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FRONT COVER: Hunting for Gold, a novel about the great Klondike stampede of 1897-98, was one of many contemporary works published to satisfy the public’s voracious appetite for information about the gold rush. BACK COVER: The New York Herald was less than enthusiastic about the prospects of success in the Klondike gold fields. (Both images courtesy of Terrence Cole.)
ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO I became active in the National Lewis and Clark Bicentennial Council; I currently hold the office of vice president in that organization. This duty brought me into contact with the large number of people who are longtime stewards of Lewis and Clark sites, scholars and buffs alike. One of them, Cindy Orlando, the superintendent of Fort Clatsop in Astoria, took to a good-natured kidding of me whenever we would meet on the Lewis and Clark circuit as to how I was really an Oregon Trail guy in disguise. In truth, I have developed an expertise on the Oregon Trail, visited and photographed its entire length, lectured on it extensively, and freely admitted that I was a Lewis and Clark neophyte.

But if my interest in the Lewis and Clark Bicentennial was initially a function of occupational necessity—my being the director of a state historical society in a major trail state—I can attest to the time and place when I “got religion.” That was while listening to the speech given by Dayton Duncan, co-producer with Ken Burns of the Lewis and Clark PBS television special, at the Lewis and Clark Bicentennial planning meeting held in Nebraska City, Nebraska, last May. I'm delighted to be able to present Dayton's essay in this issue of COLUMBIA.

The part of Dayton's speech that captivated me was the “election” that the captains conducted near the mouth of the Columbia River on the blustery night of November 24, 1805. In a remarkable display of the promise of the Lewis and Clark expedition, the promise of the American West, and, indeed, the promise of the whole American experiment, Lewis and Clark polled the entire party as to where the expedition should make its winter camp. The significance of the moment did not lie merely in the captains' assessing the opinion of the army sergeants and privates or the hunters, but that York, Clark's slave, and Sacajawea also had a vote in the party's destiny. The Society's president, David Lamb, has taken to calling the incipient Lewis and Clark commemoration the “Bicentennial of the West”; accordingly, I liken the November campsite just downstream from the Astoria-Megler Bridge landing as the “Independence Hall of the West.”

And, as I like to now tell Cindy Orlando (turnabout being fair play), the fact that the Lewis and Clark expedition camped that winter of 1805-06 on what is now the Oregon side of the river is beside the point in terms of historical significance; this tremendously significant election occurred on the Washington side of the river! The election site, I have now concluded, is not only one of the most important Lewis and Clark sites in Washington, it is also one of the most important sites of any kind in this country. And one of the objectives I would like to have the Society take the lead on for the bicentennial is an interpretive enhancement to this location for the benefit of current and future generations of Americans.

—David L. Nicandri, Executive Editor
What the Lewis and Clark Expedition Means to America

By Dayton Duncan

EDITOR’S NOTE
The following speech was presented at the May 1997 National Lewis and Clark Bicentennial Council meeting in Nebraska City, Nebraska.

I

n the spring of 1805 Lewis and Clark and their Corps of Discovery passed the mouth of the Yellowstone River into what is now Montana, pushing forward, farther than any white men had gone before on the Missouri. The riverbanks swarmed with game—and the men were astonished not only at the number of animals but at their relative tameness.

"I think that we saw at one view nearly one thousand animals," wrote Sergeant John Ordway. "They are not today very wild, for we could go within 100 yards of them in open view, before they would run off, and then they would go but a short distance before they would stop and feed again."

"Saw a buffalo calf," he continued, "which had fell down the bank and could not get up again. We helped it up the bank and it followed us a short distance."

The first bighorn sheep they had ever seen appeared on cliffs above the river. Geese, swans, pelicans and cranes flew overhead. Bald eagles were everywhere, and Ordway got the quills from one of them to use in writing his daily journal. Beaver were so numerous that the smacking of their tails on the water kept Clark awake at night.

Lewis had brought along a Newfoundland dog, and it caught a litter of wolf pups. "I find curiosity with respect to this animal," Ordway finally wrote, "that some of the party clubbed them out of their way." Then he looked down on the ground and saw the biggest paw prints he had ever seen. He and the other men began to get excited. The previous winter the Hidatsas had told the explorers about a bear they would meet farther west: big, ferocious, absolutely fearless, and almost impossible to kill. On April 29 Lewis and another hunter finally saw their first one and killed it. It was a grizzly. The bear was big—nearly nine feet from nose to hind toe, an estimated 400 pounds after it was dressed—and while he could understand why Indians might be frightened of one, Lewis wrote in his journal that Americans with muskets had little to fear.

Then they met another grizzly. And then another, and another. Some took 10 to 12 slugs to kill. Some chased the men up trees, across the plains, over the river bank. Finally, a chastened Lewis wrote in his journal, "I find that the curiosity of our party is pretty well satisfied with respect to this animal."

Wleaned current. I have sweltered in the heat in Iowa. In Nebraska and South Dakota I have been eaten alive by chiggers and mosquitoes. I have slept in an earth lodge in North Dakota when the temperature outside was 30 degrees below zero. A few days later, when it was even colder and the radio was warning North Dakotans to stay indoors, I was standing with a cameraman, knee deep in snow, shooting a scene at the McLean County Historical Society’s reconstruction of Fort Mandan.

I have been through the magnificent White Cliffs of the Missouri about six different times—one with Steve Ambrose nearly 15 years ago when the temperature was in the 90s; another time, more recently, with my friend and colleague Ken Burns when a thunderstorm broke over our campsite, invaded the ground beneath our tents, and left us cold and sodden for the next two days. I have stood in awe at the base of the Great Falls, unfurled a 15-star flag at the summit of Lemhi Pass, been caught by surprise in a sudden snow squall in early October in the Bitterroot Mountains. I have gotten seasick in a boat bobbing and rolling on the swells in the mouth of the Columbia. And I have spent a truly unforgettable night at Fort Clatsop, alone with the spirits of the Corps of Discovery. As I read from their journals, I could share their mixed feelings of accomplishment and homesickness as they huddled on the Pacific Coast with an entire continent between themselves and their countrymen.

And yet, I must say, "I find my curiosity with respect to this expedition is never satisfied."

W

hy is that? What is it about the expedition that keeps drawing me back? I don’t think it’s some personal quirk of my own, because I have met many people, from all walks of life, with the same fascination and for whom an interest in the Lewis and Clark expedition is the only thing they share in common. What does the expedition mean—not just to me and so many other Americans, but to America itself? Let’s consider the possibilities. For starters, there’s a fascinating cast of characters:

> Meriwether Lewis—the brilliant but troubled commander. His journey took him from the comfort of the White House at the
side of one of our nation's greatest presidents—and greatest minds—to becoming the first United States citizen to reach the Continental Divide, then on to the Pacific and back to Washington, D.C., where one senator told him it was as if he had just returned from the moon. Along the way, in describing an almost indescribable landscape, he penned some of the finest, most lyrical passages ever written by any explorer—or any writer, for that matter. His "scenes of visionary enchantment" from the White Cliffs and his description of the Great Falls rank as classics in American literature. Sadly, his personal journey took him to a darker rendezvous with his own demons at Grinder's Stand three years after becoming a national hero.

> William Clark—gregarious, steady, trustworthy; a self-taught mapmaker of the highest order. He, I believe, was the rudder of the expedition, the man who kept things moving on an even keel. My own belief is that there could not have been a "Lewis expedition," even though Jefferson always considered it as such; without Clark we might not be preparing for a bicentennial celebration.

> York, Clark's slave, startled Indians who had never seen a black man. They called him "Big Medicine" because of his size and color. Oh, if only he had kept a journal! What we might learn from someone, raised a slave because of his color, who found himself in cultures that honored him because of his color.

> Sacagawea, the Shoshone Indian woman, and her baby Jean Baptiste. I wish she had kept a journal, too. Some novelists have tried to overstate her role—and her relationship with Clark—but the facts are really enough. Who can estimate what it meant to the men, as they dragged their canoes against the swift, cold, shallow current of the Jefferson River, to learn from her at Beaverhead Rock that they were finally reaching the headwaters of the Missouri and the homeland of her people? And no novelist in his or her right mind would ever try to concoct the amazing coincidence that the Shoshone chief upon whom the entire success of the expedition rested—the man who could either provide the expedition with horses it needed to cross the mountains or leave them to their own devices—would turn out to be Sacagawea's brother.

> Toussaint Charbonneau, Sacagawea's husband, about whom neither Lewis nor Clark ever had one good word to say—except that he made an exquisite white pudding, boudin blanc, using a recently emptied buffalo intestine.

> Pierre Cruzatte, the one-eyed boatman who played the fiddle while other men danced and who almost killed Lewis by mistaking him for an elk; and George Drouillard, the master hunter. They were the sons of French-Canadian fathers and Indian mothers.

> Shannon and Ordway, Whitehouse and Gass, and so many others, including John Colter, who was destined to remain in the West and become one of America's first "mountain men"—the direct link between the expedition and the next phase of the nation's expansion into the West.

