Native American Studies

Indian Rock Art of the Columbia Plateau
James D. Keyser

A valuable reference and guide to the Indian rock art of the area reaching from interior British Columbia to northern Oregon to the continental divide in western Montana. Identifying five regional styles, the author describes for each region the setting and scope of the rock art along with its design characteristics and possible meaning. Through line drawings, photographs, and detailed maps he provides a guide to the sites where rock art can be viewed.

Clothbound, $35.00
Paperback, $17.50

Where the People Gather
Carving a Totem Pole
Vickie Jensen

The first book to document the entire process of carving a totem pole. It begins with renowned Nisga'a artist Norman Tait's inspection of the raw cedar log and ends with the raising of the completed pole three months later. Through an intimate text and 125 photographs, Jensen captures the atmosphere in which the pole was carved—the carving shed, cedar chips, blistered hands and long days—and celebrates its completion.

Clothbound, $29.95

Available from your local bookstore or call 1-800-441-4115 (In the Seattle area, call 543-8870)

Our Chiefs and Elders
Words and Photographs of Native Leaders
David Neel

This magnificent series of portraits is based on a unique collaboration between a young Native artist and members of many Native tribes in British Columbia. Through photographs and conversations, this book reveals the experience of being Native in the 20th century—these are individuals who have strong ties to their traditional past and are active participants in contemporary society.

Clothbound, $29.95

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON PRESS
P.O. Box 50096, Seattle, WA 98145-5096
History Commentary  2  
Presidential assassination Americana.  
By Michael Allen.

A Good, Serviceable Road  6  
The Cowlitz Corridor connection between the Columbia River and Puget Sound.  
By Kent D. Richards.

Cable Crossing  12  
Childhood memories of a Columbia River ferryman's son.  
By Edward C. Whiteley.

George Washington Bush  16  
The Oregon Country's first African-American pioneer.  
By Ann Salting.

Kenjiro Nomura  22  
An artist's-eye view of the Japanese internment.  
By Sue Lean.

From the Collection  32  
Outings in the Olympics via the "new and palatial" Quailrnue.  
By Margaret Grishkow.

Rain Shadow  39  
A look at the impact of human culture on Sequim Prairie.  
By Jerry Gorsline.

Great Expectations  33  
The rise and fall of small towns on the Columbia Plain.  
By Margaret Grishkow.

Additional Reading  45  
Recent books of interest in Northwest history.  
Edited by Robert C. Carriker.
EDITOR'S NOTE
On May 30, 1992 the Washington State Historical Society hosted a program investigating the phenomenon of popular interest in the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Society Director David Nicandri served as moderator for commentaries by Western Washington University Professor James Rhoads, who was director of the National Archives during the aftermath of the Kennedy assassination, and University of Washington-Tacoma Associate Professor Michael Allen. A lively discussion with the audience followed. This article is based on Allen’s remarks.

IN THE LATE 1960s the career of former teen idol Dion DiMucci, of Dion and the Belmonts fame, was on the skids. Dion had seen better days. Back-to-back hits in the early '60s included “Runaround Sue” and “The Wanderer.” But then the Beatles had arrived, and Dion was yesterday’s pop idol looking for a comeback.

He got his comeback hit, and not with a cute little ditty, either. Who will ever forget “Abraham, Martin, and John,” Dion’s 1968 masterpiece honoring three great Americans who had died prematurely and tragically from assassins’ bullets?

Has anybody here seen my old friend Abraham?
Can you tell me where he’s gone?
He freed a lot of people, but the good they die young.
You just look around and they’re gone.

The song proceeds chronologically, asking the same question about John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr. The fourth stanza addresses the more recent victim: “Has anybody here seen my old friend Bobby? Can you tell me where he’s gone...?”

Dion’s recent induction into the National Rock ‘n Roll Hall of Fame owes a great deal, I think, to this non-rock classic. Though this may still seem somewhat frivolous, let me stress that it is not frivolous at all. Folk culture is fun and interesting to study, but it is also important to study. As Richard Dorson has written, “The vital folklore [and popular culture] and especially the legends of a given period in American history reflect the main concerns and values, tensions and anxieties, goals, and drives of the period.” Why have all of you heard and repeated the “Where were you on November 22, 1963?” Who reading this article has not heard this question asked dozens of times? And who aged 30 years or more does not have a well-rehearsed answer? The “Where were you when Kennedy was shot” tale thus comprises what folklorists call a taletype. It is an oral tradition common among folk whatever their station in life.

THE LATE 1960s the career of former teen idol Dion DiMucci, of Dion and the Belmonts fame, was on the skids. Dion had seen better days. Back-to-back hits in the early '60s included “Runaround Sue” and “The Wanderer.” But then the Beatles had arrived, and Dion was yesterday’s pop idol looking for a comeback.

He got his comeback hit, and not with a cute little ditty, either. Who will ever forget “Abraham, Martin, and John,” Dion’s 1968 masterpiece honoring three great Americans who had died prematurely and tragically from assassins’ bullets?

Has anybody here seen my old friend Abraham?
Can you tell me where he’s gone?
He freed a lot of people, but the good they die young.
You just look around and they’re gone.

The song proceeds chronologically, asking the same question about John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr. The fourth stanza addresses the more recent victim: “Has anybody here seen my old friend Bobby? Can you tell me where he’s gone...?”

Dion’s recent induction into the National Rock ‘n Roll Hall of Fame owes a great deal, I think, to this non-rock classic. Though this may still seem somewhat frivolous, let me stress that it is not frivolous at all. Folk culture is fun and interesting to study, but it is also important to study. As Richard Dorson has written, “The vital folklore [and popular culture] and especially the legends of a given period in American history reflect the main concerns and values, tensions and anxieties, goals, and drives of the period.” Why have all of you heard and repeated the “Where were you on November 22, 1963?” Who reading this article has not heard this question asked dozens of times? And who aged 30 years or more does not have a well-rehearsed answer? The “Where were you when Kennedy was shot” tale thus comprises what folklorists call a taletype. It is an oral tradition common among folk whatever their station in life.

Though this may still seem somewhat frivolous, let me stress that it is not frivolous at all. Folk culture is fun and interesting to study, but it is also important to study. As Richard Dorson has written, “The vital folklore [and popular culture] and especially the legends of a given period in American history reflect the main concerns and values, tensions and anxieties, goals, and drives of the period.” Why have all of you heard and repeated the “Where were you on November 22, 1963?” Who reading this article has not heard this question asked dozens of times? And who aged 30 years or more does not have a well-rehearsed answer? The “Where were you when Kennedy was shot” tale thus comprises what folklorists call a taletype. It is an oral tradition common among folk whatever their station in life.

Though this may still seem somewhat frivolous, let me stress that it is not frivolous at all. Folk culture is fun and interesting to study, but it is also important to study. As Richard Dorson has written, “The vital folklore [and popular culture] and especially the legends of a given period in American history reflect the main concerns and values, tensions and anxieties, goals, and drives of the period.” Why have all of you heard and repeated the “Where were you on November 22, 1963?” Who reading this article has not heard this question asked dozens of times? And who aged 30 years or more does not have a well-rehearsed answer? The “Where were you when Kennedy was shot” tale thus comprises what folklorists call a taletype. It is an oral tradition common among folk whatever their station in life.

Though this may still seem somewhat frivolous, let me stress that it is not frivolous at all. Folk culture is fun and interesting to study, but it is also important to study. As Richard Dorson has written, “The vital folklore [and popular culture] and especially the legends of a given period in American history reflect the main concerns and values, tensions and anxieties, goals, and drives of the period.” Why have all of you heard and repeated the “Where were you on November 22, 1963?” Who reading this article has not heard this question asked dozens of times? And who aged 30 years or more does not have a well-rehearsed answer? The “Where were you when Kennedy was shot” tale thus comprises what folklorists call a taletype. It is an oral tradition common among folk whatever their station in life.

Though this may still seem somewhat frivolous, let me stress that it is not frivolous at all. Folk culture is fun and interesting to study, but it is also important to study. As Richard Dorson has written, “The vital folklore [and popular culture] and especially the legends of a given period in American history reflect the main concerns and values, tensions and anxieties, goals, and drives of the period.” Why have all of you heard and repeated the “Where were you on November 22, 1963?” Who reading this article has not heard this question asked dozens of times? And who aged 30 years or more does not have a well-rehearsed answer? The “Where were you when Kennedy was shot” tale thus comprises what folklorists call a taletype. It is an oral tradition common among folk whatever their station in life.

Though this may still seem somewhat frivolous, let me stress that it is not frivolous at all. Folk culture is fun and interesting to study, but it is also important to study. As Richard Dorson has written, “The vital folklore [and popular culture] and especially the legends of a given period in American history reflect the main concerns and values, tensions and anxieties, goals, and drives of the period.” Why have all of you heard and repeated the “Where were you on November 22, 1963?” Who reading this article has not heard this question asked dozens of times? And who aged 30 years or more does not have a well-rehearsed answer? The “Where were you when Kennedy was shot” tale thus comprises what folklorists call a taletype. It is an oral tradition common among folk whatever their station in life.

Though this may still seem somewhat frivolous, let me stress that it is not frivolous at all. Folk culture is fun and interesting to study, but it is also important to study. As Richard Dorson has written, “The vital folklore [and popular culture] and especially the legends of a given period in American history reflect the main concerns and values, tensions and anxieties, goals, and drives of the period.” Why have all of you heard and repeated the “Where were you on November 22, 1963?” Who reading this article has not heard this question asked dozens of times? And who aged 30 years or more does not have a well-rehearsed answer? The “Where were you when Kennedy was shot” tale thus comprises what folklorists call a taletype. It is an oral tradition common among folk whatever their station in life.

Though this may still seem somewhat frivolous, let me stress that it is not frivolous at all. Folk culture is fun and interesting to study, but it is also important to study. As Richard Dorson has written, “The vital folklore [and popular culture] and especially the legends of a given period in American history reflect the main concerns and values, tensions and anxieties, goals, and drives of the period.” Why have all of you heard and repeated the “Where were you on November 22, 1963?” Who reading this article has not heard this question asked dozens of times? And who aged 30 years or more does not have a well-rehearsed answer? The “Where were you when Kennedy was shot” tale thus comprises what folklorists call a taletype. It is an oral tradition common among folk whatever their station in life.

Though this may still seem somewhat frivolous, let me stress that it is not frivolous at all. Folk culture is fun and interesting to study, but it is also important to study. As Richard Dorson has written, “The vital folklore [and popular culture] and especially the legends of a given period in American history reflect the main concerns and values, tensions and anxieties, goals, and drives of the period.” Why have all of you heard and repeated the “Where were you on November 22, 1963?” Who reading this article has not heard this question asked dozens of times? And who aged 30 years or more does not have a well-rehearsed answer? The “Where were you when Kennedy was shot” tale thus comprises what folklorists call a taletype. It is an oral tradition common among folk whatever their station in life.
More fortunate than Burr and even Hamilton, folklorically speaking, was the post-Alamo David Crockett of Tennessee. Dead? Yes, but what a death—and what glory! Before he literally wandered into the white adobe walls of the Alamo in 1836, Crockett was a twice-defeated, unemployed Tennessee congressman in search of a new career. He soon found himself unexpectedly martyred for Texas independence! Mexican witnesses wrote that Crockett fought bravely but then hid after it became obvious that the Texans had lost their battle. Once captured he tried unsuccessfully to lie his way out of death before a firing squad. Few Americans read or believed Mexican accounts in 1836, and Crockett has since been lionized by everyone from Sam Houston to Walt Disney.

Abraham Lincoln was our first assassinated president, but there were two assassinations that quickly followed his, yet failed to yield the same important results in folklore and popular culture. Why were not James Garfield and William McKinley immortalized in a manner such as Lincoln? Garfield’s term in office was perhaps too brief, but McKinley had been in office for five years. Although McKinley drew much adulation immediately following his demise, it was not of an enduring nature. He lacked charisma, as did Garfield. And, in contrast to Lincoln and Kennedy, neither McKinley nor Garfield died during an era “ripe” for their martyrdom.

McKinley’s successor Theodore Roosevelt (“Teddy” or TR), a former cowboy, police commissioner, army colonel and Spanish-American War hero, was elevated to the presidency following McKinley’s assassination in 1901. He served until 1908 when he retired supposedly to write and hunt big game in Africa. But these pastimes soon proved too mild for the old Roughrider, and in 1912 he came out of retirement to run for an unprecedented third term as the “Bullmoose” (Progressive) party opponent of GOP President William Howard Taft and Democrat Woodrow Wilson. The presidential campaign of 1912 proved to be extraordinary and fierce, and it culminated tragically in the attempted assassination of Roosevelt in Milwaukee in mid-October.

Roosevelt had campaigned so vigorously that he was hoarse and nearly speechless by the middle of October. This, of course, did not stop the colonel. He left his Milwaukee hotel on October 14 fully intending to speak before the large crowd that awaited his arrival at the civic auditorium downtown. Just as Roosevelt was preparing to step into a waiting limousine a shot rang out from the crowd. John Schrank, a New York saloonkeeper (shades of Jack Ruby!), fired a revolver at point-blank range into the former president’s chest.

Roosevelt staggered and coughed, but then stood up straight again and ordered the crowd to turn his would-be assassin over to the police: “Stand back!” he said. “Don’t hurt the man!” If Roosevelt feared that the bullet wound in his right chest would kill him, he did not show it. Saying only that he had been “pinked,” the former colonel waved aside the strenuous objections of his aides and proceeded to the auditorium to make his speech.

“I will make this speech or die!” declared Roosevelt. He did the former, reading from the manuscript with a bullet hole directly through the middle of it. On several occasions during the speech he opened his coat and displayed the scarlet stain spreading across his white shirt—for dramatic effect, one must assume. Following the 90-minute speech the somewhat exhausted ex-president consented to be taken to the hospital. There doctors learned what the combat veteran Roosevelt had probably surmised immediately—that the bullet, diverted by the folded manuscript and a spectacle case, had smashed a rib instead of entering his heart and lungs. Reflecting upon the attempt on his life, TR later wrote, “I did not care a rap for being shot. It is a trade risk which every public official ought to accept as a matter of course. For eleven years I have been prepared any day to be shot....”

Tough talk, but that is the stuff of which folk heroes are made. Although TR was unable to parlay his brush with death into an electoral victory (he lost to Wilson in 1912 and never ran again), another 20th-century president was more fortunate. Already a folk hero on celluloid, Ronald Reagan stood his first true test of fire in spring 1981. Also shot at point-blank range while boarding a limousine, Reagan reacted in a manner that would have made his Republican ancestor proud indeed. Although seriously wounded, Reagan remained conscious and alert during much of the ordeal. He walked into the hospital emergency room himself, and even joked about the shooting with his wife (“Honey, I forgot toduck!”). Although separated by seven decades, Roosevelt and Reagan shared a common intellectual trait: they intuitively understood American popular culture and folklore. They knew what made someone a folk hero and how a folk hero would react in a certain situation. Both of them, probably sensing that their wounds were not fatal, pro-
ceeded to lay it on thick. Americans, of course, loved it and have never stopped talking about their bravery under fire.

Returning now to Lincoln and Kennedy, I am reminded of another popular song—one not so successful as “Abraham, Martin, and John”—that surfaced shortly after the Kennedy assassination. It was a song that music critics call a “novelty” tune, although it addressed a most somber topic, the assassinations of Lincoln and Kennedy. As the “Battle Hymn of the Republic” played underneath, the voice of the narrator spoke in earnest tones, piling up similarities between the two fallen presidents. Both were young and idealistic, the narrator informed us; both were northern attorneys. Both were committed to the causes of civil rights and equality. Both had been elected in the year “60”—Lincoln in 1860 and Kennedy in 1960. (This, incidentally, fits into another folk belief squelched by Ronald Reagan’s robust health—that presidents elected in years ending with zero will die in office.) Lincoln and Kennedy were succeeded by vice presidents named Johnson, both of whom became immensely unpopular within a short time. Lincoln’s secretary was named Kennedy—Kennedy had a secretary named Lincoln. And so on.

