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Cover: Images of Camp Lewis often stressed the amenities of the natural environment as an important selling point for locating a cantonment in the Northwest. This 1918 booklet for the 13th Field Artillery Brigade is a colorful example. (Courtesy of Fort Lewis Museum)
Oh, Nova Albion, Ye Were Young So Long

According to the older maps, Francis Drake in 1579 sailed north from Spanish ports in South America aboard his treasure-laden ship, the Golden Hind, to about 47 or 48 degrees north latitude, until supposedly the “most vile, thick and stinking fogges” of the Northwest Coast caused him to turn back southward to seek a safe haven in California. There he reconditioned his ship and rested his crew, the legends say, and during a month’s stay took possession of that land for Queen Elizabeth I, calling it Nova Albion, or New England. Thus, if not for its famous weather, the Pacific Northwest might well have become the first New England. But the name did not stick on California either, and the real New England came 40 years later on the other side of the continent. Perhaps it is just as well; the Puritan lifestyle would never have caught on in the worldly Puget Sound country or the laid-back Willamette Valley.

Never mind the warnings of recent scholarship that Drake may not have landed even in present-day California. What if he had come ashore along the Oregon-Washington coast in 1579, dubbed it New England, and the name had stuck? Just think how old the Pacific Northwest might well have become the first New England. But the name did not stick on California either, and the real New England came 40 years later on the other side of the continent. Perhaps it is just as well; the Puritan lifestyle would never have caught on in the worldly Puget Sound country or the laid-back Willamette Valley.

Age and comparative historical merits aside, the main fact about the Pacific Northwest, as pointed out by Lancaster Pollard 40 years ago, is that “history happened fast” here. Speaking of the dramatic, formative period of change accompanying the arrival of the transcontinental railroads (1880-1910), Pollard observed, “The rapidity, the ‘concentration,’ of development accentuated not only the novel but also the common, and thereby facilitates their examination.” What had taken two or three centuries in New England or the South happened in decades here, allowing the “New Northwest” to assume its place very quickly among the nation’s economic, and even anthropological studies of California abound and are considered to be quite legitimate. Whole libraries of historical works have been written on Texas, almost to the extent of creating a separate research field, and many pundits applaud the results. But if you trot out a serious study of the Pacific Northwest, the scholarly world starts sniffing its nose about the triviality and parochialism of so-called regional history. Like the well-known stand-up comedian Rodney Dangerfield, our best efforts get no respect.
regions. In fact, journalist Ray Stannard Baker, commenting in 1903 on this rapid transition, said that “everything seems to have happened within the last ten years.”

With such spectacular development at the turn of the century and thereafter, why does the Pacific Northwest get so little respect? Besides its youth and newness, one reason often advanced is the spatial factor; that is, its geographical detachment, the “Far Corner” syndrome. A more obvious explanation is that most American historians, and especially those who write about the American West, have a blind spot when it comes to the Pacific Northwest. They cannot cope with it as a region; they do not know how to fit it into the larger western United States. More to the point, many Western historians are grossly ignorant about Pacific Northwest history. If they attempt to deal with the region at all, they usually overlook the east side/west side dichotomy. So if they are spinning a grand theory about the vast area west of the 98th meridian, or more particularly the “Arid West,” they will often say something like this: “Well, yes, my interpretation involving the scarcity of water is valid, except for the ‘Wet Northwest.’” What they mean, of course, is the “Evergreen Northwest,” those lush lands west of the Cascades that provide a setting for Portland and Seattle, but which are sharply different from the earthy brown, wheat gold, basaltic black, and wintergreen stretches of dry coulees, bunchgrass plateaus, actual deserts, and rough mountains on the east side that make up three-fourths of the entire region.

The “NEW WESTERN HISTORY” is a case in point. The vigorous, mostly younger scholars who advocate this fresh approach decry the traditional frontier accomplishments and emphasize the long-lasting human costs and exploitation of the natural resources in the West. They are doing a great deal to revitalize not only the study of Western history but American history as well. When it comes to the Pacific Northwest, however, the New Western History historians have the same blind spot as anybody else. For instance, the best-known practitioner of the new interpretation is Patricia Nelson Limerick, whose first book was Desert Passages (1985). As she has since commented with regret, “I joined up with a long-running tradition of Western American historians, and left the desert part of the interior Northwest entirely out of my first book, and, by inference, out of Western history, even though the study dealt with the attitude of Anglo-Americans toward arid places.”

In Limerick’s provocative and widely acclaimed work The Legacy of Conquest (1987), which deals with the misuse of Western resources, she overlooks the fur trade, an economic activity with formative influence for the Pacific Northwest. But her latest research involving the problems of 20th-century nuclear development in the West, with the Hanford Reservation as one of the principal case studies, indicates that Limerick has been won over to our region’s cause.

Another New Western History historian, Donald Worster, has identified a primary ecological mode of white settlement emphasizing the hierarchical control of water that he calls the “hydraulic society” or “hydraulic West.” In the 400 pages of his book Rivers of Empire (1985), which dwells largely on the river systems of California and Arizona, the Columbia River Basin gets less than a dozen pages, even though the Columbia is the mightiest of all Western rivers. Woody Guthrie’s songs about Bonneville Dam were, according to Worster, “in their way, rather more impressive than the dam itself . . .” Moreover, the hydraulic West in this book means mostly irrigation, not hydroelectricity, despite the fact that most of the big federal dams in the Pacific Northwest, with the notable exception of Grand Coulee, are dedicated to the production of hydroelectric power, and make only minimal contributions to irrigation. Such blind spots tend to obscure the vital character of the Pacific Northwest, past and present.

Where does the fault lie, then, for this lack of respect? That historians outside the Pacific Northwest do not know or do not understand our region’s history is only part of the trouble, and not the main part. The principal reason is that historians within the Pacific Northwest have not done a good enough job of researching, writing, and publishing the region’s history. Let’s face it, many if not most Western historians are synthesizers. They depend on reliable, readily-available secondary accounts to use in weaving their grand interpretive themes. If the major secondary works for a western region are limited in number and provide only a sketchy picture, then that part of the West will be slighted in the general overviews.

Besides the redoubled efforts of individual regional scholars and writers, the increased attention of the state historical societies, the university and private-sector presses, the universities and granting agencies will help solve the problem. More specifically, we need a three-volume, multi-authored, authoritative history of the Pacific Northwest that will get the respect of the outside world. While accomplishing this goal, we on the inside of the history craft must recognize that our region has a mature if not venerable past, fully worthy of interpretation. If the major secondary works for a western region are limited in number and provide only a sketchy picture, then that part of the West will be slighted in the general overviews.

The answer, of course, is nothing at all, and we should not forget to take the senior citizens discounts.

—David H. Stratton

David H. Stratton is Professor of History at Washington State University in Pullman.

AUTHOR’S NOTE
An earlier version of this essay was presented at the 44th Annual Pacific Northwest History Conference, Walla Walla, April 5, 1991.
Urban AMBITIONS

The Origins and Urban Development of Chehalis

By Robert R. Weyeneth
In The Gilded Age, their novel about 19th-century America, Samuel Clemens and Charles Dudley Warner created the consummate western promoter in the character of Colonel Beriah Sellers, the irrepresible impresario of a thousand ambitious money-making schemes. One of the colonel’s enterprises was a plan to erect the metropolis of Napoleon on the site of a dreary backwater. In the fictional world of The Gilded Age, Napoleon never amounted to much, but the entrepreneurial circumstances of its origin were typical of many communities that actually took root and flourished.

In the United States, public policy has traditionally placed decisions about land use in private hands, and, consequently, the physical form of American cities has been profoundly shaped by town promoters, land speculators, and real estate development companies. Such was certainly the case in Chehalis, Washington, where self-appointed boosters dominated the first century of municipal life. Several generations of Chehalis promoters assumed the function of de facto city planners, making far-reaching decisions about the patterns of urban growth and the contours of the local economy.

Origins of Chehalis

Like other western cities established during the 19th century, Chehalis developed an economy based on the processing, sale, and transport of natural resources. Euro-Americans brought to Chehalis—and to the West more generally—ways of making a living and attitudes about nature that made the extraction and export of natural resources the region’s dominant economic activity well into the 20th century. Settlers viewed the physical world as a set of commodities for human use, and they set out to trap, log, mine, fish, and farm. Urban success was usually rooted in the ability of residents to capitalize on a propitious geographic location over a sustained period of time.

In the case of Chehalis, the town’s proximity to the Chehalis River hindered as much as encouraged the urban ambitions of its early residents. Initially, citizens sought to secure the future of their settlement—as well as their own well-being—by exploiting the fertile soil of the flood plain and the adjacent stands of timber. They calculated that the waterway promised a link with the markers of coastal cities. As periodic flooding reminded people of the disadvantages of settlement on flood plains, though, subsequent urban growth attempted to keep the river at a safe distance. The railroad, not the river, came to provide the crucial connection for the Chehalis economy. The first urban core was constructed at the railroad tracks, and the town developed as a processing center for lumber and agriculture.

The origins of the settlement that became the city of Chehalis are chiefly associated with the activities of four individuals: a refugee from the California gold fields searching for a lucky break in the Oregon Territory, a prominent territorial politician looking for a smart investment, an energetic civic promoter, and a stubborn widow with a distinct urban vision for her town.

Schuyler Stuart Saunders (c. 1820-1860) had tried his hand at farming in New York State and mining in the California gold rush before moving to the Chehalis valley in 1851 to stake a claim on 640 acres at the confluence of the Chehalis and Newaukum rivers. Because the present site of Chehalis is largely located on the Saunders Donation Land Claim of 1851, Saunders is generally regarded as the “founder” of Chehalis, even though only a couple of families lived on the parcel during his lifetime.

No settlement developed in the vicinity of the Saunders homestead until the 1870s, but travelers soon began calling the site Saunders Bottom, a reference to the marshy conditions at the confluence that made horse and wagon travel difficult. When a territorial post office operated briefly at the Saunders home in 1858-59, postmaster Saunders tried to modify popular practice by choosing the name Saunders Prairie for the site, but the label Saunders Bottom persisted.

Obadiah B. McFadden (1814-1875), chief justice of the territorial supreme court in 1859, purchased the southern half of the Saunders claim and had Schuyler Saunders erect a log house for his family. This structure stands today, in remodeled form, as the oldest resi-
Banking and real estate interests shifted the central business district to the site of the present downtown through construction of the First National Bank (1889, right) and the Improvement Block (1891, left).

dence in Chehalis and was listed in the National Register of Historic Places in 1975.

A native of Pennsylvania and an ardent supporter of President Franklin Pierce, McFadden was appointed a justice of the Oregon Territory Supreme Court in 1853. Following the creation of a separate Washington Territory, McFadden was installed on the Washington court in 1854 and served as its chief justice between 1858 and 1861, when the newly electedLincoln administration replaced him with a Republican appointee. McFadden continued to practice law in Olympia and served a term as territorial delegate in the United States Congress.

One of McFadden's first projects as a lawyer in private practice was a campaign for a decent road through the Chehalis marshes. McFadden raised $1,000 to construct a corduroy road of cedar logs in the wetlands in 1863. Like Schuyler Saunders, O. B. McFadden preferred that his place of residence bear a less disparaging name than Saunders Bottom, and he is credited with bestowing the name Chehalis on the village sometime in the early 1870s after he became postmaster. The territorial legislature officially recognized the new name in 1879.

William West (1839-1915) is regarded as the "father of Chehalis" because of his early and continuing role in promoting the urban ambitions of the settlement. Through West's efforts the Northern Pacific Railroad was persuaded to establish a rail stop at Saunders Bottom, and the territorial government agreed to transfer the seat of Lewis County to the young town. These two decisions secured the early economic and political future of Chehalis.

West was an English immigrant to North America, first to Canada and then to Illinois. He arrived in Saunders Bottom in 1864 and purchased a small homestead from a man tired of trying to hack farmland from forest. West found his own efforts more remunerative. It was "herculean work cutting down the giant forest trees" without dynamite or stump pullers, he later recalled, but his efforts paid off. When he found a merchant willing to sell his wheat, oats, and peas, as well as bacon and eggs, in the Olympia market, West was able to expand from a subsistence to a commercial operation.

By the 1870s West had sufficient capital to invest in the first businesses in the village and to help underwrite the construction of the county courthouse he worked to obtain for Che-
halis. With a comfortable financial situation, West turned his attention to a variety of civic projects, including construction of the first schoolhouse in 1876, and service as county auditor, county treasurer, deputy sheriff, city councilman and mayor.

Eliza Tynan Saunders Barrett (1826-1900), wife of Schuyler Saunders, is largely unrecognized today for the pivotal role she played in shaping the urban form of modern Chehalis. Through her control of half of the Saunders Donation Land Claim, her decisions about land speculation and development guided urban growth for over 30 years after her divorce from Saunders in 1859.

Elizabeth Tynan was an Irish immigrant to the United States who was working as a waitress in Portland, Oregon, when she met and married Schuyler Saunders in 1851. Shortly thereafter, the couple moved to the Chehalis valley and filed a claim for 640 acres under the Donation Land Claim Act. Following nine years of marriage, in which Schuyler and Eliza had five children, she married three more times. Her second husband deserted both her and their daughter; a third marriage, in 1865, produced two children and ended in divorce. A fourth marriage to John C. Barrett also ended in divorce, but Eliza chose to keep this husband's last name until her own death in 1900.

Because of her considerable real estate holdings, a number of men, including several husbands, attempted to take advantage of her. It is said that she could neither read nor write, but Eliza Barrett was a quick learner. Whether out of trepidation after being cheated once too often, or out of well-placed shrewdness about the pattern of urban growth, Eliza Barrett chose to sell and develop her property cautiously. Urban promoter William West was one of her many critics. "The growth of Chehalis," he asserted in his memoirs, "was greatly hindered by the reluctance of the owner of the land to lay off a town site, or to sell any land to anyone else that would do so, only a few blocks being laid off at any one time, so that the population increased very slowly."