And then there's an equally diverse and fascinating cast of Indian people the expedition met along the way:

> Wise and proud people like Black Buffalo of the Teton Sioux, who defused the tense moment that could have ended the expedition before its first summer was over.

> The generous Sheheke of the Mandans, who told Lewis and Clark before that harsh winter in North Dakota, "If we eat, you shall eat; if we starve, you must starve also."

> Cameahwait of the Shoshones, whose people were starving, who had to decide whether to delay the annual buffalo hunt in order to help the first white men his tribe had ever encountered.

> Twisted Hair of the Nez Perce, whom Clark described as a cheerful, sincere man. And the old Nez Perce woman the expedition does not mention but who may have persuaded her people to befriend the strangers from the East: Watkuweis, who told the Nez Perce, "Do them no hurt."

All of them—and so many others—were told that they had a new "Great Father" in the East, and were promised health and prosperity now that the United States was claiming the West—a promise I believe Lewis and Clark made in good faith, but a promise that, we now know, the nation that followed them across the continent did not fulfill.

There is one essential person who never made it west of the Blue Ridge Mountains—Thomas Jefferson. To Lewis he was "the author of our enterprise": Clark called him "that great Character the Main Spring of the action."

With Jefferson's involvement the expedition takes on a larger meaning. Intermingled with his dispatching of Lewis and Clark, Jefferson purchased the Louisiana Territory, an incredible act of diplomacy that doubled the size of his country and changed the course of American history.

With Jefferson there is an analogy between the Corps of Discovery and the race to the moon 150 years later. Think of all the connections. This was the first official exploration of unknown spaces ever undertaken by the United States. It was prompted by an international race for prestige and control of those spaces. Jefferson told his rivals that the expedition was for science, then he sold it to Congress on commercial benefits. It was staffed by the military and employed the latest technology—the air gun and Harpers Ferry rifles; portable soup, that Tang of the early 19th century; and the keelboat, the biggest vessel the Missouri had seen at that point, the Saturn booster rocket that lifted them to the edge of the unknown before dropping back to "earth." The explorers brought back samples they collected—and though prairie dogs aren't moon rocks, they still generated intense interest among the public. The men returned as national heroes, with gala balls in every town rather than tick-tack- provoke parades. Some, like the astronauts who followed, had difficulty adjusting to civilian life after re-entry. And, of course, the project overrun its budget. Throughout it all was the mind of Thomas Jefferson, with Monticello as "Mission Control."

What does the expedition mean to America? Consider this: The long trajectory to the moon and beyond was launched by Jefferson in the model he conceived with the Corps of Discovery. And the country's push to become a continental nation was also set in motion by the same remarkable president.

What else does the expedition mean? If you are interested in ethnology, there exists no better record of the dizzying diversity of Indian peoples of the West at the dawn of the 19th century than the journals of Lewis and Clark: people who lived in teepees and followed the buffalo herds on horseback; people who dwelt in permanent villages of earth lodges and tilled the soil; people who lived on rivers and survived on fish; people who braved the ocean, traveling by boat; people who for hundreds of generations had called the land their home; people without whose help the expedition would never have succeeded.

Some of the tribes had never seen white people before. As Joseph Whitehouse wrote of one encounter, "They signed to us that they
thought that we had rained down out of the clouds." Other tribes were already well-acquainted with whites, such as the Indians of the lower Columbia who had long contact with sailors. Wrote Lewis:

The persons who usually visit the entrance of this river for the purpose of traffic or hunting I believe are either English or American. The Indians inform us they speak the same language with ourselves and give us proofs of their veracity by repeating many words of English, such as musket, powder, shot, knife, file, damned rascal, son of a bitch, etc.

Whatever their previous history, each tribe's customs, habits, dwellings, food and other details of their lives were studiously recorded in the journals. And they are invaluable today, not only to modern scholars but to people in those tribes who wish to reach across nearly two centuries of ceaseless change to recapture part of their own traditions and history.

The expedition is important to science—descriptions of 122 animals and 178 plants never before written down for what Lewis called "the enlightened world." Beyond that, the journals provide vivid descriptions of a terrain filled with wildlife in ways none of us will ever see: Plains covered by elk and antelope and buffalo herds numbering, Clark estimated at one spot, nearly 10,000; herds that made him stop his canoes on the Yellowstone for hours as the beasts crossed the river; prairie dog villages covering ten acres of ground; grizzly bears living on the plains; California condors flying overhead near the Pacific; and the Columbia River literally choked with salmon.

But more than anything else, this is a great story—our nation's own Odyssey, filled with hundreds of smaller, equally great stories and moments.

Sad moments—like the death of Sergeant Floyd during the first summer, just upriver from Nebraska City. "I am going away," he whispered to Clark, "I want you to write me a letter." Then, before he could dictate it he died, and the Corps of Discovery buried their comrade on a bluff that still carries his name.

Playful moments—like holding foot races and games with the Nez Perce to get in shape for the return crossing of the daunting Bitterroots. They even played a game of base, a precursor of baseball.

Moments of incredible drama—the tense confrontation with the Teton Sioux, Private Richard Windsor hanging on for dear life on a slippery cliff over the Marias River, the deadly fight with the Blackfeet, the moment at Lemhi Pass when Lewis’s exultation at finally reaching the Continental Divide was confronted by the vista before him of endless mountains where mountains were not supposed to exist. And the ordeal of crossing those mountains. It was snowing and cold. There was no game to speak of. They ate some of their horses; they even ate some of their candles to survive.

Clark, not exactly a whiner in his journals, wrote on September 16: "I have been wet and as cold in every part as I ever was in my life; indeed I was at one time fearful my feet would freeze in the thin mocassins which I wore. To describe the road of this day would be a repetition of yesterday, except the snow, which made it worse."

Two days later John Ordway, camping at what the expedition named Hungry Creek, had this to say: "The mountains continue as far as our eyes could extend. They extend much further than we expected."

At Lemhi Pass a myth that had begun with Columbus—the myth of an easy Northwest Passage—had been mortally wounded. But in the Bitterroots—in the fallen trees and steep slopes and cold camps without food, in those mountains that Patrick Gass called "the most terrible mountains I ever beheld"—the myth finally died.

There are also significant moments of American history with the expedition—and, I think, lessons to be learned from them. In a nation that celebrates individual achievement, the Corps of Discovery succeeded through cooperation and teamwork. The captains broke military protocol and shared the command. They broke it again at the mouth of the Columbia when the expedition needed to make the crucial decision of where to spend the winter. Instead of simply issuing an order, the captains allowed each person a vote in the matter.

There they were, the members of this remarkable, diverse community in and of itself, which had traveled through the homelands and been befriended by so many other communities of native peoples; there they were, beyond the fixed boundaries of the United States, having crossed the continent the nation would spend the rest of the century expanding across, and they made this decision democratically by involving everyone. Everyone. York voted—a half century before slaves were emancipated and enfranchised. Sacagawea voted—more than a hundred years before women or Indians were granted the full rights of citizenship. It was, as we say in our film, Lewis and Clark at their best, which I believe is America at its best.

In some things, it took our country 50 or 100 years to catch up with Lewis and Clark and to follow their example. In some other things—like their relations with Indians—we never did. But the example is still there—a Corps of Discovery that woke up each morning to face an unknown horizon whose only certainty was another day of hard work; a Corps of Discovery that pushed forward, if not with confidence, then with dogged determination to move at least a little farther toward that horizon before the sun went down.
The struggle up the seemingly endless Missouri. The uncertainty—and potential for disaster—with the choice at the Marias River. The month-long portage of the Great Falls—with violent hail storms, boiling sun, maddening bugs, pricky pears, and a rough, broken ground that was wearing out their moccasins every two days. Dragging their canoes up the Jefferson and the Beaverhead. The terrible ordeal over the Bitterroots. And those three discouraging weeks near the mouth of the Columbia, pinned down by storms, their clothes rotting and supplies dwindling, just a little distance to go.

Dragging their canoes up the Jefferson and the Beaverhead. The terrible ordeal over the Bitterroots. And those three discouraging weeks near the mouth of the Columbia, pinned down by storms, their clothes rotting and supplies dwindling, just a few miles from the ocean they had already traveled so many miles during the previous two days. Dragging their canoes up the Jefferson and the Beaverhead. The terrible ordeal over the Bitterroots. And those three discouraging weeks near the mouth of the Columbia, pinned down by storms, their clothes rotting and supplies dwindling, just a few miles from the ocean they had already traveled so many miles and suffered through so much to behold. They captured it all in the three words that form the most recurrent phrase in their journals: "We proceeded on."

From the journal of Patrick Gass we learn that the expedition had set out at sunrise on this day, that they gathered chokecherries during their stop for lunch, and that they encamped for the evening on an island of willows.

