Walla Walla Sweets and Eastern Washington's Italians.

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FRONT COVER: "The Inspector," a watercolor pencil drawing by Dyanne Locati of her father, Joe J. Locati, inspecting Walla Walla Sweets for disease. The drawing is based on a photo in the March 1972 issue of American Vegetable Grower. Joe Locati was the first Italian-American to serve as a federal state district horticultural inspector in the Pacific Northwest. (Courtesy of Joe J. Locati)

BACK COVER: "Basket of Sweets." (Courtesy of Dyanne Locati)
The Torch is Passed

The print may be small, but the masthead for this issue reveals a significant change—the Society has a new president, David Lamb, replacing Peter Simpson as the head of the organization. David will make his mark, to be sure, but the Peter Simpson era is already defined.

When Peter succeeded John McClelland six years ago, his ascendency as the first president in the modern era not to hail from Tacoma or Seattle marked a conscious determination to make WSHS truly a statewide organization. Much work remains to be done in that regard, but until six years ago every board meeting was conducted in Tacoma and so, too, the annual meeting.

During Peter's tenure the Society grew through such forms as the establishment of the Center for Columbia River History and the merger with the State Capital Museum. Membership more than doubled. And, of course, the vision for a new museum became real during Peter's tenure.

Speaking in personal terms, Peter has been widely admired by his fellow trustees for his collegial manner, and I have always valued his counsel and support. He always gave of his time unstintingly for the requirements of his office and to guide yours truly. We shall miss him in the presidential chair.

In this issue we continue our recent series of Oregon Trail commentaries with Bob Ficken's colorful revision of Oregon Trail mythology. Bob has written for us before, and it is also a pleasure to welcome back to these pages Terrence Cole and retired WSHS librarian Frank Green, who bring good humor and great writing to their respective stories on the naming of Washington and George Francis Train.

Finally, I'm pleased to introduce James Wagner and Jessica Walden's essay on Officers' Row in Vancouver, one of the state's premier historical districts and now also home of the Center for Columbia River History.

—David L. Nicandri
The "Real" Oregon Trail

In 1993 we in the Pacific Northwest, and especially our somewhat deluded friends south of the Columbia River, celebrated the 150th anniversary of the Oregon Trail. All manner of activities, from scholarly gatherings through wagon train excursions to the usual crass manifestations of tasteless commercialism, commemorated the spurious event. On expeditions to Oregon I acquired logo-emblazoned coffee mugs, t-shirts, refrigerator magnets and even a container of Oregon Trail pancake mix. On an otherwise successful vacation from the history business I visited the High Desert Museum in Bend, only to find that the principal exhibit featured a story of the disastrous Meek Cutoff, otherwise known as the Donner Party without snow or cannibalism.

Probably no aspect of Western history presents so great a divergence between myth and reality as does the story of the Oregon Trail. The conventional tale is one of unbelievable heroism, of "pa" with his long rifle, "ma" in her bonnet and plucky kids trudging behind, bound against hopeless odds in the direction of Oregon and the fabled paradise of the Willamette Valley. Each year a single wagon train, reaching from horizon to horizon in single file order, set out from the Missouri led by Ward Bond. On a regular basis, savage and apparently witless Indians charged from ambush, only to be shot from their horses by the perfect marksmanship of stalwart migrants. At the end of each day, a few dozen miles and several dead Indians farther down the trail, the Americans, somehow untainted by dirt or sweat, paused for a hearty traveler's meal cooked over roaring fires stoked by the vast quantities of wood to be found in the treeless valleys of the Platte and the Snake.

The real story, of course, is a good deal more prosaic, heavy on the drudgery and light on the theatrics. A journey on the Oregon Trail was actually, with due consideration for different concepts of time and modes of transportation, somewhat akin to a modern-day cross-country automobile trip with the air conditioner out of order. The food was awful and the accommodations dreadful. "Ma" and "pa" bickered endlessly in the front seat, the kids whined and threw up in the back seat and all could have done with a good shower.

There were no wagon trains like those in the movies, and incompetent leaders greatly outnumbered the Ward Bonds. Disease and accident posed the greatest danger since the Indians sensibly realized that more was to be gained by selling goods and services to the travelers than by attacking them. None of the 50,000 Americans who trekked overland to Oregon in the 1840s and '50s did so out of selfless patriotism, subsequent claims to the contrary. There was, in actuality, only one compelling motive—a drive in keeping with the something-for-nothing tradition so much a part of American culture. In Oregon, provided one was an adult white male, free land was available, waiting in vast acres at the end of the trail.

Let us now move from general to more specific debunking. On celebrating the 150th anniversary of the Oregon Trail in 1993 something akin to a historical fraud was perpetrated. The first organized party of American immigrants crossed South Pass in 1842, not 1843. An overland route to the Pacific Northwest was actually opened up by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1841, with the intention of placing settlements on Puget Sound and the Cowlitz River. The trail thus began as an English rather than an American enterprise, and it was not an Oregon trail but a Washington trail.

For a quarter-century-plus, the Oregon Country operated under the terms of the Joint Occupation Agreement. Concluded in 1818 and extended indefinitely in 1828, the agreement allowed citizens of Great Britain and the United States free access to Oregon. Almost immediately, currents of economics and politics set Oregon on a varying course. Members of Congress seeking, in a pattern already well-established in the young national capital, financial reward and electoral glory, clamored for the annexation of all Oregon. The crazed propagandist Hall Kelly, the less-than-circumspect intelligence agent William Slacum, and the failed businessman Nathaniel Wyeth all made similar demands, fortifying their arguments with lurid and generally fictitious accounts of British misbehavior. Deluded missionaries like Jason Lee and Henry Spalding repaid, in characteristic hypocrisy, the Hudson's Bay Company for its many essential favors by joining the anti-English chorus.

On the British side, meanwhile, the Hudson's Bay Company prospered on the basis of sound and efficient management, aided by the corresponding unsoundness and inefficiency of American competitors, actual and potential. The firm prevented Americans from making inroads west of the Rockies, drove rum-soaked Yankee trading ships from the North Pacific Coast, pioneered the Northwest lumber industry and exported...
grain to Russian Alaska. The company also had a forward strategy, looking to the perpetuation of business beyond the exhaustion of the fur resource and beyond the expiration of contemporary tastes in beaver hat fashion. The strategy looked, as well, to the time when the division of Oregon between the United States and Great Britain became an imperative of subtle international diplomacy and jingoistic politics.

The company operated on the premise, soundly based upon geographical reason, that the two powers would eventually divide Oregon along the Columbia River. Born on the western slopes of the Rockies, the great stream bent and looped its often fearsome way for 1,000 miles and more on the way to union with the sea. The river, broad, fast-flowing and treacherous, made for a natural boundary and had the additional benefit of leaving England in possession of the choicest portion of the Pacific Northwest. The valley of the Willamette might have rich and deep soil, but in the view of company officials it was also beset with dank pestilence. Safe and dependable access, moreover, was lacking due to the hazardous bar at the mouth of the Columbia.

The future lay instead with Puget Sound. There, numerous treetrunked harbors offered secure anchorage. A series of decisions reflected the company’s belief in an ultimate division along the Columbia. As early as 1825 the Hudson’s Bay Company directorate ordered that the fur trade east and south of the Columbia be exploited to the fullest, “while it continues to be free to the subjects of both nations.” This decision led to the launching of the far-traveling brigades under the direction of Peter Skene Ogden and other multi-talented wilderness cynics. A new line of forts, Vancouver, Nez Perce, Okanagan and Colville, guarded strategic points on the Columbia, preventing American incursions. Fort Nisqually was built on southern Puget Sound in 1833. Cowlitz Farm, opened on the upper Cowlitz River in 1838, occupied the key portage on the route for overland travel between the Columbia and Puget Sound. The formation in 1839 of the Puget’s Sound Agricultural Company to manage the Nisqually and Cowlitz farms reflected the increasing emphasis on the region north of the Columbia, the faith in continued profit beyond the fur trade, and the expected resolution of the Oregon boundary question.

Demographics rather than imperial strategy devised in London counting houses would ultimately decide the fate of Oregon. At the end of the 1830s the Hudson’s Bay Company retained the upper hand in terms of numbers. Its officers and employees, stationed on the Columbia and along the portage line to Puget Sound, as well as at points in the interior and on the coast, made up the bulk of the non-Indian population. Retired servants, living for the most part in the Willamette Valley, fortified the company in the event of political crisis. American hopes, meanwhile, rested on a decidedly inferior and poorly outfitted group. Methodist missionaries on the Willamette had already given ample evidence of their only observable talent—the ability to quarrel and complain. East of the Cascades the Presbyterians of the American Board at least took seriously their task of aiding the Indians, overlooking only the salient fact that most of the Indians had no desire to be aided. The strategic point, however, was not that the missionaries were incompetent but that they restricted their misguided efforts almost entirely to places east and south of the Columbia, beyond the intended permanent sphere of British influence.

The problem was that more-determined American settlers, in much greater numbers, might eventually decide to follow the missionaries to Oregon. Some significant portion of this anticipated American horde might even prove intelligent enough to recognize the same attractive features of Puget Sound that had already appealed to the decision-makers of the Hudson’s Bay Company. The cordon sanitaire of the Columbia would thus be breached in a fashion impossible to resist by measures short of war. And the management of the company had little faith in the willingness of Her Majesty’s government to fight a new American war for the benefit of private business interests on the far side of the world. The solution to the dilemma, happily, was readily apparent: be the first to open an overland trail and settle the Pacific Northwest, at least north of the Columbia, winning the demographic competition before the Americans thought to move out from the Missouri.

Scholars, thanks to the work of such historians as John Galbraith and James Gibson, are aware of the effort to open a Canadian trail to Oregon. The general public, though, seems entirely oblivious of this attempt, at least to judge from the lack of attention devoted to the original route of travel in 1993, the year of the off-mark celebration. The fact of the matter, no doubt difficult for Oregonians to digest, is that in 1839 the directors of the Hudson’s Bay Company informed John McLoughlin, their chief factor at Fort Vancouver, that the decision had been made, “in
furtherance of the ... object of protection to the fur trade," to send settler families to Oregon. The initial contingent was to be composed of some 20 families, to be followed thereafter by "a regular system of migration from year to year."

Several features were paramount as the plan was finalized. The migrants were to be recruited at the company's Red River settlement, north of the international border in what is now Manitoba, a place thought to be overpopulated. The families, provided with transport, land, stock and implements, were to be settled at the Nisqually and Cowlitz farms. The English claim—and, by extension, the company's claim—to the region north of the Columbia would thereby be strengthened, looking to the eventual partition of Oregon. What mattered was not the ratio of British to American citizens in the region as a whole but the maintenance of British numerical superiority from Fort Vancouver northward.

Not for the first and definitely not for the last time in Pacific Northwest history, distant and insufficiently informed decision-makers issued instructions at variance with local conditions. Always a realist, John McLoughlin was appalled by the settlement scheme. The soil about Cowlitz, he informed his superiors, was of good quality but was mostly covered with heavy and difficult-to-remove timber. Settlers in significant numbers, he pointed out, would never voluntarily go north of the Columbia, at least not until the vastly greater acreage of the Willamette Valley was claimed. The advice, as subsequent events demonstrated, was sensible, but it was also, as sensible advice invariably is, ignored.

In June 1841, two years before the ostensible opening of the Oregon Trail, James Sinclair, a trader in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, led 23 families out of Red River, bound for the Pacific Northwest. All told, the emigrant party consisted of 121 persons, 77 children included. They traveled west with 50 carts, 60 horses, 7 oxen and 2 cows. The terms were straightforward: in return for the cost of passage, plus cleared land, stock and tools, the settlers agreed to turn over half their crops and half the increase in their livestock to the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company for a period of five years. The firm also promised to clear title to 100 acres of land "as soon as the Boundary line will finally be settled."

Twenty-two families, one of those in the original group apparently having turned back, reached Fort Vancouver in the early fall of 1841. The road to Oregon was open and the directors of the Hudson's Bay Company "hoped that so favorable a report may be given by those settled there as will induce others to follow." A steady migration, year by year, affirmed the directors, would "strengthen the claims of Great Britain to the Territory, and ... operate to the benefit of this Nation whenever a division of the country takes place." Hopes were high as 14 of the migrant families took up land at Nisqually and 7 followed suit at Cowlitz.

Except for the impact of contrary personalities and climate, Northwest history would surely have followed a radically different course. The people at Nisqually and Cowlitz immediately demanded changes in their contracts with the company, proving that Canadian settlers could be every bit as contentious as American settlers. The migrants arrived too late to plant crops in 1841 and drought-like conditions prevailed in 1842. The result was devastating to the company's plan. The families at Nisqually, McLoughlin reported in 1842, "left the place in the Summer and went to the Falatine [Tualatin] plains" in the Willamette Valley. Some of the people on the Cowlitz also followed on the road to greener prospects south of the Columbia.

McLoughlin, for one, was happy to see the settlers go, since he believed that their intention all along had been to cheat the company out of the cost of transportation west. "From the first moment I saw them, after their arrival from Red River," the chief factor wrote, "... I felt convinced they were desirous of going to the Willamette." Had they genuinely desired to do so, the migrants could easily have made a successful settlement on the Sound. Instead, complained McLoughlin, they were "a constant Bill of Expense to us." Disabused, the company abandoned its plan of following up the original venture with a series of annual migrations. "The views with which we recommended this experiment to have been tried have been completely frustrated," the directors resolved in June 1843, "... we do not think it advisable to burden the fur trade with the expense of transporting any more to the same quarter."

Victory in the demographic competition for Oregon thus went, after all, to the late-starting Americans. Approximately 100 persons went overland to the Pacific Northwest in 1842, roughly matching the English contingent of the previous year. In 1843 some 1,000 persons formed the "Great Emigration," the precise reason for celebration of the 150th anniversary in 1993. The influx of Americans and the development of expansionism as a national political issue, with Oregon serving as a complement to Texas and California, suddenly made resolution of the Northwest boundary a matter of immediate concern. A weak English government, preoccupied with domestic problems and convinced that Oregon was nothing but a desolate pine swamp, gave way and, to the chagrin of Hudson's Bay Company officials, surrendered the region between the Columbia and the 49th parallel.