For her own reasons, Eliza Barrett was in no rush to join the men anxious to make a fast buck in real estate promotions, even as the village evolved around her. She platted a small parcel in 1875 and five more in 1881-83—actions that failed to satisfy local promoters. But Barrett held her ground. Eventually, between 1888 and 1893, she sold or platted a total of ten sizeable parcels and even decided to develop a couple of lots herself.

Significantly, her decisions about land use and civic progress emphasized priorities rather different from the materialistic calculations of city fathers. She chose to construct the first music
hall in Chehalis, the Tynan Opera House (1889). Eliza Barrett is also credited with building the first Catholic church in Chehalis (1889), as well as a Catholic boarding school for girls (1895)—municipal contributions that reflected her cultural roots as an Irish-American living in a predominantly Protestant community. Her one purely commercial venture was the construction of the Barrett Block (1891), across Chehalis Avenue from the present courthouse. None of these structures is extant.

Promotion as Planning

A fledgling rural settlement had been established at the confluence of the Chehalis and Newaukum rivers by the 1860s, but its longevity was by no means assured in the fluctuating conditions of the 19th-century Northwest. In the decades that followed, the citizens of Saunders Bottom sought to guarantee a future for their community through persistent and imaginative efforts at town promotion and planning. Initially, pioneer boosters sought to secure the economic and political future of the community through erection of a railroad station and county courthouse. Their schemes reflected a combination of civic altruism and urban ambition mixed with considerable entrepreneurial drive and calculations of individual self-interest.

While the Chehalis River offered a useful commercial waterway for farmers in the vicinity—an enterprising merchant had inaugurated steamer service on the river as early as 1866—19th-century prosperity hinged on the accessibility of rail transportation. Chehalis lay on the route of the Northern Pacific Railroad line completed in 1873 between the Columbia River and Puget Sound terminus at Tacoma, but initially the railroad decided to bypass the settlement. Like a sports franchise today that expects municipal concessions in exchange for locating a team in a particular city, 19th-century railroads made similar demands in exchange for the economic advantages of a rail link. In the case of Chehalis, the Northern Pacific asked for a gift of land so it could market real estate near its tracks, but Eliza Barrett evidently had second thoughts about the arrangement. In retaliation, the railroad platted 40 acres three miles away, and named the town site Newaukum.

Chehalis residents, including William West, refused to watch Newaukum emerge at their expense. From a lawyer, probably O. B. McFadden, they learned that the Northern Pacific could be compelled to stop at Chehalis by flying a red flag as trains approached. Eliza Barrett was persuaded to sell several lots near the tracks, and local farmers formed a joint stock company to erect a warehouse, permitting the railroad to use it free of charge and enabling themselves to store and ship the agricultural produce of the Chehalis hinterland to the markets served by the railroad. The joint stock company and the commercial enterprises that it inspired represented the kernel around which the first Chehalis business district developed in the 1870s. Shortly after the warehouse was constructed, a neighboring merchant opened a branch store next door.

Five years later William West and his brother-in-law John Dobson rented the warehouse and converted it into a slaughterhouse. A small passenger station was built in the early 1880s, just as the Northern Pacific tracks between Puget Sound and Lake Superior were completed. The present Northern Pacific depot on Front Street (now the Lewis County Historical Museum) was built in 1912; it was listed in the National Register of Historic Places in 1974.

With a degree of economic promise assured for the community as a rail stop on a transcontinental line, local promoters moved to secure a permanent political identity for the town. In 1873 William West and O. B. McFadden, among others, petitioned the territorial legislature to transfer the Lewis County seat to Chehalis. Opposition from Claquato, the county seat at the time, was not nearly as intense as opposition from the Northern Pacific, which argued that its town site at Newaukum should become the political center of Lewis County.

The legislative decision to designate Chehalis was influenced by the willingness of local capitalists to finance construction of a county courthouse. Legislators appropriated only $1,000 for the building, but five Chehalis businessmen made up the difference of $2,000. The courthouse was completed in 1874. The present courthouse at Main and Chehalis was completed in 1927.

With civic status assured and transportation systems in place, efforts to promote and plan the town of Chehalis passed in the 1880s from a generation of pioneer boosters into the hands of civic organizations and real estate development companies.

The Citizens' Club (organized 1888-89) of Chehalis was organized in the late 1880s to promote "civic progress," by which its members had in mind expanding the local economic base, promoting town growth, supporting municipal improvement projects and bolstering civic pride. The organization worked to bring both prospective
residents and new businesses to the Chehalis valley. By 1915 one newspaper could comment that the Citizens' Club was "at the back of every enterprise the city has had or now has." In 1927 the Citizens' Club changed its name to the Chamber of Commerce.

The most active period in the history of the organization occurred in the first two decades of the 20th century. The Citizens' Club exploited the occasion of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition held in Seattle in 1909 to advertise to a national audience the benefits of Lewis County. In elaborate brochures prepared for exposition visitors, the club's "publicity department" made a pitch to capitalists to bring new industry to Chehalis, citing the accessibility of local coal fields as a source of power and the proximity of the railroad for shipping.

In particular the Citizens' Club tried to target prospective residents, arguing that the so-called logged-off lands of the county were ideal for orchards, dairies and home sites. Through the 1910s the Citizens' Club maintained a full-time secretary with responsibilities to advertise the community and locate potential residents and employers. By 1912 one newspaper reported that the publicity campaign related to the exposition had brought half a dozen industries to Chehalis, all with substantial payrolls.

Chehalis Land and Timber Company (1888) emerged as the largest, most influential force in town planning at the turn of the century. It was organized in 1888 by a group of local investors who purchased a sizeable tract of land in the northern half of the Saunders Donation Land Claim from Eliza Barrett and began selling town lots. Its most vigorous platting activity occurred between 1888 and 1906. For civic boosters like William West, the real estate development company accomplished an important public purpose, finally furnishing "plenty of room for the town to expand."

The original investors in the Chehalis Land and Timber Company included five men. N. B. Coffman (1857-1940), trained as a lawyer in the Midwest, came to Chehalis in the 1880s and established a prominent regional bank, which was reorganized and incorporated in 1889 as the First National Bank of Chehalis (subsequently called Coffman, Dobson & Co.). Conveniently, Coffman's associates in the Chehalis Land and Timber Company were also the chief stockholders and directors in his bank.

John Dobson (1841-1907), an English immigrant, arrived in Chehalis with his brother-in-law William West in the 1860s and acquired considerable land on what became the west side of the town. Francis Donahoe (1847-1926) was a prosperous farmer, rancher, and real estate investor who served a term in the state senate. A native of Pennsylvania, his real estate holdings had their origins in the purchase in the 1870s of a farmstead in Chehalis from the railroad. Daniel Caldwell Millett (1846-1908) was a lawyer and businessman who came to Chehalis from Wisconsin in the 1880s and William Muir Urquhart (1855-1933), son of a Scottish immigrant to Lewis County, was a prosperous Chehalis merchant and banker with considerable real estate holdings.

These five men dominated banking and real estate in Chehalis at the turn of the century through their ownership and control of both the First National Bank and the Chehalis Land and Timber Company. All were prominent citizens who held important public office. Dobson, Donahoe, Millett, and Urquhart all served terms as mayor. Coffman was an organizer and first president of the Citizens' Club.

Chehalis Improvement Company (c. 1890) functioned as the construction and development branch of the banking and real estate interests represented by the First National Bank and Chehalis Land and Timber. It was organized chiefly to shift the city's central business district from Main Street to Market Boulevard through construction of impressive new commercial buildings. Between 1890 and 1892 the Chehalis Improvement Company erected a pair of two-story brick buildings (the Improvement Block and the Columbus Block) on Chehalis Land and Timber real estate,
With the support of Eliza Barrett, the commercial and cultural heart of the city migrated to Chehalis Avenue in the 1880s. Much of this second urban core was destroyed by two fires of suspicious origin in 1892.

Evolution of the City Center

Between 1850 and 1950 Chehalis developed from a rural hamlet with a handful of pioneer homesteads into an agricultural and wood processing center of over 5,600 residents. Within this century of growth, the city center migrated several times. The location of the downtown district proved a source of contention, and this conflict illustrated well how private boosterism assumed a powerful planning function in early community development.

Chehalis's first commercial district and civic center was located along Main Street, west of the Northern Pacific Railroad tracks. There were two reasons for the early concentration of activity in this area. First was its proximity to the railroad, the transportation and communication link with distant markets and political capitals. Second was the availability of real estate. As early as 1875, Eliza Barrett platted three blocks of Main Street, west of the railroad tracks, and here the town began to grow. The first glimmering of an urban core was the collection of buildings and businesses that sprang up in the 1870s near the warehouse erected as the settlement's first railroad station. Construction of two civic buildings in the mid 1870s confirmed the municipal significance of western Main Street. When Chehalis was designated the county seat, the courthouse was erected on an acre west of the tracks and a block north of Main Street, the present North Street. Two years later, in 1876, the first school-
When she constructed her opera house, the area that became the opera house was built near the courthouse at State and Center streets.

As the town developed, commercial activity spread east along Main Street toward its intersection with Chehalis Avenue, the area that became the second city center by the 1880s. Eliza Barrett played a crucial role as an urban planner by releasing five parcels for development between 1881 and 1883. When she constructed her opera house and business block at the intersection of Main and Chehalis Avenue between 1889 and 1891, Eliza Barrett affirmed Main Street as the commercial and cultural heart of the city.

But two fires in 1892 destroyed most of the wooden buildings in this part of town, as well as the prospects of Main Street as the city center. The first fire, in March, consumed a block of business buildings. A second fire on May 22, less than two months later, was even more devastating, leveling about 30 buildings in four blocks. The blaze spread so rapidly that "little was saved by the residents and business men in the entire district," according to the Chehalis Nugget, reporting on the day of the inferno. In the newspaper's opinion, both fires were set deliberately. After the March fire a number of citizens in the burned-out district suspected arson. The second fire, the Nugget stated flatly, "was beyond doubt started by an incendiary."

Although redevelopment was considered for Main Street, the post-fire building boom occurred six blocks to the north on Market Boulevard, much resented by the merchants and residents of the former downtown. One consequence of the fire was that the value of Eliza Barrett's real estate decreased greatly in value.

The dramatic shift of the central business district from Main Street to Market Boulevard in the 1890s is often attributed to the two calamitous fires of 1892. Even before 1892 some of the city's leading citizens were backing a competing business district centered at the intersection of Market and Boistfort Street. The Chehalis Improvement Company, having constructed two commercial buildings at Market and Boistfort, soon erected a first-class hotel nearby. Between 1890 and 1894, the Chehalis Land and Timber Company, with financing from the First National Bank, constructed the St. Helens Hotel, a landmark building that was listed in the National Register of Historic Places in 1991. In short, three years before the fires, Chehalis banking and real estate interests were already embarked on a major development project outside the traditional business corridor of Main Street.

The motives behind this effort to reshape the commercial geography of Chehalis seemed clear to the local journalist who characterized the activities of the Chehalis Improvement Company as an attempt by prominent citizens to ensure "a solid appearance for the town as well as a profitable investment for themselves." But the undertaking may also have represented an attempt by civic boosters to reduce Eliza Barrett's role in urban growth—by establishing a downtown outside her control. New commercial buildings continued to be erected on both Chehalis Avenue and Main Street, but the civic prominence of Market Boulevard was unchallenged after the 1890s. Not until the 1950s did the business district shift a third time, to the shopping mall complex on National Avenue, between the twin cities of Chehalis and Centralia.

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The dramatic shift of the central business district from Main Street to Market Boulevard in the 1890s is often attributed to these two calamitous fires. It is not widely understood that the fires coincided with the migration of the city center to Market Boulevard, rather than actually inaugurating the shift, as is commonly believed. Even before 1892 some of the city's leading citizens were backing a competing business district centered at the intersection of Market and Boistfort Street. The Chehalis Improvement Company, having constructed two commercial buildings at Market and Boistfort, soon erected a first-class hotel nearby. Between 1890 and 1894, the Chehalis Land and Timber Company, with financing from the First National Bank, constructed the St. Helens Hotel, a landmark building that was listed in the National Register of Historic Places in 1991. In short, three years before the fires, Chehalis banking and real estate interests were already embarked on a major development project outside the traditional business corridor of Main Street.

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By William D. Layman

HAWKBELLS
David Thompson in North Central Washington

I am reading that portion of David Thompson's 1811 journal which records his 719-mile river journey from Kettle Falls to the mouth of the Columbia River. Thompson touches something vital in me about what it means to live in the valleys of the mid-Columbia. Through his eyes I have come to know the river's old ways. Of particular interest to me are Thompson's entries from Thursday, July 4, when he reaches Box Canyon (about 12 river miles north of Bridgeport) to Sunday, July 7, when he leaves a native village just above Rock Island Rapids. Traveling in a rough-hewn cedar boat, David Thompson makes a historic journey. He is the first white explorer to record his travels through what is now north central Washington.
Questions arise. Who was this man David Thompson? What was it like for him to travel this stretch of river? How did natives of villages he visited regard him? In my need to personalize his journey, I want to understand specific observations which Thompson makes along the way. Which cliff is he describing when he spots the bighorn sheep? Is the first snow he views on Mission Ridge or is it the Wenatchee Mountains to which he refers? Where exactly did he camp when he was in the vicinity of Wenatchee on July 6? And what about his trading activity? Why does he give out hawkbells? The mention of these bells particularly excites my imagination, for a friend has recently shown me a hawkbell found on the Columbia's shoreline just below Rock Island Dam. I wonder, could this small round bell be one of those that Thompson gave in trade?

Today I walk the riverbanks and see radio towers, city buildings and Rocky Reach Dam in the distance. I close my eyes and hear the hum of trucks carrying fruit, freight, thousands of things up and down roads that run alongside this great river. When I am with Thompson, however, I shed the image of what modern culture has created here. Once again the river flows freely in its natural state. I see a flock of geese flying upriver, skimming the surface of the water, their haunting wild sounds echoing off the canyon walls. As the day's shadows lengthen, coyotes cry out songs they have known for years. From the riverbank where I sit I can even hear the distant murmur of Rock Island Rapids, now inundated by the backwaters of the massive dam. Up the valley there are no highways or signs, only an unexplored land: awesome, beautiful, filled with the spirit of itself, waiting for me to enter it.

