meares and his officers nevertheless put down the uprising. The leader, a boatswain, and seven or eight others, were put ashore “among the savages” as punishment. Maquinna wanted to kill the lot, but Meares dissuaded him; instead the Natives made them virtual slaves. Meares wrote that the mutiny was caused “by the impatience of their passions to get to the Sandwich Islands where they longed to solace themselves in the enjoyments afforded by those voluptuous abodes.”

In early August Meares provided small arms and ammunition to Maquinna, who desired to make war on a northern tribe. It may have been the first use of guns by one Native group against another. The expedition ended “in a most shocking scene of blood and massacre,” Meares wrote. He repossessed the guns.

The long-missing Iphigenia appeared on August 26, 1788, and Meares welcomed the Hawaiian prince, Tianna. “There was not a seaman on either ship, that did not love Tianna as himself.” Tianna rejoiced, too, when told he soon would sail for his islands. The Hawaiian detested the Natives of the Northwest for what he regarded as their dirty habits and crude culture. He condemned their “cannibalistic appetites,” Meares wrote, and said that human sacrifice in his own land was to appease the gods, not to satisfy Native appetites. He saw a distinction.

The Iphigenia had cruised the coastline from Prince William Sound in Alaska to Nootka, and Meares said the voyage “had brought the most indisputable proof of the Great Northern Archipelago.”

Meares was under orders of his sponsors to send the Iphigenia back to China at the end of the season with all the furs the two ships had collected. But on the coast he decided otherwise. He would return in the Felice; the Iphigenia and the schooner would winter in the Sandwich Islands. He promised Maquinna he would return the next season to establish a colony “and introduce the English way of life.”

To ensure he would have an adequate crew for the three vessels, he received the mutineers, save for the boatswain, on board with the forfeiture of nine months of pay (that later was returned in China). The boatswain was left ashore. Meares later complained that Captain Kendrick took the mutineer aboard, but what eventually happened to the stubborn sailor is not clear.

Meares said Maquinna did “obedience to us as his lord and sovereign” in front of the Natives. “He took off his tiara of feathers, and placed it on my head; he then dressed me in his robe of otter skins; and, thus arrayed, he made me sit down on one of his chests filled with human bones, and then placed himself on the ground.”

On September 17 the English sighted a sail and believed it to signal arrival of another British vessel, the Princess Royal. But it turned out to be the Lady Washington, commanded by Robert Gray, out of Boston, the first United States ship on the Northwest coast, according to Meares’ own records.

Friendship blossomed as the British helped the Americans make repairs to their sloop, which had been damaged on the bar of Tillamook Bay. Gray and his officers and men then helped celebrate the launching of the first boat to be built on the Northwest coast. Meares named it the North West America.

Meares believed everyone present was mightily impressed. Tianna, he wrote, danced and shouted, “Myly, myly,” a term of delight. It may have been, “Maitai, maitai,” Hawaiian for good, good. “The Chinese carpenters were also in an almost equal degree of astonishment.”

On September 24, 1788, a farewell party was held aboard the Felice. Meares promised to take a packet of letters from Gray that could be dispatched from China via another ship to Boston. But after sailing from
Friendly Cove a few miles, Meares sent a boat back with Gray's letters, advising that he didn't know where he might go "in India." Gray was affronted. Another year would pass before he could notify his sponsors he had arrived safely in the Northwest. He believed Meares intended to discourage American fur traders. It may well have been the reason the American traders later favored the Spanish over the English in what became known as the "Nootka controversy."

Within a few days of Meares' departure from Friendly Cove, Captain Kendrick arrived in the Columbia. His crew suffered terribly from scurvy. Before Captain Douglas left Nootka Sound with his Hawaiian passengers and his crew, he tore down the house that Meares had built near the Native village. Some of the boards were given to the Columbia. That was reported in a letter that Gray and the chief mate of the Columbia wrote in 1790.

The Iphigenia and the North West America, under Robert Funter, arrived off Mowee (Maui) on December 6, 1788, and on December 20 the celebrated Prince Tianna left the ship with his accumulated treasures. But he went ashore on the big island of Hawaii, under the protection of Chief Kamehameha, because he feared his enemies had taken control of his home island of Attoo (Kauai) and he would be murdered.