This is a rather silly song, but it shows popular fascination with the two martyred presidents and a folk belief that somehow the hand of Providence is at work ordering human affairs in a manner such that the eerie and uncanny similarities between Lincoln and Kennedy must be more than “coincidence.” There certainly are some similarities between the Lincoln and Kennedy assassinations, but the song does not touch the ones I have in mind. I refer to similarities in popular perception of the assassinations, how those perceptions manifested themselves in folklore and popular culture and what those perceptions mean.

Like Kennedy, Lincoln was a president elected to office by a small majority who suffered stiff opposition and setbacks throughout his administration. Elected in 1860 in a four-way race with about 40 percent of the popular vote, Lincoln was chastised as a fool by his Democratic opponents and sketched as a “baboon” in the popular press. He presided over a long, bloody civil war that cost him dearly in public support. In addition to outright warfare, civil draft riots and political backbiting characterized his first term in office. Breaking a campaign promise, he freed the slaves for many reasons, the least of which was a belief in human equality. Opposed by one of his own generals (George B. McClellan) for reelection in 1864, he was saved only by the Union victory at Atlanta shortly before the November vote.

After his reelection Lincoln was digging in for a long, difficult political struggle to determine postwar policy.

But on April 14, 1865, John Wilkes Booth’s bullet changed all of that forever. Following the assassination a wave of public outrage and mourning swept the nation. The deceased Lincoln’s railroad pilgrimage to his final resting place in Springfield, Illinois, was witnessed by hundreds of thousands of bereaved Americans. The nation mourned openly for at least a decade; indeed, it continues to mourn. Thousands of public schools were named for the slain president. The “Lincoln penny” became the first American coin to feature the image of a president. The Lincoln memorial with 56 pillars—one for each year in the fallen president’s life—was erected in the nation’s capitol. Ultimately, Lincoln’s birthday became a national holiday.

Why? Why did a president so unpopular during his lifetime come to be mourned so greatly? One answer lies in the end of the Civil War, which coincided exactly with Lincoln’s death. As Americans looked upon the ruin all around them and began to cope with the meaning of the death of 600,000 young men, they simultaneously began to search for heroes and villains. In the north, and other parts of the nation as well, Lincoln emerged as a hero while John Wilkes Booth—the agent of an actual conspiracy of southern sympathizers—was vilified even more than Lee Harvey Oswald 100 years later. Americans poured over thousands of lurid newspaper and magazine accounts describing the tangled conspiracy to slay the now-beloved president.

Moreover, the Gilded Age—the two decades following the Lincoln assassination—was a time of rampant graft, corruption, incompetence, violence and political spoils. A nation awash in a cesspool of governmental disintegration needed a hero, and Lincoln filled that role admirably. He was Honest Abe, who rose from a log cabin to the presidency, saving the Union and freeing the slaves as his legacy to mankind. The classic depiction of this myth in popular culture came 70 years later in America’s first great feature film. D. W. Griffith’s 1915 silent epic The Birth of a Nation paints Lincoln in Christlike tones, the symbol of a golden age fallen to corrupt politicians, carpetbaggers and other sinful elements.

President John F. Kennedy’s career, which began a century later than Lincoln’s, is remarkably similar in both its historic and folkloric dimensions. To be sure, there are important religious
and socio-economic differences between the two. Yet Kennedy was also a political dark horse who rose to power through charisma and political savvy. Kennedy was barely elected president in 1960 (most historians agree that his decisive Illinois majority was illegitimate). And what followed the election is difficult to square with much of the romantic gloss we read about and view in our movie theaters today. In office for only two and a half years, Kennedy endured some disasters (e.g., the Bay of Pigs), scored some successes (e.g., the Cuban Missile Crisis), all the while hedging his bets on domestic reform and civil rights, and posting 16,000 armed military “advisors” in South Vietnam.

Like Lincoln's, Kennedy's term saw an inauspicious start that was reversed and revolutionized by an assassin’s bullet, in this case fired by Lee Harvey Oswald. Tens of millions of Americans grieved, watching on television as the horse-drawn casket was taken through the capital and interred in Arlington National Cemetery. Then the myth-makers took over, aided by the score from Camelot and a stunning array of electronic media and popular culture venues unknown to Lincoln-worshippers of a century ago. Commemorative albums, stamps, dinnerware, postcards, clothing, videos and musical recordings are just a few examples of the popular culture of this assassination. Kennedy also got a coin (a half dollar) and tens of thousands of memorials, ranging from junior high schools to a performing arts center and even a space launch complex in Florida.

Why? The decades following Kennedy's assassination proved equally as troubling as those that followed the Civil War. Foreign war, domestic turmoil and political ineptitude combined to create great discontent. The Vietnam intervention that Kennedy helped set in motion culminated in tragedy and 60,000 American lives lost while Richard M. Nixon's disgrace and resignation from the presidency in 1973 superseded the errors of his Gilded Age predecessors. Americans during the turbulent 1960s and '70s needed a hero, and John F. Kennedy—like Lincoln before him—became their martyred saint. This deified Kennedy has appeared in thousands of folkloric and popular culture formats, the most recent of which is Oliver Stone's controversial film JFK.

Stone's movie is a powerful and important one. But what fascinates me most is the commonly-held assumption among the folk who watch it that the conspiratorial thesis of JFK is somehow historically accurate (indeed, many Stone devotees wear the movie's promotional buttons reading, "JFK: Free The Files"). I believe that the significance of JFK lies in the mythological and folkloric realm, not the historical. The film paints a story that many post-1963 Americans want to hear: A progressive, peace-loving president is gunned down by sinister conspirators from within our own governmental agencies—conspirators who will stop at nothing to pursue their diabolical and illiberal policies of political conservatism, militarism and foreign intervention.

We will probably never know whether this conspiratorial thesis contains even a grain of historical truth; the debate will rage on and on. But the purpose of this essay has not been historical, it has been cultural. I have simply attempted to demonstrate that presidential assassinations mean something to the common people and that this meaning is evidenced in American folklore and popular culture.

Another song popular during the post-JFK assassination years is folk-rocker Don McLean’s 1972 hit “American Pie.” This is a long, complex, symbolic tune containing a treasure trove of information for those interested in youth culture of the late 1960s and early 1970s. Although the song is difficult to summarize, let me make a few observations. “American Pie” is about the end of an era—a “golden age” of the late 1950s and early 1960s—that is succeeded by the turbulent and violent protests of the 1960s. Rock 'n Roll music serves as a metaphor for this change, and “the day the music died” is a time referred to over and over again by McLean as the turning point—the time when things began to get really ugly in America.

There has been a great deal of debate about just exactly when “the day the music died” was, but most agree that it was the date of Buddy Holly's tragic airplane crash and death in 1959. However, another interesting interpretation places JFK's assassination as “the day the music died” and makes Jacqueline Kennedy, not Buddy Holly's wife Maria, the subject of the lines:

I don't remember if I cried  
When I read about his widowed bride,  
But something touched me deep inside  
The day the music died.

While Don McLean probably was writing here about Buddy Holly, this does not exclude Kennedy or the Kennedy era from the song. In fact, “American Pie” is very much about the seeming loss of peace and innocence that marks the post-Kennedy rise of the Vietnam War and student civil rights and Vietnam War protest movements. Just as Dion had celebrated the fallen president, along with Lincoln and Martin Luther King, Jr., in “Abraham, Martin and John,” Don McLean saved the powerful metaphor of assassination for the conclusion of “American Pie.” Having painted a picture of late '60s desolation, war and corruption, crowds rioting in the streets and society going up in flames, McLean invokes the image of three martyred men. Excluding Lincoln and, like Dion, adding JFK's slain brother Robert, McLean sees the triple assassinations of John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert Kennedy as literally the end of the line of the American Dream. In an unforgettable and moving conclusion he laments:

And the three men I admired most  
The father, son and holy ghost,  
They caught the last train for the coast  
The day the music died.

And they were singin'  
Bye, bye Miss American Pie.  
Drove my Chevy to the levy  
But the levy was dry.  
The good ol' boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
And singin' This'll be the day that I die,  
This'll be the day that I die.

—Michael Allen
The Columbia River to Puget Sound Connection

By Kent D. Richards

Mrs. Isaac I. Stevens had few kind words for the Cowlitz "road" after her 1854 trip to Olympia.

In one of his most quoted phrases the famed historian Frederick Jackson Turner described the prototypical European taken from his civilized life and placed in buckskins and birch-bark canoe on the American frontier. The canoes were not actually made of birch bark, but Turner's metaphor was nowhere more literally true than in the Cowlitz Corridor.

When Washington became a territory in 1853 the valley created by the Cowlitz and other rivers that threaded their way between the Cascade Mountains on the east and the rugged Willapa Hills to the west provided a natural, and the only, overland transportation route between the Columbia River, Vancouver and Oregon on the south and Olympia, Steilacoom and Puget Sound to the north.

The reliance on river transportation during the pioneer period was both the blessing and the curse of the region bordering the Cowlitz River and the settlements to the north and south. Lieutenant W. R. Broughton of the Royal Navy, who sailed up the Columbia River in 1792 at the behest of George Vancouver, and Lewis and Clark, who floated down the river 13 years later, noted the mouth of the Cowlitz but did not venture into it. It was left to Hudson's Bay Company traders to first make use of the Cowlitz Corridor as the natural connection between those two great bodies of water in the Pacific Northwest—the Columbia River and Puget Sound.

The great canoes of the Cowlitz Indians, hollowed out of cedar logs 40 or more feet in length, were less graceful than other vessels fashioned by Northwest tribesmen but were admirably suited to navigating the Cowlitz River with its rocks and sharp gravel bed. These canoes, and variations fashioned by the whites, became the staples of transportation in the region for many years. Hudson's Bay Company men used them to transport furs and goods, although most of their routes ran east from Fort Vancouver.

The importance of the Cowlitz route increased dramatically with the establishment of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company farm on Cowlitz Prairie. Beginning in 1839 wheat and other agricultural products were shipped from the HBC's 4,000-acre farm to steamboats waiting at the mouth of the Cowlitz River. Most of this produce was floated down the Cowlitz in bateaux—large, flat-bottomed boats light enough to be carried across portages by a crew of eight men.

Not long after establishment of the HBC's farms Americans began building permanent homes north of the Columbia, and it was the Cowlitz Corridor that served as the usual travel route. Michael Simmons and his party made their way to Tumwater on Puget Sound in 1845. Three years later Peter Crawford, a surveyor and founder of Kelso, settled on the lower Cowlitz. These settlers were the first seeds of a growing population that would soon need a permanent, reliable, all-year, all-weather route between the settlements at the mouth of the river, those on Puget Sound, and points in between. The river route up to Cowlitz Landing was the vehicle that brought the settlers, but the rigors and unpredictability of the water route was also a curse that soon led to loud and oft-repeated calls for a road connecting the two points. This protracted fight for a serviceable wagon route became the dominant theme in the early history of the region between Vancouver and the southern tip of Puget Sound.

The boundary settlement with Great Britain, the creation of Oregon Territory and the Oregon Land Act all stimulated new settlement by removing the Hudson's Bay Company as a major factor and providing a legal framework for giving land to settlers (640 acres for a married couple). Most continued to gravitate to the Willamette Valley, but some of the more adventurous went north. By the early 1850s two or three thousand Americans had settled on or near a line running from Vancouver to Monticello (near present-day Longview) to Olympia to Seattle.
ROAD

Logic might suggest that it would be absurd for a small band of citizens to think of asking for a separate political entity. But the assumptions of American frontiersmen and practices on previous frontiers provided a philosophical base and precedent for their actions.

After a preliminary meeting at Cow-litz Prairie in 1851 a group of about 40 men met at Monticello in November 1852 to call for a new territory north of the Columbia. To support their petition to Congress they provided a litany of complaints, most relating to transportation. They lamented that they were too far from the seat of government in the Willamette Valley. This made it difficult to transact business and meant that the northern areas were "out of sight, out of mind" to Oregon's political leaders. They were particularly adamant about the need for mail and transportation facilities, the former being largely dependent on the adequacy of the latter.

For various reasons the Willamette Valley was glad to cut the northern territory loose, and, because of national considerations that had little to do with the petitioning pioneers, Congress was willing to oblige. Thus in 1853 the Cowlitz Corridor became part of Washington Territory, inhabited by settlers who expected that their new status would bring with it the means for an economic boom, not mere survival.

The first governor of the new territory, Isaac I. Stevens, was an army engineer. He was assigned to lead the Northern Railway Survey across the country from St. Paul to the waters of Puget Sound prior to taking up his gubernatorial duties. The project consumed most of 1853, but citizens did not begrudge their new leader's tardy arrival. The connection with the East that the railroads would provide was equally as important as the local transportation improvements they so ardently desired. In his first address to the Legislative Assembly in 1854, Governor Stevens made it clear that the "glorious future" of the territory depended on both a rail connection with the rest of the nation and internal routes within the far-flung territory that stretched...
from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean.

Stevens called on Congress to continue the work that the railway survey personnel had begun, "till the whole geography of the country and its resources be entirely developed." As to roads, the first order of business was a road to connect Walla Walla to the head of navigation on the Missouri River and connect the Columbia River to Puget Sound. Stevens argued that "the importance of a suitable road [along the Cowlitz Corridor], the great thoroughfare of the Territory and the line of connection with Oregon, must be obvious."

Certainly to Stevens it was obvious. Only a few weeks earlier the governor had brought his wife and four small children to the territory from the East. Their journey included an arduous trek over the Isthmus of Panama and serious bouts with yellow fever, but in many respects the last leg of the journey was the most rigorous. The rugged, tree-choked, almost uninhabited land was not what the family had anticipated. After a stay at Fort Vancouver they took the usual route to Puget Sound. A pleasant trip down the Columbia River brought them to Rainier, Oregon, where they transferred to canoes for the crossing to Monticello. Following a wet night spent in the canoes they proceeded up the Cowlitz River.

At first the governor's wife Meg found the dexterity of the Indian paddlers exciting, but by the end of the long, wet, cramped day the novelty had disappeared. They put ashore at Cowlitz Landing, at times still called Warbassport after U. B. Warbass who put up travelers at his home. They waded in ankle-deep mud to an "inn" where a number of men were gathered. Meg described them as having "so much hair upon their heads and faces they all looked alike." They seemed to her Eastern sensibilities to be a rough, dirty lot that could only be cleaned by "boiling and scraping."

One bed was provided for Mrs. Stevens and the four children while the governor was shown to a loft crowded with men wrapped in wet, steaming blankets. The next morning everyone piled into wagons. The horses were soon underway, sinking deep into the mud with every step. If the wagons were not fording rivers so deep that the water came up over the floor boards, they were hitting one bone-jarring pot-hole after another. "Surely," Meg shuddered, "there were no worse roads to be found in the world." At times the wagons stuck fast in the morass, and all piled out until the men could pull the vehicles free. They traveled thus for three days until finally they arrived at a clearing containing tangled tree limbs, stumps and 20-odd rough cabins. This was the territorial capital, Olympia.

In the 1850s the nation was beginning to shift away from its earlier philosophy—that transportation was primarily a private endeavor—toward the position that government should play a role in road-building. Congress was quick to act if the proposed route was of national importance or if it were necessary for military reasons. The first road in Washington Territory financed by the federal government was the route over Naches Pass, for which Congress appropriated $20,000. This would be the main immigrant route into the territory, it was argued, and improvements were needed in time for the migration.
Stevens put a colleague from the Corps of Engineers, George McClellan, in charge of the road as part of his railroad survey responsibilities. But McClellan was not enthusiastic about the project, leaving a group of disappointed settlers under the leadership of Edward Allen to begin the work on their own. When they finally tracked McClellan down in Kittitas Valley he agreed to pay and provision 20 men for three weeks' work. A rough road little better than the existing Indian trail was hacked out, and a grand total of one wagon train struggled over the route that first year.

In 1854-55 Governor Stevens and territorial delegate Columbia Lancaster concentrated their lobbying efforts with Congress on three roads: upgrading the Naches pass immigrant route, building one road from The Dalles to Fort Vancouver (the traditional route to the Oregon Country), and another from Fort Vancouver to Fort Steilacoom. The latter, they argued, was of military necessity in the event of foreign attack or blockade of either the Columbia River or Puget Sound. In either case it would be necessary to move men and supplies quickly from one location to another.