David Thompson and his nine companions on July 6, 1811, passing the present townsite of Wenatchee, Washington. Saddlerock, a local landmark, is in the background.
THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1811, NOON. Back east the United States is celebrating its 35th anniversary, but here at the confluence of the Columbia and Sanpoil rivers it is mostly silent. Thompson’s visit to this village of 420 Sanpoils has gone exceedingly well. Their boat fully laden, Thompson and his crew of five French-Canadian voyageurs, two Iroquois Indians and two Sanpoil Indian interpreters travel downriver into territory unknown to all but a few natives. Along swift currents they paddle for six hours, finally stopping at the head of Long Rapids, 15 river miles northeast of present-day Bridgeport. The river stands at nearly its highest mark of the year and the current is strong. Thompson and his crew put ashore and walk their supplies around these dangerous rapids. Following their brief portage, the men continue down the swift river northwest another three quarters of a mile.

As the men paddle through currents that toss the wooden boat from side to side, Thompson does his best to take accurate readings from his constantly vibrating compass. On this day alone he will take nearly 50 such readings. The survey work is part of his duties as partner in the Northwest Company, a coalition of independent fur traders. During the previous year, along the shores of Lake Superior, the company decided Thompson should make his final push to the mouth of the Columbia. His assignment is to open up a trade route from the Northwest interior to the Pacific Ocean. Of equal importance, the trip advances Great Britain's claim to this region. Thompson takes his mission seriously in every way, but his special passion is mapping, and he is a master of the art. In another three years, after having traveled nearly 50,000 miles by foot, horseback, dog sled, and boat, Thompson will compile his “Map of the Northwest Territory of the Province of Canada.” Regarded as one of the greatest maps of all time, it spans more than 23 years of almost constant surveying and covers nearly 1.5 million square miles of previously uncharted territory.

So accurate is Thompson’s compass and sextant work that by taking his readings one can determine the precise bends in the river where he makes his detailed observations. His last reading on Thursday, July 4, is “South 72° West, 3/4 mile,” placing him just beyond Kalichen Rock at the entrance to Box Canyon. Here he and his men pull off on the left shore. No note is made of a large honeycombed rock jutting out from the opposite north bank; perhaps it was covered by high water. The decision to steer to the southern shoreline is wise; behind that rock lurks a gigantic whirlpool that will in the coming years claim the lives of many Hudson’s Bay Company employees.

As evening approaches it begins to rain. Thompson and his men have entered Box Canyon, where the river drops more than 30 feet in a two-mile run. Darkening walls rise precipitously from the river, and several of the crew walk ahead in search of a campsite. They find only steep banks and wet boulders, no level ground on which to pitch their cotton tents. Meanwhile, Ignace, the steersman, and several others attempt to paddle the boat down the shoreline in order to meet those who have walked ahead. Suddenly, the current thrusts the boat into an overhanging tree. Ignace is knocked overboard. The men left in the boat respond immediately by paddling into the fast water after him. Ignace rides the waves and is miraculously rescued. Once he is safely ashore it is discovered that he has received a severe blow to the head. Thompson “bleeds” the wound. Night comes. The rain continues without a lull. The men sit shelterless on the rocks through the long hours of darkness.

FRIDAY, JULY 5, 6:30 A.M. Still raining. The men find driftwood from which to make more paddles—two to replace those broken the day before, and two spares. A religious man, Thompson reflects on the Sanpoil prayers and dances held for him the previous day. These prayers, “that they might be preserved on the Strong Rapids,” will be needed today; the Thompson party faces one of the most difficult passages of its journey. The boat is packed tightly and launched into the current. The river, however, proves too strong. Thompson writes, “The waves are high with many whirlpools and eddies.” Almost immediately an order is given to pull ashore, and the men begin unloading their gear for a long portage. Climbing out of the difficult canyon, one of the crew glances up through the mist to see a large procession of men, women and children approaching on foot and horseback. These natives, from a village by the rapids beyond the foot of the canyon, are excited. They have been visited recently by an Indian who has smoked the pipe with Thompson. For Thompson and his worn-out companions, these people are indeed a welcome sight. After a brief exchange of formalities the na-

Hawkbells—small round bells attached to a hawk’s legs to help falconers follow the flight of their birds.
An 1891 photograph showing the right channel of Rock Island Rapids. Shortly before descending these hazardous rapids, Thompson encountered the 800 Sinkowarsin people living upriver from this site.

tives enthusiastically help Thompson load his supplies on their horses. Soon the remarkable entourage arrives at the natives' village. Through his Sanpoil interpreters Thompson learns that the people here call themselves Inspealis.

At the village the natives present Thompson with five horses, five roasted salmon, dried meat, and three bushels of dried roots. He is generous in return. Having good trade relations with these people is essential, as their cooperation will be needed on the return journey upriver. For the horses and other goods Thompson "pays" three feet of tobacco, six feet of beads, nine feet of cloth trim, fourteen rings, four papers of vermillion paint, four awls, six buttons and eighteen hawkbells. In this important exchange, Thompson begins to fulfill a primary mission of this journey—to establish an active trade between the Northwest Company and the natives. His choice to trade tools, jewelry, commodities and tobacco makes sense, but I find myself wanting to know more about the hawkbells he included among his trade goods.

Hawkbells—small round bells attached to a hawk's legs to help falconers follow the flight of their birds. Records of falconry are found in Chinese texts dating back 4,000 years. Later evidence of falconry appears in the ancient art of Japan, India, Syria, Egypt and Greece. The sport's movement into Europe coincides with the Crusades, but its true flowering occurs in 17th-century England among the British nobility. Falconry bells share a long history as well. Upon reaching the New World at Samana Cay in 1492, Columbus planted his flag, claimed the territory for Spain and gave the natives glass beads, red
bonnets—and hawkbells. In return, Columbus received cotton thread, spears tipped with fish teeth and live parrots.

Three hundred years later Thompson, too, gives out cloth, beads and hawkbells. How little the valued trade items changed over time.

Thompson uses the language of payment to describe his own gift-giving behavior. It is a deliberate initial step in establishing a fur trade along the river. What began with the exchange of a few simple items will soon grow into a vastly different way of life along the river. By spring of the following year the first cargo of 2,500 beaver pelts will be shipped downriver to Astoria on its way to distant Chinese markets.

The exchange is concluded in mid-morning just before another heavy rain pours down upon the gathering. Thompson sends the Inspealis away from his encampment, as his men desperately need rest. At 2:30 p.m. the villagers return, singing a song with a pleasing and mild tune, “their voices full and clear and not too loud.” Pipes are brought out; tobacco is smoked. Thompson observes that the people here seem “mild, open and friendly.” The land south to the Cachenawga (Okanogan) River is described as high, dry and hilly, with short grass, few trees and many outcroppings of rock. Like the Sanpoils, the Inspealis offer to dance for the crew’s safe voyage to the sea. Thompson accepts.

The dance begins with prayers said by an old man, the chief. Two lines of men and women begin moving their feet in place. The tempo of the song and dance gradually increases; after eight minutes everyone stops, all facing upriver. The prayer is repeated. The dancers then lift their hands skyward, strike their palms together and quickly let their arms drop. “The whole was strictly a religious ceremony,” Thompson writes, “Every face was grave and serious, almost to sadness.” During the dancing Thompson notices the natives are ornamented in shells and some of the women are wearing copper pendants, evidence of established trade networks among these people and their neighbors. He also sees blankets made from skins of bear, muskrat and deer, suggesting an abundance of game in the area. Following the dance Thompson again sends the natives away so that the men may rest for the night.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 6:30 A.M. The rain continues and the crew members awake to find several natives in their encampment. Though eager to leave, Thompson once again lights the pipe and passes it around. After asking his hosts to take care of his newly acquired horses and to cache some of the roots for the return journey, Thompson and his men once more head downriver. Seventeen miles downstream the high wooded mountains of the Okanogan Valley come into view. Another four miles downstream, at about 9:30 that morning, they pass by the mouth of the Okanogan River. Two months later a party led by David Stuart will establish Fort Okanogan.
COLUMBIA RIVER

at the confluence of the Okanogan and Columbia rivers for John Jacob Astor’s Pacific Fur Company. Thereafter, large pack trains will be a common sight moving up and down the Okanogan trail to the north.

At approximately ten in the morning, Thompson and his men come to a river (the Methow) where a large number of people have gathered to fish. Seeing Thompson’s boat turning toward shore, the natives shout loudly, excited that he will visit. The decision to land is in keeping with the explorer’s strategy of building friendly relations along the way. Thompson realizes that on his return upriver the going will be much slower and that his party may be more vulnerable to the whims of the natives. On landing, the Sanpoil interpreter is sent to invite the natives, who call themselves the Smeethhowes, for a smoke. The chiefs gather presents for the occasion and sit down in a circle with Thompson. Soon the women of the village begin dancing toward the circle and are directed to be seated. They, too, smoke, although they take but single puffs from the pipe. Thompson explains his mission: to bring them useful items in exchange for furs. The natives are greatly impressed and respond with gratitude. They present Thompson with three roasted salmon and a half-bushel of arrowwood berries. In exchange Thompson offers six feet of cloth trim, six rings, two feet of tobacco and six hawkbells. He learns that the natives hold religious ceremonies at the year’s first salmon runs, when the fish that are caught may only be roasted. Thompson concludes the visit at noon. Several of the Smeethhowes explain that the river is passable to the next village, but that their knowledge extends no further. The crew members shove off and soon reach Methow Rapids, a short distance downstream. Here they hire several natives to portage them safely beyond the fast water.

During his visit with the Smeethhowe people, Thompson had noticed shells used as ornaments, more evidence of established trade networks. One species of shell, dentalium, had come from an area just north of Vancouver Island by one of several possible routes. Dentalia are small, white, cone-shaped shells. They are extremely light and durable, and are objects of great beauty. Archaeological research indicates that the first evidence of dentalium on the Columbia plateau occurred more than 2,000 years ago; by Thompson’s day, the shells had become an important currency among inland natives.

Thompson’s hawkbells have much in common with dentalium: they are small, durable, beautiful, and can be traded. However, hawkbells possess another extraordinary feature: they jingle with the slightest movement. In a dance they reflect both subtle moods and complex rhythms. The tinkle of a bell is one important and symbolic sound Thompson introduces to the area. There is another sound he brings—the blast of a musket—with far different implications.

For centuries, rarely did any new trade goods reach the Columbia plateau. But after the first horses arrived, somewhere around 1730, new items appeared at a faster pace. From such early trade goods as bells, buttons, fishhooks, scissors and tweezers, the list of newly introduced items quickly expanded. In 1814 another trader, Alexander Henry, reported trading iron tea kettles, mirrors, and even an umbrella. Yet the value of trade items diminished greatly over the next few decades. By 1859 the Hudson’s Bay Company reported that ammunition was the only thing it could trade for furs. No longer would an Indian be content with a single bell in exchange for three beaver pelts. By the close of the fur-trading era in the mid 19th century immigrants were bringing a multitude of new items and philosophies into the region as they eagerly sought good land on which to stake claims. Beaver became scarce and relations with the Indians worsened. Just 50 years earlier beaver had thrived, building lodges for their young along undisturbed mountain streams, and natives had enthusiastically welcomed David Thompson, the man they called koot koot sint: “He Who Watches the Stars.”
SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1:10 P.M. Having made their portage around Methow Rapids, the men set off downriver. Thompson describes this part of his journey much later, in a narrative he wrote at age 70: "The country and banks of the river [are] high, bold hills, very rude; with steep cliffs; we could have passed hours in viewing the wild scenery, but these romantic cliffs always indicated danger to us from the stream being contracted and forming whirlpools, very disagreeable companions on a River; on a Cliff we saw a Mountain Sheep looking down on us, which we longed to eat, but he could not be approached. We had to kill two Rattle Snakes that would not get out of our way."

Thompson’s 1811 journal indicates that he and his crew are traveling in excess of ten miles per hour on this stretch of river between Methow Rapids and the area just above the Wenatchee River. Twenty-eight compass readings are taken and Thompson estimates they have traveled about 40 miles (the actual figure is closer to 50). Using his compass readings, one can determine that Thompson spots the bighorn sheep and kills the two rattlesnakes in the vicinity of Chelan Falls. After taking another reading he reports seeing "mountains whose tops have much snow in places." By aligning the reading to the course of the Columbia one finds Thompson is below Entiat Rapids looking upon Mission Ridge, still covered with snow this particular July. More difficult is pinpointing his camp that night. The last compass reading of the day was "South, 5 West, 1 1/2 miles." In both the 1811 journal and the 1838 narrative Thompson refers to steep cliffs across the river from their camp. That places him on the Douglas County side of the Columbia River, approximately two miles above its confluence with the Wenatchee.

SUNDAY, JULY 7, 1811, 7:00 A.M. Soon after they depart, Thompson views "high, rocky mountains bending to the southward"—the Wenatchee Mountains. Beyond the Wenatchee River he spots a band of horsemen traveling south but chooses not to stop. Ten miles farther downriver the current quickens and a decision is made to pull ashore. Here they spot two horsemen riding toward them from the east. Thompson signals these sentries from the village below to approach their boat. Pipe in hand, he invites them to smoke. The meeting, however, is tense; no one from their village knows of Thompson's coming. The uneasy horsemen listen to a 30-minute explanation of Thompson's journey and then hurriedly return to their village near the head of Rock Island Rapids.

Within minutes the sentries arrive several miles downriver at their village of 800. By the time Thompson's boat passes the village everyone has assembled in the main mat lodge, which is 240 feet long by 30 feet wide. The boat is ordered ashore. Thompson again sends his Sanpoil interpreters to invite the natives for a smoke. Five village men emerge from the lodge to meet Thompson and his party. They appear distressed and do not know what to make of these strange-looking visitors. Thompson, however, is experienced in such situations. He patiently explains the nature of the visit and, after a few rounds of the pipe, the natives feel more assured. Soon the entire village is signaled to gather around. The people, referring to themselves as the Sinkowarsin, take a full 20 minutes to settle themselves around Thompson's party. They are amazed to see men with beards and strange clothes. To the
delight of the entire gathering, several of the French-Canadians bring out their axes and give a display of chopping driftwood.