Charles Floyd notes that the bushes of chokecherries were "about as high as a man's head" and that the current they were fighting all day was, in his words, "strong." John Ordway also mentions the cherries; he adds that William Bratton came across a large quantity of a plant they called sweet flag and that George Drouillard arrived at camp that evening with two deer for their supper.

Joseph Whitehouse adds more details. The weather that day was clear, he wrote, and in the shallow water near shore they saw two catfish—the "largest sized catfish" he calls them—that had grabbed hold of one another and could not let go. One of the French-Canadian boatmen shot them to add to the evening meal's larder.

According to Whitehouse, the cherries they picked were along a creek they called Butter Run, and not only did they delay until three o'clock there, they put the wild cherries into the whiskey barrel.

That day they rowed the keelboat for what Whitehouse estimated to be twelve miles. Clark called it ten and three-quarters miles, which is probably more accurate, but then again he was lost in rapture out on the prairie, not bending to the oars from dawn to dusk. Whatever the distance, we can imagine them around their campfire that night, the sound of the Missouri's steady current mingling with the pop and sizzle of burning cottonwood logs. It would be their first night without butter, but they would no doubt be enjoying their meal of venison and catfish and the warm glow in their throats from whiskey with a cherry aftertaste.

They would be tired from their labors, but I imagine Clark's report of that boundless prairie he had so suddenly stumbled into would have filled them with curiosity about what lay ahead. They wouldn't know, for instance, that within a month their companion Charles Floyd would be dead; that farther on they would run out of more things than butter—whiskey, then tobacco—and that there would be times when a good night's meal would be the flank of a horse or a roasted dog.

And though some of them had joined the expedition with hopes of gaining what John Ordway called "great rewards"—in land, double pay, and fame—I can't imagine that any of them, sitting near the campfire on that warm night, would have thought that in 1997 a group would be meeting nearby to plan the national celebration of their journey's 200th anniversary. Across the two centuries that separate us, we cannot speak to them. But if we listen hard enough, we can hear their voices speaking to us—reaching from the past and still calling us toward the next horizon.

"We proceeded on," they tell us all. "Every day is a day of discovery."

Dayton Duncan is the writer and co-producer, with Ken Burns, of Lewis & Clark: The Journey of the Corps of Discovery, a General Motors Mark of Excellence Presentation that aired on PBS in November. Their companion book was published by Alfred A. Knopf.
By Kurt E. Armbruster

The Railroad Comes to Seattle

At two o'clock in the afternoon on July 14, 1873, Seattle founder Arthur Denny received a telegram from agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad in Kalama: "We have located terminus on Commencement Bay." Staring at the wire, the stolid Denny must have reeled. So it would be Tacoma! This was a potential death blow to the young city on Elliott Bay, which had long considered itself the "natural and lawful terminus" of the nation's second transcontinental railroad.

Settled by whites in 1851, Seattle became the likely western terminus for a northern transcontinental railroad as early as 1853. That was the year Isaac Stevens, Washington Territory's newly appointed first governor, took charge of the War Department's northernmost or "Northern Pacific" reconnaissance party charged with locating a feasible rail route from the Mississippi to the Pacific. After 12 months of exhausting but comprehensive labor, Stevens found that there was indeed "a very excellent railroad connexion from the valley of the Snoqualmie to that commodious and beautiful harbor," Elliott Bay. Subsidiary expedition leader Brevet Captain George B. McClellan went even further, noting in a report that, while pessimistic on the feasibility of Snoqualmie Pass for railroad use, "Of all the harbors between the north end of Whidby's Island and Olympia, that of Seattle is by far the best.... It is therefore, in my opinion, the proper terminus for any railroad extending to the waters commonly known as Puget Sound."

These conclusions appeared in the War Department's summary and the press, establishing Seattle in official and popular eyes as the probable terminus for the line all knew would one day—soon—be built. The Northern Pacific Railroad was at last chartered by Congress in 1864. Initial western Washington surveys taken in 1870-71 centered on Seattle as both terminal point and junction of lines over the Cascades and up from the Columbia River. Construction of the NP's Pacific Division between the Columbia and Puget Sound began at Kalama in April 1871.
But if Seattle figured herself a shoo-in for the terminus, she was in for a shock. Under growing financial pressures, the Northern Pacific fell into the role of cunning suitor in pursuit of the biggest dowry, inciting competition among all the hopeful Puget Sound communities—Olympia, Steilacoom, Tacoma, even Bellingham Bay and Port Townsend—to offer the best "inducements" for railroad favor. As the directors weighed all the factors in choosing the "Future Great City," Puget Sound was delirious with "terminal fever." As the region's leading port, Seattle remained confident. But during an October 1872 inspection cruise of Puget Sound, the Northern Pacific directors were unimpressed with the city's railroad potential: there seemed to be little level ground for terminal facilities, too much hill and tideland. All the best waterfront properties were occupied, and Elliott Bay was said to be too deep for good anchorage.

Among the most influential of the directors was Charles B. Wright, the NP's largest stockholder. Viewing Commencement Bay from the deck of the paddle steamer North Pacific, Wright was convinced—"This is the place!" In July 1873, as track advanced northward, fever reached its peak: Seattle offered the Northern Pacific over $700,000 worth of cash and land. But Tacoma offered all her waterfront land and much more inland. And Tacoma was a virgin: the railroad would have its way with her, reaping maximum benefit from the land rush that would invariably follow a terminus announcement. Seattle was also, in the words of Northern Pacific president George Washington Cass, "about a million dollars beyond" Tacoma—an expensive 40 miles of track for a company that was by then approaching bankruptcy. At the insistence of railroad financier Jay Cooke, the Northern Pacific "headed in" at Tacoma.

"Land Ring Triumphant!" howled Seattle, blowing up a storm of anger and disappointment that, in the wake of the railroad's decision, would result in war—sometimes hot, sometimes cold—between the jilted city and the Northern Pacific for the next 17 years. "So ends the miserable farce played upon the people of Seattle," cried the Puget Sound Dispatch. In the dejected town signs went up in shop windows: "Gone to the Terminus!" Rejection hurt all the more since Seattle had already had her first sweet taste of railroad ing. Since 1872 the little city had listened to the daily tootings and chuffings of the tiny engines Ant and Geo. C. Bode of the Seattle Coal & Transportation Company as they lugged cars of Newcastle coal from Lake Union along Pike Street to the waterfront.

On July 14, 1873, in the wake of the infamous telegram, almost 400 of Seattle's 1,200 disappointed citizens convened at Yesler's Pavillion and pledged its $700,000 Northern Pacific fund to a new enterprise that would cross Snoqualmie Pass and give the city a railroad connection with the East: the Seattle & Walla Walla Railroad and Transportation Company. The S&WW spent $350,000 and took almost four years to attain Newcastle, a coal mine barely 20 miles distant. Seattle's little railroad was nevertheless a roaring success hauling San Francisco-bound coal and became a vital cash nexus in the city's growth. "That's the way to do it!" beamed the Dispatch: "Seattle marches right along, looking neither to the right or left, increasing in population, building piers, warehouses, and buildings just as if there was no such thing as the Northern Pacific Railroad." This sense of united purpose aroused by the NP rejection all but ensured the town's survival, and by the 1890s it was immortalized as the "Seattle Spirit." But the Seattle & Walla Walla was a dead end.
Seattle pulses quickened to rumors that “eastern capital” was about to make their town the “Great Metropolis” of the Northwest.

Enter Henry Villard. Having created a formidable transportation empire in the Columbia and Willamette valleys of Oregon, the German-born entrepreneur came calling on Puget Sound in April 1880. There he was taken in hand by Seattle landowner-capitalist Watson Squire, who later became territorial governor and a United States senator. Squire suggested to Villard that he could do worse than invest in Seattle’s busy coal mine and railroad. Villard nodded and his geologist cousin, E. W. Hilgard, came to confirm the potential of the Cascade coalfields, while Seattle pulses quickened to rumors that “eastern capital” was about to make their town the “Great Metropolis” of the Northwest. The Seattle & Walla Walla still had eyes on southeastern Washington, a region Villard considered tributary to his Oregon Railway & Navigation Company. And there were rumblings that the Northern Pacific would build a branch into the Cedar River lignite beds—perhaps even into Seattle. This would never do.

In October 1880 Villard wired his trusty lieutenant, Thomas F. Oakes: “For reasons of policy in connection with Northern Pacific and in order to get in position to control coal trade of eastern Washington territory, I have decided to purchase Seattle road.” He then formed the Oregon Improvement Company to “build, purchase, own,
and operate" railroads, docks, warehouses, wharves, locks, ferryboats and a line of steamers from Alaska to California, all dedicated to reaping the Northwest’s bounty—and keeping out rivals. Before the month was out, Oregon Improvement tendered an offer of $350,000 for the purchase of the Seattle & Walla Walla. Villard assured the line's directors, those same Seattle elders who still had their hearts set on a line to the east, that in excess of $5 million was at hand to complete their coveted railroad to eastern Washington. In addition, there would be a web of Cascade branch lines, including one to connect with the Northern Pacific at Wilkeson or Lakeview, and bring Seattle through service to Portland, California and points east—maybe even giving Tacoma the go-by! The bid was accepted. On November 26, 1880, the Seattle & Walla Walla was conveyed to the Oregon Improvement Company and a subsidiary incorporated in Olympia to operate the line: the Columbia & Puget Sound Railroad. The Seattle elders remained as directors. “Seattle's Future Assured!” crowed the Post-Intelligencer; Seattle was now “virtually the terminus” of a great national railroad system!