The case of the original Oregon Trail, opened by the English and leading not from the Missouri to the Willamette, but from the prairies of Canada to the timbered regions of Puget Sound, offers one of the more tantalizing might-have-beens in regional history. D. W. Meinig reminds us, in the recently published second volume of his American historical geography, that the modern boundaries of the United States were by no means predetermined. A slight alteration at any one point in the course of events might easily have produced a significantly different national framework. Meinig, for instance, posits a revised map in which Texas and California are independent republics and British Columbia extends south to the banks of the Columbia opposite Portland. His "Lesser United States" borders the Pacific only via a narrow corridor encompassing the state of Oregon. A "Greater British Columbia" would, indeed, have resulted had the Hudson's Bay Company's efforts to settle the Oregon Country through overland migration met with success. We would have celebrated in 1993 the 152nd anniversary of the Canadian, or British Columbia, Trail, no doubt with a proper spot of tea, looking across the international boundary with a correct measure of condescension at our American cousins along the Columbia.
Washington has always had an identity crisis. The tourism campaign launched several years ago meekly labeled the state “the Other Washington” to distinguish it from the city on the Potomac. Sharing the name of the nation’s capital has not been easy, especially in these years when even the longest-serving incumbents pretend to run against Washington, D.C. And Washington is the only state that must continually call itself a state in order to be recognized. Residents south of the Columbia River need not identify themselves as inhabitants of “Oregon State,” nor do those in California, Alaska and so forth.

In addition to Washington, the state, and Washington, D.C., there are literally thousands of Washingtons across the United States. In 1932, on the 200th anniversary of George Washington’s birth, researchers uncovered no less than 1,140 streets, 257 townships, 121 cities and towns, 32 counties, 10 lakes, 8 rivers, 7 mountains, and numerous “schools and colleges, buildings, districts, monuments, ferries, bridges, forts, parks, and other features” named for the father of our country. H. L. Mencken said that Washington was the most popular place name in America. George R. Stewart, the great historian of American place names, believed that the roll call of places in the United States named for George Washington was longer than that for any other man in the history of the world.

Oddly enough, the upper northwest corner of the United States was given the name Washington in order to avoid this confusion, or so a politician in Washington, D.C., claimed when he came up with the idea in 1853. At that time residents of the region north of the Columbia River, then known as “Northern Oregon,” had petitioned the United States Congress to be organized as a new political entity “under the name Territory of Columbia.” When the memorial from the northern Oregon Country was read in the House of Representatives on February 8, 1853, Representative Richard H. Stanton of Kentucky rose to the floor, asking that the name “Washington” be substituted for “Columbia” for the proposed new territory. Stanton pointed out that there already was a “Territory of Columbia,” because that was the official name of the federal district around the city of Washington.
The caption for this cartoon on the cover of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper reads: "Who's that knocking at the door?—Uncle Sam's New Year's callers. Uncle Sam—'A very good showing, indeed; I like your looks, too, and if you'll have a little patience, I'll see that you are all admitted.'" An editorial in Leslie's asked that before Washington Territory entered the Union, its name be changed to a "distinctive" local Indian name, such as "Tacoma."

Stanton had close ties to the District of Columbia—he was born there in 1812 and had lived there until he moved to Kentucky at age 22. As chairman of the committee on public grounds, Congressman Stanton led the fight to build the capitol dome, which became popularly known as "Stanton's monument."

Representative Edward Stanly of North Carolina agreed and spelled out some of the trouble that might arise from two Columbias on opposite sides of the continent:

Suppose there should be an Alexandria, or a Georgetown, or a Washington, in that future Territory of Columbia, it will lead to confusion without serving any good purpose. I hope the name will be changed, as suggested by the gentleman from Kentucky, and that this Territory will be called after the Father of his Country. There has been but one Washington upon earth, and there is not likely to be another; and, as Providence has sent but one, for all time, let us have one State named after that one man, and let the name be Washington.

This was not the first time that Americans had discussed naming a state or territory after the first president. Previously, politicians had tried unsuccessfully to brand the state of Mississippi in 1817 and the territory of Minnesota in the 1840s with the name Washington. But adding an additional Washington to the map had to be carefully considered. Representative Alexander Evans of Maryland complained that no man had greater respect for the father of the nation than he, but with the countless number of places already named for the first president, "our geographical nomenclature has become such a mass of confusion that it is almost impossible, when you hear the name of a town, to know in what part of the world it is, much less to know in what part of the United States it may be found."

Evans thought it more appropriate for Congress to give Northern Oregon "one of the beautiful Indian names which prevail in that part of the country." Still another suggestion came from Stephen A. Douglas, the powerful chairman of the Committee on Territories. He recommended as a distinctive alternative to Washington the classical sounding "Washingtonia."

President Millard Fillmore signed the bill creating Washington Territory on March 2, 1853. When they heard the news, residents of Northern Oregon were surprised by their new name.

"Although 'Washington' is not the name with which we prayed that our infant might be christened, yet it is certainly a very beautiful one," commented the Olympia Columbian (soon to be renamed the Washington Pioneer). "Nevertheless, this novelty has met with some distaste among many of our citizens..."

Opposition to the name Washington Territory persisted. Representative
The above cartoon uses the occasion of statehood to poke fun at the intended name with this pithy pun—"The Admission of Wash."

James M. Ashley (D-Ohio), who served in the House from 1859 to 1869 and rose to the chairmanship of the Committee on Territories, probably named more square miles of the American West than anyone. He listed among his credits the names of the territories of Montana, Arizona and Wyoming. "My purpose was to give each territory a euphonious name," Ashley wrote, "and at the same time use a word that should appropriately describe the topography of the country." The congressman strongly objected to naming new territories after former presidents. "Jefferson Territory" and "Lincoln Territory" were names that had been proposed for Montana and Wyoming. If Ashley had had his way, Washington Territory would have been erased from the map in the 1860s. At one time he intended to create a new territory called Columbia, combining eastern Washington and the Idaho Panhandle. What was left of Washington Territory he wanted to rename "Tacoma."

But Washington was on the map to stay. In January 1889, when it became apparent that a large block of western territories would soon be admitted to the Union, an editorial in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly pleaded once more for the government to rethink its naming policy to ensure that the names of the new states would be "euphonious, distinctive and of moderate length":

Parents and sponsors in baptism think only of pleasing their own notions when they give a name and spitting at the same time the aunt, or the mother-in-law, or the opposite party in the Legislature. It does not weigh a grain in the scales that the unlucky child or State is to carry the burden of a ridiculous or an insignificant appellation. . . . An Indian local name of some distinctive natural feature should have the preference; such a name, for instance, as "Tacoma" instead of Washington. . . .

Despite the critics, the name Washington did prevail. And yet, even after many years of living with the name, it still evokes controversy. "The name of Washington simply does not fit, somehow," Nard Jones wrote in 1947. Jones said he didn’t think it was a grand enough title for a western state, and that it paled in comparison to names such as California, Oregon and Idaho. Jones would have preferred the state to be named "Columbia," the original name suggested by the early residents, or perhaps an Indian word.

There was a great galaxy to choose from. Names like Quillayute, Pysht, Chewelah, Klickitat, Washougal, Snoqualmie, Okanogan. Names wasted on streams and waterfalls, mountains and towns. . . . I mean only to say that I think we would be handsomer in Indian feathers or a coonskin cap than in a cocked hat.

As "the Other Washington" proceeds through its second century of statehood, it is worthwhile—and entertaining—to consider what, under other circumstances, might have been. Imagine, for instance, how Seattle residents would react if they woke up tomorrow in the state of Tacoma!

Terrence Cole is Associate Professor and History Department Chair at the University of Alaska, Fairbanks, and author of The Cornerstone on College Hill (University of Alaska Press, 1994), an illustrated history of the University of Alaska, Fairbanks.
During the 1890s, when it was possible to conjure up images of foreign insult, if not outright naval attack upon American shores, the nation protected itself by fortifying its most important harbors. Puget Sound was one of those, and today the concrete gun batteries that still occupy the bracketing headlands of Admiralty Inlet are distinct reminders of that antique scheme of defense.

The big posts of what the army called the Coast Defenses of Puget Sound—Fort Worden, Fort Casey and Fort Flagler—were dramatic and exciting places when they entered service in the first years of the 20th century. They soldiered on until the early 1950s, but their true usefulness as defense positions had waned in the years following World War I and had played out by the close of World War II. Those large forts were joined by tiny Fort Whitman, slotted into the waters between Deception Pass and LaConner.

But there was one more position in the Puget Sound defenses. It was originally intended to be a major installation, as heavily armed as the forts on Admiralty Inlet in northern Puget Sound. After construction began, however, the grand plans shrank; following World War I the army decided it did not need the post after all and abandoned it. Later used by the navy during World War II as a radio school and listening post, and again briefly by the army in the 1950s as part of the Nike missile system, Fort Ward, at the southern tip of Bainbridge Island, has had a curious past, unique among all the coastal fortifications in Washington.

The military engineering and artillery experts charged with designing the Puget Sound defenses clustered heavy guns and mortars thickly around Admiralty Inlet. With more than 100 cannon trained on the water approaches to the cities of Puget Sound, it was unlikely that any fleet afloat in the early 1900s could force its way past. Why build one more fort almost 50 miles away from where the action was to be? The answer to that question lay in what the military planners considered to be an adequate defense.

Steel cannon, firing armor-piercing projectiles that could penetrate and explode inside a warship, were not the only weapons available to the new coastal defenses. There was something else that in some ways was even more threatening than heavy ordnance. Hidden beneath the water's surface, the submarine mine was an "unseen and dreaded force" that promised almost certain destruction. It was so persuasive a weapon that the submarine mine became an essential part of the defense for all the nation's important harbors.

Mines had been used against ships since the Revolutionary War, and beginning in the late 1860s the Army Corps of Engineers perfected them. Mines were organized into networks called fields, each made up of groups of individual mines placed at predetermined locations. Electrical cable connected all the mines and ran to a central on-shore control station called a casemate. Troops in the casemate could explode any particular set of mines at will.

These were controlled mines and would not explode if accidentally struck by a floating object. As a result, there was no chance of a friendly vessel stumbling into the field and being unintentionally destroyed. Similarly, an enemy could not use valueless hulks to clear a path because the defense could allow decoy ships to pass over the mines, saving the submarine charges for the true threat.

The best place for a mine field would have been as part of the other defenses in Admiralty Inlet, but the waters were too deep and the currents swift. However, another possibility was the entry to the naval shipyard at Bremerton, one of the...
Grading the site for Battery Francis Nash in August 1900. This work was done by explosives and horse-drawn scrapers; excavation for the foundations was done by hand.

locations that Puget Sound defenses were designed to protect. Rich Passage was a narrow channel separating the south shore of Bainbridge Island from the mainland east of Port Orchard on the Kitsap Peninsula. While the heavy guns of the Puget Sound defenses would be at Admiralty Inlet, the mine field would be far to the south in Rich Passage.

Mines may have been more lethal than cannon, but they were nonetheless vulnerable. A clever invader could slip into an unprotected field, drag for the control cables and sever them, or try to destroy the mines if they were exposed at low tide. An adequate mine defense needed guns and cannoneers on shore to guard against vessels that might be lingering beyond the edge of the field, waiting for darkness or fog to cover a dash through the obstruction. To be ready for just that eventuality, the plan for Rich Passage proposed the most numerous collection of gun batteries of any fortification in Puget Sound.

Between Orchard Point and Middle Point, on the mainland side of the passage, the architects of the defense sited a battery of three ten-inch cannon, two batteries of six-inchers, several pairs of three-inch guns and a half-dozen smaller “six-pounders,” named after the weight of the projectiles they fired. On the island side the planners situated a battery of three eight-inch guns, a battery of sixteen twelve-inch mortars and other positions for six-inch, five-inch, three-inch and six-pounder guns. All were to be fitted into concrete structures to protect the guns, their crews, and the apparatus and ammunition necessary for their operation.

Had the army built all these batteries, the mine field would have been flanked by more than 50 guns and mortars arranged along a waterway little more than a half-mile wide. As it turned out, only five works took shape, as far less was expected of the Rich Passage defense than had been first contemplated. No doubt, the reduction was due to the desire to stop the heaviest and most threatening warships at Admiralty Inlet. Presumably, those few vessels that might escape would be light and swift and just as subject to destruction by the mine field and modest armament at Rich Passage.

Construction began in 1899 under the supervision of Captain Harry Taylor, a member of the Corps of Engineers, the army branch responsible for designing fortifications as well as river and harbor improvements. At the close of the century, construction of fortification was the major activity of the corps, and Taylor’s own career reflected that emphasis. Before coming to Puget Sound in 1897 he had helped guide the construction of the new concrete gun emplacements that would protect the New York harbor. He left his office in Seattle’s Burke Building in 1900 to take up more fortification work in Boston. Several years later he sailed for the Philippines to supervise the defenses being built in Manila Bay. He ended his career as chief of engineers, the highest position an engineering officer could attain in the army.

Taylor’s ideas improved coastal defenses in every harbor of the United States. His friends described him as earnest, modest, even bashful, and his New Hampshire twang set him apart from most in the Puget Sound country. He had a yen for hunting and fishing, and it is hard to imagine that he missed many chances to try...
his hand in the Northwest. Taylor already had work under way at the Admiralty Inlet forts before he began to consider where to start in Rich Passage. The Bean Point site on the south end of Bainbridge Island was remote, heavily timbered and faced with a steep bluff. On the mainland side, however, he found a less intimidating site just east of Middle Point where a small, shallow bay led up to a gentle beach and a clearing free of large trees. There it would be easy to barge in supplies.

The specialized shore establishment necessary to support a mine field was a small collection of several parts, and it all had to work smoothly. In addition to the casemate, there had to be a storehouse for the mines when they were out of the water, a special water-filled basin for the control cable, a magazine for the explosive used in the mines, a light railway to move the mines and other equipment about, and a wharf that could be used to shift all the paraphernalia onto boats when the mines were put into service. Unfortunately for Harry Taylor, mine materiel began to arrive before he had begun any of the specialized structures.

Early in 1899 Taylor had on hand 31 reels of mine cable weighing 91 tons and no place to put them. The cable had to remain wet to keep it in proper condition for service and was intended to be stored in a large tank of water. Taylor, of course, had no such tank. With the cooperation of the navy, he deposited the reels on the beach at the nearby naval station, the winter rains providing an adequate substitute for total immersion.

Under Taylor's direction workmen built a cable tank that same year and began a storehouse at the Middle Point site in the spring of 1899. It was an impressive brick building, rectangular in plan with tall round-arched windows arcaded along each of its long sides. It was large enough to accommodate all the 229 mines, anchors and attaching cables intended for Rich Passage, with room to spare for mines to make up an additional field at Agate Passage, separating Bainbridge Island from the mainland to the west.

Although Taylor had prepared plans for a mine casemate in 1897, construction did not begin until 1902. By then the design had changed a great deal. Taylor's first sketch depicted a small concrete chamber set deeply into the side of a hill; a long, narrow tunnel, called a gallery, connected it with the water. It was intended that the mine crew would drag the control cables by hand through the gallery and into the casemate, where they would attach the cables to the firing circuits. A heavy layer of earth was to cover the entire structure, making it devoid of any natural light. A small pipe poking up to the surface provided a little ventilation. The design represented then-current thought in regard to casemates: that they be difficult to find and destroy so that the mine defense could continue to operate even if the fortifications were overrun.