Douglas visited all the major islands with his two ships over the next four months before departing again for the Northwest coast on March 18, 1789.

Meares, meantime, had proceeded in the Felice to the China coast, fully intending to rendezvous with Douglas for another season of trading with the Indians. But a change in his backers caused him to alter the plan. As he reports in his Memorial to Parliament in 1790, a previous supporter, Juan Cawallho, became bankrupt, and Meares formed an alliance with the Etches Company of London, which had licenses from the East India and South Seas companies to conduct trade from the Northwest. No longer would it be necessary to fly a Portuguese flag as his ships had done on previous occasions in 1788. The firm purchased a ship, the Argonaut, which had been built in Calcutta. Meares ordered James Colnett to take the Argonaut and the sloop Princess Royal to the Northwest coast to rendezvous with Douglas and his ships in Nootka Sound.
Colnett was instructed to build a permanent English base on the "spot of ground" Meares felt was his. Douglas, not knowing of the change in sponsorship, still believed he must show the Portuguese flag to escape licensing penalties of the two British monopoly companies. In fact, he had a Portuguese, Viana, as the titular captain when he arrived in Friendly Cove in April. The Columbia and the Lady Washington were already there, having spent the winter. The North West America almost immediately sailed on a trading cruise.

On May 6 a 26-gun Spanish warship, the Princesa, arrived, commanded by Estevan Jose Martinez. At first all was friendly in Friendly Cove. On May 13 a Spanish gunboat, the San Carlos, with 16 guns, dropped anchor. The following day, Douglas was arrested after Martinez told him and "Captain" Viana he was under orders to seize all non-Spanish ships on the coast.

Martinez ceremonially took possession of Nootka Sound for His Catholic Majesty, the king of Spain, and claimed all land from Cape Horn to 60° north latitude. He started building a Spanish fort on the entrance.

Martinez soon released Douglas and his ship on his promise to sail for China and do no more trading. Instead, Douglas sailed north and completed his trading before leaving for China. But the Spaniard did take the Princess Royal and the North West America and arrested their crews.

The Argonaut arrived about July 3 and was seized by Martinez the next day. Captain Colnett was arrested and told he would be hanged if he did not cooperate. Words flew, but Colnett was disarmed and made prisoner. Most of the prisoners were taken to San Blas, Mexico, for trial, and were later released. The crew of the North West America was put aboard the Columbia for transport to British authorities in China.

News of the Spanish commander's high-handed action caused a fury in England. When Meares' Memorial on the subject, heavily couched in terms favorable to the British cause, was presented to Parliament on May 13, 1790, indignation knew no bounds. War between the nations seemed imminent. But Spain's partner in the Bourbon Alliance, France, was in no position to help. Revolution had broken out there. Without support, King Carlos of Spain felt he had to give ground.

A huge indemnity was paid on Meares' claim, attached to his Memorial, of the great losses he and his backers had suffered—653,000 Spanish dollars. Spain also had to agree that the coast north of Spanish bases in California had to be open to other nations. (Later she yielded her claims to the United States.)

Thus came to a close Meares' adventures on the coast, but he had one more controversy to face. His journal referred several times, in text and charts, to a voyage in the "autumn of 1789" by the American sloop Washington through the Strait of Juan de Fuca and behind Vancouver Island. That would have been three years before George Vancouver and two Spanish captains "discovered" it was an island. The English captain, George Dixon, wrote a public letter denouncing Meares' contention as inaccurate, and Meares responded with equal heat that he had obtained that information from a reliable source in China who had obtained it directly from the American, John Kendrick. The exchange is contained in the book The Dixon-Meares Controversy, by Frederick W. Howay.