A second reason was movement of the United States mail, which came by sea from San Francisco to Astoria. The Puget Sound mail was forwarded to Rainier, then to Cowlitz Landing by canoe, and finally to Olympia and other points by horseback. The shortest time from Astoria to Olympia, according to Lancaster, was four days. At times high waters on the Cowlitz made the river unnavigable, even for canoes. In his message to the Territorial Legislature in February 1854 Stevens noted that during that winter there had been a period of six weeks when mail did not arrive via the Cowlitz route.

Underlying all of these specific reasons was the desperate need to provide easier routes for prospective settlers and for the transportation of supplies. It did not bode well for the territory's future if its citizens could neither sell their products nor import necessities without paying ruinous transportation costs. Early in 1855 Congress appropriated $25,000 for the "military road" from The Dalles to Fort Vancouver and $30,000 for a similar road from Fort Vancouver to Fort Steilacoom.

Federal government approval for Western territorial road construction came in the context of several national developments. The West's greatest need was transportation facilities both to provide an infrastructure within and between the territories and to make the long connection over the "Great American Desert" to the eastern United States. Given the sectional animosities of the 1850s, most recognized that the transcontinental railroads so eagerly anticipated would not be forthcoming in the immediate future.

No one was in a better position to appreciate this than Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, who had responsibility for western surveys and military road construction. In 1854 Davis created the office of Western Exploration and Surveys and the following year set up the Pacific Wagon Road Office, with headquarters in San Francisco. This office was staffed by personnel of the United States Army Corps of Topographical Engineers under the command of Major Hartman Bache, and it reported mainly to Davis.

Davis was influenced in part by pressure from Westerners in Washington, D.C., and elsewhere who wished to take road construction away from the military and place it in civilian hands. Despite the military value of many roads, it was clear that their major significance was to attract new settlers and capital to the frontier. The Naches road fiasco was one indication that the military did not give roads the same high priority as did settlers. Davis believed that the Pacific Wagon Road Office would give proof of the military's seriousness intent in these endeavors.

The officer placed in charge of the Fort Vancouver-Fort Steilacoom road, Lieutenant George H. Derby of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, was one of the more colorful personalities then in the army or, indeed, on the West Coast. An accomplished soldier and engineer, he was a well-known literary figure and "a madcap of the first order." During his tour of duty in California, which began in 1849, he was responsible for a series of practical jokes, newspaper articles, sketches and lampoons that firmly established his reputation in that state. He was especially fond of burlesquing the pretensions of frontiersmen and the army, a proclivity that did not necessarily endear him to the civilian population or his superiors, particularly to Jefferson Davis, who was not amused by the young officer's antics.

In July 1855 Derby left California for Washington Territory, which he described as "a disgusting country north of Oregon" where it rained incessantly and everyone smelled like a combination of "a fish-ball and a fresh mud-sucker." When Derby arrived at Fort Vancouver he found that the funds appropriated by Congress in February were still not available. He turned his attention to the Astoria-Salem road, for which he also had responsibility and for which some money were on hand.

In September, with the summer and early fall season rapidly drawing to a
close, Derby decided to hire an old acquaintance, George Gibbs, to make a survey of the Washington road from Fort Steilacoom to Monticello. Gibbs had collaborated with Derby on one of his best-known hoaxes, an article published in the San Francisco Herald that described a host of new plants and animals supposedly discovered in the Northwest. Derby’s most fanciful invention was a species that had evolved with legs on one side of the body shorter than on the other because it always lived on the side of steep slopes.

Gibbs, trained as a lawyer, had come West to find gold, but was more interested in examining the physical landscape, Indian culture and native languages. His work for the northern railway survey and in other government positions made him an ideal candidate to lead the road survey. Gibbs was glad to get the work, but he also believed that there were few more important tasks in the territory at that point than developing the Columbia-Puget Sound connection. He hired surveyors, axmen and packers at Steilacoom and set off on October 2 to cross the muck and mire of Yelm Prairie and the swamps near Skookumchuck Creek. At one point a perceived shortcut led to a quagmire and the loss of a week’s work. Besides marking out the road, Gibbs and his crew calculated the grading, leveling, bridge and corduroy road needs along the route.

At Ford’s Prairie they heard rumors of an Indian disturbance but kept moving ahead. When they reached Cowlitz Landing at the end of October there was great alarm over Indian attacks on settlers on the Green and White rivers. They immediately disbanded and hurried on to Fort Vancouver. Although the survey was cut short Gibbs did prepare detailed maps of his party’s route.

With Gibbs’ report in hand, Derby divided the entire route into seven sections covering approximately 140 miles, with a total estimated cost of $259,500. He believed that the greatest need for immediate improvement was in the area between Cowlitz Landing and Ford’s Prairie. Here the valleys of the Chehalis River’s various tributaries often flooded, making the route impassable for wagons.

Major Bache approved concentrating the 1856 work in that one sector, but he cautioned that the Secretary of War’s orders called for opening roads along their entire route, with later improvements to be made by the settlers. Since water transportation was possible as far north as Cowlitz Landing and the settlers had constructed rudimentary roads connecting Ford’s Prairie to Olympia and Steilacoom, Derby believed that he was complying with the spirit of this decree.

Derby encountered another problem when competing groups of settlers each pressed for a route that would best serve their interests. He tried to solve the dilemma by allowing the low bidders for the contracts to follow whichever route they wished. Bache and Davis disallowed this maneuver and reminded Derby that it was his duty to select the best route and to let the contracts accordingly. By this time all concerned were becoming impatient with the lack of progress. Jefferson Davis found Derby to be a convenient scapegoat. Over Bache’s protests he removed Derby from the project and turned it over to Lieutenant George H. Mendell.

Meanwhile, competing groups of settlers had raised funds and were preparing to build their own roads. To forestall this action Mendell immediately advertised for construction bids on the Cowlitz Landing-Ford’s Prairie section and an unconnected section near Yelm Prairie. Mendell required bidders to clear the timber to a 25-foot width, with a roadbed of 12 feet. The road was to be free of stumps and roots.
hostilities in 1858 amply demonstrated a military need.

Congress, however, was more parsimonious in 1857 and thereafter, in part because of a downturn in the national economy, but also because it accepted the view of Jefferson Davis that the federal government's role was to carry out the initial work and leave improvements or new connecting roads to the territories, local governments or private interests. Davis had summed up this position in 1853 when he told McClellan to do the "hard" parts of the Naches Pass road and leave the rest to the settlers. Of course, in that instance as with the Steilacoom-Vancouver road, not even the hard parts had been completed for lengthy stretches.

Captain George Thom replaced Mendell in 1858 and for the next two years worked with the meager funds still available to make minimal improvements. He put men to work clearing timber along a trail extending from Monticello to the road workers' previous terminus. These efforts made it possible for pack trains to get through. Thus, seven years after achieving territorial status the inhabitants of the Cowlitz Corridor had a road connection that was tenuous at best. No one would contend that a wagon could travel from Vancouver to Steilacoom by road without a Herculean effort, if indeed it could be accomplished at all.

This state of affairs was reflected in continuing petitions, memorials and protests. One notable example was a public meeting held in Vancouver in October 1860. Columbia Lancaster, one of the organizers, was the lead speaker. He made exactly the same arguments that had been offered several years earlier, emphasizing the need for an all-season route between Puget Sound and the Columbia River in the event of a military attack from foreign or Indian antagonists. The outcome of this meeting was a memorial to Congress asking for an appropriation of $50,000 for a new road by the most direct route (presumably up the east bank of the Cowlitz) to Puget Sound.

The petition of Lancaster and his friends failed, but the various pleas did have the effect of securing a sum of $10,000 to be expended between Monticello and Cowlitz Landing. Thom supervised the work completed during the spring of 1861. The start of the Civil War curtailed additional government efforts, but local citizens—as Davis had hoped and as had been traditional since the beginning of the republic—continued to make minimal improvements on the territory's roads.

In the 1860s stagecoach companies provided more or less regular service between Olympia and Monticello. That the road problem had not been entirely solved is clear from the lament of Horace Greeley, who made the trip in 1866. As he reported to his newspaper, the New York Tribune, in a letter written from Monticello:

I'm in great luck sure, for I'm here alive. . . . And if human nature ever gets into a condition to appreciate and properly value a soft clean bed, or a clean cloth bountifully spread with everything good, it is at this end of the stage line from Olympia. . . . At every step of his progress, the question arises, how is relief of this intolerable suffering to be obtained. . . . The great want of this Territory is the want of roads, and the road of all other roads most needed is this from Olympia to the Columbia River. . . .

River transit continued to partially fill the transportation gap, and the railroad came in the 1880s, but the prayer of the 1852 Monticello conventioners for good, serviceable roads through the Cowlitz Corridor was not fulfilled until the popularity of the automobile brought the good roads movement in the 20th century.
In 1925 my parents Clarence and Hilda Whitley moved to Brewster, Washington, after losing their Mansfield area wheat ranch. Father had accepted a job as ferryman from Peter McPherson, owner of the Brewster ferry enterprise. Much of my time from the ages of 8 to 16 was spent on the boat, and I became familiar with most aspects of its operation.

Brewster ferry provided across-river service for adjacent Douglas County communities as well as traffic destined for Bridgeport and beyond. In earlier days five ferries—Bridgeport, Brewster, Central, Pateros and Bonita—had served the 25-mile reach of the Columbia River downstream from Bridgeport. By 1925 only Central and Pateros ferries provided competition for McPherson’s enterprise.

There were two boats at Brewster, one with motor driven side paddles and the other a traditional cable ferry. Father operated the cable ferry. Like those at Central and Pateros, it was driven by the river current. Light cables ran from either end of the boat up to the sheaves (pronounced shivs), a two-wheeled trolley that traveled across the quarter-mile-wide river on a heavy cable suspended between wooden towers and anchored with “dead-men” (buried objects, often logs). When positioned at an appropriate angle the boat needed no additional motive power.

To bring the boat to the proper angle most ferrymen utilized a man-powered wheel located midship (Central ferry had two). As this wheel was turned cable was taken up at one end and released at the other. A small gasoline engine had replaced the wheel on the Brewster boat. The engine turned drums onto which the cables were wound. When the ferryman engaged the clutch each cable could be taken up independently. The machinery was housed in a small cabin built amidship, on the upriver side. A second cabin was later constructed on the downstream side to provide sleeping accommodations.

Once the boat was loaded (with up to five 1920s-vintage cars) the motor was started, the clutch engaged, and the outward end drawn upriver as cable wound onto the drum. When the boat paralleled the overhead cable it would begin to move away from shore. As additional “forward-cable” was taken up and “after-
cable" payed out the boat assumed an angle appropriate for the rapid current farther from shore. The forward current board had been raised before beginning the process, but the after-board wasn’t lowered until its completion. Current boards provided additional bite, especially important when passing through slack water near shore.

During certain periods, particularly at apple harvest time, increased traffic warranted the use of two boats. The power ferry was brought down from its anchorage and activated. It was usually operated by Mr. McPherson’s son Kenneth. After loading on the Okanogan County side the boat moved upstream about 100 yards and executed a 180-degree turn to achieve the proper orientation for unloading. This was done on the Okanogan County side because of slack water there. Crossing the river, the boat traveled at a 45-degree angle to the current and drifted downstream. On the return trip it moved upstream only a short distance before crossing, making its turn and proceeding upstream to the landing.

Landings were made on wooden approaches that were moved as the river level fluctuated. Mr. McPherson’s beautiful matched team of horses moved them up and down the river banks. After leaving the approaches traffic moved upriver along narrow roadways. The Douglas County river—bank was steep, and the roadway was graded for a considerable distance. On the Okanogan County side traffic moved up a short grade and passed our house.

Housing for our family of six was provided by Mr. McPherson. We lived in a small building placed on tailings left by 19th-century placer miners. It consisted of three rooms with a small attached lean-to. The house was primitive, built of ship-lap. Before a brick flue was added smoke from our two stoves passed up unprotected stove pipes that projected through ceiling and roof. Domestic water was carried in buckets from the river and consumed without treatment. Refrigeration and indoor plumbing were nonexistent. Mother did the laundry by hand in a round galvanized tub that did double duty for our weekly baths. Our modern amenities consisted of electric lights and a telephone.

Many happenings interested this wide-eyed boy. I enjoyed watching the men and horses move the approaches, which had to be done frequently when the river was rising or falling. The sheaves were greased almost monthly. For this the trolley was moved to the Okanogan County tower, where Father or one of Mr. McPherson’s sons, Kenneth or Joe, climbed the ladder and stood on a small platform at the top. Infrequently, a more hazardous operation was necessary—greasing the cable. A bos’n’s chair was rigged below the sheaves and one of the McPherson boys rode it across the river, applying grease as he went.

Subzero temperatures, strong winds and excessively high waters created problems for the ferrymen. During winter cold spells, when the river level was low, ice formed out from shore on the Okanogan County side. It blocked much of the current, which made landing difficult. Once the men used an ice saw to create an iceberg upstream from the landing. After it had floated away the ferry was again operational.

Strong upriver winds could close the ferry down. Taut cables were necessary for maneuvering. When the river was low even a strong breeze could force the boat upstream until the cables went slack. Such must have been the case described in the following news item in the Brewster Herald about a Brewster man stranded in Douglas County:

Business required his presence on the other side of the river last week. At five p.m. he called up and wanted to know if he could get across the river as a wind had started blowing. The ferryman told him he could not. At eight he called up again. The ferryman told him he would not cross the President of the United States. Results, he stayed on the other side of the river until Thursday morning when the toll ferry carried him back to Okanogan County.

The wind was not blowing hard Wednesday evening but the river is so extremely low and the water so shoal on this side that there is considerable danger with only a moderate upstream wind. This constitutes a serious handicap to the business of the town.

Brewster Ferry at the Okanogan County landing. A truck aboard the ferry carries a steel girder for Brewster Bridge. Clarence Whitley prepares for departure.
June and July were high water months. In 1931, when the river was unusually high, I was given the job of ferryman's helper. As the water rose the approach on the Douglas County side was moved upstream until it was under the cable. To facilitate landing a rope line anchored on the approach's upstream end was placed along the shore and a hook was installed on the downstream boat rail. As the boat approached shore, too far downstream to land, I would jump off, pick up the line, place it in the hook and, after climbing back aboard, pull the boat upstream to the approach. When the river reached its highest level the approach was a boat-length upstream beyond the cable.

During high water an abundance of driftwood floated downstream. By changing the angle of his boat, the ferryman could exercise some control over the speed of his passage. Many times, masses of driftwood were avoided in this way. Even though it was a hazard, driftwood was also a resource for our family. Father and I would paddle upstream in our small rowboat and capture floating logs. From my place in the stern I could drive spikes into the logs and attach a short rope. Father then towed them ashore. When the busy season was over he used Mr. McPherson's team to drag them to our house, where they assured a supply of firewood for our home. Many winter days were spent sawing them into 14-inch blocks. Father was a master of the crosscut saw; he never seemed to tire as the sharp instrument cut through the logs.

In the years between 1925 and 1933 a great deal of traffic passed our house. There was the usual stream of vehicles, both motorized and horse-drawn, but now and then the unusual would come along. Once a man arrived at the ferry with burned hands and asked for butter to use as an ointment. He had been carrying several cases of whisky from Canada destined for the Spokane market. While passing through Okanogan his car had caught fire and he had had to place his cargo in the street while extinguishing the blaze. Instead of turning him over to the authorities citizens of the county seat grabbed bottles and ran. The frightened bootlegger intended to drive to Spokane before getting treatment for his burns.

Another time a group of horse traders arrived driving a band of horses. They paid the toll for passage of their chuck wagon and saddle horse, but forced the loose stock to swim the river. Each spring and fall bands of sheep were trailed between their winter range in the Columbia Basin and the Northern Cascades. The boat became a mass of woolly white when they crossed over. Groups of Indians crossed the river during their migration to camas-digging grounds or to the Yakima Valley, where they hired out to pick hops.