However, underground structures were very damp, and the moisture had an adverse impact on the electrical equipment. Oil stoves placed in the casemates made the air drier but unbreathable. Revised plans coming in from the Office of the Chief of Engineers shifted to designs more friendly to humans, and the Middle Point casemate actually built was a considerable improvement. Taking advantage of the natural protection offered by a high prominence of earth and rock, John Millis, Taylor's successor, placed the casemate behind...
"There were no roads and the land was rugged. To make matters more difficult, the biggest gun batteries were to be built on the heights above the shore."

Work started on the Bainbridge Island defenses in 1900. On February 25 of that year, William T. Preston left Seattle aboard the tug Wilson, towing behind him a scow loaded with materials necessary to put up two small frame buildings. One would be the engineering headquarters for the construction activity and the other a place for Preston and his party to live. These plain wooden buildings would replace another structure, condemned by Preston as filthy inside and out, which the government had acquired when it purchased the Bean Point acreage.

Preston was not in the army. Although military officers guided the construction, civilian engineers like Preston were on the site of each fortification, supervising the day-to-day business of bringing men and supplies together to produce the desired result. Preston's background was in railroad building. He had played an important role in bringing the Canadian Pacific line through the Fraser River canyon in British Columbia and was himself an official of the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Railroad. The eastern King County town of Preston, situated on a sweeping bend of the SLS&E, was named for him. Preston liked the work of the Corps of Engineers, which shifted to river and harbor improvements after the completion of the defenses. He was appointed district engineer of the corps' Seattle district during World War I, a position that before and after his time was held by a uniformed member of the corps.

Heavy construction at Bean Point was a challenge. There were no roads and the land was rugged. Preston thought the place a wilderness. To make matters more difficult, the biggest gun batteries were to be built on the heights above the shore. The first task for the engineers had been to build a dock for landing supplies. From the dock Preston ran a narrow-gauge rail line up a steep, heavily wooded incline to the top of the bluff. A steam hoisting engine hauled goods and equipment to the top of the incline where rail cars were coupled to a small steam locomotive for the trip to the building sites.

Crews started on the battery for three eight-inch disappearing guns in April. Horse-drawn scrapers cleared and leveled the ground, and carpenters erected the concrete forms. At one end of the site other workers set up the timbers needed for the concrete-mixing plant. A tramway for concrete cars ran from the base of the mixing plant and up across the top of the form-work.

All the gun batteries were built after the same fashion, the complexity of the plant changing to meet the varying size and situation of the construction sites. In design, the batteries for the three-inch and five-inch guns were simple. They provided a foundation to support the weight of the gun and carriage mounted in each emplacement, a shelter for the ammunition and a storeroom or two. The designers arranged the stairways to enhance the manhandling of the ammunition from the interior rooms to the gun platform. The battery for the eight-inch guns and their disappearing carriages was more elabo-
rate. It was two stories high, with a tall protective wall in front of the guns and a thick concrete roof over the ammunition storage below. On the ground floor was a power plant and more specialized rooms, some connected by a ceiling trolley to help move the 300-pound projectiles to the hoists.

The battery for the eight-inch guns was finished in 1901. Others were completed in October 1903, although a number of delays prevented the completion of the five-inch battery until January 1904. Following a long practice, each battery received a name that usually memorialized a distinguished member of the military. In this same manner, the reservations on the south side of Rich Passage and the Bainbridge Island site were called Fort Ward, named after Colonel George H. Ward who died at Gettysburg during the Civil War.

The first artillery troops reached the Bean Point dock on November 27, 1903, a detail of 25 men and a lieutenant from Fort Flagler. They ran into a problem immediately. Mines aside, the only other element of the defense on the mainland shore of the channel was Battery Mitchell, a compact construction for two three-inch guns. The bulk of the defenses and all of the garrison were on Bainbridge Island. Rich Passage lay between them and blocked easy access from the main post.

There was a small launch at Fort Ward, and in it a sergeant and two privates traveled back and forth to Middle Point as caretakers. However, the balance of the command was so busy maintaining the armament on the island that it had no time to drill with the mine equipment. No cables were laid; they all remained on the reels in the cable tank. The engines and instruments in the mine casemate were not kept in commission. The plant itself could be faulted as well since there was no overhead trolley at the cable tank to lift the reels out of the water, nor was there a tramway connecting the different buildings. The greatest failing of all was the lack of a wharf. Without it, there was no simple way to transfer the materiel to the vessels that would take the mines where they were needed.

Some of those limitations could be offset by more manpower, and the army's chief of artillery contemplated placing a garrison of 85 officers and men at Middle Point. That was little more than an idea, since those forces were not available. The only real alternatives were to make good the effort at Middle Point and develop it completely or abandon it and rebuild the entire mine plant on Bainbridge Island. A board convened in 1905 reluctantly decided that matters would be improved by starting all over again at the main post.

The chief of artillery did not care for the board's recommendation. He continued to urge the completion of what had been begun at Middle Point. Matters dragged on until 1908. Battery Mitchell had been finished for some time, but the guns became available only in that year. Instead of installing the weapons, a new...
The chief of artillery recommended that the guns be transferred elsewhere and not mounted in Battery Mitchell. Viewed alone and without the companion need to support a gun battery, the idea of creating an embellished post at Middle Point collapsed. Work began on the new mine structures at Bean Point.

The new plant, completed in 1910, was of uninspired design, yet it did meet the needs of a workable mine service. The majority of new structures were clustered around the approach to the post wharf. Most impressive was the large concrete cable tank, straddled by a traveling crane. On the north side of the tank was the wooden mine storehouse. A tramway equipped with two flat cars linked the storehouse to the wharf, and turntables linked the buildings with the main track. The new casemate was close by. Designs had evolved since the Middle Point version had been built. The new edition was a roomy, light frame building set behind a massive L-shaped concrete wall that was itself fronted by a gently rising slope of earth. Not visible from the buildings was the special station located high on the bluff from which observers could track vessels through the mine field.

For coast artillery soldiers at Fort Ward the days were filled with training and maintenance. About 150 men would be required to man all the guns, although the single company assigned to the post had little more than two-thirds that number. It was also a mine company, which meant that the men concentrated on putting down mines and tracking targets through the field. Mines were detonated in Rich Passage during annual exercises, but gun crews had to travel to the Admiralty Inlet forts for firing practice. The water area in front of the gun batteries was so confined by the opposite shoreline that the army had issued a standing order that the guns were never to be fired in peacetime without special authority to do so.

The monotony of the duties, the isolation and the hard burden of transforming raw construction sites into a military post prompted steady desertion at Fort Ward. The army worked hard to make its permanent reservations healthful and attractive homes for those stationed there. However, the isolation of Fort Ward was profound. The desertion rate remained high and in 1912 was among the highest in the army. The addition of recreation buildings at all the Puget Sound posts was an attempt to improve the atmosphere in the garrisons. The intense promotion of an inter-fort baseball competition probably also had its roots in the desire to make life better for the soldiers. Those changes did not affect the greatest problem, though. The technical specialties required in coastal defense service were also in great demand in civilian occupations, where the pay was much better.

The pace quickened at the fort with America's entry into World War I in 1917. Day and night a crew stood by one of the rapid-fire gun batteries near the shore. But no foreign navy threatened the harbors of the United States. Fort Ward and the other coastal defenses were not necessary for national defense in their original role, and they were recast in another format. During the war many coastal cannon were to be removed from their emplacements and remounted on wheeled carriages or tracked carriers for service overseas. Others, like the eight-inch guns of Battery Nash, were to be shifted to railway carriages. It was not unprecedented. The idea of borrowing guns from the fortifications for a purpose other than coastal defense dated at least to 1906, but the thought had been that the guns would be returned. As it transpired,
stripping the batteries in World War I was, for the most part, a one-way operation.

In October 1917 crews dismounted the five-inch guns at Battery Warner and the guns at Battery Nash. The guns from Nash were taken away, but the guns from Warner sat on the dock. The plan was to mount them on the deck of the unarmed transport vessel Dix. However, the Dix could not be spared from carrying men and supplies across the Atlantic in support of the United States' buildup in France. The armistice was signed before the ship ever reached Puget Sound. In 1919 the guns were returned to the emplacements of Battery Warner, the only cannon in the Puget Sound forts to be replaced once they had been removed.

The three-inch guns at batteries Thornburgh and Vinton remained during the war years, but they were removed in 1920 as obsolete. The guns at Battery Warner were removed again, and for the last time, in 1926. Although the mine field was still important, it was difficult to justify the cost of maintaining the buildings, equipment and troops when they were so distant from the core of defense at Admiralty Inlet. Plans for improving the Puget Sound defenses by mounting bigger guns positioned seaward from the entrance to Admiralty Inlet made the mine field in Rich Passage superfluous.

There were no active units stationed at Fort Ward after World War I, only a caretaker detachment. For a time there was talk about using the place as a home for disabled soldiers or for homeless men from Seattle and Tacoma. The post was given over to week-long summer camps for underprivileged children in 1935, a pattern that the sponsoring American Legion and the state's Department of Public Welfare hoped to continue. But for the most part, the buildings and empty batteries lingered unused for 20 years. In 1938 the army transferred both pieces of Fort Ward, on either side of Rich Passage, to the navy.

In retrospect, it seems odd that Fort Ward was built at all. Although the national scheme of coastal defense held the mine field in high regard, the commitment to employ it at Rich Passage ran counter to another and more forceful current. The centuries-old pattern had been to push the defense as far seaward as possible, making the best use of the range of guns available at the time. Placing Fort Ward well behind the core of defenses at Admiralty Inlet isolated it, both militarily and administratively. In peacetime it was difficult to support and expensive to maintain. In the event of war the post could not help in the defense of Admiralty Inlet, nor could the weaponry of the Admiralty Inlet forts help protect Fort Ward should it come under attack.

The federal government sold most of Fort Ward to private buyers in 1960. Today a good number of the army's buildings are gone and new homes are being built on what was once open land. That future may have been apparent years ago. "Some time, Uncle Sam will sell this post," opined Sergeant E. W. Horinga, Fort Ward's caretaker in 1933, "and some real estate developer will come along, and this will be the classiest summer colony on the island—mark my words."

David M. Hansen is Deputy State Historic Preservation Officer for Washington and an authority on the implementation of United States coastal defense policy prior to World War I.
By Frank L. Green

Tacoma Makes a Bid for Fame

A cannon roared at six o'clock on the morning of March 16, 1890, to send George Francis Train on a globe-circling journey from Tacoma. "I go around the world every 20 years," he said, "to let it know I'm still alive." Train, a brilliant though erratic champion of diverse causes, could attract national attention with anything he said or did. He was a man the newspapers loved to hate, but he was always good copy. They called him a crank, a crackpot and worse. He preferred to be known simply as "Citizen Train."

To understand why such a national figure should have taken an interest in Tacoma it is necessary to go back 20 years to another-around-the-world trip from San Francisco in 1870. At the end of a lecture tour on the coast, which included stops in the Northwest, Train visited Tacoma, then a small settlement on Commencement Bay, and is said to have suggested the site as a railroad terminus to a group of Northern Pacific officials. Train is also said to have coined the phrase "City of Destiny" to describe the town that would soon grow on that site (although the claim is disputed).

Train developed a fondness for Tacoma as if it had been his own creation. He sent strange poetry and other off-the-wall writings to his friend R. F. Radebaugh who printed them in his paper, the Tacoma Daily Ledger. His 1870 world tour was reputed to be the inspiration for Jules Verne's Around the World in 80 Days, which was published two years later.

Train might have been content with that had not Elizabeth Cochrane, writing under the name Nellie Bly, published an account of her trip around the world in Joseph Pulitzer's New York World. Obviously, Train would have to set off on another junket to beat her time of something over 72 days. The only problem was one of money. The New York papers, among the worst offenders in calling him names, would never finance such a venture. After some thought he remembered his friend Radebaugh and fired off a telegram offering to go around the world from Tacoma if the Ledger would finance it.

Radebaugh promptly agreed. City boosters were jubilant at the prospect of the national and even international attention such a trip would bring Tacoma. It made little difference to them that Train was out to beat Nellie Bly's time. Their only thought was to prove Tacoma's primacy as a jumping off place for such trips.

Train's departure was set for March 16. Financing was to come from funds raised by auctioning boxes at the new Tacoma Theater for a lecture the night before. The auction took place at the Tacoma Hotel, with the city's leading businessmen in attendance. Bidding started at $100, and the auctioneer noted every slight movement or facial expression of the assembled dignitaries to advance the cost $25 or $50. The choicest box was knocked down for $575 to General Sprague, the Northern Pacific major-domo, with lesser boxes going to those of lesser importance. Altogether, the auction netted $3,395. Train's lecture was a potpourri of reminiscences covering his life as a writer, lecturer and traveler, and drew frequent laughter and applause. The next day's Ledger published it in full. The lecture was repeated twice by popu-
lar demand, so that it was not until March 18 that Train got under way.

Train set off in a carriage from the Ledger building on "C" Street (now Broadway) with newspaperman Sam Wall, his traveling companion. In six minutes they were at the wharf and on board the steamer Olympia. Wall wrote the story of the voyage in *Round the World with Train*, but meanwhile Tacoma had only the evidence of a cable sent from each point visited containing a single word, "Connected." By all accounts, Tacoma got what it paid for in the way of publicity. Some of it was planned, as Train sent press releases ahead of him and barged into newspaper offices to expand on them. In Hong Kong he interrupted the editor’s bath to make sure the news got out. Despite rain and a cyclone, he got to the Singapore Free Press, which gave him four columns. A reporter from the Colombo Independent (Ceylon) was the next to be regaled.

Some of the publicity was impromptu. While leaving Kobe, Japan, Train spotted the American man-of-war Omaha, by a strange coincidence named after another of the cities Train had promoted. Brushing aside the protests of the captain, he sent the following message: "Hail officers of American man-of-war Omaha. Citizen George Francis Train, sixty days around the world. Left Tacoma March 18."

Yes, Tacoma was mentioned frequently in the columns of the world’s newspapers and in other unexpected ways, but it was George Francis Train who got the headlines. How could it have been otherwise?

This was typical of Train, who did things on a grand scale in flamboyant style. Expecting to be in London at a certain time, he wired a friend, "Have awakened from a long sleep! Am Coming! Circling the globe in sixty days. Meet me at the Metropole noon Saturday." To that hotel he sent the message, "Prepare lunch for forty noon Saturday." It was all for naught. Train was stuck in Dover at noon Saturday after having trouble getting a boat from Calais. It was 5 o’clock before he reached London, where a crowd of reporters was given all the details of the trip to that point. Train read the story to his fellow passengers on the ship bound for New York. His performance had such bravura that when he finished there were shouts of "Train for President."

Further delays awaited Train when he least expected them. He missed connections in New York and sent off a frantic wire to Radebaugh imploring him to send a special train. "Don’t let me live five hours in a town that has been calling me names for twenty years," he said.

