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COVER: Facing a row of sturdy twin-of-century brick warehouse buildings on Pacific Avenue and a bustling Union Station across an outdoor amphitheater, the new home of the Washington State Historical Society takes its place as a prominent feature of Tacoma's cityscape. The recently completed Washington State History Museum prepares to open its doors unto a new century of public service with a grand opening celebration the weekend of August 10-11, 1996.
It’s a Miracle!

Do you believe in miracles? Well, the new Washington State History Museum constitutes one. So many aspects of this project seem surprising in retrospect and yet all the more satisfying in the end. For example, little in the history of the Washington State Historical Society could serve as prologue for what eventuated. As late as 1986, at the conclusion of a rigorous and revivifying long-range strategic planning study, there was no evident consciousness that a new museum was conceivable.

Indeed, the 1986 plan, issued on May 17 of that year, decried what it termed “the consistent underfunding of the Society’s endeavors by the State Legislature . . . .” But then the “miracles” began to happen. Less than seven months later, the sequence of events that led to the new Washington State History Museum began with the first expressions of legislative interest in a new museum, including the financial support necessary to get the process started. Add to that foundation an attentive and committed board, an energetic and thoughtful staff, a supportive municipality, a generous philanthropic and corporate community, a visionary and sensitive design team, plus quality workmanship—and you have the Washington State History Museum.

How do you measure the significance of this development? In many respects we live today within an offend-nobody, risk-averse culture. The Washington State Historical Society and its myriad of associated parties always reached for a bold statement.

The Washington State History Museum has become Tacoma’s cultural monument and the State of Washington’s storyteller. We invite you to delight in the grandeur of the museum’s architecture and the drama of our peoples’ history.

—David L. Nicandri, Executive Editor
Grandmother's River

By Eugene A. Wiggins

Where I sit is holy,
Holy is the ground
Forest, mountain, river,
Listen to the sound.
Great Spirit circle
All around me.
—Native American song

My most recent drive to the Cowlitz Indian Tribe's annual meeting in Toledo, Washington, was a lonely and contemplative time for me. My thoughts turned to the Cowlitz grandmother I had heard stories about but had never met. She was born on the Cowlitz Prairie in 1854. Following her Christian baptism she was given the name of Mary Luzier. Although she acquired a non-Indian name, she remained Cowlitz in her heart, and she succeeded in passing her Indian heritage on to following generations. That explains why I have made this trip every year for the past 20-some years.

The tribal gathering is a time when other family members and I look forward to coming together. However, a number of family members have been added to the tribal memorial roll in the past few years. Besides those who have died, other close family members and distant relatives have, for one reason or another, drifted away. Grandmother was my sole companion in the passenger seat of my reverie this day.

Grandmother's childhood years were a time of great difficulty for her people. They saw the steady influx of settlers moving into the fertile region that had served the tribe with abundance for many generations. The "Bostonians," drawn by the Treaty of 1846 and the Donation Land Act of 1850, came seeking the mountain's minerals, the forest's logs, the prairie's rich soil, and the river's abundant fish. The settlers found an unspoiled land encircled by majestic snow-covered mountains and moated by rivers that began their journey in the glaciers of Mount Rainier.

The Cowlitz were a river people. The rivers were essential to their way of life. Villages dotted the banks of the rivers teeming with the Creator's gift of salmon, and rivers provided an avenue for canoe travel linking families throughout the vast Cowlitz region. Each river in some way chronicled an important aspect of Cowlitz culture. The spirit of the river possessed the people and endowed them with the natural world's rhythms of life.

No wonder, then, that appointed territorial governor Isaac Stevens met with resistance from the Cowlitz elders when he came to the Chehalis River treaty council in 1855. Since the settlers were well entrenched in the surveyed land generously handed out by the United States government, Governor Stevens proposed that the Cowlitz people be relocated to an area on the coast. The Cowlitz refused to be pressured into signing a treaty that did not include land in their aboriginal area. Governor Stevens would not compromise his stand on removal, and the council broke up without a treaty being signed. Although further negotiations with the Cowlitz people were planned, Governor Stevens failed to return. The Cowlitz were systematically pushed off the land and rivers that were sacred to them.

It must have been a grievous experience to see a once proud and powerful people reduced to a desperate plight. Ethnographer George Gibbs, in his 1853 report, said, "The case of Chinook and Cowlitz seem[s] desperate. The speedy extinction of the race seems rather to be hoped than regretted. If the government can do nothing else, it can at least aid in supporting them while they survive." The government did nothing.

But survive they did! The Cowlitz spirit lived on in spite of epidemics that swept their villages in the 1830s and 1850s, the dispossession and removal, and the government's insensitivity. The culture did not die—but it went through metamorphosis. The Cowlitz were forced to change from a people with a sacred attachment to the land to a landless people trying desperately to hold on to the "old ways."

Changes occurred rapidly in this part of the country. It was as if change had been lying dormant for thousands of years and now was exploding with the daily arrival of settlers. One of the attractions was the Cowlitz watershed's logging potential. There were ample stands of harvestable trees, and the rivers provided an efficient means of getting logs to market. Lumbering became a major industry as the demand for logs increased. It was in the Cowlitz Prairie region's logging operation that Mary Luzier met a logger by the name of Charles Henry Wiggins. He was an adventuresome young man from Maine who was struck with gold rush fever. At age 15 he sailed from Boston to San Francisco and then followed the lumbering trade to Cowlitz country. The chance meeting of the lumberjack and the Indian maiden blossomed into a courtship and finally marriage in 1874.

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Many of the Cowlitz people left their homeland to become wards of the government on reservations. Some of the people stayed and tried to eke out a living by working for the white settlers. Others, like my grandmother and her husband, left the Cowlitz Prairie to seek opportunities where they could be self-supporting and maintain a sense of pride and independence.

Word had spread of logging, shipbuilding and fishing opportunities at the thriving port Utsalady on Camano Island. So Charles Henry and many others headed there. Loggers and workers were needed to provide lumber and spars for shipbuilding enterprises. Fishing prospects were especially good due to the abundance of salmon and a ready market.

Lizzy was born shortly after the couple’s arrival at Utsalady. As was customary with Indian families, the mother and baby were in constant contact. Everywhere the mother went she had the baby close beside her. When Mary and Charles Henry fished the waters around Skagit Bay, Lizzy was with them, being rocked by the waves and lulled to sleep with the traditional songs Mary had learned from her mother Hosquah while the family fished the Cowlitz River. But the happy songs of praise and thanksgiving were to turn to lament and tears.

It sometimes happens that storms will suddenly pounce upon the protected waters of Puget Sound and whip them into a fury of menacing white-capped waves. It was on one of these occasions, while the parents and baby Lizzy were fishing near Hope Island, that the family was caught in a fierce storm. The small boat filled with water and the occupants were forced to swim for the island. Mary, clutching the baby, held it out of the icy water while swimming to shore. The ordeal left the couple exhausted, and the cold water took its toll on little Lizzy—she died from exposure. The anguished couple placed their only child in a solitary grave on that lonely island.

In struggling to overcome their loss, the couple saw a need to move on to a new place with the hope of better fortunes. Waldron Island, in the San Juan archipelago, was their next destination. Perhaps it was a familiar Cowlitz name on the island that drew them like a magnet, reminding Mary of her people. Cowlitz Bay, on the southern tip of the island, is said to have been named in 1859 by Captain Henry Richards of the British Royal Navy in honor of the Hudson's Bay Company trading vessel that sailed those waters.

Waldron was the hub of island activities back in 1875. Fishing proved to be an economic base for the couple once again, and they settled down for a lengthy stay. The loss of their first child may have hastened the desire for more children. Mary and Charles Henry had eight children during the 12 years they were on Waldron Island. Childrearing became routine, and the expanding family was making a sizable contribution to the island's population. Then one day a govern-
ment boat tied up to the mail dock, and it was announced that all Indian children were to be taken to Chemawa Indian School in Salem, Oregon. Another heart-breaking event in my grandmother's life occurred the day she tearfully waved good-bye to her children, the youngest five years old, as they departed for a boarding school far from home.

The absence of children was a signal for Mary and Charles Henry to move once again. Like a stone skipped across the water, the couple made another jump. Once more they left behind friends and familiar surroundings for new adventure. They departed to another pristine island sanctuary called Sucia, situated in the Gulf of Georgia, north of Orcas Island.

Sucia Island's first European explorers were the Spanish during the 1791 Eliza expedition. The island's name was given by the first Spanish pilot, Juan Pantoja, and means "dirty" or "foul" in a nautical sense because of the numerous reefs surrounding the island. Here the Wigginses established the first homestead in the Mud Bay area of this picturesque island.

Five more children were born to Mary and Charles Henry during those homestead years on Sucia. Sam, their 14th and last child, was my father. It was through his many stories, told at family gatherings, that I learned about Grandmother Mary and life on the island. I have visited Sucia Island on numerous occasions and seen where the family grew fruit trees, raised cows and sheep, fished and hunted. The fruit trees, ivy, split-rail fences and stone piles indicate the place of their past residence. Dad pointed out the hiding places where their mother sent the children for protection when large Haida canoes from the north arrived at their bay. Even though she was small in stature, grandmother would challenge the canoe full of men with her shotgun in hand and tell them they could land one person for water. There was reason for such caution—the northern tribes were known to take children as slaves.

Mary protected her children to the best of her ability, but she had no way of preventing diseases from affecting the children on the island or those away at boarding school. The tears welled up again like a river flood when in 1895 she received news from Chemawa that Maggie had died at age 12 from yellow jaundice. Shortly after that little Mac, the third youngest, succumbed to an attack of whooping cough at the island home. As if that weren't enough, another letter from the boarding school, in 1901, reported that their son Henry had died of diphtheria.

There is need of a quiet place for retreat when grief overwhelms the human spirit—a place for renewing inner strength and vision. Mary had such a place. My dad took me to a portion of the island bordering the northeast shore of Fossil Bay near the family homesite, where his mother would go each evening to sit by the water's edge. He said she called this stretch of water her river, for it replaced the Cowlitz River of those past years on the Cowlitz Prairie. I later discovered a small peninsula had not been named, and since the Wiggins name was only attached to a reef in Echo Bay, I petitioned the United States Board on Geographic Names to call the peninsula Wiggins Head. In 1984 the board approved the name, and it is now included on the National Oceanic and Aeronautics Administration (NOAA) navigational chart for the northern part of Rosario Strait.

From the original 14 children born to Charles Henry and Mary, 10 survived childhood. When the last of the children was raised, the couple sought a well-deserved rest from homesteading and parenting obligations. They left Sucia Island and made one last pilgrimage by boat to North Beach on Orcas Island. Here they built a home and remained until old age required them to move to Anacortes to live their final days with their youngest daughter Alice and her husband Lee Thayer. Grandmother left behind the islands where many tears had been shed in the course of raising children. The final tears were shed with the passing of her husband in 1912. Mary died in 1919 without ever returning to Cowlitz Prairie.

"Luchita, a Chehalis Indian elder, commented: "Today we live the contemporary life, but our hearts still travel where our ancestors lived and died." Likewise, the Cowlitz people have never abandoned the land of our people. The spirits of the departed remain with us. There is a sadness when we recall how the people were forced to move away from the graves of their ancestors, how the land was fenced and plowed, how the rivers were dammed, and the village sites flooded. As a tribe we are determined to reclaim a portion of that land in order to maintain our presence and to pass it on to future generations of Cowlitz.

Within the past few years the tribe has been able to purchase 17.5 acres of land along the Cowlitz River. After our tribal meetings I often go to this small parcel of Cowlitz land to remember and give thanks for our ancestors, to revive my attachment to the land, and to nurture my spirit. In respect to the Creator I put my hand into the river to symbolize the uniting of land and water—the vital elements of life. In this time of solitude I am reminded of my Cowlitz grandmother, who has touched my life and whose spirit has journeyed with me to this sacred place.

Eugene A. Wiggins, grandson of Charles Henry and Mary Wiggins, is an active elder of the Cowlitz Tribe of Indians. He was formerly an educator in the Everett School District and is a retired assistant professor from Seattle Pacific University.
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT

The Beatles' 1964 Seattle Concert

Reminiscing in 1995, a Pacific Northwest woman remembered an important event in her life—the evening of August 21, 1964, when she and 14,000 other young people witnessed the Beatles' first Seattle concert. "I was a fan all right," she noted, "but I wasn't screaming and weeping." She remembers especially the great extent of police and security arrangements and her surprise that the Beatles' limousine had its roof "caved in—collapsed under the weight of swarming girls!" She recounted a trip with friends to the Beatles' Seattle lodgings (at the Edgewater Inn), "just to see if we could get a glimpse of them," but instead finding hundreds of fans and police "and ropes all around." And she vividly recollects the concert itself, the huge audience, and the four young men on stage singing rock

In the most famous photograph to emanate from their 1964 Seattle concert, the Beatles do a little fishing from the window of their Edgewater Inn suite.
and roll music—music barely audible over the roar of the crowd. It was a night she will never forget.