When Vancouver arrived off Cape Flattery in 1792, he encountered the Columbia, now under command of Robert Gray. He sent Peter Puget and Alexander Menzies to interview Gray to learn if he had been captain of the Washington in 1789 and, if so, whether or not he had proceeded through the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Gray said he had been master of the American sloop but had penetrated the strait only about 50 miles. That seemed to say Meares was in error. But that is not necessarily so. Kendrick and Gray changed commands in late July, 1789, and the former assumed charge of the Lady Washington. Kendrick's records have never been found, but it is believed he sailed from Clayoquot Sound, on the southern coast of Vancouver Island, north to the Queen Charlottes and beyond to trade. He could have taken a course around Vancouver Island and up what is today called the Inside Passage. Kendrick would have been captain of the Washington in the "autumn of 1789," not Gray. Also, Meares' chart of the Northwest coast shows the track of the Washington running behind Vancouver Island and returning to the sea at 51°, the northern end of the island.

Whether Meares was a scalawag, as some of his fellow mariners contended, or a patriot trying to do his best for his country and his companies remains undecided. Certainly, he performed remarkable deeds on the Northwest coast in the first days of the white man, and helped break Spain's claim to sovereignty over the vast area of the Northeast Pacific.

Looking at the Land of Promise
Pioneer Images of the Pacific Northwest.
Reviewed by Michael Allen.

The text of this handsomely illustrated book is William H. Goetzmann's 1984 Pettyjohn Lecture at Washington State University. Goetzmann, Pulitzer Prize winner and creator of the PBS-TV series and companion book The West of the Imagination, has long been interested in the exploration and artistic portrayal of the trans-Mississippi West. In this work he focuses on the Pacific Northwest, aiming to show "how the Oregon Country was visualized to potential American settlers, even those in latter days."

The illustrative material comprising the majority of this work consists of maps, drawings, paintings, and promotional illustrations. Much of it was created by artists accompanying early American exploratory expeditions. Some of the pieces are rare, and many are reproduced in color. Informative captions accompany each illustration. Included are maps from the Lewis and Clark and Bonneville expeditions, sketches by Father Nicholas Point and James Madison Alden, paintings by Paul Kane, Cleveland Rockwell, and John Mix Stanley, photographs by Samuel Lancaster and much more.

Goetzmann's substantially footnoted essay makes several important arguments concerning early American exploration art. He stresses that, contrary to popular belief, the federal government subsidized a number of antebellum artists under the auspices of Northwest exploratory expeditions. Furthermore, the artistic component of the work of these men is more significant than its utilitarian or scientific legacy. Finally, Goetzmann argues that their works evince three major theses: exotic Indian culture; American wonder. "Natural wonders" comprise the primary artistic tradition of this region of "towering mountains, great gorges, dense forests of huge trees, and roaring streams."

This book will find an audience among both Northwest history buffs and academics. Its major weakness is that Goetzmann's essay focuses almost exclusively on antebellum explorers' art whereas the book's illustrations include a substantial number of works by postbellum photographers and painters such as Lancaster and Abby Williams Hill. Still, the release of a lavishly illustrated and previously unpublished essay by William H. Goetzmann is a major coup for Washington State University Press.

They Call Me Father
Memoirs of Father Nicolas Coccola.
Reviewed by Wilfred P. Schoenberg, S.J.

The seventh title in the series of Recollections of the Pioneers of British Columbia presents the memoirs of a Corsican-born member of the missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Father Nicolas Coccola, who worked with Indians in the interior of British Columbia for 63 years after his arrival in Canada in 1880.

During most of his tenure, Father Coccola lived with the Babines in the far north and the Kootenais in the far east of the province. Many years earlier, before the mid-nineteenth century, Jesuit Father John Nobili, founder of Santa Clara University, visited these Indians and later Oblate Father Adrian Morice lived with them, spending the greater portion of his life in the area. In recent years some of the descendants of those same Babines have attended Gonzaga University in the Canadian government contract program.

While living with the Kootenais, Coccola occasionally visited tribe members living in northern Idaho. At times he was more effective with these people than were the Jesuits from Spokane who traveled to Bonners Ferry by train on weekends.

Coccola's memoirs are introduced by Professor Margaret Whitehead of the University of Victoria. These opening remarks are perhaps too long, as they take up nearly half of the book's length. Moreover, the editor spreads herself thin by taking on more data than the text can properly stand without becoming top-heavy. She also seems to share some of the revisionist thinking of current historians who judge early frontier missionaries by contemporary, mostly secular, standards.