When the expedition at length returned to Tacoma, it was to parades and cheering crowds lacking only the presence of Radebaugh, who was laid up with a broken leg. Yet Train was disconsolate. His time was 67 days, 17 hours, 59 minutes and 55 seconds, according to the official stopwatch, and included more than a week lost at various points through no fault of his own. He had failed in his goal of making the trip in 60 days.

Nor did the trip have the desired result of making Tacoma a major point of departure for world tours. Soon the main destination of people passing through would be the Klondike, and Seattle took the lead in preparing those travelers.

Train was the harbinger of the age of speed, wherein faster is better. Although his feverish pace left him ultimately unsatisfied and feeling unappreciated, he maintained his warm feelings for the people of Tacoma. They, at least, did not call him names.

Frank L. Green is now retired after over 24 years as librarian of the Washington State Historical Society. He is author of Captains, Curates and Cockneys: The English in the Pacific Northwest and several articles on the history of Tacoma.
Onions and Ethnic Identity in a Pacific Northwest Italian Community

By Jens Lund

Un gruppo di pionieri si insediò in una colonia agricola, ancor più a nord della California, in una cittadina del mitico West con un nome attraente, Walla Walla, nello stato americano di Washington.

[A group of pioneers settled in an agricultural colony even farther north than California, in a village in the mythical West with an attracting name, Walla Walla, in Washington State.]

S
o reads the town history of the Lombardian village of Lonate Pozzolo, Italy, now a suburb of Milan. More than a century later there are still many Italians in that valley “north of California.” A recent ethnic revival has put red, white and green-clad marchers and dancers in the streets during Columbus Day week. But it is in family life that people have sustained their ethnic identity, expressed through the church, food customs and ties to specialized horticulture—especially to a local variety of onion with the name “Walla Walla Sweet.”

History and Horticulture

The Walla Walla Sweet onion has been part of the Walla Walla Valley’s Italian-American life for seven decades. Historian Ernesto Milani called it “the emblematic vegetable among the American-Lonatese.”

Italian settlers came to the Walla Walla Valley in the 19th century. The first, Frank Orselli, arrived in 1857. But the community truly began with the later arrival, in 1876, of Pasquale Saturno, from Ischia near Naples. Joe Tachi (1880), Tony Locati (1886) and John Arbini (1890) came from Lonate Pozzolo, and Louis Rizzuti (1886) arrived from Calabria. As these men sent home for friends and neighbors for labor or marriage partners, the population increased. Immigration continued into the 1920s.

By 1900 two groups of Italians lived in the valley—the Milanese, or Northern Colony (most of whom were from Lonate Pozzolo and the Ticino Valley), and the Southern Colony of Calabrese and other points south of Rome.

Saturno, Tachi and Rizzuti, the first Italian gardeners to prosper, often employed the more recent arrivals, later rent-
northern European origin, did not consider the immigrants or their offspring to be "American" or white. In his book, The Horticultural Heritage of Walla Walla County, 1818-1977, Joe J. Locati, son of Tony, cited local newspapers that routinely referred to Italians as "foreign elements" and "Dagos." An excerpt from the local monthly, Up-To-The-Times, reported: "In the vegetable industry, John Chinaman and the sons of Italy cut considerable figure. As gardeners, these two classes have few superiors. . . . Of late years, however, attracted by the profits of the business, many white men and those representing the best citizenship have become holders of valuable vegetable lands."

低 produce prices led the Italian growers to establish the Walla Walla Gardeners Association (WWGA) in 1916. By 1917 the WWGA had its own packing house. Before its incorporation in 1983 the association was the oldest packing cooperative in the West still operating under its original charter. The WWGA served not only as a packing house and marketing cooperative but also as a credit union and a buyers' club for groceries. It purchased bulk foods, which it sold to members at cost and for credit against future deliveries. It also operated a retail grocery store. In recent years the WWGA has supported an ethnic revival through the Italian Heritage Association and Italian Heritage Days.

Another old Italian-American institution in the valley is St. Francis of Assisi Roman Catholic Church in Walla Walla. Although a Catholic parish was already in town when the Italian pioneers arrived, most of them did not attend Mass there. Instead, Father Oscar R. Balducci, an Italian priest assigned to a local hospital in 1914, started saying the Mass in private homes for members of the Italian community. He convinced the Spokane Diocese to establish a missionary church for the Italians, separate from the already existing parish.

As a result, St. Francis of Assisi Roman Catholic Church
A group of Italians poses for a photograph during a typical Sunday afternoon gathering at Tony Locati's farm near Walla Walla, 1910.

was erected and dedicated in 1915. Its establishment revived religious participation among the Italians. In 1939 the old church was replaced by the structure that still stands on West Alder Street today. The stained glass windows in the present church were paid for by subscription. On opposite sides near the front pew are two windows inscribed "Donated by the Northern Colony" and "Donated by the Southern Colony."

Emergence of the "Sweet"

The early Italian gardeners planted and shipped a variety of produce, but after the 1920s, as the Walla Walla Sweet emerged, onions increased in importance. The "Sweet" is descended from a so-called "French onion" brought to the valley about 1900 by Pete Pieri, a Corsican. During the 1920s, immigrant growers, most notably John Arbini and Tony Locati, cultivated, by selection, the Walla Walla Sweet as an early-harvest strain of the French onion. Despite the strain's development in the 1920s, the name "Walla Walla Sweet" was not used until much later. In 1960 the Arbini Brothers Farms were asked to ship samples of their onions to markets on the East Coast. For that shipment, Caroline Arbini and her sisters came up with the popular name that has been used ever since.

Most of the gardeners worked small plots, which they cultivated intensively. In recent years the larger holdings south of Walla Walla and some farther out in the county have become the only farms to turn a profit for the full-time grower. Many second- and third-generation farmers have continued to plant small crops of onions and asparagus after retirement, and many of the larger growers also raise acreages of hybrid winter onions that they harvest mechanically.

In the early decades of this century onions were hand-harvested and graded right in the field by the gardeners' own family members. Even when harvesting machines became available, the high moisture content of the Walla Walla Sweet strains (over 90 percent, supposedly the highest for any onion variety) prevented their use.

Planting and harvesting methods remained basically the same until the early 1950s. Truck gardening in the Walla Walla Valley was largely a family affair. Families were large, and children planted, transplanted, thinned, graded, harvested and bagged or crated onions during respective seasons. Onion-growing families shared a work culture derived from ethnic, occupational and family traditions. They were intimately connected with the seasonal work cycle, the relationship of the padroni to the poorer gardeners, and the social and economic relationships around the WWGA.

Ethnicity

By early in the 20th century the valley Italians had organized several associations, including a church and a cooperative, and they had commissioned a statue of Columbus and instituted a Columbus Day parade, despite the contempt of much of the local non-Italian community. Even so, ethnicity among the Italian-Americans had declined over the years. In the old days a certain amount of tension existed between the Northerners, with their higher status, and the less educated Southerners. People remember them sitting separately in church, and others recall how the Southerners paid deference to their northern countrymen.
Between that period and the re-awakening of ethnic awareness in the 1970s, the strongest manifestation of Italian heritage seems to have been its food customs. For years the WWGA ordered Italian groceries for its members—pasta, eels at Christmas, and wine grapes—by the traincar load from California. The northern families kept making such typically Milanese foods as polenta and risotto. Risotto, however, is often flavored with locally grown safflower instead of the traditional saffron. Southern Italian foods, especially those with pasta and tomato sauce, gradually became part of American mainstream cuisine. Families who kept livestock continued to make sausage the Italian way, with plenty of fennel. A local restaurant and tavern, the Pastime Café, specializes in southern Italian-style foods.

Italian instrumental folk music, usually played on the accordian, was the other tenacious tradition that continued from the immigration years to the present day. Younger accordianists, such as David Deccio, still play the tarantellas and waltzes that entertained their parents and grandparents.

Early immigrants were skilled winemakers. Soon after his arrival, Pasquale Saturno built a two-story brick shed to use as a winery and wine cellar. Standing in somewhat collapsed condition, it still holds the casks, demijohns, a cooperage fermenting vat and a wine press. Old-timers remember the immigrants making their own red wine, which they drank at mealtimes. Despite the importance of latter-day commercial winemaking nearby, few Walla Walla Italians have been involved in that industry. Although Frank Sabucco of Attalia raised and sold wine grapes until the early 1950s, he never made wine commercially. Giuseppe Pesciallo, an orchardist near Milton-Freewater, raised Black Prince wine grapes especially for Walla Walla’s Italian home winemakers, and his son Bert briefly operated a licensed winery. The most successful Italian-American winery is Leonetti’s Cellars, inside Walla Walla’s city limits. Owner Gary Figgins learned the trade from his mother’s family, the Leonettis, and his wines have won national awards.

The October 12, 1911, dedication ceremony for the Christopher Columbus statue at Walla Walla County Courthouse, presented by the Italian community.

During the 1920s, immigrant growers, most notably John Arbini and Tony Locati, cultivated, by selection, the Walla Walla Sweet as an early-harvest strain of the French onion.
Home winemaking has not survived to any great extent among Italian descendants, perhaps because of harassment during Prohibition, when they were targeted by local officials who ignored the thriving non-Italian bootleggers in the area. Many families lost every container in the house during raids, and some of the older members of the community still express bitterness over these events, which contributed to a negative stereotype of Italians as intemperate lawbreakers.

Oral Traditions

In Ermanno Olmi's 1978 film, L'Alberi dei zoccoli (The Tree of Wooden Clogs), turn-of-the-century Lombar- dian farmworkers sang ballads as they worked. The tradition of singing while working in the fields was maintained as late as the 1950s by the Daltoso family. Maria Daltoso, who immigrated in 1928, recalls:

"Especially when we topped onions. It's hard! And nobody wanted to come. It's early in the morning to late, about three, four o'clock in the afternoon, in the onions, that's what we used to do. And the kids in the summer, they were home. You'd have to help and they'd come, yeah, "But you have to tell me a story. You have to sing." And they'd sing with me and we'd go and they'd come behind me. They'd stay."

Lewis "Louie" Colombo, thinning Walla Walla Sweets, 1989, in his field in College Place.

Signora Daltoso still knows a repertoire of Italian ballads, humorous and religious songs, and traditional recitations. Neighbors and family members still drop in and ask her to sing and recite. One of her most requested songs is "Una bella e graziosa fanciulla (A Beautiful and Gracious Girl)," a traditional murder ballad that expresses the tension between men and women in a highly patriarchal society.

Family festivities also preserved ethnicity. There were Sunday afternoon gatherings at the farms, with music, cards and bocce. Weddings were elaborate and festive. Several people remember spring work parties that turned into picnics when the Italians got together to harvest giunci (rushes) from local wetlands. The rushes were preserved and used to tie bunch crops for market.

The Ethnic Revival

In the 1970s the influence of the civil rights movement, the American Bicentennial and the television mini-series Roots made ethnic awareness respectable. The impact was felt in Walla Walla as well. In 1976 the local Italian community staged a rededication of the 1911 Columbus statue. Retired produce inspector Joe Locati researched and published his definitive Horticultural History of Walla Walla County, 1818-1977...With a Section on the Italian Heritage in 1978, and retired librarian Richard Campanelli began offering Italian language classes. Fort Walla Walla Museum began organizing "Ethnic Days" weekends in the fall, complete with booths, entertainment, food and exhibits. The WWGA lent its support and also commissioned local Italian-American artist Tom Moro to sculpt "Walla Walla Sweet," a bronze statue of a little Italian boy sitting on sacks of onions.

It was during this period of ethnic awakening that the Walla Walla Sweet was first noticed by gourmet food writers and that the WWGA began to ship "Sweets" by air freight to Alaska, California, the East Coast and Japan.

During the 1985 commemoration of the 70th anniversary of St. Francis of Assisi Church, the possibility of establishing a local Italian Heritage Association was first discussed. Some of the older Italian-Americans opposed it, feeling that they had finally lived down negative stereotypes and become Americans. They feared that emphasizing Italian heritage risked reviving old prejudices.

Despite these objections, the IHA was chartered in 1986 and the first Italian Heritage Days celebration was held in October of that year. From the start, the organization and
festival were supported by the WWGA as well as several Italian-American-owned businesses. But it was the educated third- and fourth-generation community members, many of whom had left the farms, who flocked to the association in the greatest numbers.

The Italian Heritage Days festival begins with a parade down Main Street to the courthouse on Saturday morning. In a ceremony at the courthouse the Knights of Columbus place a wreath on the Columbus statue. Singing, musical performances and dancing fills the afternoon, and the IHA's booth sells great quantities of “hot” and “mild” sausage. The first day ends with a banquet.

Festivities continue Sunday afternoon at Fort Walla Walla Park with a “Grape Stomp.” Local businesses sponsor teams that compete to see who can squeeze the most grape juice out of a measured amount of grapes in five minutes by stamping on them in casks on a flatbed truck before a crowd of cheering onlookers. The “Grape Stomp” is followed by more dancing, singing and sausage selling.

Walla Walla Valley Italian-Americans have risen in status and economic circumstances during the century they have lived in the valley. They overcame internal cultural divisions and, as many of the Anglo surnames attest, assimilated themselves to the mainstream culture of the American West. History and ethnicity, as these people now celebrate them, have become American pastimes and hobbies. When the Italian ethnic revival in Walla Walla Valley occurred, the informal folk ethnicity of narratives around family albums and pictures on the mantelpiece still survived.

The community maintained its ethnic identity because of the unifying role of the onion crop, family and church ties, and most recently because of the renaissance in ethnic awareness. The continuity and the revival are, in part, products of individual efforts to maintain or re-awaken an Italian identity. The leaders of the revival are well known, but the heroes of continuity are less visible. They include the second- and third-generation descendants who maintained at least a smattering of the language and dialects, and the women who kept and prepared and passed along the recipes for traditional foods.

Walla Walla Italian-Americans have often been apprehensive about ethnicity, and for some this uneasiness persists. Since the 1970s there has been a certain amount of tension between those who quietly sustained tradition over the years and those who quickly embraced the IHA and the festival. In the long run, these two approaches to ethnicity probably reinforce each other. The festival’s celebration of Italian heritage has made ethnicity a source of community and individual pride.

As the status of the sweet onion grew, the status of the gardeners and their progeny increased proportionately. Once ethnic festivity became a common feature in small-town America, the stage was set not only for an ethnic revival but also for a deeper appreciation of those who had quietly kept Italian traditions alive—traditions of savory foods, lively dance tunes and memories of a culture finding its way in a new world—a legacy of both joy and pain.

The Walla Walla Sweet, once merely a local variety, is now a “gourmet” export onion. A small colony of Italian-Americans, isolated from the vigorous communities in California and the Northeast, nurtured this strain from its humble beginnings. As they integrated into the mainstream culture of Western American farmers, many families continued to keep Italian traditions at home. When later generations left the farms to become teachers, engineers and real estate agents, they learned to cherish their Italian heritage and turned it into an expression of public pride and celebration.