Even though Thompson's interpreter experiences more difficulty with the Sinkowarsin dialect, the object of his voyage is once again explained and the natives' previous nervousness now gives way to excitement and exultation. Placing presents of berries and roots before Thompson, the villagers begin blessing the voyagers, clapping their hands and extending them to the skies. When approached by any of Thompson's men, the natives quickly step back and suck in their breath, astonished expressions on their faces. A very old man moves to where the pipe is passed. After taking a few puffs he speaks of how thankful he is to smoke this tobacco before he dies. Another man, positioned at Thompson's side, gently begins touching the explorer's legs and feet to learn if Thompson is like himself. "But [he] did not appear sure that I was so," Thompson writes.

The visit continues for four and a half hours. The esteem Thompson holds for these natives is evident in his writings. The men are handsome, the women are very pretty with mild features, and the children are well formed and playful. He remarks, "Respect with kind attention to each other pervaded the whole." He notices that the people of this village are better clothed than others he has previously seen. Everyone appears in good health. Significantly, Thompson finds no weapons of war among them, "like all the other Tribes they may be said to be unarmed."

Thompson's party prepares to leave while a chief from farther downriver explains that the Sanpoil interpreters will not be able to understand the people to the south because they speak a different language. He offers to accompany the party. Despite repeated invitations to spend the night, Thompson draws the visit to a close. When the boat is launched all the village members stretch their hands to heaven, wishing the voyagers a good journey and a safe return.

During the visit with the Sinkowarsin, Thompson was given several salmon. How he paid for these is not specified. I wonder if he handed out a few hawkbells here as well. My friend's round bell was recently shown to Dr. Roderick Sprague from Bowers Laboratory of Anthropology at the University of Idaho. After careful examination he determined it was a bell made from a military button. The news disappoints me, as I had hoped the bell might actually have been one given by Thompson.

David Thompson's story speaks of an earlier time, when contact between Euro-American and Indian cultures was associated with great promise for the future. The scene of departure just above Rock Island Rapids is remarkable, even exhilarating—800 men, women and children standing by the riverbank wishing the voyagers well.

Thompson's writings capture a time we would not otherwise know. He finds natives on this stretch of river living in harmony with the land and with one another. The commanding landscapes leave an indelible impression on him. Nearly two centuries later the river with its adjoining landscapes, though altered, remains a powerful presence. Today, as the last sun rays strike the rust brown rocks above the river, they are transformed into golden pinnacles—beautiful, ancient landscapes serving as sentinels for the unfolding story of north central Washington.

William D. Layman is a mental health counselor practicing in Wenatchee, Washington. He has written articles on the history of the Columbia River and, in 1988, curated a major children's exhibit, "The Upper Columbia... As it Was," for the North Central Washington Museum.
Men have long sought new frontiers. The lure of new land, new challenges, continues to draw restless souls to far places. Today the frontier lies beyond the surface of the planet, but in the late 1880s Washington Territory represented a haven for the wanderer. Land could be homesteaded, the logging industry flourished, and roads and railways facilitated emigration.

There are many pioneers who left little of themselves to be recorded in history books, yet each played a part in settling the state. Henry "Step-toe" Carter said it best in his book, Our Veiled Monument, published in the late 19th century:

The individual man is to humanity what the tree is to the forest. For every tree there have been strewn a thousand seeds, and to us it seems that chance or accident has selected the one whose growth has produced the tree, while others have perished.

Born under the name of Eusebius Williams in 1847, Carter later took his father's middle name to be his own surname. He enlisted in the Civil War at the age of 17, served to the war's end and received an honorable discharge.

Carter's military service entitled him to a homestead, which he claimed in South Dakota. There he caught and trained wild horses on the midwestern plains and sold them to the United States Army. He learned to survey land, a skill that eventually landed him a job as surveyor for the government on the slopes of Mount Rainier in the mid 1880s.

Washington Territory grew slowly at first, in part because there was no road across the Rocky Mountains north of the Columbia River, or across the Cascades. The territorial legislature begged for money from Congress to build roads, but since few funds were available, the impatient settlers took on the job themselves. They hacked out a "road" across the Cascades at Naches Pass near Mount Rainier. The first wagon train over the rough, narrow trail was led by James Longmire in 1853. Longmire saw possibilities beyond his dreams on the slopes of the great mountain and eventually homesteaded the virgin timberland.

Thirty years later, James Longmire and his friend William Packwood were riding the trails near Longmire's place one day when they came upon a big open prairie. There they saw a huge black bear foraging in the tall swampy grass. Longmire subsequently referred to the place as "Bear Prairie," which it is still called today. When Carter came looking for a homestead of his own, he found his ideal site in this wide meadow surrounded by fir and cedar trees. Bear Prairie offered him a place to keep a string of pack animals and a good traveling horse for his own use.
Early settlers built corduroy roads by splitting fir logs with blasting powder and fastening them across the trail. Corduroy roads were still in use when automobiles began making the trek up the mountain in the early 1900s.
Carter set to work widening a stream, digging ditches and grading them so that they drained the swampy area. His ditches are still evident today. Henry Carter's son Harry remembers his father showing him how he drained the meadow:

_I could not have been very big. I was probably eight years old. He was channeling our pasture and he showed me how he used a spirit level and a hand compass. With a helper standing at a distance, he placed the spirit level on a stake he had driven in the ground and eyed along the level to where his helper operated another stake and raised and lowered it at Dad's command. As I see it now, he was calculating the surface drop between the two points and this way could establish the grade._

Carter built a one-room cabin using milled lumber hauled in on pack trips. He covered the gable roof with split cedar shakes and capped the ridge line with tin. He spent his summers at Bear Prairie and wintered in the lower country.

According to the 1900 census Henry Carter resided at a PeEll boarding house owned by George W. Miller and possessed a string of pack horses. It is probable that he wrote _Our Veiled Monument_ during his winters in PeEll. In this 31-page scholarly treatise on the components of society, Carter stated, "I am looking forward to . . . the time when the common blessings of life will be within reach of all, and when we shall not live in a constant struggle, each striving to snatch from someone else . . . ."

Carter worked for the government, did timber cruising, and still put in time on the trails. He soon became friends with his neighbors, the big Longmire family, and they pooled their resources to improve access to the mountain.

He dense and ancient forests and hills were difficult to encroach upon. As fast as a trail was built through the woods, just as fast grew the undergrowth; giant trees spread wide limbs to bar the pathway. But men found a way to conquer the unruly forest. They built "corduroy" roads by splitting fir logs open with blasting powder and fastening them across the trail, bark side down. This held back the forest but shook the daylights out of buggy or wagon passengers. Resolute settlers dynamited, scooped, hacked and graded to open the mountain trails and make way for progress.

Five-hundred dollars that had been promised to improve the trail along the Paradise River never came through. So Henry Carter and the Longmires decided to get the job done themselves. Three of them began the job. Ten men from the area joined them, but still it took two months to finish.

One summer day during the trail construction, Elcaine Longmire and his daughter Maude met up with Carter near a waterfall. After the men had talked a while, Carter jokingly said, "Miss Maude, how about naming the falls for me?" The Longmires were noted for naming places on the mountain.

"I'll think it over and let you know later, Mr. Carter," Maude said. She stayed behind while her father and Carter walked on up to the falls. When they came back, she said, "I've named your falls. They are now Carter Falls."

"I was only joking," he protested.

"Well, you'll have to put up with what she's done," Longmire said.

Carter laughed, then took an axe, blazed a tree and wrote the name on it. The falls bear his name today and can be found across from the Cougar Rock Campground on the way to Paradise Valley at Mount Rainier.

_LEFT: Carter Falls, named after Henry Carter, is across from Cougar Rock Campground on the way to Paradise Valley at Mount Rainier._
Once the trail was opened campers and hikers flocked to the area. Henry Carter found a new livelihood: he put his pack animals to work transporting tourists and their supplies up from the valley to the campgrounds. He knew the trails and also became a trusted and capable guide to the mountain summit.

In the beginning few hikers ventured all the way to Paradise Valley, but later they flocked there in droves. An article from the Tacoma Ledger, September 1, 1892, gives an idea of activities on the mountain:

“The Griggs-Hewitt party returned last night from a two weeks camping expedition at Paradise Valley. The traces of exposure to a hot sun are visible in the healthy glow of their countenances. W. W. Seymour was the only one to venture an ascent on Mount Tacoma.”

It seems plausible that Carter was the guide, since he and Seymour became close friends and partners in later years. Carter picked up the nickname “Step-toe” early in his career as a guide. One woman remarked, “He seems to dig his toes into the mountain like an antelope, and he never wears caulks on his boots.” Even at this early stage the popularity of hiking was showing in damage to the surface of the trails. Carter doubtless learned to climb without caulks out of respect for the mountain.

His ability to guide is exemplified in an article in the Tacoma Ledger written by reporter Fay Fuller, the first woman to reach the summit on the fatal climb that took the life of Professor McClure. The party began with 79 climbers, but dwindled to 55 who made it all the way to the summit. As Fay Fuller told it:

The party slept at Camp Muir. The next morning we continued but because of the great numbers who were in a sense inexperienced in mountain climbing, the line of climbers numbering over fifty, stretched downward along the lifeline for...
more than three blocks. The foremost one in sight looked to be a pigmy struggling against fearful odds and expected every moment to be carried to the farthest depths of the seemingly bottomless abyss.

Throughout the trip we have been under the leadership of Mr. Carter. As a mountain climber he, and we all agree on this, is without peer, and it is more possible that had all party members followed his advice as did the majority, Professor McClure would yet be alive.

The popularity of Mount Rainier spread like wildfire through dry underbrush. In 1899 Mount Rainier National Park was established, after James Longmire sold his holdings around the mountain to the Forest Service. In its first four years of operation about 2,000 people traveled to the park.

James Longmire's homestead at Longmire Hot Springs.

The Forest Service hired Swiss guides to lead the growing numbers of hikers and climbers up the mountain. Doubtless Carter could see that times were changing and it was time for him to make a change. Somewhere around 1900 Carter traded part of Bear Prairie to the Forest Service for a house and land at Rosedale, near Tacoma.

During the summer of the same year, while visiting friends at Sach's Tourist Resort, Carter met young Birdie Dawson. She was going back home to Tacoma and needed a ride, so Carter offered her one in his horse-drawn buggy. She was 17, the youngest of three sisters and a brother, all struggling to survive. Carter was then 45. He and Birdie became friends, and soon Birdie's siblings convinced her she should marry the "old man." The two were married in 1902 and went to live on Carter's place at Rosedale. Now Carter divided his time between the mountain and his home. Two years later their daughter Mable was born. Mable (Carter) Hansen remembers the house at Rosedale.
Carter was reluctant to part with Bear Prairie. He continued packing and guiding, and did not relinquish all his holdings until 1906. Thereafter he devoted all of his time to his Rosedale property and soon went into the logging business with W. W. Seymour. They first cut the timber on Carter’s land.

“I remember the scream of the donkey engine,” Mrs. Hansen said. “I also remember Dad’s anger when a young man working in the woods brought a team of big work horses. He performed well, but I remember him as being strong and wiry. He had blue-grey eyes, light brown hair turning gray, and he wore a bushy moustache. He died when I was 12 years old, and our mother died in the same year.”

That trip to the mountain with his family was surely Carter’s farewell to Bear Prairie. Mrs. Hansen does not remember every detail, but some pictures are clear:

I was seven, rather spoiled, and Harry was four. Dad made us a snug place in the back of the buggy and he drove one of his spirited horses. After a while, Harry and I grew tired of our cramped quarters and began scraping. Dad stopped the horse and explained that if we wanted to misbehave we could not do it in the buggy, so we must get out. Harry was a good little boy and promised to get along, but I stormed down the road. Dad slowly followed with the horse and buggy. It wasn’t long before I realized he meant business and from there on I behaved also.

Mrs. Hansen remembers that they stopped overnight at Sach’s Resort and her parents told her this was where they had first met. They ate lunch on the wide veranda overlooking the surrounding country.

A very frightening part of the journey was when we came to the narrow and steep road up to Longmire’s. We had encountered many cars and each time that horse acted up, I was terrified that it would jump off the mountain at the sight of a car. But Dad calmly assured us that the horse had better sense and would never do that.

Carter took his family to Longmire’s. They left the horse and rig and walked the three miles to Bear Prairie.

There was no furniture in the cabin and it seems the building was large. It is possible we stayed in the stable the Forest Service had built. In the later afternoon Dad made a big fire outside and people began to arrive for a reunion with my father. He had always told us about his Indian friends, how they built their fires, how they appreciated nature, respected the mountain, and they acquainted him with the trails. I remember that several of the people there were Indians as well as many of the Longmire family. They put Harry and me to bed on a thick bear skin and I could hear them singing and talking until I went to sleep.

It rained during the night, and in the morning Dad and Mama wrapped themselves in blankets. I thought it was wonderful when Dad cut holes in gunny sacks for our heads and arms and put them on Harry and me to protect us from wet branches as we walked back to Longmire’s. There wasn’t much of a trail and the three miles seemed a long way.

Carter remained a vigorous man. “I remember him being sick only one time,” Mrs. Hansen recalls. “It was the summer we went to the mountain. We had not been back long when he was thrown from a horse and was confined to his bed. Halley’s Comet was appearing and he wanted to watch it, so Mama and I pushed his bed around and placed a big mirror to reflect the comet, and he watched it in the night skies.”

The past century has seen many changes on the vanishing frontier. Few places would be recognizable to those early settlers. Henry Carter’s Bear Prairie has returned to pristine forest and meadow. Tall grasses grow in the prairie, and only his ditches and an ancient fence show that anyone passed this way. A black bear may forage in peace.