The Beatles’ 1964 Seattle summer concert is a tiny footnote in the early history of the world’s most celebrated rock and roll band, yet it is a fascinating story nonetheless. England’s Beatles—John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Ringo Starr—grew to maturity listening to, imitating and embellishing upon the rockabilly and blues stylings of 1950s American rockers like Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly, Little Richard, Carl Perkins and Elvis Presley. They learned their lessons well in nightclubs in Liverpool and Hamburg, Germany, combining tight harmonies and driving rhythms to achieve a classic yet unique approach to rock and roll music. Their first American appearance (on a February 1964 Ed Sullivan Show) made them an overnight smash in the United States. Journalists writing about “Beatlemania” termed the group’s rise to popularity in America the “British Invasion” of 1964. In fact, the Beatles were, in their own unique way, reintroducing a new generation of American teenagers to the sounds of 1950s American rock and roll.

To begin to understand the impact of the Beatles’ Seattle concert in August 1964, we have to recollect the nation, society, and culture of America and the city of Seattle at that time. In 1964 Jack Ruby, killer of Lee Harvey Oswald, testified in Washington, D.C., before the Warren Commission, which was charged with investigating the November 1963 assassination of President John F. Kennedy. The nation had only just begun to recover from the shock of that tragic event. In Atlantic City, New Jersey, the Democratic Party Convention was preparing to nominate President Lyndon B. Johnson to run against Republican Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona. As tens of thousands of black civil rights advocates marched in the streets, America perched on the edge of the Vietnam War and the turmoil of “The ’60s.”

Meanwhile, in the nation’s far northwest corner, Seattle enjoyed the summer weather and life-style of a city that was one of America’s best-kept secrets. In the summer of 1964, the Seattle World’s Fair was just two years past, and Seattle had begun what would prove to be a 30-year evolution from a charming yet provincial hinterland to the bustling Pacific Rim city we know today. For entertainment, Seattle’s children came home from school to watch J. P. Patches, Stan Boreson, Brakeman Bill and other television shows of that genre. Their fathers, returning home from work a bit later, tuned in the evening news with Charles Herring on KING-TV, followed by Chet Huntley and David Brinkley. The majority of mothers at that time were at home waiting for their children; day care centers and latchkey kids still lay a generation in the future (Betty Friedan’s 1962 book, The Feminine Mystique, had yet to make an impression). At this time it was still not difficult for the average family to prosper with one wage-earner.

For those who wished to watch a current film, the movie theater, not the home VCR, was the answer. That summer, local offerings included A Shot in the Dark at Seattle’s Blue Mouse, Battleship Potemkin with organ accompaniment at the Granada Organ Loft Club in West Seattle, or perhaps A Hard Day’s Night at the Paramount. On the same weekend that the Beatles’ concert was held, fare for the adult audience was offered at the nearby Opera House. Allan Sherman, comedian and singer, and Joe “Fingers” Carr, ragtime pianist, were featured in a back-to-back benefit performance for the Variety Club and Children’s Orthopedic Hospital.

Despite their geographic isolation from the rest of the nation, Pacific Northwesterners were not innocents when it came to rock and roll music. The region had for over a decade boasted a vibrant local rock scene that was especially attuned to the black rhythm and blues and white hillbilly instrumentation and harmonies that lay at the heart of rock and roll. The Viceroy, Wailers, Sonics, Kingsmen, Dynamics, and Paul Revere and the Raiders all rocked and rolled around Puget Sound, from Tacoma’s Castle Club to Parker’s Ballroom on Highway 99. Northwesterners knew good rock and roll when they heard it. And they heard it blasting from their television sets during the Beatles’ famed February appearances on the Ed Sullivan show. And, soon after, they heard it from the studios of KJR, KOL and other regional radio stations. Seattle’s youths could hardly wait to hear the “Fab Four” perform live on August 21, 1964 in Seattle’s Coliseum as part of their first American tour.

The Seattle media took notice of the concert approximately one week before the event. Journalists not only detailed the Seattle concert preparations but informed the city of the concerns of other municipalities, like San Francisco, over the phenomenon called “Beatlemania.” When the Beatles arrived in San Francisco on August 18, reported the Seattle Times and the Post-Intelligencer, over 5,000 teenagers gathered at the airport to greet them.

Meanwhile, another much smaller group courted danger in an attempt to stage a protest. This group of religious people carried signs, one of which, the August 19 Post-Intelligencer reported, read, “Beatle worship is idolatry. The Bible says, ‘Children keep yourself from idols.’” In an incident at San Francisco’s Hilton Hotel, where the Beatles lodged, it was noted that a Mrs. Gertrude Goodman was robbed and shot by an intruder. Meanwhile her screams went unheeded because a maid mistakenly assumed that they “had something to do with the Beatles.”

Despite their geographic isolation from the rest of the nation, Pacific Northwesterners were not innocents when it came to rock and roll music.
The hysteria over the Beatles' appearances prompted the Seattle Police and the staff of the Edgewater Inn Hotel to work in close cooperation to ensure adequate security measures for the duration of the group's brief stay. Since the hotel was located on a pier on Seattle's waterfront, the police arranged for the harbor patrol to guard against any attempt at illegal entry by water and, to this end, gave orders that would prevent boats from approaching within ten feet of the dock. With the erection of a 350-foot-long plywood fence wrapped in barbed wire and police stationed at all entrances and on all floors, the hotel began to take on the look of a fortress.

The Beatles' stay at the Edgewater Inn created inconveniences for other guests and prospective guests. All teenagers were immediately suspect, and various disruptions and injustices inevitably occurred. Two weddings that had booked well in advance for the night of the concert took place only after the hotel issued special passes to members of the wedding parties.

One other group was not so fortunate. Patti Bernier, Theresa Puzzo and Jeannie McCullough, who had graduated from Holy Names Academy the previous June, had confirmed reservations in hand dating from July 1. Nevertheless, upon their arrival at the hotel on Thursday, August 20, they were told that their reservations had been canceled. The management informed them that, due to insurance regulations, their parents would have to stay with them, but ultimately they were made to leave. The girls began a futile sit-in to protest the hotel's abrogation of their contract. When the
police informed them that they could either leave or face arrest, they chose to leave.

The precautions seemed justified considering youthful fans' varied and industrious efforts to make contact with their "shaggy heroes." Ms. Marty Murphy, then public relations director for the Edgewater, told of such attempts: "One girl got hysterical when she found she couldn't stay here. She cried and cried on the telephone." Stacks of fan mail, some of it lipstick-smeared and marked "I love you"; a stuffed dog with a note attached; as well as sundry varieties of cakes, cookies, and other food items, all piled up at the hotel.

One teenager appealed for calm and a semblance of restraint. Liz Korol, president of the Beatles Fan Club in London, commented on their upcoming Seattle visit. "Soon the Beatles will be here and I feel sorry for them. They have been through many rough experiences before and we are afraid Seattle will be no exception." She invited fellow Beatles fans to join her club, suggesting that if they could "get enough kids to act right" perhaps they could actually "hear and see the Beatles when they perform."

Meanwhile, Woolworth's Department Store advertised "it's a mad fad, dad" and offered such items as a Beatles wig for $2.99, Beatle Bobbin' Head dolls, Beatle trading cards, wallet-sized photos as well as the inevitable fan magazines and record albums. With the Beatles at the peak of their popularity, their profit expectations were well-founded. KJR, the leading pop-music radio station in the area, had no less than five Beatles tunes on its weekly "Fabulous 50" list at a time when even Elvis and the Rolling Stones had but one apiece. The "KJR pick album of the week," on the Liberty label, was entitled, "The Chipmunks Sing the Beatles' Songbook." KJR's Pat O'Day, the leading Seattle pop-music disc jockey at the time, noted that the "Fab Four" had become in months "the biggest single force in the musical world" with a style that included "rockabilly blues." Alluding to the recent "payola scandal," O'Day informed Seattliters that the Beatles had succeeded on their own, "without the help of disc jockeys and radio broadcasting" industry insiders.

The Beatles were scheduled for one Seattle appearance on Friday night, August 21. As the success of their American tour mounted, however, Northwest Releasing offered them $40,000 to stay for a second night. But the Beatles refused. Due to the poor financial showing of an earlier closed-circuit TV concert, Northwest Releasing had originally declined Beatles manager Brian Epstein's offer for a second Seattle show. The Beatles accepted offers in three other cities to appear for a second concert; Seattle's promoters were left wishing they had accepted Epstein's original offer.

The Seattle concert was a sellout, of course. Tickets went for $5 apiece retail, but scalpers were able to raise the price in some cases to as high as $30. Some were sold through classified ads in the local newspapers. The dearth of tickets also gave Northwest Releasing impresario Zollie Volchok a chance to fulfill an old promise. In 1936, when known as "Uncle Zol" on an Oregon radio show, Volchok gave not only an autograph, but a written promise to a faithful young follower named Joyce Sampson. The promise read, "To Joyce Sampson: If you ever need a favor any time at all, please just ask your old Uncle Zol." Twenty-eight years later she tore the statement out of her autograph book and mailed it to Volchok along with a request for Beatles tickets for her four children. True to his word, "Uncle Zol" sent four tickets, which he had reserved for his own emergency use.

Finally the night of the concert arrived. The audience at the Coliseum numbered over 14,000, mostly girls in their early teens. As was usual with such events, other performers warmed up the audience, and at just after eight o'clock the concert began with the Bill Black Combo. They were followed by the Exciters, the Righteous Brothers ("You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling") and Jackie de Shannon ("What the World Needs Now Is Love Sweet Love"). The audience paid tribute to Jackie by singing "Happy Birthday" to her. Then all hell broke loose.

At 9:25, introduced simultaneously by four local DJ's and Master of Ceremonies Pat O'Day, the Beatles made their appearance onstage to the accompaniment of a massive chorus of screams that surely must have been audible blocks away...
during the performance. It was for this reason that a new stage had been built 12 feet high atop the original one. The police, firefighters, sailors, and paramedics carried those injured or otherwise suffering from the effects of hysteria into a first aid station and made every effort to treat or calm them.

After their last song, the Beatles immediately left the stage for their dressing room and a near riot erupted as a great many of the audience attempted to follow them. Only the combined efforts of the police, firefighters and the navy, whose linked arms blocked the fans' passage, prevented complete bedlam. As it was, 35 people required first aid treatment for ailments ranging from broken heads to broken hearts. In one case, a girl fell 25 feet down an air shaft only to recover and rejoin the throng before an aid crew could reach her. Another fan was put onto a stretcher, restrained and urged to calm herself. All the while she screamed, “Paul! I love you, Paul! I love you!”

The Beatles remained in their dressing room for about an hour and then employed an escape ruse concocted by Zollie Volchok. While the group climbed into an ambulance and left unseen, Volchok and his wife drove out in their black Lincoln. Assuming the Lincoln to be the Beatles' transportation, teenagers instantly swarmed it, trying to climb on top and even beating on it, making later body repairs necessary. Meanwhile the “Fab Four” made good their escape back to the hotel, though, according to Volchok. Paul McCartney made a date with one young Seattleite whom he took to the Space Needle that night. The next afternoon the Beatles left Seattle for Vancouver, B.C., in a chartered airplane. Unfortunately, they forgot to clear U.S. Customs and had to return briefly to Seattle. This detail taken care of, the group was finally able to leave the United States, and Seattle was able to pick up the pieces.

Northwest Releasing earned a total of $57,616.60 for the concert, with $47,469.43 worth of expenses, of which $34,569.96 was paid to the Beatles. This left a profit of $10,147.17, which was not bad in 1964 dollars. There was still money to be made from the Beatles though. MacDougall's Department Store purchased the carpet in the room at the Edgewater where the Beatles had stayed and announced its intention to cut it up and sell pieces of it to Beatles fans. Approximately 75 teenagers waited outside the store until it opened on the day of the sale. Russell Lackie, president of MacDougall's, was quoted in the August 23 Seattle Times: “Based on the success of the sale, a contribution will be made to Children's Orthopedic Hospital and Medical
ABOVE: The Beatles sported sunglasses at Sea-Tac Airport (evidently no one told them to enjoy a rare sunny day on Puget Sound while it lasted).

OPPOSITE: "Beatlemania" reigned throughout the Fab Four's Seattle visit. Local police, firefighters, military personnel, and private security guards barely succeeded in protecting the Beatles from mobs of their admirers.

Yet the Beatles' 1964 Seattle concert stamped the most indelible impression on the memories and imaginations of the tens of thousands of Pacific Northwest teenagers and young adults who reveled in the Beatles' sound and mystique. The concert forms a lasting memory, especially for the 14,000 who actually witnessed the Coliseum spectacle. One of them, a woman who attended the concert over 30 years ago, remembers the experience vividly even today. She recalls the keen anticipation, the airport arrival, the crowds of fans, the police and security arrangements, and her strong reaction to the excitement of the moment. But most of all she remembers the sights and sounds of that incredible August 21 concert and trying to hear the music "above the din" of the Seattle Coliseum's capacity crowd:

You know, it's funny—I don't remember what they wore or even what they sang. After 30 years, I remember how DARK it was in the Coliseum, and how bright and small and far away the stage seemed. And the noise! The air fairly quivered, shimmered with it. Can noise do that? Like heat rippling in a mirage?