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THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST ARCHITECTURE OF

Carl F. Gould

By T. William Booth and William H. Wilson

Carl F. Gould moved to Seattle in November 1908, shortly before his 35th birthday. During the next 30 years he became one of the city's premier architects, founder of the University of Washington's Department of Architecture, and a leader in professional and cultural activities. It was an astounding record given Gould's relatively late start, indifferent success in his New York City birthplace, and his unremarkable draftsman's job on the staff that developed the famed 1906 Plan of San Francisco.

A close look at Gould and his background suggests that success, though deferred, could not be denied. Tall, slender and handsome, the scion of a wealthy and accomplished New York family, he graduated from Harvard in 1898, decided to become an architect, and attended the world-renowned Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris from 1899 through early 1903. He arrived in Seattle in possession of polished charm, a droll wit, fluency in French, and an entrée into society based on his family connections and acquaintances made during a long, illness-induced stay during 1905.

Virtually all of Gould's significant designs date from his 1914 partnership with English-born Charles H. Bebb (1856-1942). It was a partnership of complementary talents. The older, well-established Bebb secured large commissions and excelled in engineering while Gould was the consummate architectural designer. With the passing years Bebb's powers waned and Gould shouldered an increasing office load. The fact remains that, at the beginning, it was Bebb who flattered Gould by agreeing to the partnership.

Without Gould's abundant talent and an aptitude for hard work, none of his other accomplishments would have garnered his firm local and regional fame. Gould designed more than 50 major houses, many early buildings at the University of Washington, including the magnificent Central (now Suzzallo) Library, and the structures at the Hiram Chittenden Locks. Most of these efforts, together with such essays in Beaux Arts neoclassicism as his Times Square building in downtown Seattle, are traditionalist structures wrapped in period garb. Gould was an eclectic who chose among historical styles, adapting his selection to the contemporary requirements at hand and to the taste of his client.

He was, then, no slave to the past. Traditional design and traditional ornament on large buildings were methods of indicating interior function and of transmitting the symbols of Western culture, not refutations of the nascent modernism of the early 20th century. Gould's later commercial and institutional designs were suitably modern, including several Art Moderne expressions, among them the former Seattle Art Museum in Volunteer Park and Seattle's U.S. Marine Hospital—now the Pacific Medical Center—on the north edge of Beacon Hill.

In 1914 Gould developed an innovative precut and preassembled system of timber construction for "Topsfield," his house on Bainbridge Island in Puget Sound. He based the design on the popular bungalow, but kept it free of stylistic references. It was an ideal system for remote sites—Bainbridge Island was then called "the country"—where lumber and construction materials had to be barged in and skilled labor was scarce. He used the system for summer homes and other buildings in out-of-the-way places. On
its view sides, “Topsfield” is mostly glazed panels between the posts, presenting an appearance more Japanese than Western.

Gould’s purpose, to design for the Pacific Northwest region, is revealed in his buildings, whatever their style. The shallow eaves and large windows of his structures let in light during overcast days. His regional sensitivity, as well as his more subtle adjustments to site, were legacies of his Beaux Arts training. Sometimes misunderstood as a citadel of dogmatic neoclassicism, the Beaux Arts in Gould’s time emphasized a project “in a big way” or “as a whole,” he wrote to his mother in 1901.

“The only way to approach a solution of any architectural problem is of course to visualize all the factors involved,” he wrote in 1938, refuting the notion that the Beaux Arts concentrated on the mastery of drawing skills.
such as shading and perspective. “Over attention to rendered projects exclusive of solving the problem gets nowhere & is a misconception of the Beaux Arts approach by those who have never really experienced it or understood it.”

Gould’s handling of architecture and planning problems blended the Beaux Arts tradition with other influences. His deft treatment may be seen in his plans and early buildings at the University of Washington, an unbuilt plan for the United States Army at Lake Pleasant on the Olympic Peninsula, many of his residences, including the Jane Terry house in Seattle, and one of his final masterpieces, the original Seattle Art Museum.

The related problems of a new University of Washington campus plan and a consistent design for its new buildings had occupied Gould from 1913. Late that year, while temporarily teaching a course in the Home Economics Department, he served on a committee appointed to reconsider a plan drawn up by the Olmsted Brothers firm. Olmsted Brothers was the landscape architect of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, held on the southern portion of the campus in 1909. The firm had unsuccessfully attempted to merge the axiality of the “Rainier Vista” with the original sylvan landscape at the north end.

The Olmsted Brothers’ effort was unsatisfactory for two reasons. Its V-shaped axial plan awkwardly joined an entrance from 15th Avenue Northeast, forcing the campus center south of its true focus at the apex of the V. Nor did the Olmsted plan effectively resolve the loosely-developed bucolic scene at the north end of the campus. Instead, Olmsted Brothers organized it into lozenge-shaped blocks reminiscent of Frederick Law Olmsted, Sr.’s designs for Riverside, Illinois, and Tacoma. By 1913 such landscape naturalism expressed neither the growing size and complexity of the university nor the visual and functional desirability of grouping its increasing number of buildings into quadrangles.

The committee recommended a formal, axial plan, and in 1914 the university commissioned the new firm of Bebb and Gould to design it. Gould responded to the problems of awkward layout and the inchoate campus by rationalizing the Olmsted plan. He created strong axes bisecting a series of quadrangles organized around the sciences, the arts, administration and extracurricular activities. Not all of his plan was realized, and not all of it survives as he designed it, but his basic Y adaptation remains.

The base of the Y begins at the western edge of the campus at the site of the former Meany Hall, demolished after the earthquake of 1965. It proceeds across the present Red Square to the facade of the Suzzallo Library, which, in Gould’s view, was the visual and actual heart of the campus. The arms of the Y then splay at a 110-degree angle. The southeasterly branch—the old “Rainier Vista”—leads to the science quadrangle, with new buildings bounding and defining the view to Mount Rainier while providing a southern entrance to the campus. The northeasterly branch is much more Beaux Arts, with proposed halls enclosing a new liberal arts quadrangle.

When the faculty and regents accepted Gould’s plan in 1915, Bebb & Gould became the unofficial university architects. The firm lost the position in 1926 when the regents, beholden to the able but irascible and parsimonious Governor Roland Hartley, forced Gould’s resignation after firing his patron, university president Henry Suzzallo.

With the home economics building (1915, now Raitt Hall), Gould established the late English Gothic style that would dominate the campus until after World War II. In casting about for an appropriate architecture he dismissed without critical comment the existing buildings, including Denny Hall. Sited on a ridge overlooking the lower campus, Denny is a graceful building, but its style, which Gould described as
turreted French Renaissance, is not adaptable to 20th-century structures of varied sizes and functions. In turn, Gould rejected neoclassical buildings because they were expensive to construct, their eaves and porticoes blocked natural light, and their forms had to be stretched too thin on buildings tall enough to control his expansive quadrangles.

Gould turned to his "free interpretation" of late English "collegiate Gothic" because it best solved the problems of the site considered "in a big way"—that is, the problems of climate, function and overall setting. English Gothic was a vertical style adaptable to concrete and steel construction. Gothic buttresses expressed the slender pillars of reinforced concrete construction. In contrast to the classical style, buttresses allowed much longer spans between columns for the larger expanses of glass so necessary for classrooms and laboratories in the often-cloudy Pacific Northwest.

Gould designed Raitt, the first fireproof building on the campus, with a frame of reinforced-concrete that reached three stories and included an attic. Raitt's height controls the quadrangle, where it occupies the northeast corner. To increase the building's visual appeal, Gould enlisted the aid of the Washington Brick, Lime and Sewer Pipe Company of Spokane to develop new warm brown brick colors, which became known as the "university mix." His subtle variations of pattern and tone—his favorite was a repeated diamond form—may be seen on campus buildings today.

The "university mix" did not, however, intimate the function of the home economics building, so Gould sketched female figures that were formed of terra cotta and placed along the cornice. The women are engaged in such domestic tasks as sewing, spinning, sweeping and caring for a child. With Raitt, Gould defined the parameters for 18 campus buildings or additions through 1926, including Anderson Hall (1924),
The Central (now Suzzallo) Library, 1922-26, Gould's most elaborate Gothic design, suitably enriched to express his belief that the library should be the heart of the campus. Gould's plans included a tower rising 335 feet above grade, a large stack section and two wings. Only one wing, reduced in size from the original plans, was added in the 1930s, and a permanent stack section, built to different specifications, was completed in the 1960s.

While Gould forged ahead with university commissions, he was planning the Lake Pleasant community, about 14 miles southwest of the mouth of the Pysht River on the Olympic Peninsula. The Lake Pleasant commission resulted from the army's desire to cut spruce timber for its World War I airfleet program and Gould's successful 1915 design for the Merrill and Ring Lumber Company's Pysht River logging camp. Gould's project remained unbuilt because the contractor thought it too expensive (even though Merrill and Ring believed his work for them was well worth the cost) and because the war ended in November 1918, a few weeks after he finished the design.

The plan is nevertheless instructive because it illustrates Gould's absorption in the entire planning problem, English influences, and more recent American designs that placed community buildings (not the company works) at the heart of the town. The result was a naturalistic, enlightened company town plan based in part on the Merrill and Ring precedent. The site itself was almost a mile across. Gould arranged the buildings eastward along a pair of streets parallel to Lake Creek. The streets were perpendicular to the road from the mill and curved along the contours of the ground. Gould grouped the buildings according to function. A cluster of significant structures included the hotel, post office, community building and some supervisors' housing. To the east, toward the lake, were sites for additional supervisors' quarters, bunkhouses and a dining hall.

Gould's planning reflected contemporary English thought about town plans, probably gleaned from his library of books by Raymond Unwin, H. Inigo Triggs and Thomas H. Mawson. "The curve in street planning is not to be avoided," Triggs wrote, "but rather gladly accepted, when the conditions of the site suggest it," as they did at Lake Pleasant, where on the north the land sloped upward from the meander of Lake Creek. Gould's street was a "high" street such as Triggs described, one where "the vista constantly varies" as "features of beauty come into view one after another and form picturesque groups that have a beauty and charm which it does not need an artist to appreciate."

The plaza, a planning element that the Englishmen espoused, identifies the Lake Pleasant plan with other advanced plans of the era that placed their towns' community buildings at the center and banished the mills to their margins. Gould's town shares the spirit of such programs as Bernard Maybeck's for the lumber town of Brookings, Oregon.

The designs for individual buildings were at once charming in their detailing, thrilling in their scale and boldness, and practical in their construction. As with his Bainbridge Island house, "Topsfield," and other structures based on the modular, precut and preassembled post-and-panel system, Gould balanced frugality of design, durability and arrangements that permitted rapid construction by relatively unskilled, inexperienced workers.

The dining hall and recreation building were each 120 feet across, 32 feet to the bottom chord of the trusses, and capped by a glazed lantern. The recreation hall roof peaked 45 feet
above the floor. Gould absorbed and reflected the woodsy ambience of Lake Pleasant in his exterior designs: dog-eared gables, curved dormer windows and, in the industrial buildings, panes of glass set like overlapping shingles.

Lake Pleasant was never built, but Gould continued to complete commissions, including many houses. Though neither the largest nor most elegant house he ever designed, the Jane Terry residence (1919) at 959 Federal Avenue best illustrates his ability to solve perplexing problems posed by site and client's wishes.

The house, now partly hidden behind high hedges and surrounding trees, is “colonial” in feeling and follows the style trends of the late teens in tending toward the Georgian. The most evident Georgian touches are the cartouche in the pediment above the door and the modillions under the eaves. The unusual expanse of tall windows, shallow eaves and gable ends, and exquisite facade proportions bespeak a Gould house. Its layout is traditional Colonial with a center hall, remarkable inside for the same reason it is outside—the functional adaptation of a timeless scheme to contemporary requirements.

The house is the more remarkable, however, for bringing the focus of Gould's creativity and intellect to play in ways that may be appreciated only in the ground plan. The Terry lot, small by the standards of most of Gould's affluent residential clients, lacked an alley in which to maneuver automobiles, delivery trucks or other vehicles. Therefore his client wanted a side driveway leading to a garage and clothes-drying space in the back yard. The remainder of the yard was fully finished, with a reflecting pool and a pergola, as well as seating and a lawn on the living room side of the house.

Gould solved the problem by dividing the back yard, giving 40 percent of it between the rear of the house and lot line to utilitarian uses. He placed the formal elements—the pool and pergola—on the axis with the living room. The strict requirements of Beaux Arts classicism required a subordinate cross axis, such as he had designed for the nearby Fetter house yard at 1051 Galer Street. Had he kept the cross axis, however, its unequal length on either side of the main axis would have emphasized the fact that the axis of the living room, pool and pergola is off the center of the garden area. Yet, he could not align the living room with the true axis of the garden space without moving the house too near the south edge of its lot. Instead, he reinforced the existing axis with parallel rows of flagstones that point in toward the pergola when they reach the rear of the pool—an ingenious solution to a difficult problem.

After 1926, when Bebb & Gould lost their plum commission with the University of Washington, the partners' business declined. Their financial reversal corresponded to the rise nationally of modern design, characterized by sleek exteriors and interior spaces shorn of most traditional decoration. Gould's outstanding essay in modernism is the former Seattle Art Museum, now the Seattle Asian Art Museum, in Volunteer Park.

The commission came to Gould because of his deep involvement in its predecessor organizations, the Seattle Fine Arts Society and the Art Institute of Seattle. Although Richard Fuller's name is closely associated with the museum, in fact it was Gould who revitalized the Fine Arts Society and supervised its transition to the Art Institute in the late 1920s. The wealthy Fuller served as vice-president of the Art Institute under Gould in 1929 and succeeded him in the presidency the following year. Thereafter, Fuller made the Art Institute and its successor Seattle Art Museum the touchstones of his civic life. His 1931 gift made a museum building possible.

Gould's early designs for the museum were traditional. His first sketch (1931) fades below the floor of its great portico without so much as suggesting the tall rank of stairs necessary to an adequate approach and base for his massive structure. The patron who climbed those absent steps might have been giddy, less from the anticipated contemplation of the treasures within than from deprivation of oxygen accompanying a scamper up the steps. The early interiors were equally uninspired. Gould filled them with columns that fragmented spaces and would have distracted viewers while limiting their movement.

Gould's plan for the Lake Pleasant townsite, 1918, looking north.
Gould’s deliverance lay in his flexibility. He was willing to listen to the suggestions of others, and in the case of the Art Museum, there were plenty of people eager to make them. His instructors included Fuller and his family; their friend, the painter Kenneth Callahan; Gould’s brilliant draftsman, Walter Wurdeman; and the renowned museum consultant, Laurence Vail Coleman.

What emerged in 1932 from the welter of suggestions was a beautifully proportioned Art Moderne design: a bowed entry of three portals flanked by long, smooth, windowless walls that end in wings with fluted niches. The exterior reflected the disposition of rooms within. The entrance denoted a large gallery beyond, the smooth flanks suggested the long galleries at either side of the entrance, and the ellipses at either end marked the small gallery spaces behind them.