Well aware that his growing enterprise would soon find itself cowcatcher to cowcatcher with the Northern Pacific, Henry Villard captured control of the transcontinental in June 1881, after six months of financial legerdemain. His stature on Wall Street was such as to enable him to purchase controlling interest in the Northern Pacific by means of a subscription circulated among 50 leading investors—the famous “Blind Pool,” so called because those buying in were not told what they were buying. Not that they really needed to be; Villard’s say-so was sufficient in any case. Worn out and disgusted, president Frederick Billings stepped down in June, and on September 15 Henry Villard took the reins of the Northwest.

On June 24 Villard penned into life the Oregon & Transcontinental Company to serve as controlling and financing umbrella for the NP and his other holdings. O&T was the prototype of the 19th-century’s great holding companies, and since Northern Pacific had no chartered franchise to build branch lines, one of the new company’s primary missions was the building of “such branch lines to the main line of the Northern Pacific as would, upon careful examination, appear indispensable for the protection and development of its traffic and the enhancement of the value of its land grant.” Touring his new domain in October 1881, the railroad king was greeted in Seattle with a rousing cheer as he promised them “within 12 months of today, an unbroken railroad from St. Paul to Tacoma and Seattle. We expect to put in an extension of the Washington territory branch from some point south of Tacoma to Seattle.” Villard cited Puget Sound's natural superiority over Portland and the sandbar-plagued Columbia River as an ocean outlet, and declared that the sound would soon be the grain-loading center of the Northwest. Seattle, Tacoma and Portland would all be termini! Expanded terminal facilities would of course be needed on Elliott Bay, requiring railroad right-of-way along Seattle’s waterfront. For that Villard would promptly bring the long-frustrated city her railroad connection.

In January 1882 Villard began making good on his pledge. Northern Pacific’s western counsel, James McNaught, opened negotiations with the city council for waterfront right-of-way. To queries from the council as to what entity would build and operate the line, Villard wired on February 22: “It being doubtful whether the Northern Pacific Railroad Company can build the line under its . . . charter, we propose to connect your town with Tacoma by a standard gauge line to be owned by the Transcontinental Company, but operated by the Northern Pacific.”

City Ordinance 259 was ratified by mayor and council on March 7, granting Oregon & Transcontinental and Oregon Improvement companies a corridor not to exceed 30 feet in width, from South King Street to Cedar Street, one mile north. In return, O&T was to “construct and operate a standard gauge railroad from Seattle to a point on the North[ern] Pacific Railroad Company’s constructed line, so as to connect the City of Seattle with Eastern Washington, either by way of Portland . . . or the Cascade mountains within two (2) years, and on failure to do so this right herein granted shall be void.” The council further stipulated that the right-of-way was to be held in trust for joint use by any other line that might come to Seattle. This rail corridor curved along the meander line of Elliott Bay and between business houses, a twisting right-of-way that would in the 1890s become known as the “ram’s horn.”

During 1882 Henry Villard papered Washington Territory with would-be O&T branch lines, slamming the iron door against any and all invaders. On September 1 articles of incorporation were entered at Olympia to “construct, equip,
Since his takeover of the Northern Pacific, Tacoma had been suspicious of Villard, fearing he would remove the terminus to Seattle...

and operate a line of railroad between Seattle and Green River," there to connect with the Northern Pacific. Villard himself was president of this new company, and fellow directors included his friend and Oregon Railway & Navigation Company manager C. H. Prescott, NP chief engineer R. M. Armstrong, Oregon senator J. N. Dolph and Seattle wholesaler Bailey Gatzert. Though all but the northernmost two miles of the new line would run well inland, it was named the Puget Sound Shore Railroad.

R. M. Armstrong and James McNaught busied themselves during September obtaining right-of-way easements from farmers in the White River Valley. By mid October these had been secured and the line surveyed between Puyallup and Black River Junction, formerly an important Native American site at the confluence of the White and Black rivers called Mox La Push. On October 6 the Northern Pacific general manager's office in Portland announced that it would solicit bids for construction of the Seattle extension, which would be comprised of two lines: a Northern Pacific spur off that road's Tacoma-Wilkeson coal branch (built 1876-77), diverging just east of Puyallup and running seven miles up the White River Valley; and the Puget Sound Shore Railroad, running 23 miles south from Seattle. The two companies would meet at the Stuck River, about two miles south of Slaughter (present-day Auburn).

The narrow gauge Columbia & Puget Sound ran southward from Seattle over the old Seattle & Walla Walla's 10 miles to Black River Junction, where it turned east toward Renton. From the inception of the Puget Sound Shore line, intentions were for it to share the C&PS right-of-way into Seattle. The PSS would simply lay a third rail alongside the C&PS, allowing both roads' trains to use the same track. To secure "ample and separate" terminal facilities in Seattle, PSS would diverge from the C&PS in the Judkins Addition, half a mile south of King Street, and enter town over the tide flats on a 2,000-foot-long pile trestle, terminating near the C&PS depot at South Second and South King streets. Terminal facilities in Seattle would be modest at first: in the absence of turning facilities, "Shore road" trains would stop at the end of track, detrain passengers and freight in the open, and back up to Tacoma.

On November 1, 1882, the contract for construction of the Seattle railroad from Puyallup to Black River was given to the Joseph F. Nounan Company of San Francisco and partner J. R. Myers of Portland. By the 25th Nounan was able to report:

We have 300 men at work, 50 of whom are whites and 250 Chinese. The white men clear the way, and the Chinamen do the grading. These men are all employed on the southern end of the road, and are working this way... We expect to have our contract completed on or before the first of June, next. High water is the only thing that will prevent.

Wages were two dollars a day for whites and one dollar a day for "Chinamen." Nounan also hired valley farmers to slash and clear, "thus making friends along the route." As things turned out, high water did prevent. Both the White and Stuck rivers overflowed their banks that winter, as they had for eons, putting large areas of the valley under water.

The ground was permanently marshy in many places, and extensive piling was necessary to anchor the roadbed, slowing construction drastically. On March 4 work stopped to let everyone dry out and resumed in April, dragging well behind schedule. Rails began creeping northward from Puyallup Junction at the rate of half a mile a day.

Meanwhile, Tacoma seethed.

Since his takeover of the Northern Pacific, the town had been suspicious of Villard, fearing he would remove the terminus to Seattle in favor of his mining and railroad interests there. And now, sure enough, Seattle was "virtually the terminus!" The Daily Ledger sniffed:

Seattle, it appears, is to have a broad-gauge railroad branch... and great excitement in consequence of the expectation is reported from that town including unusual activity of spirits and prosperity to the gin mills... It is not a little astounding that the denizens of Yeslerville [after Seattle pioneer Henry Yesler] should, instead of promptly seizing their grip-sacks and hieing with speed to the site of the future great city, continue in fancied security and idleness to nurse the fond hope for the supremacy of Yeslerville.

The Post-Intelligencer lobbed back:
It is almost painfully amusing to observe the efforts made by our contemporaries of Tacoma to suppress the connection of the Northern Pacific Company with the railroad now building into Seattle. As the rose smells the same no matter what you call it, so it will be with the thirty mile section of railroad now building in this country. It will be Northern Pacific to all intents and purposes, and will make this city the extreme Northwest terminal city of the vast railroad system of the United States.

Not that everyone in Seattle was thrilled with the Villard dispensation. There were grumblings—he would have his way with Seattle, then leave her high and dry. He would never lay tracks over Snoqualmie Pass. He was a monopoly, pure and simple. Don't trust him! In March 1882 the city's railroad stalwarts—Thomas Burke, John Leary, Arthur Denny and others—once again took up the crusade to lay a rail line over Snoqualmie Pass, this time calling it the Seattle, Walla Walla & Baker City. Things simmered for a year, and in April 1883 Villard came west to parlay with the impatient city:

We have been described as a monopoly. I took occasion during my last visit to the Pacific coast to say that, part seriously and part humorously, we were a benevolent monopoly. I mean by that, simply, that whatever financial power we commanded through this monopoly should not be exercised for the exclusive benefit of our corporations, but for the benefit of the community from which we derive our prosperity as well. I think what has been done here by us during the last three years bears witness uniformly of that fact... but for the fact that we have represented strong concentrated financial power, the great enormous and rapid development that has been going on in the last three years you would not have seen in the next twenty years... My paramount duty is to give this isolated coast communication direct by rail to the rest of the United States.