Patrick F. Diviney is a 1994 graduate of the University of Washington, Tacoma; he recently earned a Master of Arts degree from Pacific Lutheran University. Michael Allen is associate professor of American history and folklore at the University of Washington, Tacoma, and author of Western Rivermen (1990) and Rodeo Cowboys in the North American Imagination (forthcoming). The authors thank Zollie Volchok, the Edgewater Inn, an anonymous interviewee and David Nicandri for their assistance.
Memorial Day was first observed in this country in 1868. Illinois Congressman John A. Logan, ex-Union Civil War General and head of the Grand Army of the Republic, succeeded in establishing a day of commemoration to decorate the graves of the soldiers of America's greatest conflict. By 1915 the observance of Memorial Day had become a tradition. The residents of the Seattle area went to bed on Saturday, May 29, planning to observe the 50th anniversary of the end of the rebellion at ten o'clock the next morning with appropriate ceremonies and a parade downtown. The parade was featuring veterans of the Civil War, most notably William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody, then famous as a showman and a veteran of both the Civil and Indian wars. However, the day began eight hours earlier in a bombastic fashion more in keeping with the Fourth of July and more spectacular than any of Cody's Wild West shows.

At two in the morning on May 30, over 31,000 pounds of dynamite exploded with a roar that was heard over at least a 50-mile radius from Seattle, with one individual asserting he was awakened at his waterfront residence 75 miles away in Victoria, British Columbia. Residents of Seattle were jolted awake by the monumental explosion and accompanying concussion. Thousands of windows were broken around the city by the blast, and claims were made that it cracked panes as far away as Bellingham. Plate glass windows were shattered all over downtown Seattle, and the businesses they displayed were open to the elements. Plaster ceilings and walls were cracked or broken, and awning frames were twisted. Telephone and telegraph lines and cables were snapped, temporarily interrupting service around the city and to outlying communities from Vashon Island in Puget Sound to Spokane in eastern Washington. An estimated 10,000 to 25,000 people rushed out into the streets in their nightclothes. Many thought the city was experiencing the first shock of an earthquake of the magnitude that had hit San Francisco nine years earlier.

The police and fire departments were jolted into action by the blast, but for some time they were not any better informed as to the cause than were the aroused citizens. At downtown police headquarters Seattle's finest were bounced off their chairs and got up off the floor concluding that someone had blown the vault in the city treasurer's office. The police lieutenant who led a charge into the office found everything in good order. Next they rushed through downtown streets on foot or got into police cars and headed toward the city limits, seeking the center of the explosion. The chief called all available men to duty to guard the shattered downtown storefronts from possible looters. Forty minutes after the explosion the police still didn't know what had happened—they couldn't find any ruins or other remnants of the explosion. Adding to the confusion was the fact that the force of the blast had short-circuited the city's electric fire alarm system. Fire engines raced around town looking for blazes until three o'clock, but they too found nothing.
At the time of the explosion two Seattle police lieutenants, E. L. Hedges and J. T. Mason, and their wives were returning by automobile from a party in West Seattle. As they drove along Spokane Street south of downtown they saw a blinding flash of light to the north. The flash was followed by a roar and a rush of air that blew open the car doors, extinguished the head lamps and lifted them from their seats. Inspector Powers, Captain Stuart and their wives, returning from the same party, were caught on the Spokane Street Bridge where the blast tilted their car to such an extent that they feared being thrown into the water.

The harbor police launch was at the north end of its nightly patrol, in Smith Cove, so the first accurate information of the explosion was provided by the U.S. revenue cutter Manning, anchored in Seattle's Elliott Bay. The cutter was a frequent visitor to the port and since 1907 had concentrated its patrols between Seattle and the Bering Sea. The sailors on the Manning, tossed from their hammocks, thought their ship had been torpedoed, which was natural considering recent war news.

Just three weeks earlier the large British liner Lusitania had been torpedoed off the coast of Ireland by a German submarine. As a result of that sinking, 128 Americans had lost their lives and U.S.- German relations were extremely tense. As the Manning rocked at its anchor chains, boats were lowered to inspect the 205-foot hull for damage. They found no damage but saw a cloud of smoke around the former anchorage of the powder barge chartered by the Lillico Launch and Tug Boat Company. The barge had been loaded with over 600 cases of military grade dynamite destined for shipment to Vladivostok. When the smoke cleared, the crew could see that the barge no longer existed. The ship's wireless operator sent a message to Marconi station in the Smith Building downtown, reporting what had happened.

Of all the vessels in the harbor, the Restorer, a British-built vessel of the Commercial Pacific Cable Company, was anchored closest to the dynamite barge. Some of the crew, like those on the Manning, thought their ship had been torpedoed. Hatches were lifted up and crashed back down on their coamings. Glass skylights, light fixtures, and china were smashed. Gratings and ladders shifted out of position, and the chief officer's bulldog, "Blucher," was thrown into the number two cable tank. The force of the explosion even shattered porthole glass four inches thick and created a large wave that damaged the shacks on Harbor Island and small craft along the waterfront.

Thoughts of war and enemy surprise attack occurred to people on the streets of Seattle as well as to the sailors on ships. The newspapers had reported recent German zeppelin raids on London, and one individual thought that the country had gone to war with Germany. He urged all to flee since they were probably experiencing a zeppelin attack. Others thought that zeppelins had mistakenly raided Seattle instead of Vancouver. C. O. Parks, a civil service clerk who resided at 2033 North 77th Street, later reported that he had heard the whir of an air machine above his head just before the blast.

Aside from barnstormers and the flights of local airplane pilot and mechanic Herbert Munter, the sound of aircraft over Seattle was relatively rare. William Boeing had been infected by the flying bug but wasn't flying over the city that night. His trip to California to take flight instructions from Glenn Curtis was coming up, and it was Herbert Munter who took his plane up on Sunday to see what had happened.

Munter flew over the site of the explosion at an elevation of 1,000 feet. He reported seeing an expanse of white sand the size of a city block below the spot where the dynamite barge had been anchored, and all marine growth there at the bottom of the bay had been eliminated. Substantial structures near the site were also damaged. The Seattle Times reported that a deserted mill at the north end of Harbor Island was practically wrecked, and the walls of the Albers Milling Company plant at the foot of Massachusetts Street bulged out.

When Sunday dawned, fishermen in small boats began picking up dead and dazed fish from the surface of the bay. At ten o'clock the aging veterans of the Civil War marched on streets of broken glass. The city was described in the Seattle Daily Times as looking as if it had
been, “visited by a ruthless and medieval genie.” From the foot of Queen Anne Hill to Spokane Street and from the shore of Elliott Bay up to Boylston Avenue, the center of the city was marked by shattered glass. Cracked and broken plaster walls and ceilings, twisted awnings and open store fronts marred the downtown area. However, scores of police were on patrol and looting was practically nonexistent. The only cases reported were thefts from the Metropolitan Grocery and the Bazaar Jewelry Store, both of which had broken front windows. The explosion was estimated to have caused from $100,000 to $150,000 in damage in Seattle alone.

For all the destruction, neither the residents of the shacks on Harbor Island, 100 yards from the exploded dynamite scow, nor the crewmen on the Manning or the Restorer were seriously injured. Only one man, a watchman on the barge known only as “Fat,” was reported missing and presumed dead. However, the Russian war effort had been deprived of 622 cases of military grade dynamite, and sabotage seemed the logical explanation. That theory was strengthened by the news that the dynamite cargo had been rejected by the captain of the Japanese freighter Kafuku Maru after he received a warning letter that his ship would be blown up.

Tacoma and Seattle police, as well as federal agents and private detectives hired by the Russian consul in San Francisco, set out to find those responsible. The search centered around Tacoma for a fleshly-looking man by the name of “Smith” or “Brown.” He was reported to have purchased 450 to 500 feet of fuse, given a fictitious address, and spoken German as well as English. The clerk at a downtown Tacoma hotel where the suspect stayed before moving to the north end of Tacoma was reported to have said that Smith, alias Brown, had received coded messages from San Francisco. In addition, Smith/Brown openly expressed his dislike of England and told a neighbor that he had made a rapid trip to Seattle on the Saturday before Memorial Day.

The strange appearance of the companion Smith/Brown claimed as his wife also aroused suspicion. Neighbors believed “she” was really a man in disguise. With a heavy veil and furs always covering face and neck, “she” had difficulty walking in a skirt, wore large shoes, spoke infrequently (but revealed an Irish accent) and alternated between a nasal whine and a deep guttural voice. In addition, the couple had plenty of money, wore expensive clothes, paid cash, and always asked for receipts.

The mystery man turned up on June 2, reported to be Lewis J. Smith. He said he and his wife had recently moved from California, but he could trace his ancestry in America back to the Delaware Indians. They had settled at the north end of Tacoma, and, he said, he had bought the fuse to dynamite some tree stumps. While newspapers in...
Seattle and Tacoma made light of the idea that German saboteurs had been behind the explosion, the authorities weren't so quick to accept Smith's explanations. He was shortly tried, but acquitted, and soon left the area.

Six months after the explosion it was revealed in the Seattle Daily Times that Smith had been released at the request of federal agents who hoped he would lead them to the source of the sabotage plot. That source, and the center of other sabotage activities on the West Coast, turned out to be the German consulate in San Francisco, headed by Franz von Bopp.

Subsequent testimony by Smith in 1917, at the trial of consuls von Bopp and von Brincken, revealed that the explosion was planned in the German consulate in San Francisco, and that he, Smith, was one of the two men responsible. Vice Consul von Brincken had employed a recently discharged Southern Pacific Railroad detective named Crowley who in turn had hired Smith, an American of German descent and pro-German sympathies. Smith was an employee of the Hercules Powder Mills at Pinole on the northeast shore of San Francisco Bay. He knew a large shipment of dynamite was being sent to Tacoma for transshipment to Vladivostok, and he and Crowley were sent to Tacoma to blow it up. However, the site of their mission changed when the shipper, finding it difficult to locate a freighter to transport the dynamite, chartered the Lillico Launch and Tug Boat Company to move it to Elliott Bay.

After the explosion, Crowley immediately returned to San Francisco. Smith joined Crowley after his release, and the consuls von Bopp and von Brincken sent the two east to blow up freight trains in Ontario. On return they exhibited more talent as crooks than as saboteurs, making up the story that they had blown up a trainload of horsels so that they could collect $1,145.80 in fees and expenses. Von Bopp wanted to get Smith out of the area before his escapades led authorities to the German consulate. He sent him to Gary, Indiana, to blow up a powder works and left him in the Midwest without further support.

Fearing that federal agents were about to arrest him, Smith turned himself in to the U.S. Attorney in Detroit to gain immunity from prosecution in exchange for information. Subsequent evidence from the Hercules Powder Company in Pinole, the DuPont Powder Company in Seattle, and telegrams to and from the German consulate supported Smith's statements linking himself, Crowley, von Bopp and von Brincken to the Seattle explosion.

Lewis Smith stated that his duties as a saboteur in Puget Sound had been limited to buying dynamite to place on those ships destined to carry war supplies to Vladivostok. He said he never placed any charges, but instead deceived Crowley and threw the dynamite into a creek. Smith denied taking part in the Elliott Bay explosion, and there was no direct evidence to connect him to the crime. However, in December 1916, Consul von Bopp, von Brincken, Crowley, and Mrs. Cornell, secretary at the German consulate, were all indicted by a federal grand jury in San Francisco. All were found guilty and sentenced to prison.

The work of German agents and saboteurs across North America was well covered by the press. Their efforts to disrupt shipping received special interest in the fall of 1915, as ships from around the world around gathered in Puget Sound to load grain and foodstuffs for Europe. The Seattle Post-Intelligencer reported on October 26 that one Robert Fay, agent of the German Secret Service, had admitted coming to America with four others to plant clockwork bombs on the propellers and rudders of ships loaded with war supplies destined for the Allies. That news item took on special significance a month later when the Puget Sound's biggest regular visitor, the SS Minnesota, the Great Northern Steamship Company's huge freighter/passenger liner, experienced a massive power failure.
TOP: Franz von Bopp, German consul in San Francisco, led the Kaiser's efforts to disrupt American West Coast trade with the World War I Allies. He was tried in 1917 and found guilty of sabotage, partly on the testimony of Lewis J. Smith.

BOTTOM: Charles Crowley, a former railroad detective and Lewis Smith's partner in sabotage.

On October 8, the Minnesota arrived in Seattle from Asia. At that time, the largest cargo vessel in the world, the ship was being transferred to the Atlantic to share in the great profits involved in bringing supplies to the Allies. On November 14, it left for Liverpool, London and Glasgow carrying the largest single cargo ever shipped out of a Pacific port. When the vessel was immediately beset by exploding boiler tubes, it was concluded that the Kaiser's saboteurs were once again at work. However, the cause of the breakdown was a boiler system in need of replacement and inadequate to the heavy strain of a ship and cargo well in excess of 30,000 tons.