Apple harvest brought heavy traffic. Loaded trucks came from Bridgeport Bar on their way to packing sheds in Brewster. For several years the retired steamer Bridgeport was
put back into service. Each morning we would watch it pass
our house going upstream, its stem paddle wheel beating the
water. Later in the day, loaded with apples, it would pass
downstream on its way to Pateros.

Of all the events that drew our interest, none matched the
building of the Brewster bridge. Since its location was only a
short distance upstream from our house we enjoyed a front
row seat during its construction. Promotion of the project (a
toll bridge built by a private corporation) had gone on for a
number of years. The Okanogan-Douglaston Inter-County
Bridge Company had been formed, local people enlisted, and
plans drawn up. The drive for local support was drawing to a
close in July 1926: "$60,000 of the preferred security has been
contracted locally. Much credit is due Messrs. Fury and Buell
with the assistance of a few local men. . . . Of course they
expect opposition from the ferry owners with injunctions
and all that. . . ." Opposition was forthcoming, and Mr.
McPherson, a frontier lawyer, carried the fight all the way to
the State Supreme Court. As the struggle went on members
of the community chose sides, as did the
Brewster Herald.

In November 1926 the newspaper carried the following story:

New rates on the Brewster ferry have caused several cars to
drive the road to the Central ferry below Brewster. It has been
reported that some work will be done on this road and if so it
will mean a good deal more business on the ferry at Central.
Many cars of ball fans that were at the game at Bridgeport last
Sunday crossed at Brewster on the way over to the game but
took the road to Central ferry on the return trip. One ball fan
who took the Central ferry said that the ball players will prob­
ably cross below Brewster hereafter.

The following year the paper reported: "The bridge could not
be more arbitrary in its charges than the toll ferry here. It has
been a boast of the manager of the ferry that every time the
people have a kick on the ferry or ferry tolls . . . he would
boost the rates."

In an article pointing out some of the shortcomings of
ferry service the editor conceded, "Mr. McPherson has done
all in his power to fill the wants of the public, but after
putting on a power boat in addition to the cable ferry, the
delay in crossing is sometimes irksome. . . ."

Bridge construction began in August 1927. Workers built
out from both sides of the river, making it necessary to trans­
port half the material by ferry. Upon the bridge's completion
a community celebration and bridge dedication were sched­
uled for July 2, 1928. It was a gala affair, but that night the
toll collector awakened Father for a hurried crossing. A
buildup of debris against the wooden piles on the Okanogan
County side had resulted in the failure of part of the struc­
ture, and a section of the bridge deck was left hanging with­
out support. A barricade was set up, and the public was forced
to use the ferry while repairs were made.

Bridge tolls were based on those charged by the ferry: 75
cents for a car and driver and 10 cents per passenger. The
ferry rate was promptly reduced to 35 cents for cars and 5
cents per passenger. Thus began a five-year competition that
finally saw ferry rates reduced to 15 cents. The bridge
received considerable use at first, but the economic depression
that followed the 1929 stock market crash led many to place
more value on money than time. On many days the bridge
went unused while the ferry carried the bulk of the traffic.

F
ather left his ferry job during the summer of 1933.
Peter McPherson had died and Mrs. McPherson,
with the aid of her sons, continued the business for
a short time. The cable ferry was retired, leaving the
power boat, an auxiliary up to this time, carrying the
shrunken load. Soon the enterprise was sold to the bridge
company, ending a family ownership begun by Peter
McPherson's brother Billy in 1896. The power boat was sold
and moved upstream to the Grand Coulee area.

The bridge was later taken over by the state and tolls were
removed. In 1948 it underwent extensive repairs after suffer­
ing severe flood damage. In 1966 it was raised 7.5 feet to
make way for waters impounded behind Wells Dam. In 1968
it burned while being redecked and has since been replaced
with a modern concrete bridge.

Edward C. Whitley, now retired and living in Moses Lake, was a
teacher at Wapato High School and Big Bend Community College
for 35 years.
George Washington Bush

His kind, generous nature earned him a special place in Washington's History

*By Ann Saling*

Washington might have celebrated a much later statehood centennial, perhaps with different boundaries, if not for a small group from an 1844 wagon train that vowed to stay together after reaching the Oregon Country. One member of that party, George Washington Bush, discovered upon his arrival at The Dalles in November 1844 that because of his African ancestry he could not own land or even settle in Oregon.

At that time no formal government existed in the Oregon Country. Under the terms of the joint occupancy agreement of 1818 between the United States and Great Britain, citizens of both countries were free to settle and conduct business in the region. Lacking a legal government and title to their lands, American settlers arriving in the early 1840s made informal provisions for juries, executors of estates, bounties on predatory animals, and the like. In May 1843 they approved, by a narrow margin, a provisional government at Champoeg to alleviate fears about land titles caused by the formidable presence of the Hudson's Bay Company.

This government enacted a law to protect the settlers' land claims until Congress got around to passing the anticipated Donation Land Act. The new law contained an anti-black clause proposed by Peter Burnett who, along with Marcus Whitman, had led the Great Migration of 1843. No Negroes or mulattos—freemen or slaves—were allowed to own land or even to live in Oregon. The law, enacted soon after Bush started west in May 1844, threatened African-Americans with flogging every six months until they left the country. When they learned of this law, Bush and his close friends in the wagon train decided to settle north of the Columbia; in an area with few white settlers, they reasoned, Bush was unlikely to be harassed.

The pioneer band that unhesitatingly joined Bush in his decision to continue north numbered about 30 persons. Their bond of friendship with Bush remained intact throughout his lifetime. They were the first American homesteaders to say "no" to John McLoughlin, chief factor for 21 years (1824-46) of the HBC's huge Columbia department with its main base at Fort Vancouver. This sometimes genial, sometimes tyrannical giant of a man encouraged Oregon Trail emigrants to settle south of the Columbia River in Oregon's Willamette Valley.

In 1834 McLoughlin had convinced American Methodist missionaries Jason and Daniel Lee to settle in the fertile Willamette Valley where they could serve both the Indians and retired HBC personnel, many of whom had Indian wives. The company wanted no American missionaries or settlers in the northern Oregon Country where settlements might give the United States a strong claim to the area when the boundary line and sovereignty issues were settled. Britain was determined that the international boundary would be the Columbia River while the United States wanted the boundary at the 49th parallel or even farther north.

Sir George Simpson, McLoughlin's superior, wrote confidently in 1841, "The United States will never possess more than a nominal jurisdiction on the west side of the Rocky Mountains... Actual possession must be held to be of itself conclusive..." Ironically, that was the year the Oregon Trail emigration began with the Bidwell-Bartleson party, of which 32 members reached Oregon.

George Bush and his small group were the first to defy the "Despot of the Rockies," the first to go north when McLoughlin said, "Go south." Those few Americans proved that emigrants could make a living north of the Columbia River. Although their success encouraged other emigrants to settle in the north, the population grew slowly at first.

McLoughlin was able to influence the majority of emigrants because they were exhausted and out of supplies after the arduous four-to-six-month journey over the Oregon Trail, especially after the final grueling miles through the

COLUMBIA 16 WINTER 1992/93
Blue Mountains. He often sent boats to The Dalles to bring emigrants to Fort Vancouver. He earned their gratitude by providing supplies and much-sought-after information about where to settle. He did the pioneers no disservice by recommending the Willamette Valley. It offered a mild climate, an abundance of fertile land that was easily cleared, and the hope of eventual trade with the Orient.

At the fort's store emigrants obtained such essential supplies as shoes, clothing, hardware, sugar, salt, tools and seed to plant the next spring. They were allowed to buy on credit, although cash, being in short supply in the Oregon Country, brought a more favorable price.

Bush had started west in an 80-wagon train of nearly 800 people, the second largest wagon train to travel the Oregon Trail. The leader was R. W. Morrison, with Michael T. Simmons his second in command. Bush, a successful cattle trader, was in charge of the Morrison cattle. After four months on the trail dissatisfaction with Morrison caused a split in the group. Simmons assumed leadership of the smaller group, which became known as the Bush-Simmons party. This group included the families of Simmons, James McAllister, David Kindred, George Jones and George Washington Bush, plus two bachelors, Jesse Ferguson and Samuel Crockett.

When they arrived at Fort Vancouver McLoughlin, as usual, explained the unfavorable conditions north of the river: laborious clearing of forested land, poor soil, no communities. Even the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company, the HBC's 1,000-plus-acre farming enterprise in Cowlitz Valley, was by 1844 making more money from its sheep and cattle and their hides, wool, tallow, butter, cheese and milk than from wheat, oats, barley and potatoes. But farming was possible in the north. HBC-sponsored farms supplied food for the company's trading posts, with enough to spare for export to Britain and Russian America. Surplus lumber, salmon and flour were shipped to Hawaii.

The HBC had formed its agricultural company partly to provide an argument for a future claim to actual British occupation of the country. Farmers were more convincing settlers than fur trad-
Michael Simmons, close friend of George W. Bush, founded Washington’s first community, now called Tumwater.

Bush was a mulatto, but had means, and also a white woman for a wife, and a family of five children. Not many men of color left a slave state so well to do, and so generally respected; but it was not in the nature of things that he should be permitted to forget his color. As we went along together... he told me he should watch, when we got to Oregon, what usage was awarded to people of color, and if he could not have a free man’s rights he would seek the protection of the Mexican Government in California or in New Mexico... This conversation enabled me afterwards to understand the chief reason for Col. M. T. Simmons and his kindred, and Bush and Jones determining to settle north of the Columbia. It was understood that Bush was assisting at least two of these to get to Oregon, and while they were all Americans, they would take no part in ill treating G. W. Bush on account of his color.

Bush’s wealth could have come from several sources: fur trading, his successful cattle business or from an inheritance. He was raised and educated in the Quaker faith in Pennsylvania. At age 20, after having fought in the Battle of New Orleans under Andrew Jackson during the War of 1812, he went to Illinois to work with cattle. In the 1820s he moved his stock to Missouri, where he lived for 20 years and gained a reputation as a successful cattleman. An 1830 Missouri census listed Bush as “a free white man.” During his Missouri years he is believed to have traveled west as a fur trapper and trader.

Bush married Isabella James of Tennessee on July 4, 1832. Of nine sons born to them, only five survived to journey west. Another son was born in Oregon on Christmas Day, 1847.

Bush’s reason for leaving Missouri in 1844 was an anti-black law passed by that state. Bush feared racial intolerance and the confiscation of his property. Learning that his neighbor Michael Simmons was going west with a wagon train, he asked to join it and was voted in. Not until he reached the end of the trail did he learn about the new Oregon law that prevented Negroes and mulattos from residing or owning land there. Many Oregon settlers were Southerners, who wanted only whites in the new country.

About 60 years old when he went west, Bush was a rugged, bearded, soft-spoken man, nearly six feet tall, who inspired respect. He was well enough off that he bought six Conestoga wagons for the trip and stocked them well. One of his sons later recalled that his father had hidden $2,000 in silver under a false wagon bed floor.

As Minto noted, Bush provided financial help so that the Jones and Kindred families could make the trip. The small group was compatible; several families were related and Bush and Simmons were long-time friends. Bush was always generous with his supplies when others needed them.

The trip took seven months, lasting into December. When toward the end of the journey supplies ran short, Minto and two others rode ahead to Fort Vancouver. They arrived on October 19 and worked at odd jobs to earn money. When they were ready to head back to the wagon train in early December, McLoughlin offered a boat to bring the party down the Columbia to the fort.

The rest of the party, delayed in the Blue Mountains by deep snow, made their way to The Dalles where Bush, to his dismay, learned of the anti-black law. Minto and the others rejoined them on December 7 near the Cascades with the much-needed supplies.

Michael Simmons enthusiastically supported Bush’s decision to settle in the north, optimistic that the area would eventually become American territory.

After informing McLoughlin that they were staying on the north side of the river, the small group camped for the winter on the Columbia River east of Fort Vancouver. There they remained until late October 1845. During that first winter of 1844-45 the men worked for McLoughlin, cutting cedar shingles for shipment to Hawaii.

The following spring Simmons made an exploratory trip north with Englishman John R. Jackson, who later became a naturalized American citizen. Poling a boat down the Columbia, they reached the mouth of the Cowlitz River. Since the water was too high and their supplies were exhausted they could not proceed upriver and were forced to retrace their route. Jackson had already decided on his future claim, ten miles north of Cowlitz Landing near the Hudson’s Bay Company farm.

In July 1845 Simmons took eight men with him on a second trip that lasted two months. This time, with the help of a French-Canadian guide, he discovered an ideal site for a settlement—at the mouth of the Deschutes River where its falls pour into Budd Inlet, which is the southernmost finger of Puget Sound.

That August, Oregon’s provisional government gave the name Vancouver County to the vast region north of the Columbia and west of the Continental Divide. Jackson was appointed sheriff, and Simmons was named commissioner and judge.

Seven of those who made that exploratory trip with Simmons opted not to settle in the north. The original Bush-
Simmons party families chose to join Simmons. When McLoughlin realized that he could not discourage the group from settling farther north he sent a letter to Factor William Tolmie at Fort Nisqually on Puget Sound, authorizing him to sell the settlers the supplies they needed and charge them to Fort Vancouver. They, in turn, agreed not to pay Indian laborers more than Tolmie did and not to trade with the Indians for pelts.

It being late in the year, the group packed quickly and headed north, using pack animals to drag their belongings. They brought some food from Fort Vancouver and obtained more from Tolmie on credit: 200 bushels of wheat, 100 of peas, 300 of potatoes, and 10 head of cattle. Without that food they could not have survived. The French-Canadian families nearby helped them build primitive log cabins, and Tolmie hired some of the men that winter.

This small group, the first organized community of Americans to settle in what is now Washington, was taking a calculated risk. If Britain won sovereignty over the region the Americans would probably lose their land and all improvements. The courageous act of settling in the northern wilderness earned the Bush-Simmons party its place in Washington history.

Simmons, foreseeing the development of a community that could compete with the HBC stores and sell products to Fort Nisqually, named his claim New Market (later changed to Tumwater). Bush, primarily interested in farming, chose a clearing a few miles to the southwest, on what is still called Bush Prairie. Most of the other families settled near him.

In December Vancouver County was split up, with the Cowlitz Valley and the area north to the Nisqually River now called Lewis County and the rest renamed Clark County. By this time there were 34 American families living within the bounds of Lewis County, plus six French-Canadians and their Indian wives, and several thousand Indians. Simmons was named one of three commissioners on a regional administrative board. Jackson was appointed judge, holding court in his home.

On June 15, 1846, before the settlers harvested their first crops, their gamble paid off. The Oregon sovereignty issue, captured in the popular slogan “54-40 or fight,” came to a head when newly-elected President James Polk, having informed England that the United States was determined to end the joint occupancy, precipitated a settlement of the border dispute.

The resulting treaty gave the United States its long-desired boundary along the 49th parallel. The British abandoned all their claims, except for Vancouver Island, where Fort Victoria became the main HBC trading post.

McLoughlin resigned as chief factor that same year, strongly criticized by Simpson and other HBC officials for over-generous aid to the Americans. The accusation was
true. Some 3,000 people were in debt to the HBC, 1,000 to McLoughlin himself. Many loans were never repaid. Peter Burnett, who became governor of California, wrote:

The company furnished many of our emigrants with provisions, clothing, seed and other necessities on credit. This was done in many instances, where the purchasers were known to be of doubtful credit. . . . Dr. John McLoughlin was one of the greatest and most noble philanthropists I ever knew. . . ."

The HBC did not share Burnett's enthusiasm. They accused McLoughlin of having encouraged the flood of Americans into the Oregon Country, causing the British to lose land they had dominated for decades. A bitter McLoughlin retired to Oregon City and became an American. But he lost most of his land when a congressional delegate of Oregon Territory accused him of greed, of having charged emigrants exorbitant prices and of taking land from Americans.

Meanwhile, Michael Simmons had become Puget Sound's first industrialist. With Bush's financial help he built a grist mill on the upper falls of the Deschutes River during the winter of 1846-47. Millstones were cut from granite blocks found on the shores of the river. At that time the only other gristmill was at Fort Vancouver.