Mary Branch, a retired teacher, has published two books on early California history as well as numerous articles and short stories. Patricia Coon is a graduate of The Evergreen State College.
USS Lexington Lights Up Tacoma

In 1929, when the idea of aircraft carriers was still new, the USS Lexington (CV-2) came to the city of Tacoma, Washington, to furnish electrical power during a severe drought. The Pacific Northwest had .07 inches of rain between September 1 and November 2 of that year, whereas the average precipitation during that time was 6.93 inches. The Nisqually River was so low that its waters had begun to freeze. As a result, the two Tacoma dams could produce only a fraction of the area's power needs. Water was disappearing and with it, hydroelectric power.

The Lexington, one of the two largest mobile power plants in the world, happened to be 65 miles away at the Puget Sound Naval Ship Yard in Bremerton. Each of the carrier's four giant turbine generators had a capacity of 140,800 kilowatts of alternating current. Secretary of the Navy Charles Francis Adams had turned down the use of the carrier as a power source on several previous occasions. But he allowed the ship to come to Tacoma, at a cost to the city of $7,000 a day, for 30 days, until December 12. The Lexington furnished power from seven o'clock in the morning to five in the evening. Tacoma's two dams picked up the load the rest of the time.

—Steven A. Payne
The environment in which we live encompasses more than manmade elements. Our cultural landscapes include broad patterns of spatial organization, circulation networks, political and geographic boundaries, land uses, and individual structures. The development of these components reflects historical and cultural changes. A case in point is the evolution of the landscape at Fort Lewis, Washington—from domination by Native Americans and the Hudson’s Bay Company, through the construction of Camp Lewis as a temporary mobilization base during World War I, to the development of Fort Lewis as a permanent army post in the late 1920s and 1930s. This evolution reflects changing American military traditions as well as our attitudes toward the military.

Within the evolving historic landscape at Fort Lewis there are a variety of relationships between the manmade and natural environments. As a society, we do not simply cover up the natural environment with structures; sometimes we re-shape it, control it, replace it with something else, or we come to identify with the natural environment, using it as a symbol for what we have already built. It is through these symbolic meanings that the cultural landscape can best be understood because they provide clues about the people that shaped the landscape and their relationship to the natural world around them.

Twentieth-century man does not have a monopoly on controlling or changing the landscape. Before Fort Lewis was built, the open plain near the southern shores of Puget Sound was home to the Puyallup and Nisqually Indians. Native Americans have been dubiously characterized as the first environmentalists, but in fact they also struggled to manipulate and control their surroundings. They traveled seasonally to hunt, fish, and gather food and other natural resources. There is evidence that the Puyallup and Nisqually people burned the open prairies, including Jackson’s Prairie, where Fort Lewis now lies. The burning kept heavy forest growth at bay, resulting in ample crops of camas and balsam root and providing open space in which to hunt game.

In 1832, the Hudson’s Bay Company established Nisqually House near present day Dupont, the first Euro-American settlement on Puget Sound. This trading post brought British traders together with the Puyallup and Nisqually Indians to exchange manufactured goods for furs. The Hudson’s Bay Company trail between Nisqually House and the town of Muck Creek (now Roy) became one of the main transportation routes in the area. It crossed Jackson’s Prairie and in 1889 became the Huggins-Gregg Road. When Camp Lewis was built the roadway was paved and named Clark Road. Pacific Highway South, which crossed the Huggins-Gregg Road just south of Nisqually House, became the second major roadway in the vicinity by the turn of the century.

Both intentional and unintentional landscape changes occurred in the mid 19th century. In 1839, the Puget Sound Agriculture Company, a subsidiary of Hudson’s Bay Company, used part of Jackson’s Prairie for growing crops and grazing animals. Up to 20,000 cattle,
sheep and horses were on the plain at one point, probably destroying much of the native prairie grass. Without the natural covering of native grasses, Douglas fir and Oregon oak from the surrounding hills began to encroach upon the plain.

Change accelerated in 1849 when a permanent military post was established at Fort Steilacoom to protect the local settlers. A few miles south were American Lake and nearby prairies, where the natural environment provided ideal conditions for military exercises. The area was used for this purpose by the Washington National Guard through the turn of the century.

But it was not until World War I and the spring of 1917, when the army rushed to provide convenient temporary training grounds for newly mobilized troops, that permanent and far-reaching change came to the area. In May of that year the army quartermaster general consulted civilian advisors, architects, engineers and city planners to prepare designs for 16 cantonments around the nation to be completed by September. This civilian advisory board included landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., who developed general engineering and utility plans for the cantonments. His primary concerns were “the health of the troops” and the efficiency of each cantonment layout. He also recruited local engineers and planners to work with site selection committees for the individual posts.

Along with Olmsted, George B. Ford and other architects applied the principles of city planning to military needs. They created standardized base plans to be adapted to the individual cantonment sites. American Lake, 15 miles south of Tacoma, was one of the sites selected for a cantonment. Named Camp Lewis after Captain Meriwether Lewis, commander of the Lewis and Clark expedition, it was to be the largest cantonment, with 48,000 troops, and the only one located west of the Rockies.

There were many motives for choosing this particular site for the base. Even before the nation prepared for war, Tacoma and Pierce County businesses rallied to entice the army to situ-
create a military reservation at American Lake. Knowing the base would enhance revenue for construction outfits and provide new customers for local businesses, a group of men from the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce offered to donate 140 square miles in Pierce County for the reserve. By the end of 1916, the Army accepted the donation, though Pierce County stipulated that Camp Lewis be used continually for military purposes or it would revert back to Pierce County.

Of two sites surveyed in April 1917, Jackson's Prairie was considered the best location for a post. Several topographic factors contributed to the selection of this site, including the large natural prairie with gravelly soil that provided an ideal foundation, proper drainage, and abundant material for the surfacing of roads. In addition, the Northern Pacific Railroad and Pacific Highway South bordered the site, making the reserve easily accessible. And, as the joint publication by the construction companies that built Camp Lewis boasted, Mount Rainier "appears to stand as a mighty sentinel keeping guard" over the entire post.

However, orientation of the camp toward the mountain was not by design. Pressured by Tacoma businesses and limited by topography, the army needed to combine military efficiency and expediency with the planning criteria developed by the civilian advisory board in Washington, D.C. Landscape engineer Carl Pilat came to Camp Lewis as the joint publication by the construction companies that built Camp Lewis boasted, Mount Rainier "appears to stand as a mighty sentinel keeping guard" over the entire post. Colonel A. R. Ehrenbeck, and the camp engineer took squares of paper trimmed to scale and shaped like baracks units and rearranged them on a large map of the area so that the entire base fit between the two hills. By coincidence, the valley oriented the camp toward a magnificent view of Mount Rainier.

The camp was arranged in an elongated U-shape with a parade ground in the center. The U-shape provided the most efficient use of space for Camp Lewis. It took advantage of existing transportation networks, allowed the army to consolidate uses and generally conformed with military tradition by separating the different ranks of soldiers and maintaining the unity of regimental commands. The enlisted men's barracks, for instance, ran along the outer legs of the U and were divided by wide roads into blocks of infantry, artillery, or other brigades. The officers' quarters, clustered along the inside of the complex, bordered the parade ground.

Wanting to make Camp Lewis more than a temporary site for the mobilization of troops, the military attempted to give the post a feeling of community by constructing recreational facilities and commons buildings. A YWCA Hostess House, built in November 1917, provided a place for soldiers to visit wives, family members and sweethearts. The first commanding officer of Camp Lewis also established Greene Park, across Pacific Highway South from the camp, to provide "healthy amusement" for the enlisted men. The army's image of "the most beautiful amusement center in the United States" was a quaint Swiss chalet village, fully lighted and paved. Both Seattle and Tacoma were made off limits to the soldiers, perhaps for fear of the "unhealthy amusement" enlisted men were sure to find in those neighboring urban centers.

Though the natural environment had not been consciously included as part of the initial plan for Camp Lewis, it quickly became an important part of the Camp Lewis experience. The surrounding environment provided for outdoor recreation and reportedly boosted morale. Many soldiers would "spend Saturday afternoon and Sunday 'hiking' through the woods, fishing, swimming and enjoying themselves in a wholesome, healthy fashion, which kept them in the open air." And though there were no formal landscaping plans prepared for Camp Lewis, there was an interest in beautification of the post. Much of the existing vegetation was retained, even to the extent of constructing roadways around large native Douglas fir trees. Soldiers also volunteered their labor for landscape gardening around their barracks or commons buildings. Rustic furniture such as benches, trellises, fences and planters, along with stone-lined beds and sparsely planted shrubs, appeared in a variety of areas around the camp.

A more concerted effort at landscaping was made in November 1917, when Liberty Gate was erected at the main entrance to the camp. Spokane
architect Kirtland Kelsey Cutter designed a gate of fieldstones and squared logs in a style resembling the old blockhouses of Northwest forts. The intent was to have Liberty Gate and its adjoining maple lined drive visible to passers-by on the railway and along Pacific Highway, thus advertising the engineering achievement of the military base, and attesting to the patriotism of Pierce County citizens and their support of the war effort. But it was also a closed gate, reminding the public that Camp Lewis was off limits. Though Camp Lewis provided some civilian services and functions to its inhabitants, it was also a self-contained military community.

The symbols most associated with Camp Lewis were its overpowering natural features. The cover of a 1918 13th Field Artillery Brigade booklet featured a clear and looming view of Mount Rainier framed by two old-growth Douglas firs that dominate the wood structures of Camp Lewis. The real view of Mount Rainier from the camp was much more subdued and sporadic, yet the popular image of the mountain had become important to the military complex and community.

In spite of efforts to make the cantonments communities for soldiers, they remained temporary in nature. Since public opinion during peace time opposed a standing army, little thought was given to repairing or improving the cantonments after World War I. The army, however, had to maintain operations at Camp Lewis because it did not want to forfeit the land. Even so, Camp Lewis suffered from neglect. During the early 1920s living conditions at Camp Lewis became increasingly unbearable. One journalist, in October 1925, described seeing “beer bottles, catsup bottles, tin cans, old shoes and other rubbish scattered over the floors in many of the buildings.” Roads and sewers fell into disrepair and fir seedlings reclaimed the parade ground.

As early as 1924 Congress debated upgrading national military posts, including Camp Lewis. And the natural environment of Puget Sound once again captured the popular imagination as a rallying point for promoting this new base. Captain C. J. Sullivan wrote that “within a half-day’s journey there are high mountains, low hills, impenetrable forests, beautiful groves, mountain streams, rivers, lakes, and the sea itself.” The terrain seemed ideal for any aspect of military training.

The Housing Program of 1926, which emerged from the congressional debates, directed Quartermaster General B. Frank Cheatham to improve several permanent military bases. Like Camp Lewis soldiers, with their families and friends, pose for this 1919 photo while out for some “healthy amusement.”
his World War I predecessor, General Cheatham turned to George Ford, gathering a myriad of architects, landscape architects, and town planners to provide design principles from city planning movements to create residential areas on military bases that addressed the needs of both military personnel and their families. The new emphasis on providing amenities for the officers’ families at Camp Lewis was a direct outcome of the quartermaster general’s poll of officers’ wives regarding their housing preferences. Cheatham had assumed that yard maintenance and two-story houses would be an inconvenience, but the women said they preferred to occupy single-family dwellings. This prompted the army to provide such housing for both commissioned and non-commissioned officers during this period of construction.

Although the camp was officially renamed “Fort Lewis” in September 1927, making it a permanent army base, the final site plan for the fort had yet to be completed and approved. By late 1927, after months of review and revision by several military commands, the modest plan first presented by Major General Cheatham had expanded to include a drill and parade ground 400 feet wide as well as large residential areas of single family officers’ quarters. The plan was extensive enough to house an entire division.

The new plan for Fort Lewis, approved in early January 1928, used much of the original layout and infrastructure of the existing site. In many ways the new Fort Lewis mirrored the shape and location of the original World War I cantonment, with two wings extending toward the east. The parade ground served as the axis for the layout and separated the different residential areas. Though the entire base was unified by one architectural style (Georgian Revival) and by the arrangement of the buildings, the military tradition of separating ranks could be seen in a variety of ways: the placement of open spaces, the size of houses and yards and the use of winding tree-shaded streets. Even the variety and quantity of planting materials used around the buildings and residences were allocated according to rank.

The barracks, located north of the parade ground, housed the enlisted men and were arranged in quadrangles according to army regiments. The non-commissioned officers’ housing, Greenwood, lay north of the barracks in traditional square blocks of small cottages. The yards were relatively small and sparsely planted. More of the natural vegetation, such as oak trees and Douglas firs, was retained. Broadmoor, the officers’ housing area, was arranged along curvilinear roads that carved out common open spaces and boasted larger yards with more extensive landscaping. Finally, the commanding general’s quarters were placed on an arc which opened toward the east, facing the parade ground and Mount Rainier—one of the privileges of rank.

The story of the formal landscape at Fort Lewis is as complex as the site planning process. The final site plan apparently provided “for excellent landscape architecture, which is usually so conspicuous by its absence at army posts.” The intent was no longer to enhance the natural setting but to create a new natural environment. Yet, like many of the permanent base construction projects around the United States, plant materials were not installed at the time of construction, or, if they were, it was the minimum “necessary to meet road grades” and then only if a commanding general found the time and money for grounds improvement projects. The necessity for land-
scaping military posts was justified again, as at Camp Lewis, on the basis of instilling civic pride and increasing morale among the enlisted men.

For instance, the 10th Field Artillery barracks, completed in early 1928, had no funding to finish the landscape plan that must have existed. But by April 1930 the troops at Fort Lewis had made attempts to landscape the barracks and "to remove the heaps of rocks left by the contractors." The quartermaster general wanted the base to mass plants around key points along the barracks building; he said that it helped "to accent and break up the extreme length of these buildings and give the whole group the appearance of a well-designed and parked development, rather than the stiff and formal lines of the average small town."