But the "Introduction" also has its merits. Diligent research provides some stimulating reflections on what the great Belgian priest Pierre Charles called misiology, and Whitehead's comparisons of Jesuit mission methodology in the Pacific Northwest with that of the Oblates is of special interest. The preoccupation of De Smet, and even later Jesuits, with the Reductions of Paraguay, a fatal distraction at best, seems to have also influenced some of the Oblates and led them to seek a hopeless utopia in the mountains. Harsh realities soon asserted themselves, however, and the Oblates gave up their fascination with this impossible dream. Coccola, as his memoirs show, was too pragmatic to dream such dreams. He had dignity and honor and, unlike many of his Indians, he survived the harsh changes that took place in British Columbia as well as within the church during more than six decades. We are grateful to Professor Whitehead for making this hitherto obscure memoir available.

Michael Allen, a native of Ellensburg, earned his doctorate at the University of Washington. He is currently Assistant Professor of History at the University of Washington, Tacoma.
Beyond the Frontier: Writers, Western Regionalism and a Sense of Place.

Reviewed by Doris Pieroth.

This is not another in the long line of studies attacking or defending the frontier thesis of Frederick Jackson Turner; nor is it a status report on the Northwest as a viable region with a literature distinctly its own. Professor Simonson of the University of Washington does return to Turner’s 1893 pronouncement that the frontier was now closed, but he takes it to another level. The symbols of “open” and “closed” frontiers underlie his analysis of selected western writers. He sees the closed frontier marking the beginning of American Tragedy with the passing of a frontier that had furnished America with a myth of limitless optimism and promise.

The first of three sections includes chapters on Turner and John Muir. The second section begins with “The Closed Frontier and American Tragedy,” and also treats works of Mark Twain, Ole Rolvaag, and Nathanael West. In the last section Simonson deals with three Montana regionalists—Ivan Doig, Norman Maclean, and James Welch.

In discussing Twain, Simonson finds at the heart of The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, the “question of freedom,” which, ironically, “comes through the metaphor of prison, the equivalent of a closed frontier.” (p. 78) For him, the novel’s importance in the development of American tragedy is “that we see for the first time the meaning of America’s closed frontier.” (p. 82)

In examining Doig, Maclean, and Welch, Professor Simonson synthesizes regionalism, frontier, and a sense of place. Simonson has previously written of regional literature coming of age, stressing that beyond a “oneness with place” coming of age meant “not only to have a sense of place but to gain one’s truth from it.” In this book, he returns to this in the context of the significance of the closed frontier. “The frontier synthesis is a sense of place that combines geography and the human spirit...a sense of place roots a person in history and locality,” (p. 139) “Something happens when a talented artist or writer captures the feeling for place. We sense authenticity—shocking us into recognition.” (p. 145) “Nothing in Northwest fictional literature,” he concludes, “catches this sense of oneness with place better than the works of Ivan Doig, James Welch and Norman Maclean.” (p. 146)

For the more literal-minded, we who are intent on keeping the chronology straight, Beyond the Frontier may not be a “quick read.” But anyone interested in the Northwest and Northwest writing will be both challenged and rewarded by Simonson’s stimulating and provocative interpretations.

Doris Pieroth, an independent historian, holds a Ph.D. from the University of Washington. A past president of the Pacific Northwest Historians’ Guild, she is currently a member of the Washington State Historical Society Board of Trustees.

The Pacific Northwest: An Interpretive History.

By Carlos A. Schwantes. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1989. 546 pp. $29.95 cloth, $15.95 paper.
Reviewed by Robert E. Ficken.

Centennial celebrations in Washington and Idaho have revitalized interest in regional history. Among new works in the field, Carlos Schwantes’ The Pacific Northwest stands out as a significant achievement. For Schwantes, Oregon, Washington and Idaho represent, historically speaking, “an American hinterland.” Since the arrival of explorers two centuries ago, the region has been “both geographically remote from the East Coast and chronologically distant from the mainstream of American history.”