During the first few years after their arrival, the settlers had to make the two-day journey to the Fort Nisqually store every few weeks, trading hand-split shingles for supplies. In August 1847 eight people organized Puget Sound's first American corporation—the Puget Sound Milling Company. They obtained machinery from Fort Nisqually and paid for it later in lumber. The mill was operating by March 1848. By November they had sold Fort Nisqually 12,000 square feet of board lumber, despite the fact that the boards produced by the water-driven mill were half an inch thicker at one end than the other. The settlers, Fort Nisqually, and San Francisco (during the California Gold Rush) provided a big market for finished lumber. Ships from California called at the tiny port for pilings and hardware for furs, fish and game—and hired them as guides.

Simmons prospered, selling his shares in two mills in 1849 for $35,000. In 1850, when Olympia was platted, he chose two desirable lots and built a store that competed with the HBC stores still operating. He also bought a schooner and sent it to San Francisco with a load of lumber in 1852 to bring back merchandise for his new store.

Simmons was active in politics from the start. When Oregon Territory was created he was the first representative from the northern area to be elected to its legislature. In 1853, when Washington became a territory, its first governor, Isaac I. Stevens, named him an Indian agent.

Meanwhile, Bush was achieving great success on his farm, growing grain, fruit and vegetables, and breeding livestock. While McLoughlin, in order to build up HBC herds, lent but did not sell farm animals to settlers, Bush sold his livestock. He got his first chickens from a French-Canadian neighbor, and Tolmie sold Isabella some sheep and turkeys to breed. In his diary pioneer John Roger James recalled in 1850, "Father bought a few sheep of Mr. Bush, seven head at seven dollars a head." He also noted, "Father got a little steel burr of a gristmill bigger than a coffee mill of Mr. George Bush." It was weather of the first few years, the Whitman Massacre in 1847 (after which settlement of the interior was closed off for several years) and the surge of emigrants to the gold fields of California, including many Oregonians who abandoned crops in the field. Shock over the Whitman Massacre and the Cayuse War that followed led Congress to approve Oregon's long-desired status as a territory on August 14, 1848. The first Oregon Territory census, taken the following year, counted only 304 whites north of the Columbia.

Puget Sound Indians, friendly in the early days of few settlers, helped the new arrivals survive during the first difficult years. They taught Bush and others to gather oysters; dig clams and edible roots; hunt deer, elk and birds; and catch trout and salmon. Bush was always friendly with Indians. On the Oregon Trail he and Simmons had traded with Indians—tobacco and hardware for furs, fish and game—and hired them as guides.

After Bush established his farm the Nisqually Indians were welcome to stay there. They camped by the Deschutes River to hunt deer and to fish. The Bush family learned to speak the local native dialect, and Isabella used her nursing skills to help sick Indians as well as whites. During the winter of 1847-48 she treated Indians with measles, and in 1853 smallpox victims kept her busy. The Bush family raised some of the small Indian children orphaned by smallpox.
used to grind meal for the James family's breakfast.

The Bush farm was a popular social center for picnics and meetings, especially on holidays. Situated on the trail between Fort Vancouver and Olympia, it was a natural stopping place for travelers to water their horses and share a meal with a hospitable family. Isaac Stevens, on his way to Olympia to take over his new duties as territorial governor, was one such traveler. Bush eventually built some log cabins on his land and made them available, along with provisions, to newcomers searching for homestead sites.

In the 1850s Bush harvested large crops of wheat, rye, oats, potatoes and hops, and produced wool and butter as well. Seeds he brought with him produced apple and pear trees. During that decade the farm had 100 horses, cattle, sheep and swine, and 10 oxen for cultivating the fields. The family salted salmon, made sauerkraut and butchered pork and cattle. The meat was preserved in salt or smoked in one of three smokehouses on the farm.

"His farm is said to be the best north of the Columbia River, and his improvements worth at least $3,000," wrote an early diary-keeper. Another neighbor reported,

...He produced a larger and larger supply of grain, all of which he kept for the new arrivals... He provided the settlers with food for their first winter and with seed for the first sowing. If they had no money, he still supplied them with what they needed, asking only that each pay him when he could, and taking no security.

Bush was well known for his generosity to newcomers. One of his sons later said, "Neither Father or Mother could bear to deny anyone who applied to them for assistance." One needy family spent a year at Bush's farm.

In 1852 harvests were generally so bad that new settlers were forced to eat the seed they had put aside for their first crops. But Bush had bumper crops that year of wheat, corn, beans and pumpkins. He could have sold it for high prices; instead he gave away much of his harvest, asking only that he be repaid in kind some day. Ezra Meeker, who met Bush in July 1853, wrote that when grain was almost impossible to find, Seattle speculators offered Bush a high price for his. Bush told them,

I'll just keep my grain to let my neighbors who have had failures have enough to live on and for seeding their fields in the spring. They have no money to pay your fancy prices and I don't intend to see them want for anything in my power to provide.

Meeker spoke highly of Bush. "I always found him the same, dignified... yet in no wise 'put on,'... a natural manner that led to respect."

Bush had one major worry. When the Oregon Donation Land Act became law in 1850, only white Americans and mixed-blood Indians were allowed to claim land. Bush could not secure title to the land he had farmed so productively. Inevitably, new arrivals coveted his choice land. Some, aware that he lacked title, even tried to settle on his claim.

Michael Simmons became a representative to Washington's first territorial legislature, which convened in 1854. Knowing of Bush's concern over ownership of his land, Simmons came to his aid. On March 1, 1854, two days after the first meeting of the new legislature, 53 citizens submitted a petition asking that the Territory of Washington memorialize Congress to pass a special act granting Bush legal title to his 640 acres. Simmons introduced a resolution specifically exempting Bush from the "whites only" provision in the Donation Land Act.

In its memorial to Congress the Washington Legislature noted that Bush's behavior had always been exemplary and industrious, and that by a constant and laborious cultivation of his said claim, and by an accommodating and charitable disposal of his produce to emigrants, he has contributed much towards the settlement of this Territory, the suffering and needy never having applied to him in vain for succor and assistance.

In 1855 a joint resolution of the United States Senate and House was passed giving George Bush legal right to his original homestead.

Bush's farm continued to be one of the most productive in the region. He introduced the first mower and reaper to Puget Sound in 1856. By 1860 his farm included 800 acres, one of the larger land claims in the territory, the eighth most valuable piece of land north of the Columbia. A leader in Washington agriculture, Bush spent his last years studying farming techniques.

Bush died of a cerebral hemorrhage on April 5, 1864. His wife Isabella died three years later. His eldest son, William Owen Bush, sold his own farm at Grand Mound to return to the family homestead, which he managed for 40 years. Most of the Bush sons stayed on the original farm. According to Ezra Meeker, William Owen Bush "had the same gentle virtues of his father." He too became well known for his farming skills, winning a gold medal for his grains at Philadelphia's Centennial Exposition in 1876. William Owen Bush added luster to his father's name by later becoming a member of the Washington Legislature.

George Washington Bush, the man who had inspired so much respect among his traveling companions on the Oregon Trail and among his fellow Americans north of the Columbia, truly had left his mark on Washington.

Ann Saling is a teacher, editor, freelance writer and author of several books. Her most recent work is The Great Northwest Nature Factbook.
Years pass; memories of Camp Harmony and Camp Minidoka fade and pass away. . . . Somehow Kenjiro Nomura's paintings have survived and now remind us of a time in which innocent people struggled to maintain their dignity.

—June Mukai McKivor

On February 19, 1942, ten weeks after the Japanese surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066, an act that effected the greatest compulsory population movement in the history of the United States. The order empowered the Secretary of War to prescribe militarily sensitive areas, and then to exclude from those areas any persons the government deemed dangerous to the national defense.

In March 1942 General J. L. DeWitt, commanding general of the Western Defense Command, proclaimed Pacific Coastal areas in Alaska, Washington, Oregon and California to be vulnerable to espionage and attack. All enemy aliens and all persons of Japanese ancestry were placed under a rigidly enforced curfew, and were required to be within five miles of their residences at all times.

In April 1942 more than 100,000 Japanese Americans and aliens were ordered evacuated from their homes. From Southern California to Alaska every immigrant and every American who was at least 1/16th Japanese was placed under military arrest and sent to an assembly center; Alaskans and most western Washingtonians were ordered

ABOVE: “From Our Barrack’s Window, Camp Minidoka.”

The interior walls of the barracks were unfinished, leaving exposed the fiberboard and supporting two-by-fours. Each family’s room contained little more than beds and a potbellied stove. They had few personal possessions, having been forced to leave nearly everything behind when they were sent to the camps.
to Camp Harmony at the Western Washington Fairgrounds in Puyallup.

One of the 110,000 Japanese-Americans caught up in this sweep was Kenjiro Nomura, a 46-year-old artist with a wife and 12-year-old son. Nomura had supported his family and his painting by running a dry-cleaning business in Seattle’s University District. Over the previous 20 years he had become well known for his paintings of Seattle street scenes and rural landscapes, winning numerous awards.

In 1933 his one-man exhibition received rave reviews at the grand opening of the Seattle Art Museum, and Nomura was said to be one of the most important painters in the Northwest.

With the bombing of Pearl Harbor and the subsequent war with Japan, Nomura’s life was turned upside down. On April 30, 1942, Nomura and his family reported to Camp Harmony, the detention center in Puyallup, leaving behind their dry-cleaning business, their home, their car, and most of their other possessions. Also abandoned were his art career, his canvasses and paints, and his ties with local museums and the art community.

The Nomuras spent three and a half months at Camp Harmony and then were moved to a much larger camp built in the sagebrush desert near Hunt, Idaho. Camp Minidoka was their home for more than three years, until the war with Japan ended.

Nomura worked in the sign shop in both camps and had access to a limited supply of painting materials. He used these to make sketches and paintings of life in the internment camps. These were never intended to be displayed, but instead served as a private diary depicting life in the camps. After the war these paintings were bundled up and stored in the family garage, not to be rediscovered until years later.
KENJIRO NOMURA'S PAINTINGS are a poignant record of the fate suffered by most of Washington's Japanese-American population during World War II. They are on display at the Washington State Historical Society Museum through February 28, 1993. The exhibit was created by the Wing Luke Asian Museum and the paintings are available thanks to George Nomura, the artist's son.

The paintings depict the buildings and people of the camps where Nomura was forced to spend three and a half years of his life. Yet, while speaking of confinement, Nomura's paintings also offer a glimmer of hope for a better future. Taken as a whole this exhibit reminds us that even in the most difficult of times the human spirit can triumph.

The exhibit, entitled "Kenjiro Nomura: An Artist's View of the Japanese-American Internment," is the first in a series of World War II commemorative activities at the Washington State Historical Society. Future issues of Columbia will feature other aspects of "Home Front Washington."

RIGHT: "Guard Tower, Minidoka Relocation Center." In the frigid winters an icy wind blew through cracks in the tar paper and fiberboard barracks. Snow blanketed the ground, but melted quickly on the roofs of the uninsulated living quarters. In spring the rain accumulated everywhere in deep, muddy pools. With summer came hot winds and suffocating dust storms.

BELOW: "Military Post, Minidoka Relocation Center." From August 1942 until September 1945 more than 10,000 people were interned here. Japanese-Americans operated nearly all services and businesses, including an accredited high school, a municipal government, police force and fire department.
Voices of school children well into this century sang out "Hail Columbia, happy land, Hail, ye heroes! heav'n born band! Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause..."

The happy land called Columbia in this famous song was the United States of America, a young republic that had just inaugurated its first President and officially taken its place in the family of nations.

Jubilant residents in Olympia celebrating the creation of Washington Territory a little more than half a century later heard the choir sing "America," "Hail, Columbia!" and "The Star Spangled Banner." Toasts followed the music, according to The Columbian, the area's first newspaper, which had been formed in part to advocate for a new territory to be called Columbia. The patriotic toasts typical of political occasions of this time included one "to the extension of the area of freedom: ... From Eastern shore to Western wave, the Continent is ours!"—fulfilling for the moment the founding fathers' dream of establishing a classical republic in the new world.
Columbia, a common name throughout the land, once stood for all America and all that America stood for. A Latin style feminine variation of Columbus used from time to time to designate the British colonies, it was explained by Philip Freneau in 1775 as being “America sometimes so called from Columbus the first discoverer.” Because Columbus came from Italy and not from England, the name grew in popularity after 1776 as the colonies severed their ties to Great Britain. Poets, printmakers, songwriters and statesmen adopted a new personification of America in the form of a goddess called “Columbia.”

The best known contemporary depiction of Columbia appears today on the silver screen as the elegant white-clad woman holding a torch on high in the Columbia Pictures logo. Resembling the Statue of Liberty, her name forgotten, she is arguably one of the last surviving secular images in that dimension of history wherein women were placed on pedestals.

The use of feminine imagery to inspire, symbolize and reflect cultural values is a venerable European tradition. Robust, queenly women once represented the four continents Europe, Asia, Africa and America. Derived from the Cosmo-
graphiae Introductio of 1507 by Martin Waldseemuller (in which the New World was first called America), this portrayal was popular in western European art for over 300 years. America (both south and north) was represented as the “Indian Queen.” Depicted as swarthy or “tawney,” Amazorian in size, wearing a feathered headdress and skirt, she bore a club or a bow with a quiver of arrows. First the armadillo, and later the alligator were associated with her. The tradition was fixed with the publication of a succession of emblem books starting with Cesare Ripa’s Iconologia in 1603. With palm trees, parrots, and gold ingots, she was exciting, mysterious and exotic.

By 1765, the year England imposed the despised Stamp Act that ultimately led to the Boston Tea Party and the American Revolution, a new symbol was needed to represent the British colonies in North America. Appearing first in impassioned political cartoon warfare, an Indian princess, derived from the iconography of the Indian Queen, was pre-

Not long after the founding fathers signed the Constitution in Philadelphia in the fall of 1787, Boston captains John Kendrick and Robert Gray embarked upon an adventure to the Pacific Ocean. Their ships, the Columbia Rediviva and the Lady Washington, bore symbolic names as they sailed to the northwest corner of the North American continent. Finding new sources of commerce was the great hope for the voyage. New territory for the expanding republic was the ultimate gain.

In May 1792, on his second voyage piloting the Columbia, Captain Robert Gray (carrying a sea letter from President George Washington commending him in such encounters as might arise) discovered the long-sought “Great River of the West” and named it “Columbia’s River.” It is unfortunate that Edmond Meany’s compendium of Washington placenames used the language “gave the river his ship’s name,” a phrase that has been interpreted to mean that Gray named the river for his ship.

In his book American Placenames George R. Stewart notes the likelihood that, given the competition with Britain’s Captain Vancouver, also in quest of the fabled river, a patriotic motive was present: Gray’s giving the name with a possessive case served as a declaration that the region was claimed for the United States.

Time passed and Columbia’s River lost the possessive in its name. By the mid 19th century, settlers living north of the Columbia River in what was then the Oregon Territory were determined to have a territory of their own. They proposed the name Columbia; but Congress, responding in 1853 to the heroic stature of George Washington in the public consciousness, instead named the new territory for the first President (hoping also in part to avoid confusion with the District of Columbia). This ironic tale, well-known among Northwest historians, is reflected in the name of this magazine, the journal of the Washington State Historical Society.

Columbia’s River

COLUMBIA BELLE

NET CONTENTS ONE VOL. BUSHEL

COLUMBIA FRUIT GROWERS

APPLIES

COLUMBIA FRUIT DISTRIBUTORS

WENATCHEE, WASHINGTON

QUALITY WASHINGTON STATE APPLES

United States of America

COLUMBIA FRUIT GROWERS

Box label (detail), Columbia Fruit Growers.
presented as the defiant daughter of Britannia.

The Indian princess appeared often in what were called "impolitical" prints that circulated widely. So persistent was her image that she even appeared after the Revolution on the first medals struck by Congress.