Actual application of foundation planting along the barracks may have been more spontaneous than planned, and was inconsistent at best. Each unit within the regiment planted the grounds immediately around its portion of the barracks, creating an uneven landscape with a variety of plant types and locations. The other problem with landscaping the new base was the inability to predict or control the growth of new plantings. In front of the 10th Artillery barracks, the cedar trees that began as small foundation plants ended up overpowering the front of the building by 1940.

The evolving landscape at Fort Lewis reflected the culture that shaped it. In this case, the military shaped the built environment to its needs and traditions. This landscape then created a variety of relationships between the built and natural environments, both intentionally and unintentionally.

During the development of Camp Lewis, national needs and design standards dictated some of the elements in its layout, while local interest and topography modified them. By happenstance the final military landscape took advantage of Mount Rainier as an anchor to the large parade field. The military, and the nearby community, could use the drama of the mountain's natural features to further enhance the image of the military complex as healthy, as a vigorous and rugged training ground, as a mighty mountain unmoved and undefeatable.

During peacetime the importance of this symbol of strength and the vigor of the outdoors was overtaken by the need to provide a controlled environment and amenities for the growing attachment of officers' families. By the 1930s Fort Lewis was a planned community that accommodated military families, provided recreation and non-military facilities for the enlisted men's use, and housed the traditional functions of a military post, such as training and mobilizing troops. In an attempt to achieve this goal of combining uses in an organized and workable manner, the army embraced professional planning and landscape design concepts similar to those used in suburban America. These techniques enhanced or complemented many military traditions. The military wanted cost efficiency and self-sufficiency, easy access to transportation and residential buildings separated by rank but arranged around a centralized open space—the parade ground. Professional planners, especially during the 1920s and 1930s, contributed ornamentation, beautification and integration of these various land use zones—details for which an army mobilized for war does not have time.

Jane T. Merritt, a doctoral candidate in history at the University of Washington, is currently writing an administrative history of Fort Vancouver for the National Park Service.
Quarantine Notice, Jefferson County, c. 1902

DR. LLEWELLYN T. SEAVEY established his medical practice at Port Townsend, Washington Territory, in 1878. He became associated with the Quarantine Department of the United States Public Health Service in 1901.

During the early decades of this century it was mandatory that all homes with residents who had contagious diseases be posted with a quarantine notice. These diseases—measles, small pox, diphtheria and scarlet fever—were often devastating to children, and it was felt that quarantine would halt or at least impede their rapid spread. After the illness had passed the notices were removed and destroyed, so few of them survive.

This unusual piece of ephemera is a recent addition to the Society's Special Collections holdings.

NOTICE—KEEP OUT

These premises are under quarantine on account of

SCARLET FEVER

By order of the Health Officer,

L. T. SEAVEY, M. D.
WHEN THE PRESIDENT of the Hecla Mining Company died suddenly, he left a tidy surprise—his widow, whom nobody in the company had heard of, and now by inheritance Hecla’s largest shareholder. James R. “Hecla” Smith’s marriage to Sarah E. Peterson was solemnized by a chaplain at St. Luke’s Hospital in Chicago on the afternoon of September 25, 1908. By 6:30 that evening the bridegroom was dead. And the bereaved Sarah, rich and alone, was launched on a singular odyssey as a mine owner, real estate tycoon and target of fortune hunters. Along her way, often in the public eye, Sarah sprang some surprises of her own.

Hecla in 1908 was an up-and-coming lead-silver producer on Canyon Creek, overlooking Burke, Idaho, in the Coeur d’Alene mining district. Celebrating its centennial in 1991, Hecla is the oldest district company with continuous management, the sole survivor of the great northern Idaho mining enterprises organized before 1900. It had paid its first dividend in 1900 on stock that originally sold for two or three cents a share, and it became so reliable that Hecla has been one of the few mining stocks purchased for regular income.

The mine’s discoverer sold it for less than $150, and it passed through several hands before falling to a syndicate of newly rich sons of German immigrants in Milwaukee who sold its stock aggressively to raise money to dig the ores. Smith, an employee of his landlord, Frank Upman, bought some Hecla stock, too. It remains a question whether Smith introduced Upman to Hecla or the other way around. No matter. In time, both men served as company president.
Little is known of Mr. Smith's early life. He was born in the town of Mexico in central New York, a few miles from Spy State Park, burial place of Silas Towne, an American spy in the Revolution, and about an hour's drive from Sacketts Harbor where American farmers repulsed landing parties from British warships on Lake Ontario in the War of 1812.

When he bought Hecla stock, Smith was single, mired in a routine job. At 39 he ventured to Idaho where he worked as a mine clerk through the 1890s, during the violence and divisiveness of the Coeur d'Alene labor wars. Carrying his lunch pail to the office each day, he became a familiar figure in Burke. A newspaper once remarked that he was "a bulwark of strength in the restoration of order" after union miners dynamited the Bunker Hill mill, although just what Smith did the editor did not say.

At any rate, Smith watched Hecla's meager start—in seven years, lessees managed to extract mineral worth no more than $14,000—and its elating discovery of a rich lead-silver vein. From his paycheck, Smith put what he could spare into more Hecla stock; he became basically an unofficial assistant manager of Hecla. When the company started to pay dividends, Smith emerged as the largest beneficiary with 82,000 shares. That was at a time when all officers were large stockholders. The directors elected Smith vice president.

Now that the mine was paying, Smith moved back to Frank Upman's Briggs House in downtown Chicago. His friends called him "Hecla" Smith, and the newspapers called him a "millionaire mining man." One would guess that at about this time he met Sarah Peterson, a public stenographer who ran a small secretarial school. Perhaps he employed Sarah occasionally. What their relationship was, no one knows, although later, in one of her churlish moods, Sarah would snap that she financed Jim Smith's stock buys. On the other hand, when he learned that Smith married Sarah, Upman seemed genuinely surprised.

In 1903 Hecla's directors elected...
Smith president on Upman's nomination. He traveled frequently as president—to the mining district annually, to smelters processing Hecla ore, to conferences with railroad executives on rates and service and so on. After he guaranteed the Northern Pacific Railway half the Hecla's freight business for better service, all of Hecla's shipments went by NP for six months of each year.

Being president puffed up Jim Smith. He put on airs and started to act without consulting the board of directors. When Hecla built up surplus funds, Smith negotiated loans on his own authority to the Swift and Armour packing companies. His Milwaukee associates were incensed, and one of them observed, "I think he is acting very peculiar." But Smith stayed on as president. He was still in office when he entered the hospital with his last illness, pneumonia complicated by Bright's disease.

Sarah Peterson, 34, and Jim Smith had obtained a marriage license several days before he went to the hospital. Presumably his illness put off their wedding. For the license, Smith gave his age as 44. On his death certificate, his age was 56. Make of that what you wish. Perhaps Sarah and Jim married sentimentally when the doctor said he would not live another day. Perhaps Sarah really had some claim to Smith's Hecla stock, and, realizing he would die without a will, the two saw marriage as clearing his debt to her. An old acquaintance would assert, many years later, that Sarah spent her days for several months mourning at the cemetery.

Hecla's directors manfully elected the widow to the board as the largest shareholder and invited her to their November meeting in Wallace, Idaho. Sarah, about whom they were curious, turned out to be well-spoken, intelligent, not unattractive, and plump, with a taste for expensive clothes. At first she listened to the men and did not say much, but the clubby maleness of the board meeting evaporated. At the time, Hecla employed no females and women rarely attended stockholders' annual meetings. Sarah seemed unfurled, even though they shut her out of the cigars and whiskey. When the directors got to know her better, they discovered in Sarah a streak of arbitrary stubbornness. Perhaps that was her natural reaction to being treated as an outsider.

When the board met in cramped Wallace, Sarah was handed over to Anna, wife of Hecla manager James F. McCarthy, to be entertained. She usually arrived a few days early and stayed a week or two. Anna often took her to the movies—silent films, of course—and, because her deafness encouraged her to read lips, Anna whispered to others what the actors were really saying. That seemed to miff Sarah.

The directors elected Upman to succeed his friend Jim Smith as president of the company, but it was more than he wanted to do. In 1910 they made Upman vice president and McCarthy president, the first time one of the major shareholders had not headed Hecla. Under McCarthy the company found new ore shoots, offered its stock for trading on the New York curb exchange, and generally prospered. Sarah Smith became a familiar member of Hecla's board, faithfully attending meetings, interested in business affairs and generally quiet.

She was curious about the mining business, however, and during her two weeks or more in the Coeur d'Alenes each year she discussed mining with the managers and engineers of other companies. They treated her courteously and answered her questions. She showed a willingness, dismaying to the other board members, to talk freely about Hecla as she formed her own opinion of its management. In those days each company had a few secrets it did not share with rivals. McCarthy could not shut Sarah out of the company's business, but he became guarded in what he told her.

Sarah found a ready listener in Eugene R. Day, youngest of the three Day brothers, who now managed the Her-
cules, which the Days and their partners had discovered and were operating on the side of Burke opposite Hecla. Perhaps Sarah and Eugene were drawn together as outsiders—she, the only woman on the board of an important company, and he, hoping to prove himself in the post in which Harry Day for two decades had been a driving force.

Sarah also met Ralston T. "Jack" Wilbur, two years her junior, a tall, athletic womanizer and prankster who sold mining machinery. Wilbur had left Stanford University in the wake of a collegiate caper, played football at Yale, and returned to California. There he was long remembered for a bogus funeral he had arranged, with 50 taxicabs on San Francisco's Market Street, and for his tempestuous public courtship of Helen Clifford, a drama critic and friend of the actress Maud Adams. Shortly after their wedding Helen sent her egocentric spouse packing.

Wilbur had come to Spokane to supervise construction of the Old National Bank Building, the city's tallest. In mid 1916 he began courting widow Smith, whose dividends from Hecla were said to be $11,883 a month. She lived temporarily at the Davenport Hotel in Spokane, where Wilbur found her and "rushed" her into marriage, as Sarah later told her story. Not long after their wedding in September, she lent her new husband money, and then more money, in all about $130,000.

The Wilburs built a three-story, 17-room house of native stone and local granite on four acres Wilbur owned on East 17th Avenue. When Sarah sneered at the location, Wilbur fled alone to San Francisco, where he consoled himself by throwing a pajama party for 30 couples at the St. Francis Hotel and, of course, getting his hijinks in the newspapers.

He and Sarah had hardly moved into the house before Sarah sued for divorce. Wilbur chased women—"vile women," she called them. Although he sweet-talked her out of separating, she soon sued him again, and won an uncontested divorce in September 1918, again calling herself Smith.

Sarah's romance with Wilbur coincided with a time when Coeur d'Alene mining companies profited hugely from warring nations' need for metals. The Day brothers put some of their profits into Hecla stock. McCarthy expanded Hecla's underground workings, both to extract ores and to look for more mineral. In the course of enlarging he was accused of running Hecla's tunnels into ground owned by the Marsh Mining Company. At the war's end, Marsh sued for six million dollars, alleging trespass. McCarthy regarded the suit as blackmail, and he suspected the Day brothers of abetting Marsh secretly to advance their own interests. Sarah Smith loudly said that losing would be "fatal" to Hecla, but the litigants compromised.

At Hecla's annual meeting of stockholders in 1919, Eugene Day represented his family's shares. A dissident director—for Hecla was not of a single mind—nominated Day to succeed Upman, who was dying in Los Angeles. An awkward silence followed the nomination. With no second, Eugene withdrew his name, but now he and Sarah had mutual interests to talk about, and together they opposed McCarthy. For his part, the Hecla president was even more close-mouthed with Sarah.

As a consequence, when the president of the Bunker Hill Mining & Smelting Company, Frederick W. Bradley, invited Hecla to join in buying and operating the old Star mine,
Mining claims depicted in clusters in the hills beside Canyon Creek, which joins the Coeur d'Alene south fork near Wallace (c. 1907). Hecla properties lie directly south of Burke. Further south is the Star, which was to be entered by tunnel from the Hecla. Participation in the Star with the Bunker Hill Mining Company was the spark for Sarah Smith's attack on Hecla management.

McCarthy could not bring himself to tell Sarah. He told the other directors, and several met him to talk with Bradley at Bunker Hill's offices in San Francisco. There they agreed to resurrect the Star for the zinc in its ores. Hecla was to operate the mine, and Bunker Hill was to build a mill that would produce a zinc 99.99 percent pure for a new, growing market centered on the die-casting industry.

The Star had never been a bonanza; its ores were relatively low-grade and, in the early days, too "zincy" for easy smelting. It had been involved in long lawsuits over its vein and had lain idle for 15 years. Hecla and others had tested Star ores and had given it up. Mining engineers could not agree on its potential. The Star was a sleeping giant.

When Sarah Smith inevitably learned that Hecla proposed to mine the Star, she was scornful and furious. She and Day agreed the Star venture would wreck Hecla, and they began to enlist stockholders to oppose it. Rumors quickly spread, for the mining district is a tangle of grapevines, that Sarah and Day would try to seize control of Hecla. Scurrilous letters to stockholders declared that McCarthy was "dominating the entire company" with "directors who know little of the mining game."

At the next annual meeting, Eugene Day was again nominated for the board. Sarah seconded, but Day rallied the fewest votes and was declared not elected. Smith stayed on the board, remarked the Wallace Miner, "through sufferance due to her sex." McCarthy addressed the question of his management by proposing that the board employ a consulting engineer to report on Hecla operations. The consultant, one of the world's leading mining men, Fred Searls, Jr., later passed favorably on Hecla's management. No one mentioned the Star.

Not long after this meeting McCarthy wrote the directors of the "very promising enterprise," the Star, "where our present plant equipment can be used and the company's existence prolonged." To decide on Star, the board met in Milwaukee. The day before the meeting, the Wallace Press-Times, a newspaper controlled by the Days, had published a detailed report of the plan for the Bunker Hill and Hecla joint venture in Star. McCarthy was sure Sarah Smith had talked out of turn again.

With the board's approval, McCarthy called a special meeting of shareholders to ratify a Star contract. As usual, Sarah appeared in Wallace a few days early. She hurtled into McCarthy's office to demand that no contract be signed. McCarthy looked at her steadily for a moment and then said softly, "It's already been done." He had, in fact, signed the previous day, contingent on stockholder approval.