What this means in practical terms, according to Schwantes, is a historical dependence on exploitation of natural resources, financed by outside capitalists. For traders, lumbermen and other economic groups have engaged in “the plunder of natural and human resources,” with the monetary profits going to foreigners and Easterners. Such was certainly the case until the Second World War “inaugurated the modern era of Pacific Northwest History” by producing the Boeing build-up and the aluminum and nuclear industries. Derived from the wartime experience, there are today two Northwests one of “high technology enterprises” on Puget Sound and in the Willamette Valley; the other—principally along the coast and east of the Cascades—still in hinterland mode, “dependent on traditional natural resources-based industries.”

Problems of the sort common to large-scale studies occasionally mar the narrative. The necessity of compression, for instance, makes Isaac Stevens appear to be the architect of federal Indian policy in Washington Territory. Except for his signal contribution of the famous treaty provision dealing with fishing and other forms of subsistence, Stevens only implemented well-established tenets of government policy. Although Schwantes properly notes the dramatic impact of the 1900 Weyerhaeuser timber purchase, he deflates the point by limiting the transaction to 90,000 acres, not the 900,000 acres actually involved.

But these are minor shortcomings in what is, overall, a superb book. Schwantes is especially skilled at apt summations. Idaho’s territorial governors, for example, are described as “an odd lot of scheming or incompetent carpetbag politicians who seemed to serve the territory best by leaving it—or not arriving at all.” Roland Hartley, governor of Washington from 1925 to 1933, is dismissed as “a mean-spirited antilabor timber baron.” The text is complemented by numerous well-chosen illustrations. General readers and students desiring an introduction to regional history should turn first to The Pacific Northwest. Scholars will find it an excellent reference and also, via the hinterland argument, a starting point for debate on the prospects of the region over the next 100 years.

A Century of Judging:
A Political History of the
Washington Supreme Court.
By Charles H. Sheldon. Seattle: University
Reviewed by Judge Gerry L. Alexander.

Every American school child learns at a very early age that the
courts are a separate but co-equal branch of government.
Nevertheless, there is a certain skepticism on the part of the
public, probably due to the fact that the judicial unit, as the non-
political division of government, is the silent branch. Professor
Charles Sheldon of Washington State University casts a great deal
of needed light on Washington State's judiciary in A Century of
Judging. Filled with pertinent information about the state's highest
court from its beginnings to the present, one of the book's strengths
is the extensive information it provides on the 77 persons who have
served on the state supreme court. (Two new members have been
appointed by Governor Booth Gardner since the book was published.)

Professor Sheldon fills a void that has existed far too long. His
writing is both scholarly and readable, and the text is replete with
citations to source materials. Persons without legal training might,
at first, be put off by the title, assuming that this is a book meant only
for lawyers or judges. In actuality, the history of the Washington
State Supreme Court is fascinating because the court is a sort of
microcosm of the state's social, political and legal history. Of par-
ticular interest to the lay reader will be the assessment of what might
be described as judicial politics. Judges of Washington's highest
court occupy elected positions, and Sheldon describes in detail the
evolution of the process from the rough-and-tumble days when the
judges ran with a party affiliation, to the more sedate politics after
1910 when judges of all levels were placed on the ballot without
labels. There could still be heated contests, however, as Sheldon
explains in his description of the 1924 election in which incumbent
judge William Pemberton was unseated after a particularly vituper-
tative campaign. Other notable contests occurred between Finley and

While justices must stand for election, in recent times most make
their way to the court initially as gubernatorial appointments. In
such cases the justice must stand for election at the next general
election, but with the distinct advantage of incumbency. Beyond
impeachable quality, governors have generally been guided by
especially the same considerations when acting to fill vacancies on
the court: the aspirant's political pedigree and standing with the bar
are obvious factors, though geographical location can also be impor-
tant. The process must have validity because the book makes it clear
that the Washington State Supreme Court is remarkably free of
scandal or even allegations of wrongdoings—a rather amazing feat,
considering the fact that Washington has long been known for its
colorful politics!

Judge Alexander has been a Superior Court Judge, and, since 1985, Chief
Judge of the Court of Appeals of the State of Washington, Division II. He also
teaches at the University of Puget Sound Law School.

Saddlebags to Scanners:
The First 100 Years of Medicine in
Washington State.
Edited by Nancy M. Rockefellar and James
W. Haviland. Seattle: Washington State
Medical Association Education & Research
Reviewed by Carl P. Schlicke, M.D.