Classical gods and goddesses from Roman mythology figured prominently in the "impolitical" prints used to fight for the American cause. Minerva, goddess of war and the arts of learning, Mercury, representing "Commerce," and the goddess Liberty consistently supported the Indian princess in the quest to attain independence and a representative government. Once open warfare broke out passions grew stronger. At this time Phillis Wheatley, a young African slave poet, wrote an ode to encourage "His Excellency General Washington" and in it invented the goddess "Columbia."

Referring to General Washington's heroic struggles, Wheatley wrote of "Columbia's scenes of glorious toils":

The Goddess comes, she moves divinely fair,
Olive and laurel binds her golden hair:
Wherever shines this native of the skies,
Unnumber'd charms and recent graces rise.

Columbia's armies pour through a thousand gates, nations are fired with hopes that "Columbia's arm prevails," and the general is urged on:

Proceed, great chief, with virtue on thy side,
Thy ev'ry action let the goddess guide.
A crown, a mansion, and a throne that shine,
With gold unfading, WASHINGTON! be thine.
The poet wished for Washington the very things the general abhorred and refused when power was later thrust upon him.

Phillis Wheatley, the first black female poet of American letters, regularly appears in school anthologies today. A member of the Wheatley family purchased Phillips as a girl directly from a slave ship and intended her to be a personal servant. The precocious child was instead treated as a member of the family. She learned English in 16 months, studied the classics, wrote poetry by her early teens and became something of a sensation among Boston intellectuals. Thomas Paine published her ode to General Washington in Pennsylvania Magazine in April 1776.

The concept of Columbia representing America caught on. She appeared on parade floats. King's College was renamed Columbia's College (and is today known as Columbia University). A broadside warning settlers of a recent Indian massacre called it a "Columbian tragedy." The capitol was built in the District of Columbia. More than one ship bore the name. Political cartoonists and printmakers who had for years relied on the Indian princess image to symbolize the North American colonies made ready use of the newly minted goddess Columbia.

Matthew Carey established the Columbian Magazine, the first issue "Containing a View of the History, Manners, Literature, Characters of the Year 1787." The verse beneath the frontispiece showing Columbia with a young boy and girl greeted by the plumed Minerva bespeaks hope for the future: "While Commerce," represented by sailing ships, "spreads her canvass o'er the main; / And Agriculture ploughs the grateful plain; / Minerva aids Columbia's rising race; / With arms to triumph and arts to grace."

At first bareheaded, the goddess Columbia was later shown with various headpieces—helmet, plumes, star diadems—but most prominently with the liberty cap. Resembling the hats worn by present-day cartoon characters known as Smurfs, the Phrygian or liberty cap is the ancient symbol of the emancipation of Roman slaves. The liberty cap raised on the end of a pole was a common rallying point for troop enlistment in colonial America. Both Columbia and Britannia were sometimes depicted holding a liberty pole.

The founding ideals of the nation were evoked with images of Columbia and Liberty in statuary, paintings, prints, sheet music and cartoons in the early years of the republic. The perennially favorite patriotic song, "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," appeared in 1843. Three years later the Oregon question was settled with the British and Americans setting the 49th parallel as the boundary between their claims to the Pacific Northwest. Queen Victoria's choice for the name of the
Liberty and Columbia, sometimes in classical white, often in the stars and stripes of the American flag, were used as emblems, often interchangeably, throughout the 19th century. The last major representation of the goddess Columbia was at the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Ostensibly to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492, the exposition opened a year late. Exuberantly patriotic and charged by the power of the Industrial Revolution, the exposition honored Columbus less and the great land he discovered more. The goddess, enthroned on a ship with a trumpeting figure of Fame as the figurehead, was the centerpiece within a pool of fountains.

The Exposition's lasting legacy was its focus on improving and beautifying the nation's cities and towns. The legacy, which can be found in every city planning department, reflected the concerns of the day and stands in sharp contrast to this year's 500th anniversary controversies focusing on the negative impacts of the encounter with native peoples.

The fading of Columbia as a strong symbol for the nation began some seven years before the great Chicago world's fair. In 1886, the United States erected the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. A gift from France for the centenary of the Declaration of Independence, the Statue of Liberty eclipsed Columbia as a symbol for the nation. Classical depictions of both Liberty and Columbia survived through World War I and occasionally beyond, but the Statue of Liberty, embodying the essence of them both, captured the public imagination and stands on her pedestal over 100 years later as the definitive feminine symbol for the United States of America.

Sue Lean lives in Olympia and is a professional exhibit project director specializing in the integration of state and national history.
Auto Ferry to “Paradise Peninsula”

As the state's highway system improved, so did services aimed at making automobile travel more convenient and pleasant. Sound Ferry lines, recognizing the profitability of a Seattle-Olympic Peninsula run, began operating auto ferries on Puget Sound in 1919. This 1928 brochure boasts of the “new and palatial auto-passenger ferry Quillayute—capacity 60 cars.”

Auto ferry service made it easy for the motorist to drive “splendid surfaced highways,” and to conveniently and comfortably tour “this Paradise Peninsula.”
When farm families began settling and plowing up the dry but fertile expanses of the Columbia Plain in the late 1800s and early 1900s, a network of small trading centers rapidly developed to serve their household and farm needs and to provide outlets for their farm produce. Small business establishments and warehouses for grain suddenly appeared on the plain, creating centers of commerce or augmenting existing settlements. Soon, flourishing small towns and villages dotted the wheat country landscape, each new metropolis serving a population of mostly recent arrivals living within the radius of a horseback or buggy ride.

Watching ever-increasing numbers of new customers streaming into their establishments each year, Columbia Plain merchants and town “boosters” had reason to be optimistic about the future of their budding municipalities. Between 1899 and 1909 the United States Agricultural Census recorded a doubling of Washington wheat land, from 1.1 million to 2.1 million acres. The wheat country population climbed proportionately. Between 1880 and 1910 Whitman County’s population more than tripled. Adams County was five times larger in 1910 than in 1890. Umatilla County in Oregon increased almost sevenfold from 1870 to 1910, although its growth reflected an increasingly diverse agricultural base.

County seats benefited from their multiple roles. Dayton, Columbia County seat, recorded 996 residents in the 1880 census and 2,589 in 1910. Whitman County’s Colfax grew even faster, registering a fivefold increase between 1880 and 1900, when its population went from 444 to 2,121.
Walla Walla's early growth had been explosive, from 1,394 in 1870 to 10,049 in 1900; then this important trading center and county seat nearly doubled its population again in the next decade, to 19,364. Davenport, Lincoln County seat, grew from 396 to 1,000 residents between 1890 and 1900. Towns that were not county seats also grew. Oakesdale nearly doubled its population between 1890 and 1900, from 528 to 928. Palouse increased in size almost ten times over in a decade, from 148 in 1880 to 1,119 in 1890.

The numbers appear small by modern urban standards, but their size is deceiving for two reasons. First, each town's constituency was augmented by a substantial farm population living beyond the city limits. The small populations also do not reflect the vitality of rural and small town life. Isolated by slow, cumbersome transportation and the absence of modern roads, rural small towns were the center of social life in agricultural economies where human labor and animal power held sway over machines and high technology.

Animals, by the way, outnumbered people on the farming frontier by a large margin; the United States Agricultural Census credits Whitman County, for example, with 37,284 horses, 3,443 mules and 29,407 head of cattle in 1920 when there were but 31,323 human residents in the county. The town or village was the focus of commercial, religious, political and cultural activity for all within its reach. Virtually everyone within traveling distance participated in some way in the town's economic or social life.

Town fathers labored to make this participation convenient in spite of problems posed by the geography and climate of eastern Washington and Oregon. They strove diligently to create what we now call an "infrastructure": streets, bridges, street lights, jails and a school building. Women of the community had their own agenda of improvements, usually starting with a public cemetery so their kinfolk could be properly buried. Death came early on the frontier, not least of all to women and children, as a walk through any Western pioneer cemetery will testify. Once the cemetery was established, local women's organizations raised private funds—often through bake sales or similar activities—for school improvements, libraries, parks and playgrounds, and milk for school children.

Town development was at times slowed by the vagaries of eastern Washington soil. Removal of the native bunchgrass eliminated the network of roots holding the topsoil in place,
leaving blowing dust in summer and sticky mud during the fall and spring. Pedestrians needed sidewalks to safely travel this hazardous terrain. The town fathers of Colton, in Whitman County, fretted over the construction and maintenance of wooden sidewalks in the downtown area for most of three decades, beginning in 1889 when the town was incorporated. On December 16 of that year they decided to require some property owners "to build six foot sidewalks to be completed by March 1, 1890." The council also agreed "to build a walk to the depot and put down crosswalks where necessary." The following February they ordered the street commissioner to put a railing on the sidewalk to the depot.

Wooden sidewalks finally vanished from the Colton council's minutes about 1920, presumably after the last wood structure was replaced by a concrete sidewalk. Waitsburg, meanwhile, proposed in 1911 to extend street paving into its residential area, a plan hailed by the Walla Walla Union as "almost unparalleled" for "a town of but 1500 inhabitants."

Waitsburg, named for pioneer miller Sylvester M. Wait, was already an established town, having been on the stagecoach route several decades earlier. Incorporated in 1881, Waitsburg's 1880 population was only 248, but construction of a network of railroads through the wheat country at the turn of the century speeded its development. The 1910 census listed its population as 1,237—not 1,500, as the newspaper would have it.

Railroads not only carried produce to the outside world and brought in merchandise but introduced other attractions as well. Lecturers and performing artists began appearing in wheat country towns while Washington was still a territory; Waitsburg, for example, was part of a Western circuit of train travel used by individuals and groups seeking new audiences.

Improving roads leading in and out of towns, as well as streets and sidewalks in town, became an issue in the early 1900s as automobile ownership spread. Initially, farm families were dubious about county efforts to build and improve roads; many feared they would be taxed for roads that would mainly benefit town residents. With the growth of automobile ownership, even among farm families, "good roads" efforts gained more adherents. In 1912 directors of the Washington State Good Roads Association decided that even county action was not enough. They proposed creation of a state highway department.

Yet another challenge facing both town and country residents was the ever-present danger of fire during the hot, dry summers on the Columbia Plain. Early downtown business buildings, like most farm buildings and homes, were constructed of wood. Town fire departments were made up of volunteers, fire equipment was horse-drawn, and once a fire started it often burned one or more buildings to the ground. In August 1910 the town of Milton, in the Oregon portion of the wheat country, sustained a downtown fire loss estimated at a quarter of a million dollars, the equivalent of many millions today. The buildings destroyed included two warehouses owned by Peacock Mills, two farmer-owned grain warehouses, approximately one million bushels of wheat, and two residences. Such fires were common; parts of towns were razed regularly by fire.

Business owners who could afford to do so built or rebuilt with brick, replacing wood structures with small, fire-resistant one-story establishments. Some of these buildings still stand as reminders of earlier, livelier times in wheat country communities; the structures now are used for storage or for other purposes not intended by their builders. The First State Bank of Prescott, managed by my father in 1923-24, has become a church, although its architecture continues to suggest a financial institution.

Traveling through the wheat country today, it is hard to imagine the bustle and vigor of rural communities 60 or 70 years ago. Jack Whiteman, whose father, grandfather and great grandfather farmed on the Columbia Plain, first in Umatilla County, Oregon, then in Whitman County, Washington, remembers downtown La Crosse in his 1920s boy-

ABOVE: Fire gutted this commercial block in Oakesdale in August 1892. On remote wheat ranches fire often consumed buildings and crops and endangered families while volunteer fire departments were still miles away.

LEFT: The La Crosse train station, where two passenger trains arrived daily in the early 1900s.
The farm depression of the early 1920s was the prelude—and some say the cause—of the Great Depression in the 1930s.*

...
Credit had long been a way of life in rural small towns where farm families charged purchases while crops were planted and growing, then paid their bills after each harvest. As the farm depression deepened over the course of the next few years, small town merchants and bankers rode the roller coaster from prosperity to poverty along with their farmer customers.

Economic crises continued to affect rural areas for most of the next two decades, yet only inhibited rather than stopped the growing popularity of the automobile—which was cheap and could be purchased on installments—and the gradual development of well-engineered roads. Even before the war, by 1912, there was already a Ford dealership in practically every town of 2,000 or more across America.

"Small town merchants found themselves competing not only with nationwide catalog companies but with stores in towns 30 to 75 miles distant."

Farm families led in the purchase of Fords and other automobiles; they used the vehicle for hauling farm and household goods and sometimes for other farm chores. Throughout the 1920s, despite the farm depression and the hazards of country roads, and thanks mainly to Henry Ford’s ubiquitous Model T, car ownership climbed throughout the nation and with extra rapidity among farm families. In 1930, when the farm depression had deepened into the larger general depression, 38 percent of Ford dealers were still in towns with populations under 1,000.

The automobile severed the link that bound the remaining residents of rural communities to their own towns. Once roads were improved it did not take motoring families long to discover the attractions of whatever town was larger than their own and within reasonable driving distance. Instead of shopping in La Crosse, why not drive to Colfax? Why stay at home to play cards with friends or attend a movie in Davenport when it was now possible to see a newer movie in Spokane? The social attractions of small towns began to pale by comparison with larger centers of commerce, and small town merchants found themselves competing not only with nationwide catalog companies but with stores in towns 30, 50 or 75 miles distant.

New farm technology, meanwhile, though still in its infancy, was attracting attention from farmers as a way to manage more land with fewer hands and many fewer animals. Although a long debate about the relative merits of horses and mules versus tractors slowed the introduction of machines, by the 1930s tractors were appearing in larger numbers. For a farmer to use a tractor, however, he had to have cash money for gas; dealers did not extend credit. He also had to buy commercial fertilizer to replace what farm animals had provided naturally.

Depression-era farmers who could afford the high cash costs of the new technology were often the same farmers who had the wherewithal to purchase additional land when it became available through sale or foreclosure. A gradual consolidation of farm properties began, leading to further population declines and still fewer customers.

In the coming decade the downtown areas of most small towns of the Columbia Plain constricted, and only those towns with more than one socio-economic function retained a semblance of their old vitality. Most of the survivors were county seats: Dayton, Colfax, Pomeroy, Ritzville, Pasco and Walla Walla in Washington, and Pendleton in Oregon’s Umatilla County. Pullman had an extra string in its bow, an educational institution then called Washington State College. Even for the most robust survivors, however, the dreams of becoming huge urban centers had to be scaled back to more modest ambitions.

Towns and villages that existed mainly to serve farm families did not fare well. By 1940 many numbered less than 500 souls and some were dropped from the federal census because they had been disincorporated. Those still enumerated included Colton, 262; La Crosse, 475; and Oakesdale, 590. Palouse dropped from 1,179 in 1920 to 1,028 in 1940; and Waitsburg from 1,237 in 1910 to 936 in 1940.

In the eastern states and even in the Midwest the traumatic transition out of the agricultural age and into the modern age occurred somewhat more gradually. For agricultural areas of eastern Washington and many parts of the West the entire transformation from settlement and agriculture-based economies to industrial-urban economies was compressed into a much briefer time, one or two generations. In this settling and subsequent “unsettling” of the Columbia Plain, towns and villages arose, flourished for a time, then declined almost as rapidly as they had originally grown, often within a span of 20 to 30 years. The men and women who built the towns, who had poured their energy, wealth and hopes into the process, saw their creations washed away by economic depression and technological revolution. The basis for their great expectations evaporated, along with a way of life.

Margaret Gribskov recently retired from The Evergreen State College, where she taught from 1973 to 1990. A third-generation native of the Pacific Northwest, she was born in Prescott, Washington. She writes on local and women’s history.
The Cultural Transformation of Sequim Prairie

Sequim Prairie lies in the lee of the Olympic Mountains, which block the flow of moist marine air from the Pacific Ocean to create a "rain shadow." This northeastern part of the Olympic Peninsula receives a fraction of the heavy precipitation found on the coastal slopes west of the mountains. The town of Sequim, in Clallam County, averages 15 inches of rainfall annually, some years no more than 10 inches. That amount of rainfall is marginal for forests. In fact, 12 inches per year is a figure often used to define prairie conditions.