The catalog of Germany's plots and sabotage in America began in 1914 and continued into 1918. It included labor disruptions, factory fires, munitions explosions, and time bombs planted on ships. In addition, the Kaiser's agents attempted to blow up railroads, bridges and canals; established a laboratory to infect horses and mules with anthrax; planned to use draftees from the ranks of the International Workers of the World to start a mutiny in the army; and conspired to develop a military force in northern Mexico to invade the Southwest. Aside from the famous Zimmermann telegram, which sought to bring Mexico into the war as an ally of Germany, and the large explosion on Black Tom Island, New Jersey, in July 1916, not much has been written over the past half century to refresh our historical memory of Germany's efforts to deprive her enemies of cargoes from America.

What has been written about America's period of neutrality in World War I has centered on diplomatic and political history. The focus had been on President Wilson's unsuccessful efforts to bring the warring parties to the conference table and this nation's rising irritation with Germany's submarine warfare in the Atlantic. On April 2, 1917, the president appeared before a joint session of the 65th Congress and asked for a declaration of war against Germany. His war message went into detail about the sinking of American ships resulting from Germany's campaign of unrestricted submarine warfare. However, toward the end of his address, as one of the telling arguments for war, he stated:

One of the things that has served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities and even our offices of government with spies and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot against our national unity of counsel, our peace within and without, our industries and our commerce. Indeed, it is now evident that its spies were here even before the war began; and it is unkindly not a matter of conjecture but a fact proved in our courts of justice that the intrigues which have more than once come perilously near to disturbing the peace and dislocating the industries of the country have been carried on at the instigation, with the support, and even under the personal direction of official agents of the Imperial Government accredited to the Government of the United States.

The Memorial Day explosion in Seattle's Elliott Bay was one of the earliest and most spectacular of Germany's "criminal intrigues." In a way, it helped prepare the nation for the declaration of war in 1917. And in the morning hours of May 30, 1915, the Kaiser's agents brought to the Seattle area an early version of Kristalnacht (night of broken glass), with its massive property destruction. However, the comparison ends there. Unlike Germany's Kristalnacht 23 years later, Seattle's less diabolical night of destruction was largely limited to property and affected all races, not just Jews, and it was the work of a few of the Kaiser's agents rather than the thugs of a political party.

Thomas C. Buckley is an associate professor at the University of Minnesota where he teaches Minnesota and American history in the General College and History Department.
Making a Museum
A New Home for Washington History

BY STEPHEN MOST
HISTORY IS REPLET WITH EVENTS THAT NO PARTICIPANT PREDICTED. WHAT IS TRUE FOR THE WORLD STAGE HOLDS ALSO FOR THE LOCAL PROP ROOM. LIKE OTHER INSTITUTIONS THAT BEAR THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR COLLECTING, PRESERVING AND INTERPRETING A REGION'S HISTORY, THE WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY HAS GATHERED ARCHIVES AND ARTIFACTS, PUBLISHED ARTICLES AND PRODUCED EXHIBITS. YET THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE SOCIETY'S FIRST CENTURY MAY HAVE BEEN ITS SURVIVAL. FEW IMAGINED THAT THIS STRUGGLING INSTITUTION HAD THE POTENTIAL TO CREATE A MUSEUM WORTHY OF ITS SUBJECT. INDEED, WHEN THIS BECAME A SERIOUS POSSIBILITY, INSIDERS SPOKE IN SUPERNATURAL TERMS: "I AM CONVINCED THAT OUR MIRACLE... WILL COME INTO BEING," PHILIP ASHBY TOLD HIS FELLOW BOARD MEMBERS. "WE ARE GOING TO HAVE A BEAUTIFUL WORLD-CLASS MUSEUM IN DOWNTOWN TACOMA—COME HELL OR HIGH WATER."

The Society's first years coincided with the national financial collapse known as the Panic of 1893, which resulted in the bankruptcy of most Puget Sound banks and a massive economic depression. A longer-lasting source of difficulty for the Society was its location in Tacoma. At the time when the Society was founded, Tacoma was close in population to Seattle, its rival city on Puget Sound. However, the arrival of the Great Northern Railway's transcontinental line in Seattle in 1893 and that city's success in establishing itself as the supply and transportation center for the Yukon Gold Rush in 1898 enabled the northern city to prosper while Tacoma stagnated. At the turn of the century, Seattle's population was more than double that of Tacoma; a decade later, it was three times greater than Tacoma's.

During its first two decades the Society occupied two rooms in Tacoma's City Hall, a space soon outgrown. Fortunately its secretary, W. H. Gilstrap, was also the curator of the Clinton P. Ferry art collection. Gilstrap had the two institutions join forces to build a combination history and art museum. A bequest from the Ferry estate plus donations from two of Tacoma's pioneer families permitted the construction of the original Washington State Historical Society Museum in 1911. Situated on a bluff northwest of the city's center, it looks out over Commencement Bay and the Olympic Mountains.

This new building did not solve the Society’s problems. At one point, in 1930, the city threatened to shut the power off if an overdue electrical bill was not paid. Although the dissolution of the Ferry art collection in 1931 made the museum exclusively historical, space remained inadequate as the collection grew. Nor did the addition of a fifth floor in the late 1930s and a new wing in 1973 suffice. Understaffed and underfunded, the "Ferry Museum" had become a warehouse for artifacts with a well-stocked research library, cramped offices and crowded exhibits.

Not until 1987 did its Tacoma location become a major asset for the Society. Board of Trustees President John McClelland received an astonishing letter from...
State Representative Dan Grimm. “Most of the Pierce County delegation,” Grimm wrote, “unanimously agreed that we should pursue development of the Union Station site, including the relocation of the museum.”

The legislators’ objective was to revitalize Tacoma’s deteriorating downtown. One way to do that was to renovate Union Station, the historic railroad terminal, and its environs. The time was opportune—the governor and the key leaders of both the State Senate and the House came from Pierce County, in which Tacoma is situated. Suddenly, the Society faced the prospect of building a first-rate museum.

ONE OF THE mysterious factors in history is leadership, which may or may not arise when needed. In David Nicandri, who had recently been hired as director, the Society had the right man to accomplish its unexpected task. Nicandri was a historian who had won a competition to develop the story-line for a new permanent exhibit at the old museum on Stadium Way. He was also a politician, having once served on the Tumwater City Council. And as former curator of the State Capital Historical Association in Olympia (which later merged with the Society), Nicandri had the contacts as well as the ability to move a major appropriation through the legislative process.

The key to obtaining a sizable appropriation for a downtown museum, Nicandri realized, was the quality of the project’s architecture. With the encouragement of Senator Lorraine Wojahn and several other legislators, he announced a design competition. In addition to informing the lawmakers who the prestigious aspirants were, Nicandri provided copies of glossy coffee table books displaying their works.

Throughout the competition, the ins and outs of the legislature, and political conflicts with local and federal agencies that at times threatened the entire project, the Society succeeded in keeping its true objective in sight. This was not to erect an impressive structure per se, but to use whatever means it had to make Washington history known. “The people of Washington, like Americans as a whole,” the

(continued on page 25)
By Arthur W. Andersson

CONTEXT
meets
FORM

IN THE WASHINGTON STATE HISTORY MUSEUM

The basis for the design of the new Washington State History Museum is the attitude that, in its conception, a piece of architecture can draw from its context. Though the plans for a building such as this evolve from the physical needs of program and budget, the form of the building in this case evolved from both respect for and reinforcement of what was already there. An obvious connection is to the existing Union Station building whose intersecting arches make the base for the dome of this landmark structure. Arches of similar scale and exact proportion form for the museum a series of three bays, cross-vaulted to make a giant covering for exhibits, offices and the lobby. From the beginning we likened this plan and its resultant volume to a large concourse—the train barn next to the existing Union Station.

As cities evolve, buildings of relative levels of importance, from landmark to workaday structures, combine to make a place. A goal for the history museum as we understood it was to simultaneously create a landmark structure, one whose character and presence evoke a lasting image on its own, while respecting the legacy and physical prominence of its neighbor, Union Station.

One way of making connections is through scale and form, another is with like materials. From the outset our approach to designing the museum focused on improving the reading of Pacific Avenue and the historic warehouse district as an enclave important to Tacoma.

This district has an attitude about itself. The warehouse buildings that fill the blocks are elegant in their restraint. The massing of these structures is an efficient outgrowth of the requirements for manufacturing, storage, and the daily activities of shipping and delivery made necessary by the adjacent railways. The materials for these buildings were no doubt chosen for their durability and strength. Attempts at ornament or whimsy are rare, letting the buildings' simple method of construction speak for itself, stripped of gestures superfluous to the task at hand. There is great beauty in buildings such as these. Together they represent an austere work ethic prominent in the Pacific Northwest and still evident in Tacoma.

Union Station has a more outgoing role to play. It was built in 1911 as a kind of cathedral to transportation for this region and evolved into an important public image within Tacoma. The original plan, with four bays and a central dome, is emblematic of a universal connection with the four quadrants of a compass, therefore the world. Intentional or not, the dome of this building is a constructed testimony to Tacoma's original namesake, now known as Mount Rainier. The shape of the mountain lends added credence to the dome of Union Station, making it still today the emotional center of the city.

The materials used to build the station were in their time most likely the finest available. The use of expensively crafted limestone and marble, not local to the area, represented a faith in the future of Tacoma as a destination, as well as a desire to be accepted by the clientele migrating from the more established cities to the east. But there is more to the context of our site than this.

As with other cities across the nation, the advent of the automobile prompted an evolution in the character of Tacoma. A seven-lane interstate highway was constructed directly to the east of this historic district and, most recently,
Aerial photographs were taken monthly to document the progress of construction on the new museum. Top to bottom, these three pictures were taken on April 16, 1993, February 1, 1995, and January 2, 1996.
A goal for the history museum was to simultaneously create a landmark structure while respecting the legacy and physical prominence of its neighbor, Union Station.

a federal courthouse has been added to Union Station. The experience of walking through this historic warehouse district is still very much a tactile one. Brick buildings prevail but are held in strong contrast to the high-speed freeways that now sweep past and form a layered and dynamic concrete ravine.

This condition, while an example of what is considered bad in American cities, became a crucial ordering device for the design of the history museum. Simply put, construction above the surface of Pacific Avenue will speak in form and material to the brick world of Union Station and the warehouses, while the levels below Pacific Avenue make a connection to the freeway. The brick volume of the museum is then raised on a concrete plinth, set off the ground on the east side by this protective base.

This distinction is carried through to the inside of the building, where the public spaces, galleries, lobby and administration are within the volume of the brick portion while the service functions—exhibit storage, delivery and mechanical spaces—are within the concrete base. This diagram becomes more complex at the entry of the building, as there is a courtyard carved downward from the level of Pacific Avenue to reveal an amphitheater and concrete ramp to the ground level some 29 feet below.

The layered space is shaped of monolithically poured concrete, a reference to and mimetration of the highway immedi-ately to the east. The layers are made fragrant with a continuous garden that wraps up alongside the amphitheater and ramps. While these curving shapes speak to the materiality of the freeways, they are perhaps more interestingly a metaphor of the mountainous landscape traversing the state from north to south on a completely different scale. And while the garden adds much to soften this landscape, it is a testimony to Washington’s agricultural heritage and of the great rolling landscapes in the eastern part of the state.

From the outset, it was important to us to allow the building to be powerful in the honest and unpretentious use of its construction materials. The concrete ribs that form the structural vaults are expressed on the inside of the building, as are the structural concrete walls on the perimeter. A similar demeanor is carried through in the expression of the mechanical and sprinkler systems, allowing for the ductwork to extend vertically in a series of towers to the upper floor galleries where the ducts are exposed and the air is evenly distributed.

Within the volume made by the vaults we were able to combine our efforts in the entrance lobby with the scale of those in the exhibit spaces beyond. The height of the space is 50 feet to the apex, tall enough to accommodate two high levels with a mezzanine in between. Though the museum has the strict requirement that no natural light be allowed into the gallery spaces, we made a priority to allow what public spaces there are to have light and the important connection to the outside. The entry space, therefore, is exposed on three sides to the outside, with grandly scaled windows facing Union Station to the north, Pacific Avenue to the west and a layered wall of glass filtering eastern light through the administrative offices.

The design of the lobby then evolved to take advantage of this natural light. Elevators were sited as large, freestanding sentinels—guardians to the exhibits beyond—but perhaps more importantly, they are objects within the space rather than attached to a wall of it. Light bathes their concrete structure, changing perceptions as the day passes. These towers are buildings within the larger building, adding a second more personal scale to the lobby space.

The bookstore is defined by several “miniature buildings” as well. Large bookcases of wood, designed with a small-scale expression of the arched vaults at their top, form a wall that marks the edge of the main stair, which wraps up to the second level exhibits. These bookcases serve to reduce the scale further within the larger volume, and the deeply stained wood makes for the museum a kind of library. Their character is as engaging as that of a model—remote in scale from the grander context, but functional at the scale of a person.

All of these layers of scale and material were conceived, perhaps somewhat subliminally, to refer in built form to the depth of message that a history museum communicates. Our scale games are representative of the journey through time that a visitor will experience at this museum. At the same time, these expressions, from the familiar arches that form the building’s exterior to the smallest bookcase inside, are themselves intended to communicate. Our aim is that the images are referential and specific enough to engender habitation and, through that, ownership.