One day before the special meeting, Day and Smith obtained a restraining order from a Spokane court, the Hecla being a Washington corporation, to abort the contract. Their complaint asserted that the "so-called mining properties of the Star Mining Company are absolutely of no value." The Days' Press Times translated their view into plainer language: Bunker Hill, it said, was "anxious to ditch as much of the lemon as possible" on Hecla.

The court, after hearing arguments, ruled the Star contract valid. Eugene Day's brother Jerome had taken the Days' usual seat in the courtroom, for Gene was hospitalized. Eight days after
Smith and Day lost in court, Eugene Day suddenly died. Smith carried on alone against McCarthy; she spent upward of $75,000 in lawsuits until the state supreme court turned her down, ending what the *Wallace Miner* insisted had been “a Day-Smith plot to grab control of the Hecla.” At the next stockholders’ meeting, the company voted McCarthy a raise in salary plus a bonus, and dropped Sarah Smith from the board.

Between 1921 and 1925, Sarah sold much of her Hecla stock and put her money into Chicago real estate. Shrewd purchases netted her more millions—one report estimated her fortune had risen to eight million dollars, and a Spokane newspaper called her “the Hetty Green gant profiles as “the richest woman in America” and “the greatest woman financier in the world.”

In 1925, about the time the Star mine disgorged its first cars of ore, Sarah Smith married again. George F. Scollard, a salesman for a Puget Sound dredging company, divorced his wife with her assent in order to marry Sarah for her money. Sarah and Scollard bought a “mansion” in Bellingham, spent a year traveling in the United States after a honeymoon in Europe and Los Angeles, and then headed for Buenos Aires, taking along his former wife as maid. The junketing Scollards had not been in Buenos Aires long before Sarah came upon her husband bedded with the maid.

Her outraged shriek was the starting gun for a race home—Scollard slightly in the lead by ship and train—to put hands on community assets—cash and securities including 19,000 shares of Hecla in banks and deposit boxes in Seattle, Bellingham, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Newspapers relished the dash, Sarah’s court orders withholding assets from Scollard, and her cries that he had absconded with $185,000 from a trunk in their Bellingham home. Eight hundred thousand dollars in securities hidden in the house were never found, but a sheriff’s deputy, helping Sarah, discovered 90 $1,000 bills in a mattress.

When Sarah brought grand larceny charges against Scollard, he went into hiding. His attorney, John F. Dore of Seattle, offered an opinion that Scollard had gone to Paris with $1.6 million. But a private detective ran him to ground in Vancouver, British Columbia, with his former wife. Sarah obtained a divorce decree that awarded her all of the community property and restored her name to Smith, again.

Twenty years had passed since Sarah Peterson married Jim Smith in a Chicago hospital. At age 54 she was more or less alone, the subject of fanciful tales in the newspapers that portrayed her as an eccentric who habitually carried thousands of dollars in her handbag. An old friend observed that Sarah was shrewd in business but a dreadful judge of men, especially handsome ones.

Yet, there was one more male in her life. She fell in with Reese Brown, a magnetic man from Yakima who seemed to charm women. A schoolteacher had sued him for $175,000; she claimed he took from her in a fake marriage. Brown represented himself as an experienced money manager and Sarah appointed him her confidential agent. It was said that he rarely let her out of his sight, housing her in the penthouse of the Rhododendron Apartments in Seattle. Sarah and Brown traveled extensively while he invested her money in a Spokane house that she never occupied, land near Toppenish, a woolen mill near Seattle, a mercantile company in Montana, and in a lavish lifestyle.

Fiscal flimflam eventually led to questioning and indictment by the Internal Revenue Service on charges of conspiracy to defraud the federal government of taxes. Brown secreted Sarah in a small Japanese hotel in Vancouver while the IRS collected 120 statements from witnesses about his financial antics. He then moved her to Montreal and finally to the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec. There Sarah Smith’s odyssey ended. Ill and alone, she died in her room on July 24, 1932. The hotel manager found $5,000 in traveler’s checks in her purse and $1,000 wrapped in an old dress. Having no one else to notify, he telegraphed Brown, who ordered the body cremated and brought the ashes back in a silver jewel case that he placed in his bulletproof office. Some months later, when a court inquired why the Browns did not reveal Sarah’s whereabouts, Mrs. Brown answered disingenuously, “Nobody asked.”

Not until Reese Brown died in January 1934 in an automobile crash near Wapato did anyone but Brown and his wife know what had become of Sarah Smith. Brown’s widow produced the ashes for the court when Sarah’s nieces and nephews sued the Brown estate, alleging that $5.2 million had been squandered or could not be accounted for. Sarah Peterson Smith, whose wedding to Jim Smith was a surprise to his friends and business associates, had lived a life of surprises.

Professor Emeritus of Radio-Television and History from Eastern Washington University, John Fahey is the author of several books and articles on the history of the inland Pacific Northwest, including two articles previously published in *Columbia*. This essay was adapted from the author’s book, *Hecla: A Century of Western Mining* (1990), from the University of Washington Press.
In 1789 a controversy arose between Spain and England when the Spanish seized British fur-trading ships at Nootka Sound. Thus were inspired the first historic songs and ballads about the Pacific Northwest. The two nations nearly went to war, but armed conflict was averted through diplomacy. With the signing of the Nootka Convention in 1790, Spain surrendered influence on the northwest coast of America, leaving England to fill a power vacuum for the next half-century. Not until the settlement of the Oregon boundary question between the United States and England in 1846 did the British even slightly relax their grip on the region.

The "Nootka Ballads" were found in the collections of the Print Room of the British Museum in 1970. There were three: "The English Ambassador and His Suite Before the King at Madrid"; "Poor Dick, the Holiday Admiral"; "The British Tar's Laughing-Stock, or the Royal Quixote." All were published in 1790, just prior to the signing of the Nootka Convention, which ended the dispute between Spain and England. The first to be published appears to have been "The English Ambassador," done on an engraving that carried the imprimatur of "Wm. Holland, No. 50, Oxford Street, May 12, 1790," a date that coincided with the raging height of the controversy. The ballad celebrates the victory of British diplomacy in somewhat fanciful terms. In the illustration, a glowering Charles IV, King of Spain, is being addressed by a belligerent John Bull, a representation of Alleyne Fitzherbert, the British emissary.

The English ambassador is growling such lines as "Our Traders in Nootka, by some of your Curs, were all sent to Quod and robb'd of their Furs." He also boasts that he has brought four representatives of the new science of pugilism with him and that "should you wish for a war we have got a new race of such brave fighting fellows not the Devil dare face!" He follows with: "For centuries past England's rul'd o'er the main, and if it please Heav'n hope to do so again. Thus with Sailors and Bruiers we your power defy, being determined to conquer or fight till we die!" The themes of empire and confrontation dominate Pacific Northwest balladry.

Though there is no suggested melody for "The English Ambassador," the music for the other two Nootka Ballads has been identified. The second ballad, "Poor Dick, the Holiday Admiral," was based upon "Poor Jack," a famous sea song written by English composer Charles Dibdin. "Poor Dick" is a musical spoof about the "achievement" of Lord Richard Howe, the British naval commander who returned home from sea after a fruitless search for the Spanish fleet as both nations prepared for war. Though a longtime hero to the English people for his successful engagements with the French fleet during the American Revolution and after, Admiral Howe's failure to locate the elusive Spanish fleet resulted in public ridicule. The "Cherub, who sits up aloft" in "Poor Jack" is transposed in "Poor Dick" into William Pitt, prime minister and protector of Lord Howe.

Charles Dibdin composed many sea songs, and at least some were known and sung on the Northwest Coast in the late 18th and 19th centuries. Popular with the English public, Dibdin's songs were reproduced in songsters, chapbooks and broadsides on both sides of the Atlantic. English crews knew many of Dibdin's patriotic ditties, of which he once boasted in print: "These songs have been the solace of Sailors in Long Voyages . . . in storms . . . in battle; and they have been quoted in Mutinies to the restoration of order and discipline." The songs were sung on American ships as well, and when seaman Charles Clinton visited the Northwest Coast in 1805, his shipboard journal contained several examples known to the American crew of the ship Vancouver.
"The British Tar's Laughing Stock, or the Royal Quixote" was the third musical commentary on the Nootka affair. According to the example in the British Museum, the song first appeared in July 1790 and bore the imprint of "W. Maynard, No.1, St. Martin's Court, Leicester Fields." The broadside contained 18 verses, printed in three columns, and bore a colored engraving. George Cruickshank, the illustrator for a number of Charles Dibdin's songs, later created the drawings which illustrated "The British Tar's Laughing Stock." The unhappy King Charles IV of Spain is portrayed as he contemplates England's stubborn stand at Nootka. He is shown waking from a nightmare which is represented by three small vignettes set in clouds above the verses of the ballad. One shows the English defense of Gibraltar, with shot blowing up the Spanish gunboats. Below that appears a Spanish don (actually King Charles) shown chasing a group of English soldiers at Nootka Sound. Below this is a picture of Louis XVI, king of France and prisoner of the revolution, sitting in a cell and biting his thumb ruefully, his crown lying on the ground beside him.

More than the composure of the two kings had been shaken. Spain had depended upon the "Family Compact" to assist her if war with England broke out, but the French Revolution had shattered the alliance. The ballad was to be sung to the melody of an ancient song, "Begging as We Go," sometimes called "The Jovial Beggar." For a sample sip of the bitter wine of Spanish humiliation, here are three verses from "The British Tar's Laughing Stock."

Verse 8

He saw the Fall of Kingcraft,
He saw the grand Monarque;
He saw him of his glitter stript,
And moping in the dark.

This refers to the unhappy Louis, prisoner of the French Revolution, a sad symbol for all European kings at that fateful time.

Verse 15

Now Don awoke, and ranted;
The dream had turned his brain;
He swore he'd set the Thames on fire,
And carry George to Spain.

"A Voyage of Trade and Discovery, 1787-90," the Columbia Rediviva and the Lady Washington at sea.
To "set the Thames on fire" was certainly beyond Spanish scope in 1790. English King George III ruled England securely for 30 more years.

Verse 17

Now France! To Spanish worth lend
Thy philosophic eye,
Nor in a frantic despot's cause
Permit the brave to die.

After signing the Nootka Convention in November 1790, Spain abandoned her claim to exclusive control of the Northwest Coast. In granting the right of British subjects to trade or settle on territory not currently occupied by Spanish subjects, she granted by implication the same right to the people of other countries. England, by signing the Nootka Convention, in effect agreed to the same principle. Thus sovereignty became a matter of occupancy. In less than 50 years the Oregon question would hinge on that very principle, and England would be forced to share her "Nootka winnings" with the United States.

A more successful example of musical diplomacy from the Spanish viewpoint is found in a fragmentary Spanish ballad from Nootka that survives in a manuscript called Noticias de Nootka. Composed by Don Pedro Albermi, co-captain with Don Francisco Eliza of Spanish forces at Nootka in 1790, the song was written to mollify the Nootka chief, Maquinna. Maquinna had a deep and well-founded suspicion of Spanish designs upon his ancestral kingdom, but the song, a mixture of Spanish and Nootkan words, was an instant success. Set to the tune of El Marabu, an Andalusian folk song, the song praised Maquinna as a great chief and the good friend of imperial Spain. So pleased was the chief that he had his tribesmen trained to sing it on "state occasions." When José Mariano Mozio, the author of Noticias de Nootka, visited the area with the Quadra expedition in 1792, the Indians sang the "Song of Maquinna" as they greeted the landing party. The hybrid "Hail to the Chief" served for some time to lessen tensions between the two races.

Of all the early sea songs of the Northwest Coast, the one that conforms most closely to the classic definitions of folk song is "The Bold Northwestman," the first American folk song for this region. The composer is unknown, and there are at least four variations of the ballad, which is a narrative of an Indian attack upon the American ship Lady Washington, Captain John Kendrick commanding. The incident occurred at Barrell's Sound, the passage between Kunghit and Moresby islands in the southernmost part of the Queen Charlotte Islands off the coast of British Columbia. The place was not far north of Nootka Sound, which Kendrick and his compatriot Captain Robert Gray, commander of the Columbia Rediviva, visited when trading for furs.

Captains Kendrick and Gray, out of Boston, commanded the first American trading expedition to the northwest coast of America. Gray's subsequent discovery of the Columbia River laid the basis for the United States' claim to the Oregon Country. The story of the incidents leading to the
Indian attack on Kendrick’s ship and the account of the fight itself are too lengthy to relate here. There is a contemporary account of the Indians’ attack (which ended in their bloody defeat) in the journal of John Hoskins, the young ship’s clerk for the Columbia. The episode occurred on the “fourteenth day of May,” or the “sixteenth day of June, boys, in the year of ninety-one,” depending upon which version of the ballad you hear. Hoskins’ account agrees with most of the facts of the ballads except for the number of casualties sustained by the Indians. Captain Kendrick didn’t live long after this victory. En route to winter quarters in Hawaii three years later he was killed accidentally by saluting guns of a passing English ship. Legend has it that the dying captain was heard to mutter as he fell to the deck, “Dammie, too much English on the ball!”

Here are three variant broadsides of “The Bold Northwestman” at Yale, two at Harvard and two in the American Antiquarian Society. Phillips Barry recorded two variations in the Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast. One of Barry’s informants claimed that her father had learned the song in New York in 1813. The longest known text, in 14 stanzas, was originally published by Leonard Deming, a ballad-printer of Boston and Middlebury, Vermont, who was active between 1829 and 1831, according to Boston directories. Phillips Barry recorded two melodies for the ballad. Two other melodies also exist, although one was composed only ten years ago, at a time when it was feared no originals would ever be found.

The title, many of the stanzas, and perhaps the melody were lifted by Ebenezer Clinton in 1805 to describe still another Indian attack on the American ship Atahualpa. Clinton called his piece of nonsense prefaced by these farces, occasioned by his first visit to the warlike Indians. More to the point, probably, is a broadside telling of the “Atahualpa” disaster, a ballad modeled after “The Bold Northwesternman.”