The wily capitalist not only pacified Seattle, he came away with a pledge for a $150,000 subsidy to help him convert the Columbia & Puget Sound to standard gauge, extend it into the Cedar River coalfields, and connect at some future date with the Northern Pacific Cascade Division. Again the
city congratulated itself: “Seattle Virtually the Terminus of the Main Line and Cascade Branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad!” No more was heard of the Seattle, Walla Walla & Baker City.

By mid August rails reached the Stuck River, and the eight miles from there to Black River were graded and ready for ties. Armstrong’s bridge crews were framing the Stuck and White River bridges, and four pile drivers were going full speed.

On September 1 a subcontract was let to J. F. Fountain & Company of Seattle to widen and improve the shared right-of-way between Black River and Seattle. Fifty men, four yoke of oxen and several teams were pressed into service. An “Oriental army” of “1,400 Chinamen and 60 teams” hastened the work that fall—“laborers swarm through the fields like bees, and the grading and leveling give one the impression that the whole face of nature is being torn up.” By the end of September the trestle into King Street was finished and ready for rails. This “railroad on stilts” would promptly be dubbed the “broad gauge strip.”

Puget Sound Shore Railroad engine no. 3, leased from the Oregon Improvement Company in 1887, switches cars at the OIC wharf on the Seattle waterfront, c. 1888. At upper left is the Main Street depot, built in 1881 for the Seattle & Walla Walla at South Third and King streets and moved to this location in November 1887.

On September 8, 1883, the last spike of the Northern Pacific was driven at Gold Creek, Montana, 50 miles west of Helena. Henry Villard took his turn swinging the maul with his wife Fanny and Ulysses S. Grant, then he and his party headed west. At 4:30 in the afternoon of September 14, Villard and retinue stepped off the Queen of the Pacific in Seattle to a 38-gun salute. He had hoped to ride his private car directly into Seattle, but unfortunately the line was not finished: some three miles of track between Titusville (later Kent) and Black River remained to be laid, as well as into Seattle and on the broad gauge strip. Two great ceremonial arches adorned with pine boughs and clusters of red mountain ash berries had been run up on Commercial street, along with Japanese lanterns, hastily planted fir trees, and a blizzard of flags and bunting; a veritable herd of roast oxen and acres of baked clams had all been laid on for the man of the hour.

Escorted uptown to the grounds of the territorial university, Villard raised cheers with his usual suave diplomacy—“I told my guests that they should see one of the most enterprising towns found on the North Pacific coast”—and poked good-natured fun at engineer Henry Thielsen, who had been unable to finish the track into Seattle in time for the Villard special: “I have brought the culprit along. You may try him by a jury of twelve good, honest and wise men, and punish him as you like!” Unfortunately, Villard could scarcely enjoy the festivities: even then his great financial house of cards was swaying ominously, and he was anxious to get back to Wall Street. After little more than an hour in Seattle, Villard made profuse apologies and reboarded the steamer for Tacoma and the train east, leaving fireworks and feast to the citizens.

Seattle eagerly awaited her railroad to the outside world. The Post-Intelligencer crowed happily that within a matter of a few weeks Tacoma would be relegated to “a place where the locomotives running from Seattle to Portland will stop to water and oil up. That’s the milk in the cocoanut which has soured the stomach of our neighbor. It isn’t pleasant to be a way station close to a live metropolis like Seattle.” The Ledger snipped back: “If, with all her pretensions to greatness and her boasting about tributary coal mines, Seattle’s trains must get their motive power from Tacoma, is it not possible that they will go no further? Tacoma is what every other town on Puget Sound would gladly be. It is what Seattle, especially, would be—the Western Terminus.” Feud or no feud, the gap between cities was fast being closed. Then Villard went broke.

Northern Pacific and Oregon & Transcontinental stocks
hit the skids in the fall of 1883, and Henry Villard’s empire collapsed. On January 4 he stepped down as head of both corporations, and Seattle mourned—with good reason. During the three-year Villard boom, Seattle’s population had gone from 3,500 to 6,000 inhabitants, her diverse and robust economy was flourishing. Now, none other than Charles B. Wright—the “Abraham Lincoln of Tacoma”—took Villard’s board seat and wasted no time indicating where his sympathies lay:

I am quite positive that the Northern Pacific has no landed interests at Seattle. The NPRR Company has no interest in the line to Seattle further than Stuck Junction, 16 miles from Tacoma. I can say that the NP Company has no intention of spending any money at Seattle on account of railroad or any other facilities. I think you will find the trains between Tacoma and Seattle treated as local trains.

That January, construction on Villard company lines, including the Puget Sound Shore, ground to a halt.

Seattle feared the worst but took heart in the election of the Northern Pacific’s new president, Robert Harris—“a practical business and railroad man, free from the domination by any petty cliques or rings . . . who will waste no strength on terminal sideshows.” Harris announced that all points would be treated fairly and without discrimination, and that construction of the Cascade Division over Stampede Pass would be rapidly prosecuted. In February 1884 things brightened even more as Oregon Improvement Company general manager John L. Howard of San Francisco affirmed that the company would assume Oregon & Transcontinental’s obligation to finish construction of the Puget Sound Shore Railroad—“I have telegraphic instructions from New York to lay the rails from Black River to Seattle on the prepared roadbed, and finish the road along the city front.” No time was wasted, and by the end of March construction superintendent Stone announced that the Puget Sound Shore was virtually finished, as forces busily drove piles for the Seattle waterfront right-of-way.

The Seattle-Tacoma railroad was ready to roll—but nothing happened. Rumors of the impending start-up of Seattle-Tacoma rail service continued to fly in the spring of 1884, but peace in the White River Valley remained undisturbed by the Iron Horse. The Post-Intelligencer sighed, “So many lies have been told about this piece of road that the people won’t take stock in these reports until the whistle of the locomotive is heard.” Even the Portland Board of Trade got into the act, sending a memorial to the Northern Pacific board calling for “speedy
Northern Pacific refused to connect with either steamers or the new Seattle trains—patrons going either way were stranded overnight in Tacoma.

operation" of the railroad between Portland and Seattle—"Fully and probably more than half the passengers over the Northern Pacific north of Portland are destined for Seattle. There is no good reason apparent why they should be compelled to get out of the cars in the night." NP and Oregon Improvement Company officials met and shook their heads over rate divisions and schedules, agreeing only that Northern Pacific would provide a locomotive and rolling stock. Cows wandered onto the tracks, and the press dubbed the rusting line the "Orphan Road."

Then, on the morning of June 17 James McNaught received a telegram at his Seattle office from NP vice president Thomas Oakes in Kalama: he was on his way to Seattle and would arrive, by train, that afternoon. Quickly the excited lawyer spread the word and arranged for the requisite flags and bunting to be run up on hotels and business houses. Town cynics promptly made book on the odds of the train actually showing up. But show up it did.

The first standard gauge train into Seattle arrived at 2:45 P.M.: Northern Pacific 4-4-0 locomotive no. 306 and a single coach bearing Oakes, superintendent J. M. Buckley and John C. Bullitt, a Philadelphia lawyer and friend of C. B. Wright. McNaught had hunted up a small artillery piece, and as the little train clanked across the trestle and approached King Street, "the roar of the cannon announced to the city the fact that Seattle was at last the terminus in reality!" Twenty-one guns were fired as engineer P. R. Church and fireman Ben Holgate brought the engine and coach to a stop, as the little train clanked across the trestle and approached King Street, "the roar of the cannon announced to the city the fact that Seattle was at last the terminus in reality!"

The Villard plan for connection between the Columbia & Puget Sound and the NP at a "common point" in the Cascades would be realized if Harris had anything to say about it, and he vowed that "the door will be wide open at the junction point. We want open doors for what business may come along from China and the islands." The Cascade Division was being built, and everyone would win if they would just pull together.

The cynics appeared to have won the day; no more trains ran and rumors spread that the rails would be taken up.

And then suddenly, there it was. On Sunday, July 6, 1884, Northern Pacific engine no. 315, a baggage car and coach steamed miraculously up the broad gauge strip after a 3-hour 25-minute run from Tacoma. According to an incredulous Post-Intelligencer, "The trains were started so suddenly that people could not fully realize the road had been opened to traffic, and in Tacoma, where the idea was entertained that we would be disconnected from rail communication by taking up the track, they could not believe it." If the train had to back out of town, nobody much minded. The first timetable appeared on July 10: Train 23 departed Tacoma at 10:15 P.M., arriving in Seattle at 1:38 A.M. Train 24 left for the south the following afternoon at 1:50.

Complaints were quick to surface. On July 17 Robert Harris called at Seattle and was presented with a full plate of grievances: Northern Pacific refused to connect with either steamers or the new Seattle trains—patrons going either way were stranded overnight in Tacoma. Freight rates discriminated against Seattle, consignments were broken up at Tacoma and delayed without explanation, and NP ticket agents played deaf and dumb when asked for passage to Seattle. And the confounded train didn't get into town until two o'clock in the morning!