Arthur W. Andersson, the principal architect for the Washington State History Museum, has done architectural work ranging in scale from gallery exhibitions to master plans, including houses, museums, and academic and religious buildings. He worked in partnership with Charles Moore from 1981 until Moore’s death in 1994.
One of the stories told by the new museum’s permanent exhibit depicts Walla Walla residents shopping at Schwabacher’s General Store in 1872. By pressing a button, museum visitors can ask each resident questions about life in early Walla Walla. As he tries on a pair of new boots, “Jasper” (inset) will tell you about the life of a miner.
director wrote, "have a tendency toward historical amnesia. . . . Thus, imaginative
gallery activities, classroom and extension activities will need to be marshalled to
have the institution play a constructive role. . . ."

Theater of History

Two major challenges faced the museum's architect: to design a building that
looked "historical," in keeping with the Union Station site; and to craft the space
so that the building would serve as a vessel for an imaginative presentation of
Washington history.

The winning design, from the firm of Charles Moore and Arthur Andersson,
solved the first problem in several ways. Since the
original purpose for the museum was to help revi­
talize downtown Tacoma, Andersson thought of
the building as part of an outdoor "public room"
along Pacific Avenue. Places within and around
the building would offer views of historic Tacoma:
the waterfront and nearby warehouses as well as
the railroad station. In particular, the area
between the museum and Union Station, including
the museum amphitheater, created a venue for
open-air public events. Andersson conceived the
amphitheater as the Union Station dome in
reverse, with the same diameter and contour, yet on
the ground rather than in the sky—concave in­
stead of convex.

In order to create "imaginative gallery activi­
ties," the design team of Herb Rosenthal (who first
entered the project as a consultant to Moore and
Andersson), Andy Kramer (of West Office Exhi­
bition Design) and Kramer's associate Steve
Tornallyay took the risks that creativity requires.
In effect, they reinvented the history museum by
creating a theater of history.

Most history museums house a col­
clection of artifacts, often in rooms
or display sections corresponding to
historic eras. The Society's collec­
tion is varied and interesting and includes extraor­
dinary objects, many of which are within the per­
manent exhibition. But it seemed impractical and
less than imaginative to plan exhibits for a new
museum merely in accordance with an inventory
of objects.

Some of the best history exhibits follow a narra­
tive story-line. Especially when the story-line is
amplified by the architecture, as in the Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C.,
the result can be mind-opening and powerful. However, when planning this ex­
hibit, the designers, working with historian Bill Lang and curator Maria Pascualy,
discovered that instead of one story-line there were various stories with different
sets of characters from different eras. Aside from unifying elements like railroad
tracks and the world wars, it was not at all clear what would bring these stories
together, making them part of one overarching presentation of the state's history as
would occur in a traditional historic narrative.
Although the new museum would have many artifacts—more than 800 three-dimensional objects and hundreds of posters and photographs were culled from the Society's collection—and although there were myriad stories to tell representing the peoples of Washington and significant events in their past, neither artifacts nor a story-line would serve as the exhibit's organizing principle. What would unify the exhibit, the designers realized, was a theatrical presentation of history.

From this inspiration came an arrangement of theatrical displays and stage sets. For example, a massive wall evoking the basaltic cliffs of the Columbia River Gorge is the backdrop of a stage for traditional American Indian storytelling. Built into this structure are shelves that hold baskets and other indigenous artifacts and a video screen that shows a native heritage program at times when there is no live presentation. Elsewhere in the exhibition, stage-like sets represent such places as the Schwabacher General Store in Walla Walla in 1872 and the Northern Pacific terminal in Tacoma in 1884. A platform that sculpturally evokes a covered wagon, where visitors can stand and imagine traveling the Oregon Trail, takes the space where other museums would have put a real "prairie schooner." Within such sets as the plank house and general store, a railroad car and a shingle mill, and in front of dioramas, mannequins depict famous people like Lewis and Clark and Isaac Stevens and those who are unknown, like a basket maker, a merchant, a ten-year-old girl, and a shingle weaver.

These sculptures speak to each other, to themselves, and to the visitor. Elsewhere, voices coming from speakers tell stories, make speeches, even sing. Suspending disbelief, as in the theater, one feels present in the time portrayed. Posters, advertisements and many photographs illustrate these exhibits, amplifying the sense of immediacy, as do the accompanying texts, which are written in the present tense and marked with a map whose logo proclaims, "YOU ARE HERE."

Imagining the Real

This theatrical immediacy is far more than a device. It is at once an act of the imagination and a return to the roots of history. Historians, like novelists and dramatists, rely on imagination to grasp and convey their subject. Yet, in the teaching, history is often relegated to a dead past, as if it were a matter of facts and dates to be researched and remembered rather than living experience to be understood. If Americans have historical amnesia, it is due in part to this tendency among educators to objectify history. In order to dispel this amnesia, the creators of the Washington State History Museum realized that they had to appeal to the visitor's imagination and that a way to do so was to make their presentation of the past fully present. This approach is educationally valid as well as entertaining, for just as today's experience is tomorrow's history, every historical event occurred in the present tense.

From the standpoint of the present, history becomes at once immediate and dramatic. When the date of an event or situation is today, its outcome ceases to be a fact, becoming instead an unfolding potentiality. Because of the inherent
ABOVE: The devastating effect of epidemics on Indian people is the subject of one gallery. Five contemporary Indian artists from Washington were each commissioned to make two masks addressing this topic. Materials used include glass, clay, cedar and buckskin.

BELOW: Inside the traditional Southern Coast Salish plank house, “Grandmother” teaches her young grandchild how to weave a basket. The plank house was built by Lance Wilkie, a Makah carver.

unpredictability of events, the participants do not know what the future holds. Like characters on stage, the individuals captured in photographs or represented by mannequins disclose who they are as they strive to realize their objectives. In doing so, they become part of the viewer’s experience.

A S A RESULT, the theater of history created for the Washington State History Museum has the potential of inspiring people to appreciate the presence of the past and the drama of the present, in which, as the philosopher Karl Jaspers put it, the future lies concealed. In addition, the metaphor of theater leads one to consider fully the humanity and intent of each participant. Because every character on a stage is represented by an individual actor, theater as a model for history repels dehumanization. Because a play makes unique characters act within particular situations, theater resists the stereotypical characterizations that divide partisan rhetoric from reality. Moreover, the theater-goer observes the deeds and listens to the words of all who enter the stage while awaiting an outcome that will result from the sum of their actions. This experience teaches one not to judge narrowly like those who parrot the opinions of public figures while ignoring the complexities of the world.

Ultimately, the creation of a history museum as a stage on which the world is portrayed goes beyond metaphors and esthetic preferences. Both the theater and the museum are public places. Just as a play reveals people in action who differ in interests and values, the theater, like the museum, provides a space in which people of all kinds can share an experience. When a museum presents history in a theatrical manner, members of the public become capable of putting themselves imaginatively in the place of others unlike themselves. Beyond helping us understand what has happened, this experience can lead us to feel more fully at home in the world, a part of rather than apart from humanity at large.

Stephen Most has written the texts and the video and audio scripts for the new “History of Washington” exhibition as well as the commemorative book, In the Presence of the Past, from which this article is excerpted. Most writes for the theater, for print media, and for audio, video and film productions. He received an Emmy for writing the film Wonders of Nature.
Behind the Scenes
of the New “History of Washington” Exhibition

By Maria Pascualy

In 1991 the director of the Washington State Historical Society, David L. Nicandri, had the initial idea of creating a very different style of history exhibit. To accomplish this he put together an unconventional work group. He asked me, the education curator at that time, to guide the project to completion. To ensure that the history was “right,” he asked William L. Lang to serve as project historian. Herb Rosenthal, an internationally acclaimed designer of world’s fairs, was selected to carve out the exhibit’s master plan. West Office Exhibition Design (WOED) of San Francisco, a firm known for its science museum work, took Rosenthal’s master plan and developed it into the exhibition you see in the gallery today. Award-winning playwright and author Stephen Most was asked to write the exhibit text; this was his first museum project. Filmmaker Larry Johnson, sound specialist Bernie Krause and media expert Jim Swenson were soon added. Finally, a first-class fabricator, Maltbie Associates—the firm that built the Southern Coast Salish plank house that immediately greets visitors to the exhibit was designed and built by Lance Wilkie, a Makah Indian. The cedar for the project was donated by the Washington Forest Protection Association. In the photo below, Lance Wilkie splits planks for the plank house from a cedar log on the Makah reservation.
exhibits for the Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C.—joined the group.

Our goal five years ago was to design a state history exhibit that was as compelling on a visual, aural and tactile level as it was intellectually. A passage from an article I read in the Journal of American Culture (David Peterson, Summer 1989, p. 63) succinctly describes the philosophy that evolved within the design team after a great deal of struggle with the problem of how to go about completing this formidable task: "Historians in museums must distill and transform scholarship much as a poet might. Both use strong visual images and few words... The exhibit and the poem use concrete or visual images to shorten

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**WANTED**

UTILITY DONATION FOR THE PUBLIC WORKS DISPLAY OF THE
WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL MUSEUM
(Scheduled for opening in 1996)

Description: Lattice-type Transmission Line Structure, Approx. 11.725mm (38'6") high, 9144mm (30') bridge width, similar to illustration. Will accept structure even if minor modifications and re-galvanizing is necessary.

If you can help, please contact (by May 20):

Maria Pascualy, Project Manager for Exhibits, Washington State Historical Society, (206) 997-3806

or

Dick Perlas, Deputy Chief Engineer, Bonneville Power Administration, (503) 230-4519

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ABOVE: McKenna Lumber Company, McKenna, Washington. For the Washington history exhibition, several hundred photographs had to be selected, captions written and negatives printed. We were able to date photos for which the photographer left little or no information by researching the image. The cars (mid 1920s) in this Darius Kinsey panorama helped date the photo.

LEFT: In 1993 Dick Perlas of the Bonneville Power Administration (BPA) faxed a "WANTED" poster to all BPA public utilities as he searched for the perfect tower to place in the exhibit. After finding two towers that seemed to fit (but which were rejected by the exhibit designer), Dick came up with an even better solution—he would have a tower made for us. With installation help from a Tacoma City Light crew, the tower is a reminder of the electrification of Washington as well as of all the hands that helped make this exhibit happen.

OPPOSITE: Assistance came in unexpected ways. As we formulated the Japanese-American story, the Sasaki family became involved and made a valuable donation of internment artifacts to the museum. A local community member, Joe Kosai, put us in contact with sisters Yasuko Morita and Kats Fujita. Their father, Hashimoto Masamori, and his wife migrated to Washington in 1917. Employed for many years by Dickman Lumber in Tacoma, Hashimoto was interned at Tule Lake and Minidoka along with his family. It was a highly emotional experience for the curatorial team when these two sisters brought in photographs of camp life and the suitcase their younger brother Henry had carried with him when he was taken away at age 10.
and reinterpret conventional scholarship on several levels."

We let the visual imagery guide us, and we all agreed that the exhibit should arouse a sense of curiosity and discovery in our visitors. Using Lang's oral history approach and Mast's sense of theater, we present the story of everyday Washingtonians in fields, mines, towns and cities. What we have in 1996 after five years of development is the history of Washington presented as a poet might present it, as an anthology—a collection of stories—about the state. Rather than focus on one historical perspective, we determined to highlight the diverse experiences of the Washingtonians who lived the history; our exhibit should ask new questions; it should be the type of exhibit that would leave the businessman and the schoolgirl and the scholar with a sense of having learned something they did not know before.

The stories are told in the words of the people who lived the history. For example, we have a shingle worker standing in front of a full-size shingle machine. The visitor can eavesdrop on this young man's thoughts as he ponders his work, his future, and the circumstances that brought him to Washington. An observant visitor will notice the missing finger, an example of the physical risks and dangerous working conditions associated with early Washington industries.

An electronic journal, or computer presentation, installed adjacent to the exhibit tells a variety of stories about the life and times of other wageworkers in the mills and forests of Washington. Dramatic black and white photographs show the young age of the workers, the formidable forest in which they worked and sometimes died, and what was left after their work of clearing the land was done.

The narrative text relies heavily on first-hand accounts and journal entries of these timber industry laborers. The material culture—the stuff of museums—is allowed to tell its own story through wear marks and form, as well as the history of the people who used it. Historic footage of loggers at work provides one more layer, one more story-within-a-story.
of the lives of the men and women whose labors helped to build our state.

The stories of the Hanford worker, the World War I shipbuilder, the female factory workers of World War II, the black miners in Roslyn, the Indian boarding school experience—all are "islands of activity" within the 20,000 square feet of exhibit space that spreads out in episodic fashion. Visitors are visually drawn from one space to another by their own curiosity to discover the story behind the next tableau. Our exhibit space is not meant to be formal or unapproachable—it bubbles over with activity.