The authors of a Clallam County soil survey undertaken in the 1950s speculated on the origin of the unique, dark-colored soils underlying Sequim Prairie. They noted that the prairie is situated close to former Clallam Indian village sites at Dungeness and Washington Harbor, the parent material and moisture relations are the same as adjacent forested areas, and the forest margins are rapidly encroaching since the prevention of fire. The authors concluded that the Indians artificially maintained Sequim Prairie as a hunting and gathering ground with deliberate and regular burning.

Today Sequim sprawls over the former prairie. Inter-spersed among tract houses and backyard farms stand the few remaining oaks, advanced in age. Their large trunks and open canopies testify to the former savannah ecology.

A Lost Biome

In 1977, during a prolonged drought, a farmer in the vicinity of Sequim Prairie started to excavate a desiccated peat bog lying on his 16-acre front yard and found parts of two tusks from an ancient elephant. Subsequent excavation uncovered an entire skeleton.

Mammoths and mastodons were known to have ranged in the area until about 10,000 years ago, but complete skeletons are rare. This one was especially unusual. Within the first two hours of archaeological investigation zoologist Carl Gustafson uncovered a fragment of rib from which protruded a piece of broken bone. This, he suspected, was the remnant of a spear point. If so, this point, dating from about 12,000 years ago, is the oldest evidence of human activity in the Pacific Northwest and provides the first direct evidence that man hunted mastodons in North America. Further excavations and pollen analyses have provided a glimpse into this lost biome—inhabited by hunter-gatherers, roaming mastodons, bison and caribou—and the first plants to occupy the deglaciated terrain.

Plant fossils from the Manis mastodon site reveal a stagnant ice terrain dotted with lakes. This raw till landscape was dominated by grasses and shrubs, patches of willow and, remarkably, a native prickly pear cactus, *Opuntia fragilis*. The presence of this cactus and the warm-water aquatic plant *Ceratophyllum demersum* indicates a climate at least as warm as today's and probably drier.

"Clallam Indian woman basket making," by Paul Kane. Dogs of this unknown breed provided a source of wool for the Clallams.

By Jerry Gorsline

RAIN SHADOW

COLUMBIA 39 WINTER 1992/93
The present-day landscape is still dotted with potholes and small lakes, moraines and terraces—all legacies of the last ice age.

The Strong People

THE CLALLAM INDIANS, whose name means "strong people," belong to the Salishan linguistic family whose range extended from the central British Columbia coast to northwestern Oregon and the interior Fraser and Columbia river basins.

Though archaeological evidence suggests that the Salish people were, relatively speaking, recent arrivals to the Puget Sound area, the Clallam tribe forms an ancient human continuum that stretches back to mobile bands of hunter-gatherers living in the post-glacial landscape of 12,000 years ago.

Early prehistoric people left tool remains at a number of locations near Sequim. They made extensive use of native basalt as a chipped stone medium. Evidence of their subsistence patterns shows a dependence on hunting land mammals, although some shellfish, seals and fish were also taken.

Beginning about 8,000 years ago a major adaptive shift began, from an economy based on land mammal hunting toward one based on fishing and gathering of intertidal resources. Settlement patterns shifted toward the seasonal taking of salmon and gathering saltwater mollusks to supplement a diet of deer and elk meat. Technology evolved to include stone-ground tools and elaborate woodworking.

By the late prehistoric era, from 3,000 to 1,000 years ago, water transportation in the form of cedar dugout canoes was well established along the Northwest Coast. By 1,000 years ago the first cedar-plank houses appeared at coastal sites along with an offshore and riverine fishery and seasonal fishing camps geared toward the production of a surplus. Thus began the famous maritime culture of the Northwest Coast.

Cooler, moister conditions have prevailed in the Pacific Northwest in the past 3,000 years, giving rise to the dense closed forests that blanket much the Olympic Peninsula in modern times. But the "rain shadow" effect persists in the northeastern Olympic lowlands and uplands.

Today, the Dungeness-Gray Wolf river system drains this huge area characterized by dry Douglas fir montane forest, subalpine white bark pine and associated prairie communities on open, south-facing grassy balds and rocky outcrops, as well as many other features more common east of the Cascades. Some of the plants found in the few remaining lowland Puget trough prairie fragments are identical to subalpine plants in the upper Dungeness. This suggests that the highlands may have served as refuges for these plants when ice sheets covered the lowlands.

From archaeological evidence we know that prehistoric human pathways led up to

ABOVE: A panoramic view from the Dungeness dock in 1909.

LEFT: New arrivals with their household possessions piled high on a wagon after being unloaded from a ship at the Dungeness dock
the high Olympics. It may even be that some of the prairie plants that in the 19th century had such importance for the native diet, pharmacopeia, technology and religion were first identified and used at these upland sites. Following withdrawal of the ice sheet and during the warmer, drier periods such high-country plants were the most adaptable species to colonize favorable lowland sites.

With natural succession and a climatic cooling the forest encroached on the prairies. This probably triggered the deliberate burning of the prairies to maintain suitable habitat for species of great importance to the natives: roots and berries, tubers and bulbs, leaves, nuts and other plant parts that yielded food, medicine, tools, charms and cosmetics. These species were a major source of carbohydrates, the only significant source of vegetable protein in the region (acorns and hazelnuts), and the source of numerous vitamins and minerals.

A conservative estimate would suggest that Sequim Prairie flora probably yielded at least 80 plants used by the Clallam people for food and technology. The Salish were intimate with their floral environment. James Swan observed that they had

a separate word for every plant, shrub, and flower, as our own botanists have. I noticed this among even the children, who frequently brought me collections of flowers. They readily told me the name of each, and were certainly more conversant with a difference in plants than many of our own children, and even grown people, who are too ready to class all common plants as weeds.

These lowland prairies also served to attract game. Swan, in his 1861 account of a visit to Sequim Prairie, noted that “deer abound, and vast numbers are annually killed by settlers and hunters either for their own food or else for the Victoria market. Grouse, partridges, rabbits and squirrels are [also] very abundant . . .”

Explorers—including Vancouver in 1792, Wilkes in 1841, and Cooper in the 1850s—all commented on the choice locations of these prairie areas near permanent water courses and salmon runs and their luxuriant beauty in spring and early summer. Vancouver referred to "lawns" and "cleared areas"; Wilkes commented on the lupines and camas flowers, "all seeming in the utmost order as if man had been ever watchful of its beauty and cultivation."

Records from contemporary observers testify to frequent burnings. Colonel I. N. Ebey, an early settler on Whidbey Island to the northeast of the Olympic Peninsula, reports on June 9, 1852: "A great deal of smoke is to be seen on the other side which I suppose is caused by the Indians burning the woods."

Theresa Henson, in her 1986 study on native burning practices in western Washington, noted that burning on conservation preserves demonstrates that the key plants of the Indian diet are increased by burning. She added:

Plant diseases, pests and fleas are killed with burning. But the burns must be of low intensity. This requires small amounts of fuel. The temperature of a fire is regulated by the amount of fuel that is available for the burn. In order to keep the amount of fuel at a minimum, the Indians had to burn at regular intervals. The intervals probably ranged from yearly burning cycles to 3-5 year burning cycles depending on the areas' soils, climate and seed sources.

If fuels were abundant at the time of burning, the fires could rise to temperatures that were lethal to plants.

Native Gardens

The Clallam People, at the time of Euro-American contact, occupied the area along the south shore of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, from the Hoko River east to Discovery Bay, a good 80 miles of coastline measured in a straight line. Early estimates indicate they numbered approximately 2,000 and were loosely organized into bands with winter villages situated at choice locations near the mouths of rivers, including the Dungeness.

The first European contact was with Spanish and English explorers who penetrated these inland waters in the last years of the 18th century. Following the explorers came fur traders, missionaries, gold seekers, and settlers.

The prairies were the first Indian lands to go. Level, relatively fertile, well-drained, unforested land was rare and just what the settlers needed for grazing and cropping. Land claims were filed by settlers before treaties were made to extinguish Indian title. In 1853, two years before territorial governor Isaac I. Stevens conducted his treaty-
making with the Puget Sound tribes, Ezra Meeker wrote of cruising Puget Sound in search of prairie land: "We were headed for Whidbey's Island, where, it was reported, rich prairie land could be found . . . we spent two or three days in exploring the island, only to find all the prairie land occupied . . . ."

Townes were founded on the sites of older native villages and prairies—essentially native gardens. Olympia, Tacoma, Seattle, Bellingham, Vancouver, Victoria, Port Angeles, and Sequim were all once sites of Indian habitation.

With no understanding by whites of the prairies' cultural value, tragic encounters followed the same pattern everywhere across the West. Richard White summed it up in these words from his book Land Use, Environment and Social Change:

Americans reduced the complex view of the Indians to a few simple categories. The new farmers saw most native plants as simply "weeds" or "brush." Land that grew these plants was, in the words of the census, "unimproved." Land on which native plants had been eliminated and replaced by domestic plants was "improved." For all practical purposes most native plants vanished from the everyday landscape of the new settlers, disappearing into the undifferentiated flora of the prairies. The intimate and detailed knowledge of the natural world that was widespread among the Salish became a specialized realm of esoteric knowledge among the whites.

In 1853 the settlement of Dungeness was located on what was called "Whiskey Flats," at the mouth of the Dungeness River, just west of the Clallam village on Cline's Spit. B. L. Madison gave Whiskey Flats its name by selling contraband liquor to the Indians there.

Of course, things had already changed a lot by the time settlers moved in. Trade goods and disease spread well ahead of white settlements. Smallpox and other diseases had already done devastating work—the first explorers commented on the people's scarred faces. Whole villages had died off or were deserted by fleeing survivors.

As the natives tried to adapt to changing conditions there was a curious convergence of old and new techniques involving the camas bulb and the potato. This symbolized the next major shift for the Clallam people.

Camas bulbs had supplied the chief carbohydrate staple in the diets of many Pacific Northwest tribes (in the form of the complex sugar inulin). Trappers, early settlers in the region and explorers such as Lewis and Clark told of eating camas when they were short on food. Anthropologist Erna Gunther, who compiled an ethnobotany of the Clallam people, declared, "Except for choice varieties of dried salmon there was no article of food that was more widely traded than camas."

The following quote from Nancy Turner's study of Coast Salish ethnobotany provides more detail:

Among the Vancouver Island Coast Salish, aboriginal harvesting and crop maintenance practices for camas can be termed "semi-agricultural." Large areas around Victoria . . . were visited each year . . . the camas beds were divided into individually owned plots, passed from generation to generation. Each season, these were cleared of stones, weeds, and brush, often by controlled burning. Harvesting continued over several days, with entire families participating. The soil was systematically lifted out in small sections, the larger bulbs removed, and the soil replaced. Even within the present century, families would collect four to five potatoes sacks full at a time. Most of these would be used for a communal feast upon returning to the villages.

Indians roasted the bulbs, up to 100 pounds at once, in pits lined with hot rocks and covered with soil. Early observers called these camas cooking pits "oven mounds." Leftovers from the meal were pounded into cakes and dried for snacks or winter use. Bulbs boiled like potatoes are slimy and gummy, but longer boiling reduced them to a molasses-like substance that was a special treat for native feasts.

The potato did not arrive in the Pacific Northwest until brought by the Euro-Americans. Beginning in 1789 the Spanish attempted to establish settlements on Vancouver Island in British Columbia and Neah Bay in Washington. The oldest non-Indian settlement in the Pacific Northwest was at Neah Bay and included ovens, corrals and vegetable gardens. This was the earliest known introduction of potatoes into the region.

Although the Coast Salish people of the Puget Sound area were described by early explorers as a hunting and fishing people with no agricultural practices, 50 years later Wilkes found potatoes being grown by the Port Discovery Clallam and the people of Port Townsend. Potato patches were established on the prairies.
Anthropologist Wayne Suttles, in his study of Coast Salish potato cultivation, makes these observations:

The institutions and techniques of the native food gathering societies were organized in such a way that the cultivation of potatoes was able to enter without any need for a major economic readjustment...the truth may be that potatoes were accepted quickly and readily because in part they had a cash value and thus a superior status among roots even at some distance from the posts. During the period of settlement White needs may have been a factor in increasing Native production. Buying potatoes from Indians seems to have been a common practice among settlers.

Among Coast Salish people gathering had been done largely by women. Using digging sticks and baskets they would harvest family-owned beds of camas and other plant concentrations that made up their seasonal round. This root-gathering tradition, combined with a sedentary lifestyle, allowed the potato to slip in naturally as a supplement to the camas.

A Dungeness pioneer woman has left this picture of the Clallams tending their potatoes:

It was not unusual even as late as 1906 to see a gang of Indians digging potatoes by use of a long sharp pole which was thrust into the ground under each vine and then the bulk of the hill was thrown out on the ground surface, digging the remainder of the hill out by the use of their hands.

Cultural Transformation

John Donnell was, in 1853, the first white settler on Sequim Prairie. He had spent the winter in a log cabin nearby and discovered the prairie by following an Indian...
Irrigation ditch near Sequim (date unknown).

At this point (judging by the soil survey cited above) Sequim Prairie included about 1,500 acres. Other settlers soon followed. Water was scarce and the few wells had to be shared. Dry land farming of grains began.

In the late 1880s people started talking about bringing water from the Dungeness River to the prairie. D. R. “Crazy” Callen initiated construction on the irrigation ditch that would transform the prairie. The Sequim Prairie Ditch Company was formed in July 1895, and on May 1, 1896, pioneers celebrated completion of the first ditch. Eventually up to 25,000 acres in the Dungeness Valley would come under the largest canal-sprinkler system west of the Cascades.

Dry land farming was soon replaced by pasture. Even before irrigation, a survey taken in 1880 showed the following livestock on farms in the Dungeness Valley: 220 horses, 2,890 cattle, 996 dairy cows, 1,162 swine, 565 sheep and 3,464 chickens.

Irrigation and grazing eradicated the prairie flora. Foraging swine ate all the camas bulbs. Wrote Bob Steelquist in his study of the Sequim Prairie oaks:

With the coming of settlers to the Sequim Prairie, there can be no doubt about “anthropological influence” on the prairies. Populations, successional patterns, community composition, moisture regimes, and food chains were all transformed radically by the influence of settlers, their cultivation practices and domestic animals.

An early botanist, observing the effects of the “Caucasian Invasion” on the vegetation of the Olympic Peninsula, called it a major catastrophic event and compared the magnitude of its effect to that of the Ice Age.

More than just the prairie flora was affected by this transformation. Vernon Grant, a child of ditch company days, told of the first ditches: “Farmers found fish in their fields after flood irrigating. The Dungeness River was full of fish in those days and they came down the ditch when the gates were opened, and it was easy to pick up a bucket of trout.” A Clallam County official recalled that after flood irrigation in the 1940s he would go through the fields picking up dead salmon because “the cows would leave an area of grass the size of a desk around the carcass . . . there were hundreds every year, mostly humpies [pinks] and silvers [cohos].”

Bruce Brown, in his book Mountain in the Clouds, explains that diversion dams were not equipped with ladders for salmon passage and fry were lured into ditches while irrigation removed about two-thirds of the Dungeness flow, leaving the many fish to perish in isolated pools. It was not until the late 1940s that diversion screens were installed to protect fish. In 1975 the Washington Department of Fisheries estimated that a dozen separate runs of wild Dungeness coho and chum salmon had been exterminated by diversions for human and agricultural use.

The occupation of Sequim Prairie by white settlers took away premium forage and game lands from the Clallams. Grazing and plowing destroyed native food resources and transformed the floral landscape with introduced species. With irrigation they effected the extinction of dozens of native salmon runs. Today’s impoverished Dungeness River salmon stocks are the legacy of that time.

One culture supplanted another. Whereas the Clallam culture was comparatively nondestructive and symbiotic, the settler’s culture was different. For the Clallam people the landscape had a spiritual dimension: plants and animals had a religious as well as economic significance. There was an inherent ecological wisdom in the Clallam attitude that mediated their cultural interaction with the landscape. With the arrival of the Euro-Americans, it was not human nature that changed but human culture. Today the landscape of Sequim Prairie vividly displays this change in human values and behavior.