Like the well-intentioned neighbor blundering into a domestic spat, the courtly Harris tried to sort things out:

"To get all these things working smoothly takes some little time, and the officials who have managed the business did not understand their business properly. The matter of the arrival of the trains we cannot change any. We leave Portland as soon as our transcontinental train gets there . . . we are running very carefully on some parts of our road, and are liable to slides in some places. I will try to see to it that there is not discrimination, nor shall you have any just grounds for complaint."

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On the train up the valley, Harris had been puzzled to hear the line called "Orphan Road." He tried to clear up the confusion:

It is a property which belongs, if I am not mistaken, to the Oregon & Transcontinental Company. All the money that has been expended on it has been by the OT Company. Its stock is owned by the OT Company. The confusion that has got into our relations would not have happened if each company had had a separate head looking out for its own interest. I suggest that every question between the Northern Pacific
Railroad ephemera: Columbia and Puget Sound Railroad annual pass, 1889; and (opposite page) the final Puget Sound Shore timetable from Lewis & Dryden's Railroad Guide for the North Pacific Coast, 1889 edition.

Company and the Improvement Company will be satisfactorily adjusted.

John Leary had escorted the Harris party up the Orphan Road, and it had not been a happy ride. "I went to Tacoma to meet Mr. Harris and his company," declared Leary, "and they were very candid in their expressions that Seattle was to be ignored so far as the Northern Pacific is concerned. Let us build a road in our own county to bring its products to our own city, and we will stay by it to the last day. Give us Seattle, or give us death!"

Seattle's railroad militants were at the moment in full cry against the Northern Pacific's vast King County land grant. The city's lead in demanding forfeiture of the grant and equal treatment of corporations and individuals had lately become known far and wide as the "Seattle Idea," and it was left to Judge Thomas Burke, the city's leading NP-baiter, to serve Harris his full dose:

We have built our towns and cities and developed the country. We are building our own railroads, and after all this is done, in comes the Northern Pacific railroad and demands to give them more than half the country. For what? Broken promises? For retarding the growth of the country by holding it in bondage? The people of Seattle have never received any favors from the company, and they have never expected any. All we want is fair play. As a simple illustration of the childish hostility shown by the company to Seattle, I will refer you to the course of the company when, about a year ago, an edition of the Northern Pacific folder was published in which Seattle was spoken of as the "Queen City of Puget Sound." With the change of administration, the great corporation was stirred to its lowest depths, and promptly the whole edition was suppressed! Today your trains are run so as to cause this city and the travelling public coming here as much inconvenience as possible.

Harris swallowed and thanked the chamber of commerce courteously for the "frank discussion." He took his leave saying, in all innocence, "The main thing is to place a tunnel of two miles in the Stampede Pass, and to put you in full communication with the East. And then you can go down to Tacoma as often as you want, and catch a train." Red-faced Judge Burke—Seattle Spirit personified—blustered, "We will never want to go there!"

Apparently, though, many others did. "Very handsome traffic" was quick to develop during July, the Post-Intelligencer noted:

The trains of the first week consisted of a single engine, one baggage car and one passenger coach. No provisions were made for freight. Pretty soon more passengers were offered than one coach could carry, and immediate demand for freight transportation arose, while it was known that a large number of cars came through to Tacoma for this city, the freight from which has heretofore been brought from that place by boats, involving more or less delay, breakage and cost. The slow time made over the road has been against it, as well as the lack of a trainman with gumption enough to tell passengers arriving from Portland they could continue on to Seattle for a dollar. These things are now changing. A mail car and one bonded car have already come over the road, and they will soon be followed by like cars, regularly put on. Freight cars are also run, and all the business is gone for that can be got. The other day two passenger coaches came and went full, and yesterday three. The road passes through an exceedingly productive country, which annually sends out many shiploads of hay, hops, potatoes and other bulky articles of farm growth. One of the next things to be added to the service is a Pullman sleeper, within a fortnight, which will come and go every day, making St. Paul and Seattle its eastern and western terminal points.

The Seattle Pullman was, alas, wishful thinking—no such carriage would enter the city in regular service until 1890. But Seattle's transportation prospects never looked better. The town's early motto had been "New York Alki"—New York, by and by. Now one could get on a train within spitting distance of Henry Yesler's mill and ride in style to Gotham's gate.

Then the trains stopped. Puget Sound Shore general manager T. J. Milner received a telegram on August 21 from NP Tacoma agent Otis Sprague stating, "I am instructed to discontinue the interchange of traffic between the Northern Pacific and the Oregon Improvement Co." There was no further explanation. The Tacoma Ledger gloated over the demise of "the back-down-from Seattle bobtailed train," chuckling, "The city of sawdust today is not even the terminus of an
accommodation train, and we miss our guess if the Northern Pacific Railroad Company does not get the d__l from the press of that city worse than ever before this action.”

Memos flew between NP and Oregon Improvement Company officials; the Orphan Road was barely operable, major improvements were needed, including terminal facilities at Seattle, before anything like mainline operations could begin. Who would pay for them? Who would pay the train crews? How would receipts be split between the 1,800-mile-long Northern Pacific and the 23-mile Shore road? Oregon Improvement Company president Elijah Smith was succinct on that question: “If it don’t pay, we should shut it up.” The standoff at Stuck Junction continued, and cows reclaimed the Orphan Road.

On August 23 the Northern Pacific undertook to deal with the Orphan Road and the “Seattle problem.” Robert Harris, James Buckley, Newman Kline, James McNaught and Samuel Wilkeson met in Tacoma and incorporated the Northern Pacific & Puget Sound Shore Railroad,

...to acquire and to hold, equip, maintain, run and operate the railroad connecting the Cascade branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad at Puyallup Junction...with the Puget Sound Shore Railroad at a point known as Stuck Junction...to acquire by purchase, lease or otherwise, and to...operate the Puget Sound Shore Railroad Co. from Stuck Junction to the city of Seattle.

The specter of Canadian Pacific-Union Pacific incursion—which Seattle was beginning to find a very handy “club” against the NP—was duly summoned. Always conciliatory, Harris agreed that business was business and vowed, “It will be no fault of mine if that road is not soon in operation!”

But it wasn’t, and exasperation grew along the Orphan Road. Especially irked were White River valley farmers: they had signed over liberal rights-of-way for a railroad that refused to run, and now their produce had to slog to market in wagons, over poor or nonexistent roads. One of them, a noted orator named Erastus “Foghorn” Green, figured he’d raise a holler: he ballyhooed a mass meeting in Kent, then known informally as Templars Hall. Judge J. R. Lewis opened the proceedings of the Seattle district court with the declaration that “the Seattle, or King County, Idea” was due first credit for the growth movement across the nation and that the railroads were chartered and existed primarily for the public interest. The complications of the interlocking Villard companies caused cows on the Shore line. Closeted again with the city fathers, Harris was informed that Seattle’s businessmen wanted the line run, “in first class shape and making first-class connections.” T. T. Minor lectured:

This community is paying out considerably over $100,000 per year on freight, which ought naturally to have transport over your road. As it is now, much the larger proportion of this comes by way of San Francisco. Eastern freights today are received in quicker time, and in as good condition, by way of San Francisco. The Northern Pacific is the natural route for our freight to take, and with good facilities it would receive the patronage of our community...Seattle is the distribution point for nearly all the communities resident on Puget Sound.

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folks to be "at a loss to locate the responsibility for the non-
operation" of the line. But Lewis opined that the "aggrieved
parties"—the farmers and others who had deeded rights-of-
way to the railroad—had the right to file suit for the line's
operation or force its condemnation and sale to another entity
that would operate it. Railroad ears pricked up.

James McNaught ventured that it would be difficult to
force operation of a railroad "which was without money,
without motive power or rolling stock, and which under
the circumstances would only involve a money loss to its
owners." He reviewed the failure of the O&ST and NP to agree on
operating terms but did point to the ongoing negotiations
between Robert Harris and Elijah Smith as evidence of their
good faith. McNaught counselled patience and chided pro-
ponents of the "Seattle Idea"—they had " forfeited for the
town of Seattle the favorable consideration of the Northern
Pacific railroad." Loss of business establishments in Seattle
and King County, loss of four million dollars in tax assess-
ments and "tenantless houses" in a depressed Seattle were the
result of antagonizing the corporation.

Judge Cornelius Hanford rose next, grumbling that he was
sorry the audience "had not been served with more substan-
tial pabulum from Mr. McNaught." Folks were not interested
in the petty squabbles among railroad officials, only that
the railroad should serve the purposes of its creation and be
available for the public use and benefit, and if the corporation
differences could not be harmonized on account of a dog-in-the
manager policy on the part of any one of the companies, the dog
should then be lifted out and the willing ox be permitted to eat.

Hanford produced figures given him by Shore line superin-
tendent T. J. Milner showing a handsome profit during the
line's short period of operation.