Gould’s interior design was equally innovative. Picture galleries were traditionally laid out much like Renaissance palaces—a series of rooms through which the viewer moved with no return shortcut to the entry. However, plans provided for a variety of pathways depending on the needs of various exhib.

The museum opened in July 1933 with great fanfare. Policemen were on hand to control a crowd estimated at between 20,000 and 25,000 people who came to see Gould’s jewel set in the green velvet of the park. The setting could scarcely have been more stunning: successive views of Volunteer Park, downtown Seattle, Elliott Bay, Puget Sound, and the soaring Olympic Mountains.

On Independence Day in 1932 Gould wrote his daughter Anne a letter that revealed his pride in the building, his regard for the site, and his love and aspirations for his daughter:

Dick [Fuller] is going to get two huge Chinese camels for the terrace, lying down, and it will be a grand place to see the Olympic mountains from. Some day maybe you will take your young styers up there, and it will be so beautiful you will not mind saying your Dad was the architect, and inside will be all the loveliest things that can be got, and maybe you will become an artist and something of yours will be exhibited there.

Fuller was more restrained but no less telling. “The building,” he wrote, “is a logical expression of contemporary architecture. As testimony to the careful study of the problem, the final cost of the building coincides almost precisely with the amount of the gift.”

Perhaps Gould’s wife, Dorothy Fay Gould, had the last, best word. The museum, she said, was “delicate, like a poem…”

Whether Gould was designing institutional buildings, remote towns, or houses, he hewed to designs best suited to what he had learned at the Beaux Arts—that the “parti” or general scheme… is the first & important thing.” In the Pacific Northwest that meant, among other considerations, letting in light. “Topsfield” and its design siblings, Raitt Hall, the Terry house and the former Seattle Art Museum, hardly appear to have come from the same hand, yet all share shallow overhangs and careful adjustment to their sites. Except for the Art Museum, where skylights substitute for windows, large, glazed wall areas capture natural light. All are painstakingly proportioned, detailed and finished. All of them demonstrate that Gould, a master of diverse styles, adapted his designs to serve the needs of his 20th-century clients.

Is there anything new under the sun? Fifty years since the issuance of this poster during World War II, governmental agencies are still trying to convince commuters to “share the ride.” This poster is one of a group of 24 issued in Seattle and King County, recently acquired by the Society’s Special Collections Division as part of its efforts to collect World War II materials—letters, diaries, posters, photographs and other paper items. The posters depict civilian activities aimed at encouraging the troops, conserving scarce commodities, supporting U.S.O. canteens, and so on. In fact, the Society does not have one of the “V” car stickers pictured on this poster.

If you have World War II related materials you’d like to donate to the Society, please contact the Curator of Special Collections at 206/597-4306.
In April 10, 1896, Vancouver's newspaper, The Columbian, suggested that Vancouver Barracks "resembled a city rather than a military barracks . . ." If indeed Vancouver Barracks did look like a neatly kept, well-managed city, then its famous little community of officers' houses, known as Officers' Row, was its most fashionable neighborhood.

From the late 1870s until the late 1930s Vancouver Barracks' Officers' Row was visited by presidents and ex-presidents of the United States, wealthy industrialists and some of the country's most famous military leaders. Most of these visitors had more than passing interest in the economic growth taking place in the Pacific Northwest. In early October 1879 residents of Officers' Row were busy preparing for the visit of former President Ulysses S. Grant, which took place October 16.

Shortly before 6 P.M. the Lurline, piloting and closely following the St. Paul, approached the government wharf, the artillery under Lt. Cornman, 21st Inf., firing a salute of 21 guns as the steamer landed. The troops from the garrison, five companies of the 21st Inf., with regimental band all under command of Captain Pollack, were drawn up in line of battle on the plain above the wharf while a full two hundred of our citizens with flaming torches formed a line from the troops to the boat. The members of the legislature stood in line on the gang plank. As soon as the steamer was made fast she was boarded by General Howard, accompanied by his staff. General H. A. Morrow and staff, Governor Ferry and territorial officers, Mayor Sohns and the Citizens Committee on Arrangements, were all presented to the distinguished visitor.

The mayor's speech:

General—the humble individual who has the honor of addressing and welcoming you now in behalf of our town, had also the pleasure of landing with you and the old gallant 4th Infantry, 27 years ago at this spot. There is not an individual living who can look back through this space of time with more satisfaction than you . . .

Thus was former President Grant welcomed back to Officers' Row, some 27 years after he first arrived to serve as regimental quartermaster of the 4th Infantry. In the course of Grant's tour of Vancouver Barracks he was able to see firsthand how much the post had changed in over 25 years. While he may still have recognized some of the buildings on Officers' Row, he could not have avoided seeing that the old buildings were beginning to be replaced by better quality homes. Housing for the garrison's officers before the late 1860s and 1870s was anything but luxurious.

The history of Vancouver Barracks and Officers' Row began on or about May 15, 1849, when Companies L and M of the First United States Artillery, under the command of Brevet Major J. S. Hathaway, landed at the Hudson's Bay Company docks at Fort Vancouver. The United States Army came to take possession of the Oregon Territory for the United States government and remained in Vancouver.
Major Hathaway made camp in a spot that had been cleared of trees. This temporary cantonment was called Camp Vancouver. (Camp Vancouver soon became a permanent army post by the name of Columbia Barracks. In 1853 the post's name was changed to Fort Vancouver and to Vancouver Barracks in 1879.) The day after his arrival, Major Hathaway had a tree cleared of its branches. The 13-year-old drummer boy, H. C. Morse, climbed the tree and raised the first United States flag to fly north of the Columbia River. The first occupants of Officers' Row lived in long rows of tents that were later replaced by crude barracks buildings.

Captain Rufus Ingalls, Assistant Quartermaster General for the army's Pacific Division, arrived in Vancouver soon after Hathaway. Ingalls immediately began the planning and construction of a permanent army post on the site where the soldiers were camped. Work on the buildings went slowly because Ingalls could not hire enough men. Finally, he agreed to pay off-duty soldiers an extra dollar a day to do the construction work. The most historically important building constructed at that time was the log structure that was to be the post's headquarters building for a number of years. It also served as living quarters for the fort's commanding officer when the need arose. This building, which was named the Grant House shortly after former President Grant's 1879 visit, is by far the oldest building on Officers' Row. While the Grant House might not seem at all remarkable from a modern perspective, it is special for having survived through the winter rains and summer heat of 144 years. When the Grant House was new, Portland, Oregon, did not yet exist, and Oregon City was the largest town in the vicinity. Probably completed in early 1850, the Grant House was visited by a
large number of the United States Army's most famous officers. Among them were generals Winfield Scott, William S. Harney, Phillip Kearney, William T. Sherman, Phillip Sheridan, George McClellan, George Crook, E. O. C. Ord, O. O. Howard, Thomas Anderson, John Gibbon, Nelson Miles, George Pickett and, of course, U. S. Grant.

Colonel William Wing Loring, commander of the Mounted Rifles regiment, arrived in Vancouver in October 1849. For a brief time Loring was not only the commander of the new Fort Vancouver but also of all United States troops in the entire Oregon Territory. As Fort Vancouver's official commander, Colonel Loring may have been the first officer to live in the Grant House (or post headquarters building).

To the left of the main or south entrance were offices where most of the post's business was done. Beyond the offices were the private quarters of the commander. If a commander brought a wife and/or children with him to Vancouver, they were quartered upstairs.

The Grant House's appearance was altered with the addition of white exterior siding in 1854. This white siding, which cleverly hides the fact that the Grant House is a log cabin-like structure, was added "to lend gentility and make the commanding officer's home appear more like an officer's home at an eastern barracks." It seems that even then officers may have been self-conscious about the appearance and the livability of the housing along Officers' Row.

With the departure of Colonel Loring's regiment of Mounted Rifles, troops from the 4th United States Infantry were sent by ship from New York to San Francisco and eventually on to Vancouver to staff the fort. The regimental quartermaster for the 4th Infantry was Brevet Captain U. S. Grant. Sam Grant, as some of his friends called him, had a very rough trip to the Pacific Coast.

Grant arrived at Columbia Barracks aboard the steamship Columbia on September 20, 1852. It was his very good fortune to find his old friend and West Point classmate, Captain Rufus Ingalls, still at Columbia Barracks. Ingalls immediately arranged for his friend to move into the comfortable two-story house he shared with another officer.

Historians differ widely in their interpretations of Ulysses S. Grant's 15-month stay at Columbia Barracks. Some contend he was extremely unhappy during his time in the Pacific Northwest, while others claim he wanted to settle permanently in Vancouver. If Grant was indeed unhappy at Columbia Barracks, most of his unhappiness was caused by the separation from his family and not by a dislike for his surroundings or his companions at the post.

The opportunity to find out whether Grant would have settled permanently in the Pacific Northwest was lost when all his business ventures in the region failed to raise the money he would have used to bring his family west.

The large two-story house he shared with Rufus Ingalls was comfortable, to say the least. Grant himself wrote, "The house I am living in is probably the best one in Oregon." He described it as being a tall house having porches, upstairs and down, on three sides. He also said these porches kept a person from missing the splendid view. Indeed, the house probably had a picturesque view of the Columbia River and, on a clear day, even Mount Hood.

Captain Grant probably took part in many a friendly gathering at the headquarters building that now bears his name. Officers frequently gathered in the Grant House's formal parlor to play cards and smoke. It is not hard to visualize U. S. Grant adding his pipe or cigar smoke to that which filled the room. After a brief tour of duty, Grant left the Army and returned to his home back East, not to revisit Vancouver Barracks until 1879.

Before the Civil War began, Colonel George Wright commanded the Army's Department of Oregon from his headquarters at Fort Vancouver. He was so good at making do with only a few soldiers and very little equipment that he was made a brigadier general of volunteers and put in
charge of the whole Pacific Division. With all the United States Army's resources going to the war effort back East, Wright had no means to improve housing on the Row. It was 1867 before the Army built two new houses on Officers' Row.

The second oldest houses on Officers' Row are also the two smallest (situated on the northeast corner of Evergreen Boulevard and Fort Vancouver Way). They were built in 1867. Architecturally, the two are the simplest and least ornamental of all the houses on the Row. The main portion of both houses is rectangular in shape, and each has a sloping gabled roof as well as a service entrance in the rear. There is a veranda-style porch across the front of each, and a smaller porch extends out from the side. These are the only single-chimney dwellings on Officers' Row. Smoke from several connecting fireplaces is released through each house's central chimney. The only difference between the two houses is that one has a railing all the way around the roof of the porches. This railing was added purely for decoration and is the only purely decorative addition visible in these two houses. Both are considered to be of the Classical style of architecture.

Despite the fact that these two houses are considered the plainest, smallest and most ordinary-looking houses on Officers' Row, they must have been considered the best available quarters when new. Many officers of the post-Civil War United States Army lived in much less comfortable quarters.

One can easily imagine how grand the accommodations on Officers' Row looked to any of the officers who may have stayed at Fort Vancouver during the late 1860s. Even bunking in the drafty log barracks might have seemed more comfortable than sleeping in tents or out in the open night after night during the

Captain
[U. S.] Grant probably took part in many a friendly gathering at the headquarters building that now bears his name.

Some of the meticulously refurbished houses on Officers' Row now contain office units for business use. Others, such as this large structure, function as residential dwellings.
BUILT IN 1886, the spacious Marshall House was named for General George C. Marshall, who occupied the home in the mid 1930s. The building is now open for public tours, business meetings and private receptions.

The January 1, 1879, issue of the Vancouver Independent newspaper declared, “General Howard’s new house, which is undoubtedly the finest dwelling north of the Columbia River, is about ready to be occupied.” General Howard’s new house was built at Vancouver Barracks as a home for the commander of the Department of the Columbia.

General Howard was anxious that his departmental headquarters be at the same post where the bulk of his troops were stationed. This meant moving the headquarters of the Department of the Columbia from Portland, Oregon, to Vancouver. However, General Howard, a war hero, would not move to Vancouver unless the army built a suitable house for him at Vancouver Barracks. In 1878 the army apparently agreed with his plan to move his headquarters. Construction of a new home for the department commander caused quite a flurry of activity at Vancouver Barracks during the latter part of the year.

Howard’s new house was a very stylish two-story house with spacious rooms. The house was much more luxurious than the houses of most high-ranking officers. After former President and Mrs. Grant’s triumphant arrival at Vancouver on the night of October 16, 1879, they were given a splendid reception in this very house. A year later, President and Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes and Will-
iam T. Sherman were guests in General Howard's home. President Hayes was the first incumbent president to visit the West Coast and the first of four incumbent presidents—including Taft, Harding and Franklin Roosevelt—to visit Vancouver.

The architectural history of this particular house is something of a mystery. Many changes and/or additions were made during the time it served as the noncommissioned officers' club. These changes have tended to obscure its original style, which was most likely Classical.

The Howard House later became the home of Vancouver Barracks' long-time commander, Colonel Thomas M. Anderson. Under Anderson's command, Officers' Row became a fashionable and socially active community. Colonel Anderson, who became the first United States Army general to command troops in the Philippine War, seems to have been as comfortable functioning in Vancouver society as he was commanding his troops in the field.

Anderson continued the practice of encouraging the officers and enlisted men of Vancouver Barracks to become involved in local cultural activities. He also continued an established tradition of holding Sunday afternoon concerts at the post's bandstand. In fact, these concerts were attended by a large number of civilians who came regularly to hear the 14th Infantry Band play. By the late 1870s a number of officers from Vancouver Barracks became involved in amateur theatricals, public speaking engagements and concerts.

Important visitors from the worlds of politics and big business descended on the Pacific Northwest in the 1880s and early 1890s. A number of these prominent guests stopped at Vancouver Barracks while in the area. Partly because of this, the army decided it was time to replace the old officers' housing at Vancouver Barracks with new, livable, and even fashionable housing. These new houses were built in a variety of architectural styles, including Folk Victorian, Second Empire, Neoclassical and Queen Anne.

The importance of Vancouver Barracks as a headquarters from which to explore and exploit the Pacific Northwest was made apparent when a budget-conscious United States Army built a spacious 8,236-square-foot home for the commander of the Department of the Columbia. Finished in 1886, what is now called the Marshall House was the most fashionable home on Officers' Row. Built in the ornate Queen Anne style of architecture, it has irregularly sized sections or wings covered by a large, sloping, cone-shaped roof. The roof is supported by columns somewhat like the Doric columns of ancient Greece. The house also features a turret-like windowed column at one corner.

The Marshall House was named after its most famous occupant, General George C. Marshall. During his Vancouver Barracks stay General Marshall entertained his share of important visitors. Among the most historically significant were three weary Soviet fliers who, by landing in Vancouver on June 20, 1937, completed the first transpolar flight. Realizing how exhausted these men were after 63 hours of non-stop flying, The general whisked them away to comfortable rooms at the Marshall House.