Sit-down theater spaces, such as the Columbia River theater and the petroglyph theater, provide a respite from the physical demands of viewing the exhibit as well as a means of traveling down the Columbia River or meeting with Indian elders and leaders. Theatrical spaces such as the recreated Hooverville allow the visitor to eavesdrop on the conversation of two world-weary men at the height of the Great Depression, one a Wobbly, the other an unemployed black shipyard worker. Ambient sounds are spread throughout the exhibit. In the Hooverville, for example, the visitor can hear the rain beating sadly against the roof of the shack as dogs bark in the distant darkness.

This exhibit will be many things to many people, but we all want it to become a familiar place for the children of Washington. For Director Nicandri it is a place of reconciliation, where all community members can come and participate in sharing their history.

Maria Pascualy is a Washington State Historical Society exhibits curator and has been the project manager during development, production and installation of the new "History of Washington" exhibition.
The Society's Special Collections recently received the extant records of the North Pacific Bank Note Company, a printing and engraving firm that operated in Tacoma from 1902 to 1948. Included in the collection are photographs from which engravings were made, artwork for poster stamps, and three sample books of letterheads and checks, most of which were designed by North Pacific Bank Note Company. While the Society does not collect individual letterheads, this collection represents the output of a single company.

Noteworthy for their detail, the letterheads are miniature works of art whose purpose was to give the reader a sense of trust in the business from whom the letter came. While largely from Seattle and Tacoma firms, business letterheads from all over the state of Washington are represented. Researchers will find the collection useful for studying the history of a business, graphics of the era, and an almost extinct art form.
From the time she was a small child, Mary Lou Petty dreamed of swimming in the Olympic games. She collected Olympic pictures for her scrapbook, and grade school friends inscribed her autograph book, "We're looking forward to seeing you in the Olympics someday." She read about the 1928 games, even those of '24. In an era when most Americans knew little about the Olympics, hers would have seemed an unusual obsession—especially for a little girl growing up in Spokane. But her dream came true when she traveled to Berlin for the "Nazi Olympics" in 1936. Six decades later, she still had no idea what had triggered that desire.

Born in 1916 to a nonathletic, middle-class family, Mary Lou always loved the water. The Petty family spent summers at their vacation home on Liberty Lake, 18 miles east of Spokane. When she first started to walk she would, as she recalled, "just walk right into the water. So mom and dad took me into the 'YW' for lessons—that's where I initially started, in the 'YW' in Spokane." At the age of 11 she moved into competition, swimming for the Spokane Women's Athletic Club under coach Margaret Mahoney.

The Women's Athletic Club was a great Spokane institution in the 1920s. The private club's three-story brick building at First and Wall streets offered residential rooms, a dining room, a 28-
foot pool, and a small gymnasium. It is thought to have been called the University Club before the athletic club bought the structure. The Women's Athletic Club is long defunct, but income from its rental rooms sustained it through the Great Depression.

Once Mary Lou joined the club's small, five- or six-person roster, as she told it, "I swam all the time—I was training all the time [even when there was nothing to train for]. I just wanted to swim faster, that's all. I didn't know where I was going except I wanted to go to the Olympics—didn't know how I was going to get there—didn't know anything about it—I just wanted to swim faster."

And she did swim faster. She swam for Lewis and Clark High School, but the Depression mandated cutbacks that ended the swimming program after her freshman year. She swam in city meets at the public pools in Spokane's city parks until 1932. During the 1920s those meets took place at the Hilliard pool in the northeast part of town. Later, in the '30s, city meets moved to the larger pool at Comstock Park, on the city's south side. (Mrs. E.A. Shadle donated both park and pool to the city in memory of her pioneer parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Comstock.)

In 1930, '31 and '32, in state and regional competition, Mary Lou held her own against Seattle's strong Washington Athletic Club entries—except for Helene Madison, the great national and Olympic champion. In the 1932 Northwest indoor championship meet held at the Washington Athletic Club, Mary Lou captivated the Seattle press when she won the 100-yard backstroke title in "the most thrilling race of the evening." Vintage '30s sports writing accompanied her photo under a banner heralding "Spokane Girl Swim Sensation." "And the name of Mary Lou Petty led all the rest. The wee Spokane Miss was the central figure of last night's opening program of the Northwest swimming and diving championships."

The regional outdoor championship ships in Portland later that year served as the Northwest Olympic tryouts. Mary Lou injured her back following the indoor championship meet in April and lost valuable training time, but she swam well enough to qualify for the final Olympic trials to be held at New York's Jones Beach in July.

In Spokane the Spokesman-Review saw her achievements and Olympic potential as a possible way to rouse the city from indifference and put it "on the right side of the United States Olympic fund ledger." Olympic poverty, procedure and politics demanded that local Amateur Athletic Union (AAU) associations contribute toward sending the nation's team to Los Angeles. The paper's sports editor, Herman Stark, backed Mary Lou wholeheartedly. He joined city leaders Victor Dessert, Bill Muligan and Dr. T. D. Burger to spearhead fund-raising efforts to send "Mary Lou Petty, a swimmer with a future" to the Olympic games.

But it was not to be. Decades later Mary Lou ruefully said, "I qualified and [probably] could have gone to the Olympics in 1932 if I'd had the money to get to New York, but I didn't. So the dreams went crashing." The city's stark economic picture worked against fund-raising during the Depression. Mary Lou also suspected that Margaret Mahoney's timidity played a role:

I was all set to go in '32 and we thought we had the money, but my swimming coach—I don't know what happened—she got cold feet, or something, and all of a sudden she said she didn't have the money.... It was a real blow.... I always felt she was afraid.... [Excepting for meets in Seattle and Portland], neither one of us had ever been farther than Tum Tum and Usk—to go to New York like that, I don't think she could handle it.

Once Mary Lou's parents had taken her to the "Y," they encouraged and
Mary Lou Petty, in lane four, at the start of the 400-meter freestyle finals of the 1935 outdoor nationals at New York's Manhattan Beach. She and her Washington Athletic Club teammates reclaimed the outdoor relay championship at the meet.

supported her swimming ambitions completely. But in 1932 their support could not include financing. They both had come to Spokane at the turn of the century, Walter Petty from Tennessee and Mary Watkins from North Dakota. Mary's father owned Spokane's Pacific Transfer Company. Lumber brought Petty to the Northwest, but he moved into transportation and was managing Pacific Transfer's office when he met Mary Watkins. They were married in 1910. Petty stayed with the Transfer Company and by 1932 served as corporation secretary and operations manager. Mary Lou recalled that "my dad was hit hard by the Depression. He... salvaged enough to hang on 'til '32, and then everything went under." A swimmer's equipment is minimal, but in the depths of the Depression even replacing a swimsuit was a challenge. Mary Lou remembered mending and remending as the order of the day:

"My suit was a silk suit, and it cost seven dollars. Well, it kept getting holes—and it had a skirt—so mother took the skirt off and she mended the holes, then the places that were mended got holes, so she took lisle stockings and dyed them black and patched—and you have never seen a bathing suit like it—the patches—it was unbelievable. And I swam in that miserable thing in the Washington Athletic Club—that was my racing suit... It was awful..."

Spokane did not send its swimmer to the trials in New York, but Seattle's Washington Athletic Club funded the trip of Helene Madison, who held every freestyle record in the book. She qualified easily for the 1932 Olympic games in Los Angeles, where she won three gold medals. Madison retired from competition immediately after the Olympics, leaving the WAC's women's national champion freestyle relay team without an anchor swimmer. The club's coach, Ray Daughters, set out to rebuild his team.

After the crushing disappointment of missing her big Olympic opportunity, Mary Lou quit swimming. She swam occasionally, but "no competition at all."

When she graduated from Lewis and Clark High School in 1933 she received academic scholarships from Mills and Scripps colleges in California and from Spokane's Whitworth.

Again economics dictated her plans. She recalled, "I couldn't take any of them. We didn't have money to buy books or anything... so I couldn't go." Instead, she attended Kinman Business School in Spokane on a scholarship, after which she took what she called "a pretty good job" in the credit office of Montgomery Ward, where she worked until early in 1934.

In Seattle, Ray Daughters well remembered the young woman who had challenged and bested his swimmers on several occasions. Intent on retaining the relay national title in 1934, Daughters, according to Mary Lou, sent word over to Spokane, not directly but indirectly, that he needed a fourth for his relay team. So my mother and dad and I drove over there—we didn't tell anybody because I didn't think I'd make it—I had just quit—in '32 when I couldn't go I gave up. I went over and swam a couple of lengths. He said, "do you want to stay?" "You bet I do!"—that was it.
She moved to Seattle and lived at the YWCA until she could find more permanent lodging. For $14 a month she secured room but not board “in a very nice home up on Olive and Broadway.” Three generations of Williams family women welcomed her: “Betty Williams was my age, and her mother and grandmother—the three women lived in this big house. I had a room, and I would walk to the [Washington Athletic] Club twice a day.” The long walk to sixth and Union for workouts in the club’s state-of-the-art pool seemed a small price for another chance at the Olympics.

To Mary Lou, the club’s facilities “were heaven sent. They were absolutely marvelous.” While she walked, her teammates came to workouts at the downtown club on the streetcar. She remembered, too, “A lot of times instead of going to the club in the afternoon to swim we would go to Green Lake. We swam there quite a bit.” On those occasions she took the streetcar. Whether in the pool or at the beach, the team melded into a competitive force to be reckoned with nationwide.

Mary Lou, Doris Buckley, Betty Lea, and Olive McKean made up the relay. The club’s team also included Jack Medica, a premier freestyler who had been an alternate on the 1932 Olympic team. All the Seattle swimmers had come to the athletic club from the city’s beach swimming program. The young women looked on Medica as an older brother. They formed friendships that endured over the decades. Mary Lou said of the group:

It was an absolutely marvelous chemistry among the four of us—and Jack. We all were very fond of Jack—he was good to us and we had fun all the time. [When I first joined them] I was the only one who was an outsider... but they accepted me with grace, and I sure tried awfully hard to be accepted—because my life-long ambition was to go to the Olympics.

For regional and West Coast meets the team traveled in Coach Ray Daughters cramped and uncomfortable DeVaux sedan. On the road they are inexpensively and rather haphazardly. Mary Lou remembered cold cereal for breakfast, and noted:

We would swim for our dinner every night—we would double up on everything—crackers and milk for lunch—we didn’t complain. It was all part of it. We would drive to the next place where [Ray] had us giving an exhibition... We had to race against all the locals who wanted to beat us—and then we would have a steak dinner... we swam for it.

Going south, they usually stopped first in Ashland, Oregon, then in the Bay Area for meets and exhibitions, and finally in San Diego and Los Angeles. Travel to Midwest and East Coast competition was by train. The swimmers made trips frequently enough that they formed definite opinions of the three railroad companies serving the Pacific Northwest. They all agreed on Mary Lou’s assessment:

When we would go on the train, it was always an adventure going back. We’d sleep through breakfast and then have a light lunch and a halfway decent dinner... We would go the Great Northern for the service, Northern Pacific...

The swimmers eagerly accepted the invitation to Detroit, making the long trip in Coach Ray Daughters’s small sedan.
Isn't that something? We were terribly blue—we lost . . . and that meant the expenses for our next trip—it meant everything. . . . We came back the northern way, though—through Montana—and stopped at Liberty Lake—got a square meal there from my family—stayed there several days.

While the stay in '34 might have been longer than usual, a stop in Spokane was customary. Newspapers in both Seattle and Spokane gave the team extensive coverage during swimming seasons; photographs of the smiling young women posed on Pullman car steps to greet friends and family at the Spokane station became something of a staple.

None of the swimmers came from a family of means. They felt fortunate to have the opportunities that swimming for the WAC gave them. Mary Lou echoed them all when she said, "It was pretty first-class for all of us. None of us had done any traveling." She supported herself during her time in Seattle, saying, "I would go home in October and . . . work from then until January," when the indoor season began. She worked in the toy department of a Spokane store called Grahams, saving money to live on when she returned to Seattle, and she still managed to swim once a day.

Daughters and his WAC team rebounded from the Detroit disaster to reclaim both indoor and outdoor relay championships in 1935 and '36. Mary Lou took both 220- and 500-yard freestyle national titles in 1936. Teammates McKeen and Medica won 14 individual national titles between them. As the 1936 Olympics approached, Daughters again exuded optimism, certain his four freestylers would be the nation's relay team. His own work and Olympic connections paid off in April when he was named coach of the women's team for the Berlin games.

In 1936 the women's national meet was held at the end of June at Manhattan Beach on Long Island. The swimmers from Washington had to stay in New York until the Olympic trials at the new Astoria Pool two weeks later. This made financing and fund-raising an even greater problem. In April Daughters found jobs that enabled Mary Lou and Doris Buckley to earn expense money. Mary Lou went to work at the Universal Transcontinental Freight Company office, in the yards south of King Street Station. She recalled that stint: "Doris Buckley worked for Acme Fast Freight—she was across the railroad tracks from me. We would brownbag it on the railroad tracks, and then we would come and swim [at the club] at night . . . until we left for the nationals."

The team also gave fund-raising exhibitions and sold autographed team photographs for a dollar apiece. They swam exhibitions in Victoria, B.C., in Almira near Grand Coulee Dam, and back at Spokane's Liberty Lake.

While the WAC women repeated as relay champions that summer, their long stay-over at a hotel just off Times Square took more than a financial toll. Only Mary Lou and Olive McKeen qualified for the Olympic team, as did Jack Medica at the men's trials.