This is an attractive, nicely printed, profusely illustrated
synopsis of the first 100 years of medicine in Washington.
The book should be of interest to the general reader as well
and to members of the health professions. Edited by a distinguished
Seattle internist and a medical technologist-turned-historian, Saddle-
bags to Scanners contains contributions from doctors in various
fields of medicine.

Through the pages of this book one comes to appreciate the many
medical changes which have taken place in Washington during the
past century. In territorial days there was little the medical commu-
nity could do to influence the course of disease. Hospitals could offer
little more than custodial care, while most doctors were individual
entrepreneurs whose bleedings, cuppings and purgings usually did
more harm than good. The chief causes of death were infectious
disease and external violence. Today, the doctor plays a role as part
of a team effort that has at its disposal a vast array of diagnostic and
therapeutic modalities. But that transition could not take place
without courageous leadership.

During the territorial days, the first county medical societies were
formed to help keep doctors abreast of rapid developments taking
place in the world of science. They were also created to ensure that
those who called themselves doctors bore proper credentials. An-
other important responsibility was to exert pressure on local govern-
ments to activate measures pertaining to hygiene and public health.
The precursor of the Washington State Medical Association was
formed in 1873, and its efforts led to the passage of Washington's first
Medical Practice Act in 1881. Meanwhile, the territorial legislature
of 1861 chartered the University of Washington. Its articles of
incorporation mandated a department of medicine, although the
medical school did not come into being until 84 years later.

Washington physicians and hospitals pioneered in various fields
of pre-paid medical care. Such programs began as early as the 1880s,
and by 1939 comprehensive physician-operated plans were func-
tioning in five counties with the approval of the state medical
association, though not without initial opposition by the American
Medical Association. Washington's experience in this field served
as a model when Medicare and Medicaid legislation was enacted.

Many Washington physicians participated in the two great
World Wars with distinction. Saddlebags to Scanners likewise calls
attention to the involvement of Washington's doctors in politics
and other community activities. Aside from a few non-medical
historical errors, the editors and their collaborators are to be con-
gratulated for presenting an interesting and readable volume.

Dr. Schlicke is a retired Spokane physician and Clinical Professor Emeritus of
Surgery at the University of Washington. A past president of the Eastern
Washington State Historical Society, he is the author of General George
Wright (1988).
Grand Coulee

I read with interest Paul Pitzer's tale of Grand Coulee Dam and the Columbia Basin Project in the summer issue of Columbia. The dam and the irrigation project are major factors in the economy and pleasures of the state and the nation. And they have been of lifetime importance to me, so this issue was of special value. However, there are a few errors in the story that need correction.

On page 37, the average cost of water was raised to $131.50, not $163.50. And on page 38 in note 6, the diversion of water at Grand Coulee for irrigation—based on the last ten years' diversions—has been 3 percent, not 5 percent of the annual flow of the Columbia River at that point. And the diversion required to serve the planned complete project as authorized would be 5 percent of the annual flow at Grand Coulee—not 10 percent as stated. This exaggeration of the diversion for irrigation is in keeping with the "Mystique" the author seemingly decries. But a correction should be made since there are so many who have their hands out for the waters of the Columbia.

L. Vaughn Downs, Ephrata

AUTHOR'S REPLY:

I appreciate the comments of L. Vaughn Downs on my article. He is correct that renegotiation of the contract between Columbia Basin water users and the government resulted in an average cost per acre of $131.50. I apparently erred in taking a higher figure.

Mr. Downs uses Bureau of Reclamation data when he states that Columbia Basin irrigation takes 3 percent of the annual flow of the Columbia River, and that a completed project would take only 5 percent. The bureau figures that some of the water pumped eventually returns to the river, and it deducts this amount from the volume removed. While the bureau has done studies on these return flows, the figures are estimates. The volume of water removed depends on the flow of the river in any given year. Some reclamation critics have questioned the bureau's figures. I used the withdrawal amounts without considering the return flows.

Mr. Downs is an expert on both the Grand Coulee Dam and the Columbia Basin Project. A reading of his well-illustrated book, The Mightiest of Them All, would reward anyone interested in the construction aspect of the dam.

Paul Pitzer, Portland
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