During World War II, military activity at Vancouver Barracks slowed almost to a stop and Officers' Row became practically deserted. Subsequently, the army turned over the houses to another government agency. The once-proud little community was no longer important. Sadly, the Row's 21 houses suffered from neglect and outright abuse for many years.

In recent years the people of Vancouver took on the task of renovating Officers' Row. With aid from Clark County citizens and of the State of Washington, the City of Vancouver remodeled the desperately run-down structures. This ten-million-dollar restoration project will help ensure that the historical contribution made by Vancouver Barracks and its Officers' Row will not be forgotten.

James R. Wagner is an author and researcher from Ridgefield, Washington. Jessica Walden, a native Washingtonian, is a writer and co-publisher of the regional cue sports newspaper, Cue Ball Gazette.
Katalla, the Coming Metropolis of Alaska, Where the Rails Meet the Sails. The 1906 Katalla Herald proclaimed a bright future for the booming port 50 miles southeast of Cordova. Four years later, trust-busting journalists destroyed the fledgling city when Collier's Weekly led an army of preservationists to battle the “Guggenmorgan” monster in its Katalla stronghold.

Katalla’s notoriety began in 1902 when Clarence Cunningham, an Idaho prospector, snow-shoed 60 miles into mountains east of the Copper River delta to the site of recent coal discoveries. Knowing that he needed money to develop a mine in this remote area, Cunningham persuaded 33 investors to file claims with him. They paid their $10-per-acre filing fees, did the prove-up work and waited.

Cunningham was still waiting for patents to the land when Congress passed the Coal Law of 1904, which contained the new provision that no more than four 160-acre claims could be combined for a mine. To conform to the law, each member of Cunningham’s group signed an affidavit that he had filed “in good faith, for his own benefit and not directly or indirectly, in whole or in part, on behalf of any person or persons whomsoever.”

Katalla soon became the trade center for 900 claims in the Bering River coal field. The Alaska Syndicate, formed in 1906 by the Guggenheim brothers and J. P. Morgan, started to build a railroad from Katalla to copper claims in the Wrangell Mountains, and planned to process the copper in Alaska with Bering River coal.

In 1906, when Katalla’s future looked the brightest, President Theodore Roosevelt withdrew all potential coal lands in Alaska. Katalla residents blamed eastern coal producers. They did not realize that the Bering River coal field was a pawn in other power struggles.

Alaska port cities were competing for railroads. The Guggenheims initially planned to start their right-of-way at
Valdez, but that route did not provide access to any coal. When the Alaska Syndicate decided to use Katalla as its port, angry Valdez residents suggested to the Federal Land Office that some of the coal claimants were not abiding by all the restrictions of the 1904 Coal Law.

Meanwhile, in Washington, D. C., Gifford Pinchot, a wealthy Easterner in charge of the Department of Agriculture's national forests, together with Interior Secretary James Garfield, convinced Roosevelt to add millions of acres of western land to the federal government's holdings. Without seeing the area, they placed the nearly treeless Bering River coal field in the Chugach National Forest. Pinchot favored leasing coal lands to provide revenue for the Forest Service. However, prior claims, like those of the Cunningham group, were still valid unless proven fraudulent. To show fraud, investigators needed proof that the intent to combine more than four claims preceded filing. Entrymen could combine patented land for development.

Clarence Cunningham thought he would finally get the patents in 1907 when Roosevelt appointed Richard Ballinger, a former Seattle mayor, to head the federal Land Office, so he offered the Alaska Syndicate an option to buy a half-interest in the 33 patents—a small portion of the total Bering River coal field. Trust-busting journalists found out about Cunningham's potential deal with the syndicate and began a campaign to convince the nation that the Cunnings were trying to control the natural resources of Alaska.

Ballinger initially cleared the Cunningham claims for patents on the basis of a report by Special Agent Love. But when another investigator, Louis R. Glavis, objected and requested more time to study the case, Ballinger withdrew his approval.

Cunningham had shown an early journal to Glavis in an effort to prove that he was not working for the Alaska Syndicate. Glavis took the journal and copied an entry, made a year prior to the Coal Law of 1904, that mentioned a verbal agreement among the claimants to form a company for developing mines and marketing coal. Meanwhile, severe autumn storms battered Katalla, causing the syndicate to move the railroad terminus to the sheltered harbor at Cordova. Daniel Guggenheim announced that he would not consider building a spur to Katalla unless the government allowed access to the Bering River coal.

After a year as head of the Land Office, Ballinger realized that he could not support Roosevelt's preservation policies. He resigned in 1908 and resumed his private law practice in Seattle. Cunningham, concerned about his 1903 journal entry, consulted Ballinger for legal advice. Ballinger, not anticipating further government service, helped Cunningham prepare a statement to the effect that his investors had abandoned plans to combine claims after they knew provisions of the 1904 Coal Law.

Ballinger was soon involved again with the Bering River coal claims in an official capacity because the new president, William Howard Taft, appointed him secretary of the Department of the Interior. Cunningham and his associates hoped Ballinger would soon approve their claims. On August 23, 1909, a group of them sailed for Katalla on the S.S. Ohio. Shortly after midnight on August 27 the ship hit a submerged rock in Finlayson Channel, 650 miles north of Seattle. Several passengers, including Cunningham and Michael J. Heney, contractor for the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad, had to dive in and swim a half-mile to shore as the ship sank.

The shipwreck interfered with work in the coal fields that summer, but some of the frustrated coal claimants continued to appeal to Interior Secretary Ballinger to resolve the five-year stalemate. Because of his previous contact with Cunningham, Ballinger turned the case over to Assistant Secretary Pierce, who ordered Glavis to complete his investigation. Glavis again insisted that he needed more time, but his superior, H. H. Schwartz, deemed further delay unnecessary.
and removed Glavis from the case. Glavis still wanted to prove the Cunningham claims fraudulent, so he complained to Pinchot in the Agriculture Department.

The appointment of Ballinger instead of Garfield as interior secretary had angered Pinchot, who was convinced that Ballinger, "like nearly all western lawyers of his day, believed in turning all public resources as freely and rapidly as possible over to private ownership."

The Cunningham coal claims soon became the focus of attention in the power struggles between Pinchot and Ballinger, the Department of Agriculture and the Department of the Interior; between preservation and development, East and West; and between factions within the Republican Party.

Hoping to get Ballinger dismissed from the cabinet, Pinchot sent Glavis to tell his story to President Taft. Taft, however, supported Ballinger and wrote a letter telling Ballinger to dismiss Glavis for "unjustly impeaching the official integrity of his superior officers."

On November 13, 1909, Collier's Weekly printed the Glavis story on its front page under the headline, "The Whitewashing of Ballinger; Are the Guggenheims in Charge of the Interior Department?" Two of Pinchot's assistants helped Glavis prepare the article. Pinchot then disregarded Taft's order not to contact congressmen regarding the Glavis story. Taft fired the popular preservationist after Senator Jonathan Dolliver read to the Senate a letter from Pinchot.

Congress voted to investigate both the Interior and Agriculture departments. While the hearings were going on in 1910, Collier's Weekly ran articles with inflammatory headlines, like "Ballinger—Shyster." Cartoonists depicted the Guggenheims as monsters, Ballinger as a wolf and Pinchot as a noble sheep dog defending the nation's flock.

Alaska's delegate to Congress, James Wickersham, seeing an opportunity to promote home rule, joined the anti-Guggenheim forces, arguing that Alaska needed its own legislature to fight domination by the Alaska Syndicate. In presenting his case, he greatly exaggerated the holdings and influence of the Guggenheims. The congressional committee absolved Ballinger of guilt, but recommended that coal lands be leased rather than sold for private ownership.

Ballinger resigned from his cabinet post in 1911, his health, finances and reputation destroyed. Years later Harold L. Ickes, interior secretary under President Franklin Roosevelt, reviewed the Pinchot-Ballinger hearings and
concluded that Ballinger was the victim of a "despicable conspiracy." Ickes paid tribute to the memory of Ballinger, who died in 1922, by writing an article for the Saturday Evening Post entitled "Not Guilty! Richard A. Ballinger—An American Dreyfus."

Taft replaced Ballinger with a preservationist, Walter Fisher, who immediately cancelled the Cunningham claims and denied an appeal three years later. Cunningham finally gave up after ten years of controversy, during which he and his investors bore the expense of attending hearings all over the United States and working the claims each year. Disillusioned with United States laws, Cunningham renounced his citizenship and moved to British Columbia, where he developed prosperous lead, zinc and silver mines.

During the next two years courts indicted many coal claimants for fraud and sent some to prison. The Land Office altered regulations and cancelled other claims without refunding filing fees. The Copper River and Northwestern Railroad, completed to the Kennecott mines in 1911, had to burn expensive imported coal. The citizens of Cordova protested publicly on May 13, 1911, by dumping a load of Canadian coal into the harbor.

The negative publicity during the Pinchot-Ballinger hearings doomed the Taft administration. Preservationists persuaded Theodore Roosevelt to run for president in 1912 on the Bull Moose ticket, so splitting the Republican Party that Woodrow Wilson was elected.

In 1919 the federal government finally developed regulations for leasing Alaska coal land, but the window of opportunity for Katalla had closed. The Alaska Syndicate was no longer willing to build a railroad spur to the Bering River coal field, and the federal government had other plans.

The government did concede that Alaska needed a railroad link to its interior. As a final act of his presidency, Taft created the Alaska Railroad Commission, which recommended both extending the Copper River and Northwestern to the Tanana River, and building a railroad from Seward to Fairbanks. The Alaska Syndicate offered to sell the Copper River and Northwestern. An observer in 1915 estimated that the government could have bought it for as little as $8,000,000 at a time when an extension to Fairbanks would have cost $13,000,000. Interior Secretary Lane favored the purchase, but President Wilson declined because he feared adverse public reaction to any deal involving the notorious Guggenheims. The government eventually spent over $70,000,000 to build the Alaska Railroad from Seward to Fairbanks, although that railroad was longer and had less industrial potential than the Copper River route.

The Alaska Syndicate disavowed further interest in coal and concentrated on extracting copper ore. Guggenheim money left Alaska with the high-grade ore. The Kennecott Company closed both mine and railroad in 1938 because shipping less valuable ore to Tacoma for processing was not profitable. Alaska lost a leading tourist attraction when the railroad closed.

Bering River coal, which could have fueled the future in 1910, is worthless in 1994. With a different turn of events, Katalla might have been the "Pittsburgh of Alaska." Today it is just another ghost town.

A retired physician, Elizabeth A. Tower found a second career as a researcher and writer of Alaska history. She is author of Mining, Media, Movies: Cap Lathrop's Keys for Alaska's Riches (1991).
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Lizzie Ordway

Donna Bergman's article, "She Dared to Be Different," in the Summer 1994 issue of Columbia, unfortunately is not exact as to some facts.

Lizzie was not the only Mercer Girl to remain unmarried. Josie Pearson died unmarried on Whidbey Island, and another of the original young women, Ann Murphy, returned to the East, unmarried.

Lizzie was not appointed to be the Kitsap County Superintendent of Schools, she was elected after a spirited campaign against a male opponent. She was reelected in several successive campaigns. It almost certainly is not correct that she simultaneously served as Port Madison teacher and county superintendent. Her election to public office was the first such achievement by a woman in Kitsap County and quite possibly the state.

Bergman states that Lizzie was "disinterested" in clothes, but in fact she had an active social life in Seattle, attending masked balls where she appeared in elaborate costumes such as those worn by ladies in the courts of Louis XVI and in other ball gowns.

Bergman quotes the late Bill Spiedel to say that Lizzie as "unattractive." Spiedel had very little complimentary to say about anyone, except Doc Maynard, and had an especially jaundiced view of almost everything in Kitsap County, so he was a poor choice as an authority on Lizzie's appearance. A better source might have been the words of one of her pupils at Port Gamble, who in later years wrote that Lizzie was "very small, like a bit of Dresden china, and always beautifully dressed. She made you think of lavender and old lace."

Finally Bergman (or Columbia) listed in its Additional Reading column the book "Port Madison: Washington Territory, 1854-1889," but misspelled the author's name as "Trudi" Perry; in fact the author is Fredi Perry, author of several other historical books.

Continued on page 44

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

The Other Washington


Fortress without Guns

Round the World with Citizen Train


Walla Walla Sweets


Carl F. Gould


Officers' Row


Katalla


Continued from page 43

Had Bergman read Perry's book carefully, or consulted other books of Kitsap County history, she might have gathered a good many other tidbits for her article, to wit:

Lizzie smoked cigars, went rowing in a boat by herself, and went to San Francisco to meet Susan B. Anthony, and possibly invited her to visit Seattle. She championed a woman suffrage bill in the state legislature.

At one point during her Washington residence she returned to Lowell, Massachusetts, and then came back to Kitsap County. She also lived for a while in San Francisco. She "survived" as a teacher in regard of school after Lizzie flicked her nose.

My research indicated that Lizzie was nominated to represent our county in Statuary Hall in the nation's capitol.

Nor do I consider myself a "Washingtonian," even though its prosperity is tied to the circulation it enjoys in the Capital City's Virginia and Maryland suburbs. Those suburbanites also consider themselves Washingtonians and buy the magazine without reflecting that the name really doesn't embrace them. Nevertheless, in spite of its wide currency on the Eastern Seaboard, for a reason that will appear shortly, Washington, D.C., and its parochial derivative, "Washingtonian," are flawed references to the Capital City on the Potomac River. So, it is there to be grabbed, if Washington State wants it.

Now living in Washington, the state in which I was born and reared, and liking it, I tell friends that I used to live in "the other Washington." When revisiting my old haunts, it is easy to say that I now live in "the other Washington." No one asks in either place whether I still consider myself a "Washingtonian."

Now about the flawed designation: Washington was created as the Capital City, one of three cities occupying a portion of the original District of Columbia when it was laid out in the 1790s, ten miles square astride the Potomac River, two-thirds from Maryland and one-third from Virginia. The other two cities in the federal district, Alexandria, and Georgetown, already existed. Alexandria was returned to Virginia in 1846 and quickly resumed its previous identity as part of the Old Dominion. Washington, D.C., and Georgetown, D.C., the Maryland side of the river, were the official names of two municipalities within the District of Columbia in the remaining part of the federal district called Washington County for just another quarter century. They lost their city charters in 1871 and their official names when the District of Columbia assumed all governmental functions, subject to a watchful Congress. Washington County also ceased to exist at that time. As the capital city grew, it filled the District of Columbia and, after World War II, engulfed the surrounding Virginia and Maryland suburbs.

AUTHOR'S REPLY:

Mr. Osborne takes issue with how many of the Mercer Girls married. I did mention in the article that Josie Pearson died; I was also aware of Ann Murphy. Since Ms. Pearson died and Ms. Murphy left, I did not feel it necessary to qualify my statement, "unlike the other Mercer Girls, Ordway did not marry." I apologize for not making this clear.