Oregon Improvement's John Howard summarized the
"corporation differences" as best he could, doubtless only
adding to the confusion: The Puget Sound Shore, he noted,
was owned by the Oregon & Transcontinental and not by the
Oregon Improvement Company, which had "no interest" in
the line and was "not responsible for its idleness." It was NP's
fault that trains weren't running—they wouldn't interchange
with the Shore line. McNaught shook his head. Howard then
read a day-old telegram from Elijah Smith stating that nego-
tiations with Northern Pacific to reopen the Orphan Road
were at that moment proceeding in New York and promised
"a favorable outlook for a prompt settlement."

Debate continued until suddenly John Howard
rose and asked for recognition of the chair. He
had just been handed a telegram hot off the
wire from "Lijer" Smith. It had been received
in Seattle at the McNaught law office, rushed to Black River
Junction by train, and from there to the meeting by
McNaught law partner John Mitchell on a fast horse. It read:
"Negotiations referred to yesterday resulted in arrangement
that will enable us to open road about October 1st." Fresh
cigars were lit and the "Great Railroad Meeting" adjourned
with hearty applause and high hopes.

Predictably, the reopening was delayed. On October 15
Thomas Oakes arrived in Seattle and announced that NP
was now prepared to give Seattle

full and satisfactory service, with close connections and faster
time than the steamboats are making now. We shall furnish
such trains as the trade demands and run to the joint interests
of the people and the road. You should remember that the North-
ern Pacific owns no line into Seattle, though it naturally should
be the possessor of the track owned by the other two connecting
companies. It was no doubt part of Villard's program to merge
the lines into the Northern Pacific system, and who knows what
may be the ultimate outcome? The opening of traffic now is
about all that the people should expect. Things must have a
beginning and this one seems to me to be a promising one.

Service would begin "on or about" the 25th.

Rehabilitation work on the Orphan Road began in the
first week of October 1885. The line had never been ballasted
and had suffered several washouts in the year it had lain idle.
A gang of 50 men shooed away the cows and set to work
between Seattle and Stuck Junction, where the two operators
would now exchange engines and crews. A 54-foot turntable
was set into place on pilings adjacent to the Columbia &
Puget Sound roundhouse—no more backing down to
Tacoma. Best of all, there would be two trains a day! A
through connection train to Tacoma was scheduled out of
the Queen City at 2:25 A.M., to reach Tacoma two hours
later. The northbound run would leave Tacoma at 8:10 P.M.,
and reach Seattle at 10:35. The "accommodation" local for
valley business was to leave Seattle at 3:10 P.M. and run only
as far as Stuck Junction, where engine and crew would lay
over for the night and return to Seattle next morning at 7:30.
Milner leased "one first class locomotive" and a passenger
coach from the OR&N, and fixed the PSS fare at one dollar
to any point between Seattle and Tacoma, competitive with
steamr fares. On October 26, 1885, trains began running
and haven't stopped since.

Seattle's railroad service gradually improved and ex-
danded, and growth, growth and more growth was the order
of the day on Puget Sound. By the end of the decade the
Queen City's busy population exceeded 40,000, and North-
ern Pacific was suing for peace with its old nemesis, anxious
to establish full terminal facilities there. In January 1890
the Puget Sound Shore was bought by the Northern Pacific
& Puget Sound Shore for one million dollars. Terminal
fever, Seattle Spirit, and the Orphan Road passed into
Northwest folklore.

Kurt E. Armbruster, a Seattle native, is a University of Washington
graduate with a degree in history and author of Orphan Road: The
Railroad Comes to Seattle, 1853-1911 (work-in-progress).
Unidentified Japanese-American actors, Seattle, c. 1929

One of a group of 70 recently acquired photographs of actors performing in traditional Japanese plays in Seattle, 1925-1934. Mainly photographed by the Aiko Studio, a few are identified in Japanese, but the majority are awaiting identification. Special Collections is working with the Japanese-American community throughout Washington to identify the people in these images and to add to our steadily-increasing photographic and manuscript holdings relating to the history of Washington's Japanese Americans.
EDITOR'S NOTE
What follows is Terrence Cole's preface to the Klondike commemorative edition of William B. Haskell's memoir, Two Years in the Klondike and Alaskan Gold-Fields, reproduced here with permission of the publisher, University of Alaska Press.

BEFORE READING any memoir of the Klondike gold rush, it is wise to remember the warning that appeared in the Seattle Times in August 1897: "They now say there are more liars to the square inch in Alaska than any place in the world." Gold fever and gullibility naturally go hand in hand, but the Klondike craze of 1897–98 stretched the limits of irrationality to new heights. As one reporter said, the discovery of gold in the Klondike unleashed such a barrage of crazy schemes for instant riches that it seemed as if some gigantic "insane asylum had been thrown open and the inmates turned loose."

"The magic word 'Klondike' seems to be ample indorsement [sic] in the estima-
tion of the public for any kind of an Alaskan proposition,” the Chicago Tribune stated in the summer of 1897, “no matter how wild or ridiculous its scope. . . . If some crazy man should propose the sawing of the flinty Alaskan ice into railway ties and telegraph poles . . . it would cause no more than a passing spasm of surprise. Everything is possible in Alaska, according to the promoters.”

A San Diego woman who followed the occult pleaded for money to fund a Klondike expedition in January 1898. “Now, you need not smile,” she wrote, “but I know a man with great psychic powers who has studied occult science in Egypt, and this man has the power of leaving his body. . . . He recently left his body and went up to the Klondike region, and there he discovered a wonderful amount of gold.” She and her far-ranging psychic traveler pledged to go back to the Klondike and bring home “TONS and TONS” of gold for whoever would provide them with a grubstake to feed their mortal shells.

William B. Haskell never claimed to have traveled on the astral plane, never tried to leave home without his body, but he returned from the Klondike in 1898 with his own remarkable story. Haskell’s Two Years in the Klondike and Alaskan Gold-Fields (1898) is a literary and historical gem, far superior in both style and substance to any other Klondike memoir, and deserves a place on the shelf of classic western literature. In the tradition of Richard Henry Dana’s Two Years Before the Mast, William B. Haskell’s Two Years in the Klondike tells the hard reality of a young man’s quest for adventure. Well-crafted and rich with humor and authentic detail, Haskell’s book gives a vivid portrait of mining camp life and death that rivals the work of Bret Harte, Mark Twain or Jack London. Though what became of Haskell after 1898 is not clear—apparently he never wrote another book—he left an enduring legacy.

Haskell’s autobiography has been a major source for every thorough history of the gold rush era in the past century, even though his book has actually been out of print for nearly a hundred years. A new edition of his memoir, published in commemoration of the gold rush centennial, brings back his remarkable eyewitness account of the Klondike stampede.

Most of the Klondike books that swamped the market during and after the 1897-98 gold rush were as useless as the multitude of Klondike scams pawned off on unwary gold seekers—like food pills, magic gold separators, gold mining gophers, ice locomotives, homing pigeons and Arctic underwear. Publishers eager to cash in on the rush churned out a library-load of Klondike memoirs and Klondike travel guides, instant books by instant experts, usually comprised of material lifted from government reports, newspaper accounts and other guidebooks.

“The east is being flooded with worthless publications about the Klondike,” the San Francisco Chronicle complained in August 1897, “most of which are filled with revamped stuff about gold mining in California and other countries.”

In September 1897 the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, about to unveil its own Klondike Special Edition, blasted the trashy Klondike books which lacked both truth and literary merit. “During the past summer,” the Seattle editor stated, “several books containing alleged ‘Facts About Klondike’ have been published and circulated, but in none of them has there been any reality. They have contained a mass of jumbled up matter, disconnected, incomplete and often unreliable.”

ABOVE: One of the many guidebooks that proliferated during the Klondike gold rush.
GOLD RUSH DIRECTOR’S TOUR

There is no better time to visit the Klondike gold rush country than during the Alaska Gold Rush Centennial. In June 1998 WSHS Director David Nicandri will lead a tour to explore and retrace the original “gold rush route,” first by ship through the Inside Passage, then by land across White Pass, past Lake Bennett, into Whitehorse in the Yukon Territory, and ultimately to Dawson City, the heart of the Klondike.

This is an opportunity to visit both Alaska and the Yukon with the added benefit of the director’s historical interpretation of the Klondike gold rush of 1897-98 through a series of brief lectures and audio-visual presentations.

For more information on costs, itinerary and accommodations, contact Uniglobe Personal Choice Travel, 4009 Tacoma Mall Blvd., Suite E, Tacoma, WA 98409; Tacoma/Pierce County 253/473-6250; Seattle 206/431-1286; all others 1-888-473-6250.

“White Pass Hotel.” On the Skagway Trail—the “hotel” consisted of no more than a small log hut (center).