Those three, as well as the University of Washington crew, lined the rail of the SS Manhattan when tug boats backed it out into New York Harbor on July 15. Mary Lou jotted the first entry in her Olympic diary that day:

It seems too good to be true. . . . I was actually . . . setting sail for Germany and the Olympics. . . . After setting out toward the sea, and finally losing sight of the little lady holding the torch, Olive . . . and I set out to investigate the ship. We found the pool—if one could call it that . . . 10 feet by 15 feet and not very deep. But at least we would stay used to the feel of water and keep fit that way.

Ray Daughters assigned Mary Lou and Olive to share a cabin with Eleanor Holm, the 1932 backstroke gold medalist who had launched a career in show business. Both swimmers remembered her as a witty, hard-drinking party-goer, a generous friend, and "a grand roommate, with the exception of the amount of [her] luggage." The rest of the world would remember the reports of her alcoholic shipboard escapades, which resulted in her being ousted from the team before the ship docked at Hamburg. (That action by the Olympic committee cost the U.S.

The Seattle swimmers were rewarded with a parade after winning national indoor titles in 1935. Seated on top of the back seat, left to right: Olive McKeen, Jack Medica and Betty Lea.
The team greeted friends and family at a Spokane station stop on a trip to the East. Left to right: Mary Lou Petty, Olive McKean, Doris Buckley and Betty Lea.

an almost certain gold medal in a year when it garnered few in swimming.

The team reached Hamburg on July 24, ate their "last American-cooked meal for some time," and made a stop at the city hall. Heavy rain was a portent of the weather to come. At 11 o'clock that morning they entrained for Berlin. Mary Lou found the Berlin station "as large as the Grand Central . . . and jammed with people," while a band boomed out the "Star-Spangled Banner" and American marches. The mayor of Berlin greeted them before their trip to the women's quarters in the shadow of the Olympic stadium.

We were transported in new, well-built army busses that were marvelous. The upholstering was much better than on our busses [in Spokane]. The tops slid back so that we sat up on the roof . . . and waved to the thousands of people that lined . . . Unter Den Linden, the main drag of Berlin. The streets were lined with the flags of all nations, with the Stars and Stripes next to the German flag everywhere. For miles thru the streets of Berlin we went and every person gave us . . . the famous Hitler salute. Heels together and stiff armed at about a 45 degree angle.

Their destination was the Friesenhaus, which became a central army barracks the day the women athletes departed.

Each Olympian had a designated English-speaking interpreter. Ilsa Braun and her sister Erika took Mary Lou and Olive in hand. Their parents owned an automobile, and they assisted in introducing the Americans to Berlin, including a memorable evening out:

We drove up to this swell restaurant and entered a huge doorway, on each side of which were shrubs and trees. Very beautiful. The place was jammed. The orchestra was playing and, as we passed, the leader playing the violin came out to us and said, "We like Americans." . . . Right in the center of the main dining room a winding staircase of gold rose up to the balcony around the room. The roof of the room itself resembled the Davenport lobby in quite a number of ways. Likewise the size, and the greenery, through [sic] the dining room resembled that of the hotel.

Spokane remained firmly in mind.

The opening ceremony of the Berlin games caused more than a little confusion among the athletes as they saw Adolph Hitler for the first time.

The Olympic Bell began to ring and all the officers came to attention. . . . Who should step out of the car but Hitler. He marched down between the lines of nations . . . and every flag but the United States flag dipped as he walked by. He came in such a hurry and we were rather unprepared so that we didn't know whether to salute or just stand at attention. The officials in the front took off their hats, the girls stood there still in wonderment, and the boys back of us never did know the score. I think by the time Hitler was in the stadium the boys in the last rank had their hats off—maybe. The stadium rose as one, and the shouting and yelling, hand [playing], singing filled the air. They really think this guy is someone, no foolin'. All this uproar went on for a good 15 minutes without a let-up . . . it had rained a little, but oddly enough it stopped as soon as Hitler entered . . .
Later, in taking the Olympic oath, all the nations' flag-bearers formed a semicircle "in front of Hitler . . . and all the flags dipped but the American flag again." This followed the custom begun at the London games in 1908 of never dipping the Stars and Stripes, and Mary Lou wrote, "It gave all of us a rather proud feeling to see our flag above all the rest."

During the week of track and field competition, the swimmers sat in a section of the stadium where they could observe Hitler and his entourage at close range. Mary Lou recorded an event that became Olympic legend—Hitler's so-called snubbing of Jesse Owens, the great African-American sprinter:

We saw Owens win the 100, which was the race of all races, but, my gosh, it was all over so soon, and Owens proved himself a marvelous winner . . . Hitler was in the box to witness that but didn't get as excited as we did for some reason . . . About this time it looked like rain, and Hitler is never caught in the rain, or, as I should put it, it will not rain when Hitler is present; he up and left, without many noticing. Directly after that Owens was [crowned] with the oak wreath and the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung. Yesterday Hitler received the German javelin winner in his box, but very nearly was not present when Jesse won.

When competition shifted to the swimming stadium, divers from the United States won all the gold medals, but the swimmers did not fare as well. Jack Medica claimed one of only two gold medals for the men, and with Eleanor Holm reduced to spectator status, no woman finished with gold. Olive McKeen garnered a bronze medal as anchor of the women's relay. But Mary Lou's dreams of an Olympic medal crashed one more time.

At 4:30 in the morning on what she described as "the worst day of my life," food poisoning struck her. Two days later, although incredibly weak, with help from teammates she made it to the pool and qualified for the 400-meter freestyle final. The next day she managed a surprising fourth place finish behind a rival from the Carnegie Library team—Lenore Wingard, whose 220-yard title Mary Lou had taken earlier in the year. The University of Washington crew provided one bright spot in the medal picture by winning gold in eights-oared rowing.

Mary Lou complained several times in her diary that she had received no mail from her fiancé, whom she thought to be back in Spokane. Actually, stock broker Robert Skok was on his way to New York, where he met the SS President Roosevelt when it arrived with the returning Olympic team. He and Mary Lou had begun dating during her senior year at Lewis and Clark. Bob had not liked her going to Seattle. As she put it, "he didn't like swimming; he didn't like any of it." He was determined that they would marry as soon as she had achieved her Olympic moment.

Locating a priest who would marry Protestant Petty and Catholic Skok proved a high hurdle. Late in the day, Ray Daughters came to their aid, even though he knew their marriage would be deplete his club relay team. After making a few phone calls he gave them an address. As the bride recounted, it turned out to be the office at the back of St. Patrick's Cathedral . . . We were married at 4:30 in the afternoon by Father Hammer. And Bridget [the maid in the cathedral rectory]—she had a cute little white apron and a little white cap—took off the apron and the cap and she was my bridesmaid.

Ed Simkins, a Gonzaga University classmate of Bob's from Spokane then working in Washington, D.C., served as best man.

Their honeymoon trip to Spokane, which began in Atlantic City, was a prime case of luck and Depression-era austerity. They traveled courtesy of the U.S. Olympic Committee—on Mary Lou's food allotment and her ticket for a Pullman lower berth:

Our train tickets were about six feet long, and I had $15 for food . . . Fifteen dollars for food and a lower berth—and that was it. I went to Germany with $75 dollars and I came back with about $9—Bob had about $12 or $15 and I had my $9 . . .

Having realized her dream, she again quit swimming competitively. Her talent should have put her near the top in master's competition in later years, but she says, "Oh my, no! I married a man who had enough of swimming. I haven't competed since '36."

They settled in Spokane to raise their family, and "then in 1941 Bob decided the brokerage business was not for him." In a career switch unusual for that time, he enrolled in optometry school in Los Angeles. Mary Lou remembers "doing that with no money and two kids." When she and daughters Helen and Barbara left Spokane to join him in California that fall, the Spokesman-Review reported the departure of the "well-known swimming star," with a photograph and reminder of her Olympic history. Spokane still remembered and honored her in 1974 with election to the Inland Empire Hall of Fame.

That Olympic summer of 1936 was a pivotal one for Mary Lou. She had come a long way from Liberty Lake and the Spokane Women's Athletic Club. She realized her long-held dream and embarked on a marriage that has lasted well past its golden anniversary. The Skoks settled in Mesa, Arizona, where they still spend two-thirds of the year in retirement. The remainder of the time finds them at the family ranch near Montesano, on land homesteaded by Bob's forebears during Washington's territorial period.

Doris H. Pieroth is an independent historian and a trustee of the Washington State Historical Society. Her new book, Their Day in the Sun: Women of the 1932 Olympics (University of Washington Press), is in press and should be available this summer.
On June 15, 1846, the Oregon Treaty Added the Pacific Northwest to the United States

By Gus Norwood

“...What do we want with the vast, worthless area? This region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs—to what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts and endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their base with eternal snow? What could we ever hope to do with the west coast—a coast 3,000 miles long rock-bound, cheerless and uninviting, and not a harbor in it? What use have we for such a country?”

“Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the west coast one inch nearer to Boston than it is now.”

—Senator Daniel Webster of Massachusetts, 1840

Rarely in the history of the United States has diplomacy achieved a success approaching that of Albert Gallatin’s 30-year effort in winning the Oregon Treaty of June 15, 1846. This treaty added the Pacific Northwest to the United States. The addition was achieved neither by war nor by purchase, but rather by dogged determination and persistence. A century later Professor Frederick Merk devoted much of his career to researching and writing that story. Merk’s devotion to the Oregon boundary question produced a monumental record of our region’s entry into the American domain.

Not everyone supported the presidential campaign slogan of “Fifty-four Forty or Fight!” under which James Polk ran in 1844. The slogan referred to the southern boundary of Alaska, then owned by Russia. The United States wanted to lay claim to the area west of the Rocky Mountains, from the northern boundary of Spain’s California at 42 degrees north latitude to the southern boundary of Alaska at 54 degrees 40 minutes north latitude. Ultimately, the United States and Great Britain agreed to divide the region along the 49th parallel.

The American claim rested on the discovery and entry of the mouth of the Columbia River by Boston Captain Robert Gray on May 11, 1792. At great risk, Gray had approached the line of breakers at the sandbar across the mouth of the Columbia River. His man in the crow’s nest spotted a narrow channel through the sandbar, and Gray used that channel to enter the Columbia River, naming the river after his ship Columbia.

The British counterclaim was based on the efforts of Captain George Vancouver. After he learned about the existence of a large river from Gray and that Gray had entered it, Vancouver in the large ship Discovery and William Broughton in the smaller Chatham went looking for the Columbia River. Not wishing to risk his ship on the treacherous bar across the river’s mouth, Vancouver sent Broughton to find the channel. In a small boat Broughton explored the Columbia for more than a hundred miles—all the way to Washougal—and claimed the entire region for England. He then sailed to Monterey to join Vancouver.

The British acknowledged that Gray had entered a bay into which the Columbia flowed but claimed that the real Columbia was first entered by Broughton.

The contention of claim and counterclaim lasted 54 years, until 1846. In the War of 1812 the British made a token conquest of Fort Astoria, renamed it Fort George, and used its temporary possession as another basis for their claim.

After the Hudson’s Bay Company established Fort Vancouver in 1825 the British used occupancy as still another basis in support of their position.

The success of the American argument rested mainly on
Gray’s discovery and entry of the Columbia River, followed by Lewis and Clark.

President James Madison’s role in this story has been underestimated and neglected. He resurrected the long-dormant 1792 log of Gray’s ship *Columbia* and used the Lewis and Clark journals to reinforce the American claim. He chose Albert Gallatin to negotiate in 1814 the conclusion of the War of 1812 at Ghent, and then sent him to London in 1818 to obtain the Oregon treaty of joint occupancy.

Referring to Albert Gallatin’s long career of public service, President Jefferson felt assured that he would “merit immortal honor.” Much earlier, in 1783, Patrick Henry expressed his admiration of Gallatin at age 22 by proclaiming him a “most astonishing man.”

Raymond Walters, Jr., Gallatin’s biographer, deplored the statesman’s obscurity, “Few Americans today recognize his name and fewer still comprehend what it stands for.”

Albert Gallatin became a great American by choice, study and hard work. Born in Geneva, Switzerland, of a well-to-do family of watch makers, Gallatin (1761-1849) graduated with honors from the University of Geneva in 1779. Abandoning wealth and social position, he emigrated to America. He lived in Massachusetts, Virginia, southwestern Pennsylvania, Washington, D.C., New York, Paris and London. As a member of Congress he helped settle the Whiskey Rebellion and led the effort to elect Jefferson over Aaron Burr. Specializing in finance and diplomacy, he launched the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives and became secretary of the treasury under both Jefferson and Madison. Although Gallatin drew up a plan for internal improvements—mainly canals and highways—Congress opposed most public works, and his plan was not adopted.

The Treaty of Ghent (December 24, 1814) contained a clause requiring both belligerents to restore and return all captured property. Thus, in 1818 the United States recovered Astoria, reasserting its claim to all of Oregon.