Also of concern to Mr. Osborne is my use of the word "appointed" rather than "elected" to the position of Kitsap Superintendent of Schools.

I quote from my research source, Bainbridge Island in Battened Buildings and Dipper Days, by Zoe M. Beal (1960), page 25: "In 1855, the county commissioner ordered that Miss Ordway be and is appointed county superintendent for the ensuing two years, or until her successor shall be selected or appointed."

Although Mr. Osborne disagrees, another passage in the Beal book, also on page 25, states that Lizzie did hold down two jobs at the same time: "Simultaneously with her official duties, she [Lizzie] taught at Port Madison beginning 1886 until 1889."

Finally, I come to the matter which most concerns me. Mr. Osborne feels that, had I read the Perry book, I would have done a better job on the article. The Perry book did exist, however, when I did my research in 1986-87, nor when I wrote and marketed the story in 1988-89. Apparently self-published, it did not come out until some time in 1989.

To, Not Through

Donna Bergman's very interesting article on Lizzie Ordway was marred by a careless caption: "They traveled by steamer through the Isthmus of Panama... To do so in 1864, which was some 50 years before the Panama Canal was opened for transit, was, indeed, quite a feat!"

Father John Scott, OSB

Lucy

What's In a Name?

David Nicandro, director of the Washington State Historical Society, asserts in his History Commentary in the Summer 1994 issue of Columbia that the name Washington is "a burdensome appellation" for the state that occupies the northwest corner of the United States. Nicandro said the name "does not resonate with the spirit of western locale," thereby diminishing the state's sense of place in the American West. Moreover, it lacks indigenous flavor.

True, as Nicandro points out, a common usage, "Pacific Northwest," carries place identification, particularly for one who has lived in the nation's capital for 43 years before relocating to Tacoma ten years ago. But it also can be claimed by residents of Oregon and even Idaho. One remedy, of course, would be to change the state's name to something more akin to the Northwest, such as Columbia, after the river, or Tacoma, Seattle or Spokane, city names derived from Indian sources. Nicandro wisely did not offer any one of these choices. Even modest proposals to eliminate duplicating street names to improve mail delivery often garner more boos than applause.

As an immigrant to the state of Washington, I encounter no problem separating Washington from Oregon. During the decades in the District of Columbia, I considered myself a "Washingtonian," and didn't lose sleep over the likelihood that many residents of the Pacific Northwest also so considered themselves just as residents of Oregon type-cast themselves as Oregonians. The nameplate of a Capital City magazine is "Washingtonian," even though its prosperity is tied to the circulation it enjoys in the Capital City's Virginia and Maryland suburbs. Those suburbanites also consider themselves Washingtonians and buy the magazine without reflecting that the name really doesn't embrace them. Nevertheless, in spite of its wide currency on the Eastern Seaboard, for a reason that will appear shortly, Washington, D.C., and its parochial derivative, "Washingtonian," are flawed references to the Capital City on the Potomac River.
The “Washington, D.C.” name persists unofficially and as a recognized postal address and a much used newspaper dateline. Georgetown survives today as a posh gentrified neighborhood in the District of Columbia, but no longer even an official postal address or newspaper dateline. Letters with the right zip code, 20007, will be delivered sooner or later, however. In erasing the “Washington” as names of city and county, Congress was not turning its back on the Founding Father. Rather, it took the unusual action of “sunsetting” the unneeded lesser governmental entities bearing his name.

Identification of the District of Columbia with George Washington persists in its official flag, adapted from the Washington family coat of arms. Recently a short District of Columbia street was renamed Washington Avenue, a belated recognition of the state, not the president. Thank the state’s congressional delegation for that achievement. There is no Pacific Northwest Avenue in the capital.

Officially, the name of the town is “District of Columbia.” Local residents not employed by the federal government like to call it Dee Cee. The Washington Post, in local stories, calls it “the District.” A proposed charter to make the District of Columbia a state uses the name, “New Columbia” to separate it from the unloved colonial District of Columbia.

Until recently, the capital’s historical society called itself the Columbia Historical Society, more than a tip of the hat to the “C” in D.C. than to Christopher. Lately it styles itself Historical Society of Washington, D.C., and names its distinguished quarterly “Washington History.” If that carries with it the potential of confusion, don’t be dismayed. Although the official title of the state historical society is “Washington State Historical Society,” its distinguished quarterly proudly calls itself Columbia, “the Magazine of Northwest History,” for the river, of course. The river was named by Robert Gray in 1792 for a ship about the same time as Washington, D.C., was being named.

No doubt the ship, like the District of Columbia, got its name from the explorer who missed out on getting map credit for discovery of what we now call the Americas. Reportedly, the territory and hence the state might have been called Columbia rather than Washington, but for the existence of the District of Columbia. Although “Columbia” remains on reserve in the East, it could be snatched if a western grass-roots demand for it should emerge.

Roll on, Columbia.

![Image of a river and mountains with text overlay:](columbia.png)

**Commentary Comment**

I truly enjoyed the History Commentary in the Summer 1994 Columbia. It explains to me why, as a Seattle native, I had a strange sense that Oregonians were more “of the West” than I was. Nice insights. Thanks.

Len Braasrud
LaConner

**Harry Tracy**

Although I am perhaps unqualified to judge historical scholarship, I was of the opinion that the best footnoted, most fact based reference on Harry Tracy was Jim Dullenty’s book Harry Tracy: The Last Desperado (Kendall/Hunt Publishing Co., 1989). I have relied heavily on that work for the annual talk I give at Woodard Bay on the anniversary of Tracy’s visit to Henderson Inlet in Thurston County. I was surprised, therefore, that it was not listed as a reference by Sidney Berland (“Harry Tracy,” Columbia, Summer 1994) or at least brought up to be shot down where the two authors differ. Dullenty, for example, puts Tracy’s birthplace at or near Pittsville, Wisconsin, a possibility not even mentioned by Berland. Dullenty also unequivocally states that Tracy was not married to Merrill’s sister, that, indeed, Merrill had no sister named Molly.

Gina M. Blum
Olympia

**In insightful commentary in the Summer 1994 Columbia.**

I was also glad to read the piece on the Cowitz. We just approved (at the State Board on Geographic Names) the naming of Lake Schanewa. It was good to have more background and information to support that choice.

Putnam Barber
Seattle

**Author’s Reply:** My article on Harry Tracy was copyrighted 1992. I was unaware that a book on that subject had been published as recently as 1989.

The source of the information that Tracy had been married to Merrill’s sister is the Sunday Oregonian Magazine, August 23, 1936, page 9. There was no reason to doubt that item. By denying it, Dullenty must also have heard the claim. Why did he deny it?

You may be interested to learn that Lloyd Jones maintained that Tracy was married to two women simultaneously, that they were as fond of each other as they were of Tracy, and that both accompanied Tracy during much of his flight from the Oregon Penitentiary. Neither of them was alleged to be Merrill’s sister.

Since Tracy’s wedlock was so much up for grabs by diverse writers, why should not his birthplace also have been?

I had hoped that readers of the Tracy article would recognize that I was as much interested in the diverse opinions about Tracy as I was in the man’s character and conduct.
Indian Slavery in the Pacific Northwest


Reviewed by Sean D. Albright.

It is a little known fact that slavery was a prominent social feature among North American Indians. At its height in the Pacific Northwest perhaps a quarter of the Indian population lived in bondage. Authors Robert Ruby and John Brown have written the first book-length treatment of the subject, and they expertly address the peculiar institution.

The most difficult task faced by the authors was the paucity of Indian accounts on slavery. In his forward, Jay Miller of the Newberry Library states, "We have no accounts by the slaves themselves, and only occasional mention of them in the native oral tradition." The only contemporary descriptions of Indian slavery come from Euro-American explorers, traders and missionaries who, time has shown, can be biased. The institution was mostly defunct by the time modern anthropologists such as Franz Boas began to document it in the last decades of the 19th century.

What the available sources do reveal is that slavery was most abundant on the Pacific Coast above Vancouver Island. Slaves played a pivotal role in the potlatch, that unique event that measured a person's social status by how much he could afford to destroy or bestow. Since slaves were the most valuable possessions a person could own, they figured prominently in these ritualistic giveaway ceremonies. Along the Washington and Oregon coasts slaves were less important for their status-conferring properties than for their value as trade items. The Chinooks at the mouth of the Columbia River dominated the flow of slaves from the interior, including the Willamette Valley. East of the Cascades slavery was less important still. While nature's abundance allowed for leisure and a stratification of society on the coast, nature's harshness east of the mountains demanded a more egalitarian society where slaves proved to be a hindrance to a transient lifestyle.

There are few universals that can be made about slavery in the Pacific Northwest since reasons for enslavement and treatment of slaves varied widely from tribe to tribe. In some cases slaves were adopted into their owner's families and treated quite humanely. In other cases slaves were abused to the point that George Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company considered them the most unfortunate wretches in existence. The only constants in the Northwest are that slaves were a vital cog in the Indian economy, that the institution reached its zenith with the introduction of Euro-American wares by fur traders, and that slavery, along with most of the traditional native economy and culture, was smothered by the mid-19th century. Ultimately, loss of population, loss of traditional ways to acquire wealth by the introduction of a capitalist economy, and prohibitions against making war on neighboring tribes doomed slavery to a lingering death in the second half of the 19th century. We may never completely understand the practice, but the work of Ruby and Brown, utilizing as it does 403 sources, is the most comprehensive rendering yet offered.

Sean Albright is an independent historian with a graduate degree in public history from Eastern Washington University.

The Centralia Tragedy of 1919

Elmer Smith and the Wobblies


Reviewed by James G. Newbill.

This story of the 1919 Centralia conflict is familiar to many. During the Armistice Day parade three young, unarmed World War I veterans were killed by the guns of local members of the Industrial Workers of the World reacting to the Legionnaires' attack on IWW headquarters. In the wild action that followed, one more veteran was shot and one of the Wobblies was caught and hanged by the pursuing mob. Several of the Wobblies were tried and convicted of either second- or third-degree murder. As a result, they spent over a decade in the Walla Walla penitentiary. No charges were ever brought in the lynching of the Wobbly. This famous incident has been told many times and from different perspectives—by IWW propagandists, by supporters of the veterans and, more recently, by less biased scholars. Of this last group, the best description is John McClelland's 1987 Wobbly War: The Centralia Story. That said, does Copeland's account add anything of significance to the story?

Yes, it does. Although Copeland, like McClelland, occasionally oversimplifies the conflict into a drama between the Wobblies, seen as martyrs, and the Centralians, viewed as lawless bigots, he generally presents a balanced picture. This balance, when added to his interesting central figure, Elmer Smith, the lawyer who consistently and ardently defended the IWW, makes his book an important addition to the history of the era. Copeland's discussion of the criminal syndicalism laws of Washington and other states and the Farmer-Labor Party in the 1920s gives a wider perspective that many of the earlier accounts lack.

The Centralia Tragedy is a good recounting of the Centralia community's frustrations, the persecution of the Wobblies, and the dedicated work of IWW defender, Elmer Smith. Copeland's clear writing style makes his book an excellent addition to undergraduate and public libraries.

Professor James Newbill teaches history at Yakima Valley Community College. He is widely published and a past reviewer for this journal.
During the early 1960s Edward R. Murrow exposed the bleak reality of the lives of migrant farm workers in a television documentary called the "Harvest of Shame." The story is still reenacted every year as thousands of families leave their homes in Texas to work in the fruit, asparagus and sweet onion fields around Boardman and Milton-Freewater in Oregon and Pasco and Walla Walla in Washington. In December 1990 the Walla Walla Union-Bulletin approached Texas-based journalist Isabel Valle about living with a migrant family and working with them throughout the year. Her resulting articles in the Bulletin won an award in 1992 from the Associated Press Managing Editors Association and are collected here in Fields of Toil.

Although the text of this volume is often repetitive, it is, nonetheless, very informative. Having lived in Walla Walla for three years as a professor, I was totally unaware of this sizable segment of population until I read this book. It truly was and is a tale of two cities. In detailing the workload, health and living conditions, as well as the life-style of the extended family of Raul and Maria Elena Martinez, Isabel Valle and the Washington State University Press should be congratulated. If the work does not quite approach the poetic style of James Agee nor the photographs quite capture the stark realism of Walker Evans, there is still much in the work that will remind the reader of Let Us Now Praise Famous Men (1939).

Raul and Maria Elena Martinez emerge as a hard working, family-oriented Christian couple. Their is a story of survival against the odds, a story that reflects the work ethic and aspirations long lost to many of their fellow Americans. Maria Elena Martinez's expectations for her large family remain rooted in a hope that her husband and her children will eventually get permanent jobs that pay at least six dollars an hour and be able to stay in Texas.

Education, an avenue of escape for many blue collar children, remains a major problem for the migrant families. Valle reports that 86 percent of children from such migrant families in Washington do not graduate from high school.

In her conclusion, Valle asks whether education of the workers is enough to effect real change. The one area where education is most necessary, she rightly concludes, is in the prevailing attitude of the general American population towards the migrant field workers. The stigma attached to the words "migrant worker" continues to be a necessary beginning to balancing our understanding of the migrant worker's life.

This co-published book presents the experiences of 45 Scandinavian immigrants who migrated to the Pacific Northwest during the first three decades of the 20th century. The volume contains edited oral histories, grouped thematically under five general topics: homeland, new land, work, family and tradition.

To impart a sense of the grand adventure undertaken by these immigrants, Rasmussen uses information from recollected lives that, in her estimation, typifies the randomness, excitement and challenges confronting those who left the Old World to start over in a strange land. The transcribed interviews she has chosen are rich in the detail of lives undergoing rapid, dramatic cultural change.

Readers, however, should approach the volume with a clear understanding of its intended purpose: New Land, New Lives was written to highlight material found in the oral history archive that is part of the Robert A. L. Mortvedt Library's Scandinavian Experience Collection at Pacific Lutheran University. It is neither the narrative history nor the systematic analysis of Scandinavian immigration to the Pacific Northwest that its title might suggest.

Rasmussen's effort is commendable, nonetheless. She provides a fine sampling of the many valuable offerings that oral history and oral history collections make available to scholars, genealogists and informed general readers. Notwithstanding her introductory caveats that the interviews were heavily edited and that sentences were freely moved around, combined or omitted, her conclusion is on the mark: "They [the stories] are a unique source of sociocultural and historical information. In particular, they highlight the human experiences and values that make up the immigrant legacy from the 'top of Europe.'"

New Land, New Lives must certainly be considered an important addition to a body of literature that seeks to lend meaning, dignity and a sense of vitality to a rapidly disappearing and nearly forgotten generation of Scandinavian-Americans. At the same time, the book preserves many important historical details that might otherwise have been lost. Finally, it is a compelling invitation to examine the treasures to be found in Pacific Lutheran University's Scandinavian Experience Collection.

Dr. Fred C. Bohm is director of the Michigan State University Press and co-author of Norse to the Palouse: Saga of the Selbu Norwegians (1990).
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