The Atahualpa disaster at Milford in August 1812, bored into the North West Coast of America, was a part of a great series of sea-faring tales, in which Hoskins was involved, and which, in his own words, “gave him an opportunity to sing some favorite songs.” The story was related by Hoskins to Captain Clinton, who was writing a ballad about the incident, and who, in his own words, “insisted on the ballad being his.” The ballad, which has since been found in many versions, is a tale of the Columbia’s encounter with the Indians, and the defeat of the ship. Hoskins’ account of the Indians’ attack (which ended in their bloody defeat) in the journal of John Hoskins, the young ship’s clerk for the Columbia. The episode occurred on the “fourteenth day of May,” or the “sixteenth day of June, boys, in the year of ninety-one,” depending upon which version of the ballad you hear. Hoskins’ account agrees with most of the facts of the ballads except for the number of casualties sustained by the Indians. Captain Kendrick didn’t live long after this victory. En route to winter quarters in Hawaii three years later he was killed accidentally by saluting guns of a passing English ship. Legend has it that the dying captain was heard to mutter as he fell to the deck, “Dammie, too much English on the ball!”

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his new ballad the "The Bold Northwestman" and placed himself squarely in the middle of the bloody fray that, in this case, ended in defeat and massacre for the American crew. When the ballad came to be published as a broadside, however, either Clinton or the printer thought better of using the title of such a widely known ballad, and the title was changed to "The Atahualpa," while Clinton became the anonymous narrator of the action. The American Antiquarian Society has, perhaps, the original of the broadside ballad. Clinton's manuscript journal is at Yale.

The shipboard journal of Charles Clinton, the brother of Ebenezer, kept aboard the ship Vancouver while lying off the Northwest Coast, contains at least the fragments of 28 sea songs or ballads. Young Clinton apparently filled the long night watches by recalling as many songs as he could remember. Four of those he recorded were by Charles Dibdin, the English composer cited earlier. The other songs Clinton recorded were of the familiar Irish "Come all, ye!" type or the popular ballads of the late 18th century, most of which originated in the British Isles.

Two Russian folk songs, written about Indian skirmishes in the Alaskan fur trade, give more international flavor to the early sea songs of the Northwest Coast. The two songs were "Song of Baranoff," written in 1799, and "A Song to Baranoff," written in 1808. The first ballad was written by Baranoff himself and became a kind of official anthem for Russian America. The second is anonymous, but is a kind of salute to the "Lord of Alaska" by the promyshlenniki, the Siberian fur traders who provided the backbone of Russian commerce with the Alaskan natives.

Both of the Russian ballads were translated recently in the first new versions since their discovery in the mid-19th century. Now that they are available we have all the musical "sides" of the exploration by sea of the Northwest Coast as told in English, Spanish, Russian, and American songs. Perhaps most amazing of all is that the musical surge occurred in this remote region as early as the last decade of the 18th century, at least 30 years before the occurrence of the "ballad explosion" on the Atlantic seaboard.

Bruce Le Roy is Director Emeritus of the Washington State Historical Society and author of the forthcoming book The Bold Northwestman: Folk Songs and Ballads of the Pacific Northwest, from which the above essay is excerpted.
Ready Reference

I am thankful that I have COLUMBIA near my keyboard as a ready reference. I use it often. I have especially enjoyed the articles on Spanish and Mexican activities in our state. After I read Erasmo Gamboa’s article “Washington’s Mexican Heritage” in the Fall 1989 issue, I was about to write you an urgent letter asking how I could learn more. Then happily I discovered your page of “Additional Reading.” A wise and useful addition!

Virginia Uranus
Cowlitz County Historical Society
Kelso

Good News

I have just finished reading the Fall 1991 issue of COLUMBIA. The story it tells of the great plans for your society is good news for everyone in our profession. Keep up the magnificent work.

Chet Orloff, Director
Ninth Judicial Circuit Historical Society
Portland

Serendipity

On Sunday I toured the pictographs on the bluffs above the old Wishram Village with the Native American Arts Council of Portland Art Museum. On Monday, COLUMBIA (Fall 1991) arrived with the James Ronda article “River Worlds,” focusing on The Dalles. I can’t tell you how much I enjoyed this article, and how impressed I am with COLUMBIA.

The plans for the new museum are spectacular!

Daniel Crandall
Portland

Kincaid Corrections

COLUMBIA (which I very much enjoy reading) ought to be known for its accuracy as well as readability. While I find the latter quality in the Williams’ “Trevor Kincaid” of the Spring 1991 issue, I noted a couple of inaccuracies in the text, both on page nine. The authors cite “a dry goods store at the intersection of Main and Water Streets” in Olympia. However, those two streets both run parallel, north-south to each other and are separated by two blocks. Thus it is impossible for them ever to form an intersection (except by some sort of Einsteinian calculations to which neither I nor most of your readers are likely to be privy).

They also cite the location of the old downtown University of Washington campus as being “on a knoll near present-day Tenth and Union.” This would place the campus on “Pill Hill,” just above and to the east of Interstate 5. It is well known that the campus and its first building were on ten donated acres that comprised (and still do, with some minor later extensions) the University’s metropolitan tract. The boundaries reach from Seneca north to Union and between two alleys, one paralleling Fourth Avenue to the west and the other paralleling Fifth Avenue to its east. The Four Seasons Olympic Hotel occupies the site of the original building. I hope you will correct these flaws in an otherwise well-deserved recognition of Kincaid’s contributions to the University and zoology.

Professor Norm Johnston
University of Washington
Seattle

“Something Big” at Hanford

The caption for a photo of the 1943 Hanford paycheck line in the article “Manhattan on the Columbia” (COLUMBIA, Summer 1991) states that laborers received “prevailing” rates of $1 an hour. Although accurate, the statement masks a frantic security-cloaked effort to recruit the project’s work force; nor does it tell how the rate was set.

As a reporter for the Washington Post covering war production in the war agencies press room in Washington, D.C., I received a cryptic press release announcing an increase in the laborer rate at Hanford to $1 an hour from 85 cents. For a time of strict wage controls, that increase of more than 17.6 percent was quite newsworthy, suggesting that “something big” was happening at Hanford, Washington, a place that few of us had ever heard of.

Within minutes, before any of us could find out what that “something big” was, the releases were collected by their distributor with “issued by mistake” a less than satisfactory explanation. The breach got no farther than the press room. Officials declined to discuss it on security grounds. Under wartime censorship, we did not write about such matters without an “authorized source” and none could be obtained.

The event stayed stored away until the August 1945 announcement that the Air Force had dropped an atomic bomb on Hiroshima, a belated but adequate explanation of “something big” at Hanford.

Ben W. Gilbert
Tacoma

Manhattan Project

Congratulations and thanks for the excellent photo spread, “Manhattan on the Columbia,” by S. L. Sanger in the Summer 1991 issue of COLUMBIA.

We urge readers to follow up with a visit to their local library or bookstore. There they will find even more of these enlightening personal stories of Hanford’s formative years included in Sanger’s book Hanford and the Bomb: An Oral History of World War II.

There has been little information about or appreciation of the people who helped build and operate the first reactor plants in the world, right here in Washington during World War II. It’s heartening to read their stories and realize that many of them still reside in the Pacific Northwest and the Tri-Cities area, as Hanford’s 50th anniversary approaches (1943-93).

Harlan J. Anderson
and Marilyn C. Druby
Kernanwick
Gordon J. Rogers
Pasco
From a historian's standpoint, the late Bruce A. Wilson's new book is a refreshing change from some of the pedantic local histories turned out during the last four decades. With admirable grasp of his subject matter, Wilson writes an enjoyable, smooth-flowing, chronological history of Okanogan County from the beginning of the 19th century through the construction of Grand Coulee Dam.

Wilson, a long-time newspaper man from Omak, informs his readers that it was not just the white males who came to, and settled in, Okanogan County. Happily, the role of pioneer women is also part of his book, especially those who worked with their spouses on sheep ranches, planted orchards, and tested out new techniques in irrigation. The Salish-speaking Okanogans, Sanpoils, Nespelems, Colombias, and Colvilles, of course, have a special place in the history of north central Washington, but the Chinese miners are not forgotten, either. This book is, indeed, a tribute to all the peoples of Washington's "last frontier."

Late Frontier is well illustrated with a century's worth of maps, more than 450 historic photographs, and 18 pen and ink sketches by Omak artist Barbara Coppock, each of which helps to highlight, clarify, and expand upon the written text. Wilson's creative use of three "intermissions" and several boxed inserts adds detail to events. The insert on how to turn a beaver pelt into a fashionable top hat is the best I have seen on the subject. In addition, the anecdotes, diaries, letters and reminiscences from which Wilson liberally quotes make his story a very personal one.

Thus, Wilson's book is not a mere recitation of the arrival of every "founding family" to Okanogan County; rather, it is a solid history of people, places and events. If this reviewer were to fault the author's effort in any way, it would be that it lacks a good map of the county, one that shows all of the rivers, communities, and natural features so often written about in the text. In addition, it might have been better to identify the source of the marvelous early black and white photographs under the individual photographs, instead of just listing them in small print at the end of the book.

Barb Kubik, a graduate of Washington State University, is an interpreter at Sacajawea State Park Visitor's Center in Pasco. Mrs. Kubik has had a long association with the Benton and Franklin County historical societies.
Russian America: The Forgotten Frontier.
Reviewed by John M. Findlay.

This handsome volume appeared as companion to the 1990 exhibit of the same name at the Washington State Historical Society. It focuses mainly on Russian efforts to colonize Alaska between 1741 and 1867, particularly under the auspices of the Russian-American Company, founded in 1799. Barbara Sweetland Smith, the exhibit curator, and Redmond J. Barnett, a historian with the Society, have compiled 21 essays on Alaskan subjects ranging from the first Russian explorations in the mid 18th century, through United States acquisition in the later 19th century, to the legacy of Russian influence at the end of the 20th century. The diversity of topics requires many perspectives, so contributors' backgrounds include history, law, anthropology, medicine, theology, geography, linguistics and architecture. The rich illustrations common to all chapters almost justify billing the book as an exhibition catalogue. In fact, the only visual shortcoming is a shortage of modern maps.

In a helpful introduction, Smith and Barnett suggest three overall themes—that “Russian America offers a variation on the colonial pattern familiar elsewhere in North America”; that the “relations of the United States with Russian America are of long standing”; and that “Russian America developed a surprisingly rich cultural base” (p. 9). The third theme is most successfully demonstrated, particularly in discussions of the Creole experience and the persistence of the Russian Orthodox Church. The second theme receives less attention; the essays actually focus more on United States activities in Alaska after the Russians had departed. The first theme is also relatively neglected.

Russian America contains a number of excellent essays, but, as is to be expected in a collection of this kind, the contributions do not always fit together well. Some chapters provide general overviews as a curative to our collective amnesia. Other pieces, however, in addressing quite narrow themes, will hardly keep general readers from forgetting the forgotten frontier all over again. Contributions also contradict one another. Good will toward Russians prevails. The book stresses the humanitarianism of the Russian-American Company, the achievements of Orthodox missions, and the cultural contributions of Creoles. It generally argues that under the Russian regime the natives fared better than under American rule. Such may have been the case, but one is reminded of a Canadian, full-blood Cree's response to the claim that the Hudson's Bay Company treated Indians better than Americans had: “It is the difference between being in the fire and being in the frying pan.”

Dr. John M. Findlay is Associate Professor of History and Director of the Center for the Study of the Pacific Northwest at the University of Washington.

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

The review of Bruce Wilson's Okanogan County history in this issue presents me with the opportunity to acknowledge three other noteworthy volumes that deal with similar subjects, each of which arrived too late to be included in Columbia's last round-up of local history books (Columbia, vol. 4, no. 2).

Port Blakely, the Community Captain Renton Built, by Andrew Price, Jr. (Seattle: Port Blakely Books, 1989; 196 pp., $19.30), describes the coming of age of a once-famous sawmill and shipyard community on Bainbridge Island. William Renton, for whom Renton, Washington, is named, came to Puget Sound in 1852 as the captain of a lumber ship, but he stayed to develop coal mines, telegraph lines, banks and railroads in the Seattle area. His greatest achievement, however, was the Port Blakely Mill Company, which was, at its peak, the world's largest sawmill. Lovingly written and well researched, Port Blakely is interesting and authentic reading.

Origins of Pierce County Place Names, by Gary Fuller Reese (Tacoma: Friends of the Tacoma Public Library, 1989; 142 pp.), reflects 20 years of research by the unquestioned authority on the subject. Reese, as a matter of fact, has been designated a Living Landmark by the Pierce County Landmarks Commission! Since Pierce County includes not only Tacoma but also part of Puget Sound and most of Mount Rainier National Park, this book should be on every Washington history library shelf, personal or public.

Little City by the Sea, by Harold F. Osborne (Kingston: Apple Tree Press, 1990; 132 pp., $13.95), is a photo-history of an unincorporated community on the shores of Apple Tree Cove in northeast Kitsap County. Platted in 1890, Kingston became a terminus for a Puget Sound car-ferry in 1923. Harold Osborne is a retired newsman from Seattle and a member of the Pacific Northwest Historians Guild.

Finally, it should be noted that many excellent contributions to local history are published by county historical societies. Volumes 10 and 11 (Summer-Winter 1990) of Cumtux, the quarterly for the Clatsop County Historical Society in Astoria, Oregon, has an intriguing three-part article on the “Search for the Tonquin,” John Jacob Astor's supply ship that disappeared in 1811 off the coast of Vancouver Island. The author, E. W. Giesecke, offers the product of 30 years of research into the the mysterious demise of the ship.

Address all review copies and related communications to: Robert C. Carriker, Department of History, Gonzaga University, Spokane, WA 99258.
Readers of Columbia who are not already members of the Washington State Historical Society are urged to join in one of the categories listed; a subscription to Columbia is included. Schools, libraries and historical organizations may take advantage of our “subscription only” category for $26 annually.

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Additional Reading
Interested in learning more about the topics covered in this issue? The volumes listed here will get you started.

Sea Songs
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