There then followed six sets of negotiations from 1818 to 1846 to divide the Pacific Northwest. Gallatin led the first three negotiations, all in London, in 1818, 1823-24 and 1826-27. The 1818 negotiation revealed England’s stronger claim to the area north of the 49th parallel, on the basis of Alexander Mackenzie’s trek across the continent to the Pacific at Bella Bella, plus the explorations by David Thompson, Simon Fraser and others. It also revealed that the American claim was best for south of the Columbia River, strengthened by the restoration of Astoria.

The next two negotiations, 1823-24 and 1826-27, were difficult for Gallatin because of the unfriendly attitude of British Foreign Secretary George Canning. The 1818 negotiations had resulted in an agreement for joint occupancy for ten years. In 1827 that agreement was extended subject to a one-year notice to cancel.

The three London negotiations laid major groundwork. Gallatin asked that the boundary be an extension of the boundary that already existed along the 49th parallel of latitude east of the Rockies. Canning, on the other hand, insisted on using the Columbia River as the boundary, although he recognized that the Puget Sound harbors were extensive and might permit conceding an “enclave” for an American naval base surrounded by British land. His suggestion was rejected, however it was the first British concession north of the Columbia.

There were no negotiations from 1827 to 1842 while the Hudson’s Bay Company ruled the region and strengthened its position, mainly by introducing agriculture as fur trapping declined. The last three negotiations took place in Washington, D.C., between 1842 and 1846 in an atmosphere of increasing tension.

The fourth negotiation session, which involved Secretary of State Daniel Webster, started in a friendly way but collapsed because of poorly prepared and unreasonable instructions to the British negotiator, Lord Ashburton. The fifth
session, 1844-1845, was used by the British to seek arbitration, which the United States resisted on the grounds that the proposed 49th parallel was already a midpoint compromise.

In his first annual message to Congress on December 2, 1845, President James Polk asked Congress to give the one-year notice of termination under the joint occupancy treaty. The debates on the joint resolution began in a militant mood. Both nations followed the debates, and informal contacts resulted in a moderate notice that, in effect, welcomed resumption of a meaningful negotiation of the boundary generally along the 49th parallel.

The British submitted their proposal early in June 1846. President Polk and his cabinet “reluctantly” agreed to send it for pre-advice of the Senate, which approved by a 41 to 14 vote. It was then put in treaty form, and the Senate agreed on June 15, 1846. One of the supporting voices was that of Albert Gallatin, whose articles supported the final boundary as he had first proposed it in 1818.

The Oregon Treaty of June 15, 1846, made the Pacific Northwest part of the United States. Shortly thereafter President Polk succeeded in annexing the Pacific Southwest as well.

While the Oregon Treaty can be found in many books, what is not easy to find is documentation of its history, particularly the 28 years of diplomatic negotiations and political maneuvering from 1818 to 1846. One man, Frederick Merk (1887-1977), devoted 44 years to researching and writing a monumental history of the Oregon Treaty. Within his 427-page opus, The Oregon Question: Essays in Anglo-American Diplomacy and Politics (Harvard University Press, 1967), which is now out of print, Merk was also able to shed light on Gallatin’s mind at work.

For one who had so much to say, Merk, like Gallatin, is far too little known. In a footnote to the seventh of the fourteen essays, written when he first gave it as a paper at the American Historical Association in 1923, he explained that the essay would be part of a larger study of the Oregon question and that his interest had begun earlier in a seminar of Professor Frederick Jackson Turner’s at Harvard University.

Merk was a student under Turner at the University of Wisconsin. When Turner transferred to Harvard in 1910, Merk transferred too, becoming Turner’s assistant and later sharing in the teaching of Turner’s course: “The Westward Movement.” Generations of Harvard students called it “wagon-wheels.” When Turner retired in 1924, Merk took over the course, teaching it until his retirement in 1957 at age 70. He then devoted the next 20 years to writing eight more books, mainly on the Oregon Treaty. After he died in 1977 at age 90, his talented wife, Dr. Lois Banister Merk, compiled his lecture notes and published them in 1978 as History of the Westward Movement.

Most of the 14 essays of The Oregon Question were previously published in historical journals. Favorite themes of Merk’s that relate to the Oregon Treaty include manifest destiny, the Monroe Doctrine, the annexation of Texas, the journal of Sir George Simpson, and an economic history of Wisconsin. Merk spent a great deal of time in England doing research in the British Archives on the Oregon Treaty.

This year, as we observe the 150th anniversary of the Oregon Treaty, we can also honor both a great historian and a great diplomat.

Gus Norwood is president of the Fort Vancouver Historical Society and director of the Clark County Historical Museum.
Asian immigrants and Asian Americans participated in the creation of work cultures," argues Chris Friday in his articulate and thoroughly researched study of the canned-salmon worker in the Pacific Northwest. Instead of merely being subjects, Asians were actors, he writes, creating "sets of formal and informal rules of behavior and action that softened the harsh conditions they faced." His finding that ethnic identity, cultural background, and kinship ties are crucial factors in determining the structure of the labor market and the outcome of that labor movement greatly alters the exalted predictions of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. It also adds a new dimension, one that E. P. Thompson did not explore in depth in his classic work of labor history, *The Making of the English Working Class* (1963). Friday's work represents a recent generation of scholarship in studying worker fragmentation that was aggravated by differences in native place of origin, gender and skill level as well as political repression and economic pressure.

Asian workers actively developed distinct work cultures in the salmon processing communities of the Pacific Northwest. Some of these were clearly replicas of their cultural heritage while others were developed to accommodate the new environment. To the former, Chinese workers established community vegetable gardens and celebrated their traditional festivals; Japanese subcontractors and workers maintained a unique pseudo-parent/child-superior-inferior relationship; at dance parties on Saturdays and holidays, Filipino workers proudly displayed their colorful culture. To the latter, homosexuality and male prostitution were not uncommon in the remote salmon processing communities; in addition, many Japanese workers resorted to short-lived summer romances with Native American women in Alaska. From these aspects, the author has presented a convincing case to support his theme.

In the case of organizing and unionizing Asian cannery workers, the argument is controversial and less compelling. The ambiguity in this case is a result of the role of the contractor. The author views the contractor as a member of an integrated group—Asian immigrants and Asian Americans. Contractors negotiated wages with cannery owners, set work rules, assigned jobs and supervised work. They provided the crews with credit and to some extent facilitated homosexual relations among workers as a means of labor control. From this point of view Asian immigrants and Asian Americans were indeed actors creating their "work cultures." However, the majority of Asian workers—the crews on the floor—rarely had a chance to shape these crucial work cultures. The rules of behavior established by contractors neither improved nor softened harsh working conditions. Not until the involvement of the AFL-CIO and the federal government in the late 1930s did Asian workers become more proactive in shaping their work environment. From this point of view, the author's argument becomes controversial.

This study sheds new light on labor history. The thoughtful reconstruction of an ethnically diversified labor force provides us with insights into the dynamics of a process that is ongoing in North America. When equipped with sufficient human capital, immigrants can be a proactive force in shaping their working conditions.

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**Magic in the Mountains**

*The Yakima Shaman: Power and Practice*


Reviewed by Sara Edlin-Marlowe.

Delving into the Tahmahnawis, which is both the acquisition of magical power and the presenting of vignettes of magic, healing, and death journey visions, Donald M. Hines takes readers on a comprehensive tour of Yakima shaman practices. Much of Hines's material is taken from accounts first amassed by Dr. George Benson Kuykendall between 1872 and 1882.

Part one of the book considers cultural relationships and is a fascinating study of the first white men to glimpse shamanism in the Pacific Northwest. There are contributions from Kuykendall as well as Leslie Spier and Edward Spier. Part two contains material relative to believing and/or dispelling the notion that real magic was done among the Yakima Indians.

Drawing upon extensive research, Hines presents narratives to illustrate the difficulties experienced by white medical doctors who wished to treat ailing members of the Yakima tribe. To do so, white physicians often had to imitate the practices of the tribal shamans. Using excerpts from his 1992 book, *Ghost Voices: Yakima Indian Myths, Legends, Humor and Hunting Stories* (see review, *Columbia Bain*, Fall 1993), the author provides examples of how shaman magic worked. Hines also includes a glimpse into the type of examinations that practitioners of the healing ceremonies held for neophytes.

The disappointment for this reviewer was not the recounting of tales of Tahmahnawis by individual shamans—that part of the book is very well done—but the realization that many of the shamans were fakers who became incredibly manipulative in order to hold onto their power within the tribe. They seem to have benefited from the fact that enough real events took place to secure for them an aura of credibility within the Indian community.

Magic in the Mountains is so extensive that it is difficult to sift through. Yet I believe many historians, anthropologists, and even scholars of medicine will be educated and intrigued by Hines's treatment of ritual magic. Armchair readers may be intimidated by
Ireland to North America
Emigrants from West Cork
Reviewed by Timothy Sarbaugh.

Irish-American historians have recently devoted much historical analysis to the pre-famine, famine, and post-famine waves of Irish immigration to the United States and Canada in the 19th century. Joseph King's book represents this current research trend and provides students as well as scholars with a specific case study. Essentially consisting of several of his best chapters from a previous work, The Uncounted Irish in the United States and Canada (1990), King's monograph tells the story of three generations of an Irish-Catholic family, tracing its nearly six-decade journey, roughly between 1830 and 1890, from the remote parish of Schull in southwest Cork to New Brunswick and then westward along the northern migration route to the Pacific Northwest.

William Fitzgerald and Ann Harrigan were married in 1808 in County Cork, Ireland, and had eight children before immigrating to New Brunswick in 1830. By the time of the famine in 1845, most of their family had emigrated from Ireland and reunited in Canada. Together they settled in the small rural settlement of Williamstown where they established a livelihood in lumbering and farming and encountered Irish Methodists who had immigrated and settled in the region a decade earlier.

King notes that the Methodist-Catholic rivalry was one reason among many for the demise of this small immigrant community. The process of disintegration, King points out, pushed the Fitzgeralds and Harrigans along the northern migration route to Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and Stillwater, Minnesota. By 1880, after the deaths of William and Ann, some family members took the last migratory step to the Pacific Northwest. King concludes his book by tracing another family's odyssey, that of Harry "Bing" Crosby, from Cork to the Pacific coast.

In the final analysis, King's biographical portrait of this Irish emigrant family supports the current historical assessment of 19th-century Irish immigration to North America: that Irish Protestants and Catholics emigrated before the famine, that they settled in both rural and urban communities, and that the family network of support was quintessential to emigration from Ireland to North America as well as migration from Canada to the Pacific Northwest. The book's only shortcoming was that it ended abruptly.

Timothy Sarbaugh teaches Irish-American studies and is director of the Catholic Studies program at Gonzaga University. He is widely published in both fields.

Cohasset Beach Chronicles
World War II in the Pacific Northwest
Reviewed by Rory Comish.

In their introduction to this work on how one Pacific Northwest coastal town reacted to World War II, the editors ably set the stage for the region at war by telling of the bizarre 1942 Japanese attempt to retaliate against the B-25 Doolittle raid against Tokyo. The Japanese released into the jet stream thousands of high-altitude paper balloons armed with incendiary bombs, hoping they would ignite devastating fires in Northwest forests. Only 345 made it to America, and only one balloon resulted in any fatalities. As the fear of invasion abated, the Northwest settled down to coping with other, less dramatic features of war: barbed wire and troops on the beaches, shortages, rationing, and that irksome feature of all wars—a growing, interventionist bureaucracy. This fascinating collection of articles vividly captures life on the home front, and more importantly, it introduces the reader to a truly American character—Katharyn Lyle Hogan.

Born in 1890 into a prosperous family of Irish descent, Ms. Hogan was named after Shakespeare's unruly "shrew" by her attorney father who, together with her Irish grandmother Bridge, taught young Kathy the wonders of storytelling. Banished to a family property on Cohasset Beach, Washington, after three failed marriages, she began in 1941 to write a weekly column in Aberdeen's Grays Harbor Post called "The Kitchen Critic." Her articles, which continued to appear until 1950, covered an eclectic range of topics, and the editors have done well to collate them with a helpful chronology of wider world events, a glossary of regional terminology and place names, and an annotated bibliography that, upon reflection, could have been fuller. This minor criticism aside, the editors are to be congratulated on producing a work that is often insightful yet hilarious and always informative.

The irrepressible Ms. Hogan emerges as a lost regional voice, a character one would like to have met personally. Particularly noteworthy are her comments on rationing, why carrots are more important than the gold standard, how the war affected women, and what the war would actually mean regarding liberty. Cohasset Beach Chronicles is a welcome addition to the social history of the region.

Dr. Rory T. Comish, an American history specialist, has taught at several schools in Washington, including Whitman College. He is currently a professor at Northeast Louisiana University.

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ROBERT C. CARRIKER
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<td>BUSINESS, $50</td>
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<td>FAMILY, $45</td>
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<td>INDIVIDUAL $32</td>
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<td>STUDENT/Senior, $30</td>
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Membership is for one year, renewable annually.

BENEFITS WITHOUT MEMBERSHIP

ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION to Columbia magazine, History Highlights newsletter and Washington Heritage Bulletin (four issues each) for schools, libraries and historical organizations ................................................ $30
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