Jerry Gorsline has worked as a tree climber, dairy milker, landscaper, bookseller, forest worker and freelance writer. He is the Olympia area timber, fish and wildlife representative for the Washington Environmental Council and author of Shadows of Our Ancestors (Empty Bowl Press, 1991).
AFFILIATE ORGANIZATIONS

Bainbridge Island Historical Society
Central Washington Agricultural Museum
Clallam County Historical Society
Cowlitz County Historical Society
East Benton County Historical Society
Fircrest Civic and Heritage Association
Fort Vancouver Historical Society of Clark County
Fox Island Historical Society
Franklin County Historical Society
Friends of Fort Lewis Military Museum
Friends of the Humanities
Highline School District Museum at Sunnydale
Historic Fort Steilacoom Association
Jefferson County Historical Society
Kitsap County Historical Society
Maple Valley Historical Society
Mukilteo Historical Society
North Central Washington Museum Association
Okanogan County Historical Society
Peninsula Historical Society
(Tacoma)
Sumner Historical Society
Tumwater Historical Society
Washington Trust for Historic Preservation
Whidbey Island Historical Society
Wooden Boat Foundation
Yakima Valley Museum and Historical Association

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

A Good, Serviceable Road

Cable Crossing

George Washington Bush

Kenjiro Nomura

Hail, Columbia!
“From Indian Princess to Greek Goddess,” by E. McClung Fleming. Winterthur Portfolio III.

Great Expectations

Rain Shadow
Sheriffs, 1911-1989:
A History of Murders in the Wilderness of Washington’s Last County.

Breaking Blue.
Reviewed by Craig Holstine.

Two books and two authors could hardly be more dissimilar yet complement one another in their subject matter—murder in Pend Oreille County. Bamonte, a retired Pend Oreille County sheriff, draws upon his lengthy experience with violence and homicide in recounting all the documented murders in the county’s history. Egan, a Washington native and graduate of Spokane’s Gonzaga Prep High School, is a professional writer, the New York Times’ Northwest correspondent and winner of prestigious awards for his previous work of nonfiction, The Good Rain. In Breaking Blue, which is also nonfiction, Egan devotes his substantial writing skills to the murder investigation that brought fellow author and one-time sheriff Tony Bamonte both notoriety and personal grief.

Bamonte’s book is the result of his master’s thesis research, an ambitious project examining not simply murders but their underlying causes. While premeditation factored in a few cases, alcohol abuse fueled irrational behavior and exacerbated emotional instability in a majority of instances. If the title of Bamonte’s work seems incongruous, the text does little to define the focus of this macabre piece. Ironically, sheriffs are not the focal points of the study; in fact the author fails to mention their roles in some of the county’s 40 killings. Exclusive reliance upon homicides is perhaps the chief weakness of the book; sheriffs’ actions in other types of cases might have presented a more balanced view of their lives and accomplishments, and perhaps made for better reading. Bamonte is best when his narrative turns to those cases with which he was personally involved, particularly the belated investigation of the 1935 murder of the Newport town marshal.

Breaking Blue revolves around that incident, which by the 1980s had become the nation’s oldest active unsolved murder case. It provides the backdrop for a relentless investigation conducted by a most unlikely hero: Tony Bamonte, backwoods county sheriff turned graduate student/historian. The case’s proximity within his jurisdiction affords the sheriff his pretext for investigation, revealing a half-century cover-up by the Spokane Police Department (SPD) of involvement by some of its own. Inadvertently, Bamonte collided head-on with the “cop code” or “blue code of silence”; Thou shalt not betray a fellow officer. Continued SPD denials sustained the outcast lawman through long hours of exhausting research, public criticism of his handling of the case, and the dissolution of his marriage.

Like nested dolls, Egan’s tale unveils itself in successive guises. His deftness at storytelling is nearly matched by the contextual fabric he provides, which is not without historical and geographical errors. Nevertheless, his Depression-era portrait of Spokane is vivid, convincing and none too flattering. In Egan’s hands the “Stone Fortress” (as the SPD station house was known) becomes an ideal metaphor for the city’s civic leaders, particularly those charged with law enforcement.

“Breaking Blue” is what the indefatigable Bamonte finally brings numerous deathbed SPD veterans to do. In solving the case, the dogged sheriff witnesses the unraveling of his own life. All involved in the case pay dearly, a human drama worthy of a Shakespearean tragedy. And the stage, or more likely the screen, is where we are next likely to see Breaking Blue. Hollywood may want to start filming before the Spokane Police Department admits duplicity and the case loses some of its intrigue. But urgency is probably not needed.

Craig Holstine is a member of Eastern Washington University’s Archaeological and Historical Services bureau. He has a graduate history degree from Washington State University and is a frequent contributor to public history projects.

Columbia’s River:
The Voyages of Robert Gray, 1787-1793.
Reviewed by Max Vekich.

The tale of the voyages of the Boston ships Columbia Rediviva and Lady Washington to the Pacific Northwest between 1787 and 1793 is an American adventure story with serious international and intercultural ramifications. The exploits of captains Robert Gray and John Kendrick serve as landmarks in Washington history. On his first voyage to the coast on the northeast rim of the Pacific Ocean, Robert Gray commanded the Washington, then traded ships with Kendrick, his superior. Both men sought sea otter pelts from the Indians. The pelts were for trade in Canton and enrichment of the backers of the expedition. Upon his return to Boston in 1790, Gray aboard the Columbia became America’s first circumnavigator—its Magellan.
Gray came back to the Pacific Northwest a second time. He entered Grays Harbor on May 7, 1792, and crossed the bar into the "Great River of the West," which he called "Columbia," four days later. Captain George Vancouver retained the name on his authoritative Pacific Northwest chart published in London in 1798.

J. Richard Nokes, a former Oregonian editor, writes in the you-are-there style of Samuel Eliot Morison, adding verve to an already Fascinating saga. His deft telling of Gray's tale rests on years of research. Nokes traveled to the Falkland Islands, Nootka Sound, and Macao to see the sights Gray saw. He gathered documentary evidence from archives in Massachusetts, Honolulu, and China. Nokes' account is the most literate and complete to date—one that does not shy from recounting the achievements and conflicts of the era of exploration and encounter 200 years ago.

Max Velich, of Cosmopolis, is a longshoreman, former state legislator and recipient of the Robert Gray Award (the highest honor bestowed by the Washington State Historical Society) for his work in promoting the construction of the Lady Washington, flagship of the 1992 Maritime Bicentennial.

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

Seattle's art and architecture provide the focus for two recent books. Art in Seattle's Public Places by James M. Rupp, with photographs by Mary Randlett (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1992; 320 pp., $19.95 paper), illustrates over 300 publicly and privately owned works of art within the Seattle city limits. The book is divided into 22 touring zones, complete with maps. The text provides all the necessary background information, much of it gathered from personal interviews with the artists. Even more elegantly presented is The Stimson Legacy: Architecture in the Urban West by Seattle architectural historian Lawrence Kreisman (Seattle: Willows Press, 1992; 176 pp., $55 and $34.95). The bold, optimistic style of the Stimson family, architects for the Coliseum Theater, Olympic Hotel, and many wonderful family homes in Seattle, never looked better than in the hundreds of color photographs, duotone reproductions and line drawings that grace this volume.

Sasquatch Books in Seattle recently introduced its new Northwest Mystic Landscape gift book series. One of the first titles is Chief Seattle (Seattle: Sasquatch Books, 1992, 28 pp., $8.95), which uses a unique accordion-fold style format to recount historical legend and folklore. Other titles in the series are on Mount Rainier and the Columbia Gorge. Also of note are Donald M. Hines' The Forgotten Tribes (Issaquah: Great Eagle Publishing, 1991; 142 pp., $10.95), about the Teninos and adjacent Mid-Columbia River Indian nations, and Jerry Gorsline's Shadows of Our Ancestors (Port Townsend: Empty Bowl, 1992, 250 pp., $12.95), an edited source book about the Clallam people of the Olympic Peninsula.

Footprints in the Olympics, the autobiography of Chris Morgenroth, a German immigrant homesteader to the Olympic Peninsula in 1890 who remained to work as a United States Forest Service ranger and assist in the creation of Olympic National Park, has been lovingly edited by his daughter, Katherine M. Flaherty (Fairfield: Ye Galloons Press, 1992; 215 pp., $19.95 and $14.95.) A logical companion might be The Olympic Rain Forest by Ruth Kirk with Jerry Franklin (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1992; 128 pp., $35 and $17.50). If Chris Morgenroth knew the high roads of the Olympic Mountains better than anyone else, no contemporaries know the ecological web of the lower echelons of Olympic National Park better than Kirk and Franklin.


Three local history volumes, each on a different topic, are worthy of notice. The Cinderella Tree by Werner Mayr (Sandpoint, Idaho: Keokee Publishing, 1992; 190 pp., $14.95) is the personal story of Mayr Brothers Logging in Aberdeen, a self-sufficient company for five decades until they lost everything in the timber crash of the 1980s. NIPSIC to NIMITZ by Louise M. Reh and Helen Ross (Bremerton: Federal Managers' Association, 1991; 297 pp., $50) is the centennial history of Puget Sound Naval Shipyard in Bremerton. Caution: while interesting, this book contains numerous textual mistakes. There are no errors, however, in Name on the Schoolhouse, edited by Kenneth L. Calkins (Seattle: Washington State Retired Teachers Association, 1991; 174 pp.). This anecdotal list of historic names of schools in Washington is fun and informative. The Boeing Company assisted with the book's production in order to bring this compilation, in all likelihood the final publication approved by the Washington State Centennial Commission, to completion.

Address all review copies and related communications to: Robert C. Carriker, Department of History, Gonzaga University, Spokane, WA 99258.
A good book will really take you away.

Here’s a getaway guide that actually helps you get away: the free Winter Field Guide. It has 28 pages of winter adventures in Washington that even some Washingtonians don’t know about.

For example, you can discover the best spots for winter storm watching, whether you prefer to be out in the elements or snuggled up indoors.

Find the finest places for everything from downhill to cross country skiing, as well as where to go for such winter essentials as Sno-Park passes.

Learn where you can watch a slow pitch softball tournament played entirely on snowshoes.

Prefer to shop till you drop? The Winter Field Guide has information on the Seattle Supersaver package, which offers as much as 50% savings on hotel rooms plus great discounts on restaurants, shopping, and performances.

It’s all yours to discover this winter in Washington State.

Call or write for your free winter travel kit.

Includes the Winter Field Guide plus the full-color travel planner Destination Washington.

Name ___________________
Address ___________________
City ___________________ State/Prov __________
Postal Code __________ Country ___________________
Telephone ___________________

(Detach coupon and mail to Tourism Development Division, #175, P.O. Box 42513, Olympia, WA 98504-2513.)

L-800-544-1800 ext. 174

This winter in Washington State.
SPECIAL FRIENDS and MEMBERS of the WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PATRON MEMBERS
Marjorie M. Fellows
Joshua Green III
David Nicandri
Daniel C. Smith

SUSTAINING MEMBERS
Ronald A. Adsitt
Marve M. Allen
Betsey Allen
Mr. & Mrs. John Aram
Dr. & Mrs. Philip H. Ashby
Elbert H. Baker II
John D. Bardin
Redmond J. & Suzanne W. Barnett
James R. Bellamy
Bill Spedel Enterprises
Charles Bingham
Mrs. George H. Boldt
Caroline Bombar
Richard M. Bresler
Michael Brestkern
Cammarano Brothers, Inc.
Dr. Lawrence H. Cargol
Cascade Printing Company
Mr. & Mrs. Fred Clagett
Arthur H. Clark Company
Compliance Services International
Concrete Tech. Corp.
S. F. Cook, Jr.
Foster S. Cronyn
Albert H. Culverwell
Jack G. Curtright
Mrs. K. M. X. Davis
Douglas County Historical Society
Arthur G. Dulelley
Dave Edwards & Pat Shuman
Pat & Bert Edwards
Walter L. Edwards
Paul Ellington
William R. Espy
Exchange Club
John Farrer, M.D.
Harold Faw
First Interstate Bank
Mr. & Mrs. Alexander Fisken
Sandra Fleming
Mrs. John M. Fluke, Sr.
Mrs. Charles Fogg
John A. Fullinwider
Michael Garvey
Norman P. Gerken
D. A. Goynea
Michael K. Green
Daniel K. Grimm
Ireda Grohs
Dean Gumm
Mrs. R. G. Haley
John C. Hanscom
Mr. & Mrs. Philip S. Hayes
Mr. & Mrs. Russell Helgeson
Jeannelle C. Hendrickson
James F. Henriot
Mr. & Mrs. Neal Heston
John Hewitt, Jr.
Mrs. Robert Hitchman
Dr. & Mrs. Richard A. Hoffmeister
Mr. & Mrs. Edward V. Hudson
James E. Hulbert
Mr. & Mrs. Charles Hyde
Dr. & Mrs. William Jackson
Willie Jackson
James A. Johnson
Terry Kass
The Kensington
Albert S. Kerry, Jr.
Karen Kramlisch
Ottie Ladd
George A. Lagerquist
David E. Lamb
Dr. Robert Lane
Charles & June Lane
John D. Leland
Wes & Nancey Lematta
Charles & Pauline P. LeWarne
Gloria Linoges
Dr. & Mrs. Shawn H. Ling
Dr. William W. Mattson, Jr.
Sid McAlpin
John M. McClelland
Nancy McCurdy
Dan Meyer
Lynn Micheau
Afton Miller
Mr. & Mrs. Leone V. Miner
The Mork Family
Denise Morris
Mr. & Mrs. James F. Morris
Raymond G. Mosher
Joseph M. Murray
Murray Pacific
Ted Neat
Needle Arts Guild of Puget Sound
Martha T. & Eugene W. Nester
Mr. & Mrs. Eugene R. Nicolai
Sandy Norris
Rep. Val Ogden
Jerry C. Olson
Terry B. Owen
Bill Pappesh
Dr. & Mrs. James D. Patphin
Mr. & Mrs. Louis H. Parker
Mr. & Mrs. Charles T. Pearson
Larry Pederson
Mr. & Mrs. Shane Peterson
James R. Peterson
Richard W. Peterson
W. W. Philip
Michael and Wendy Phillips
Family
Pickering Industries
Pierce County Medical
Mr. & Mrs. John Pieroth
Pipeline Construction Company
Thomas Plumley
Polson Park Museum & Historical Society
John Pound
Robert J. Preble
Dr. James B. Rhoads
Reverend William C. Riker & Family
C. M. Robbins
Frank J. & Barbara Roberts
Adm. & Mrs. James S. Russell
Jane Sanders
Lewis O. Saum
Gary Schalliol
Sharon Stuuffin & Co.
Dr. William D. Shermann
Cameron Sherwood
Dr. & Mrs. John M. Shinich
George T. Shields
Ray Shults
Mr. & Mrs. Peter Simpson
Dr. Robert Allen Skotheim
Mrs. L. A. Smith
Mr. & Mrs. John A. Spellman
Thomas R. Stenger
Ken Stevens
Tacoma Eye Clinic
Tacoma/Pierce County VCB
Richard L. Thomas
Allan Treuer
Dr. Charles E. Turning
Washington Natural Gas
Ralph W. Welch
Wenatchee Orthopaedics
Western Clinic
Beverlee Weston
Mr. & Mrs. George
Weidemen
E. K. Whitman
Mrs. James W. Will
Mrs. George A. Williams
Mr. Robert B. Wilson
Mrs. Bruce Wilson
Mack F. Wilson
Mr. & Mrs. Robert C. Wing
Dr. Edward M. Winskell
Sen. R. Lorraine Wojahn
Mr. & Mrs. Paul Wonderly
Mary L. Worden
Jane Wuester
Wyma Youth Trust
Frank J. Young

Subscribers Become Members

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 associations may take advantage of our "subscription only" category for $26 annually.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Membership Fee</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Individual</td>
<td>$30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Family</td>
<td>$45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Student</td>
<td>$20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senior</td>
<td>$28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sustaining</td>
<td>$100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patron</td>
<td>$500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corporate Patron</td>
<td>$1000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Applications for membership should be addressed to:

Washington State Historical Society
315 North Stadium Way
Tacoma, WA 98403
(206) 593-2830