GERENALLY, KLONDIKE books varied in price anywhere from 25 cents to as much as two dollars. High-pressure salesmen peddling A. C. Harris’s Alaska and the Klondike Gold Fields (1897) door to door were urged to “work eight to twelve hours every day. Visit every house, and try to sell a book to every voter in your territory.” Equipped with a special large pocket inside their coats to keep the prospectus hidden until just the right moment, the agent approached each home with a memorized spiel.

“Good morning, Mr.——. My name is——, and I am introducing a work in which everybody is interested. I say everybody, for I have found such to be the case. A great deal is said . . . about the wonderful discoveries of gold in Alaska, and people want to know all about it. They want reliable information, not mere newspaper stories that one can place little dependence upon. Now here is a work that is reliable; and it is comprehensive, telling you all about Alaska and the Gold-fields.”

“[Now show your canvassing-book, and call attention to its size, the style of binding, the excellent quality of the paper, and read the title-page in a clear distinct voice, having previously practiced it until you can read it fluently . . . .]

After listing the many topics covered in the book, the agent was told, “read over the names of your influential subscribers,” and mesmerize the customers with the “array of signatures” on the order form. “Men often subscribe because their neighbors have.”

Every volume on the market claimed to be the indispensable Klondike Bible for gold seekers, the only true word on what was needed in the north, and warned of the dangers of rival publications. “Beware of the worthless catch-penny books that are being issued,” stated one Klondike publisher, “prepared by newspaper men with paste and scissors out of clippings from newspapers—wholly untrustworthy.”

The so-called Official Guide to the Klondyke Country and the Gold Fields of Alaska (1897) from the W. B. Conkey Company of Chicago—official only because it was mostly stolen from official-looking articles and documents—claimed to include all the “useful and trustworthy” information about the Klondike. “There is living and reliable authority at the back of almost every statement,” it claimed.

Charles Frederick Stansbury, author of Klondike: The Land of Gold (1897), honestly admitted he knew nothing about the Klondike when he started his book and only wrote it because he wanted practical information in “a non-hysterical and concrete form . . . Not being able to find it, he compiled this volume from the best sources of information for the benefit of himself and the public.”

Ghostwritten accounts by men who had returned from the Klondike, personal stories of the trail from rags to riches, appealed to a wide audience. William Stanley, the Seattle newsdealer who returned home with $112,000 in gold dust, hired a secretary to help write A Mile of Gold. He professed to have no interest in whether his autobiographical account earned a profit. “If it entertains or instructs my readers, I will be well satisfied,” Stanley claimed, “even though it does not result in a financial success, for of gold I have enough and to spare.”

J. I. Clements, one of the discoverers of Eldorado Creek, said he wrote The Klondyke because after he returned from the Yukon he was “besieged daily by hosts of friends, acquaintances and
strangers, and deluged with letters from all parts of the American Continent " asking about the gold fields. "Unlike most of the books published on the Klondyke," his editor said, "this book is not full of wild, crazy statements made by irresponsible persons . . . ."

The vast wasteland of fake gold rush literature could have papered the trail all the way to the Klondike and back. In this literary wilderness William Haskell's 1898 "thrilling narrative" of Two Years in the Klondike and Alaskan Gold-Fields is unique. In a charming, witty and poetic style, Haskell writes of his trek to Forty Mile and Circle City in the spring of 1896 preceding the Klondike discovery, and recounts his adventures in the gold fields before and after the stampede of 1897-98. This gritty, realistic account of life in the north on the eve of the Klondike rush also details the enormous changes that took place once the flood of stampeders arrived.

Few biographical facts are known about Haskell other than what appear in his book. Born on a farm in Vermont just after the Civil War, he was sent at age 15 by his parents to boarding school in Massachusetts. "Anything like hard study was out of my line," Haskell wrote, "and I seldom engaged in it. I would sit for hours and hear the city boys tell stories, would read tales of wonderful adventure, forgetting entirely to go to bed . . . . I wandered about aimlessly in the fields of literature, not neglecting the great masters. But I never studied the lessons staked out by the teachers like so many narrow garden plats."

After leaving school Haskell found himself at age 22 behind the counter of a Boston mercantile store. "It took very little time," he admitted, "for me to discover that there was no romance in the life of a dry-goods clerk." His quest for "aimless adventure" took him west to Colorado and eventually Alaska in March 1896 following "rumors of gold." At that time, nearly a year and a half before the start of the great stampede, he joined a slow but steady stream of prospectors crossing the passes into the Yukon basin.

Haskell was a keen observer of human nature, and his insightful, witty comments on conditions in the Yukon Valley in 1896-97 are delightful reading. These are among the finest pages in all of Alaskan literature, with choice sentences and paragraphs worth savoring slowly in every chapter. Whatever the topic, his comments have a ring of originality and authenticity, and a list of his witticisms could fill an encyclopedia of Alaskan life.

On traveling conditions: "The man who travels in Alaska only when the weather is good will make about a mile a month, on an average. And it is a country of magnificent distances."

Ghostwritten accounts of the trail from rags to riches by men who had returned from the Klondike appealed to a wide audience.
hundred dollars in nuggets for a slice of beefsteak. It did seem at times as if all the riches we were taking out were not to be compared with even the lowliest home in civilization."

On the weather: "Does it always rain here?" I once heard a traveler ask of an Indian. 'Snow sometimes,' replied the native in the most matter-of-fact manner."

On the aurora: "The more I reflect on this life and the hereafter, the more I am in doubt as to whether the gold in the frozen placers of Alaska is in itself worth going after. But the aurora of Alaska is worth seeing, even if you have to live on short rations of bacon and beans for three months and find no gold."

On the White Horse Rapids: "Terrible as is the experience, there are few places more sublime to the view. Standing on the bank in safety, the eye is charmed by the waters that leap and foam around the highly-colored rocks. You may watch it for hours and turn away with regret. ... Everything is on a grand scale, and one acquires a faint realization of what this planet must have been in those untrimmed, uncut, glacial times when the earth was dotted with raging waters like these, and mammoths stalked or crawled about the gloomy hillsides."

On the lure of the dance hall: "After long sea­sons of hard work in the mines up the creeks ... even the rasping music of a dance hall sounds sweet. The rough miner delights in a bit of a square dance, or the enlivement of a reel, or, possibly, if his early education has not been neglected, of a waltz or polka. He knows that he is in a society which cares nothing about the cut of his clothes, and is not critical about the grace of his steps."

On growing a beard in winter: "It becomes a solid mass of ice, and cannot be thrown off like a parka when entering a warm room. The only thing to do is to sit over the fire and let the glacier on your chin melt. In view of this inconvenience, the majority of miners keep their whiskers trimmed very short in winter, and allow them to grow in the summer as a protection against mosquitoes. Then they are a real blessing, and many times a man will wish himself as hairy as a baboon."

Readers may pick and choose from the literary treasures in Haskell’s book, but among my favorites are his reflections on mosquitoes, which he called "thorns in the flesh and destroyers of the soul. For he is a pretty good missionary in Alaska who will not swear once in a while in the mosquito season." Everyone who has ever been to Alaska in the summertime can tell stories about the horrific mosquitoes, but no one has ever matched Haskell’s poetic depiction of walking through a swarm, like Moses trying to part the Red Sea. "One may hurl a blanket through a cloud of them, but ranks are closed up and the cloud is again intact before the blanket has hit the ground. All day long, and of course in July that means for about twenty-four hours, they are on the alert, always after anything that has blood in its veins. Any one who reads the Bible in this region in the summer must wonder at the weak nature of Pharaoh. There surely never could be a plague like this."

Today’s reader cannot help but be struck by Haskell’s generally insulting references to native peoples. His blindness to the charms of Indian cultures is all too
obvious. In contrast, his perceptive analysis of the place of women in northern society seems strikingly modern, as if the words were penned in the 1990s rather than the 1890s. Unlike many other gold rush participants, he took the women who went north seriously, instead of simply dismissing them as foolish females trying to do men’s work.

Along the trail to Chilkoot Pass, Haskell observed women unlike any he had ever seen in his life. “One could not fail to notice many instances . . . in which the women seemed to show a fortitude superior to the men. It was a revelation, almost a mystery. But after a while I began to account for it as the natural result of an escape from the multitude of social customs and restraints which in civilized society hedge about a woman’s life. . . . She steps out of her dress into trousers in a region where nobody cares. Her nature suddenly becomes aware of a freedom which is in a way exhilarating. She has, as it were, thrown off the fetters which civilized society imposes. . . .”

ASKELL’S PARTNER drowned in an accident on the trail as they were leaving the gold fields, and the tragedy left him numb with grief. Consumed with the bitter memory of his friend’s death, he could barely comprehend the Klondike craze he found sweeping the country upon his return to the West Coast in early 1898. “To one who has just returned from a two-years experience in the gold regions of the Yukon, who has seen death and suffering as an incident of everyday life, who knows what mining in Alaska or in the Klondike means . . . and who has seen his dearest friend swept away under the ice by a raging river which can count its victims by the score, these preparations for rushing for fortunes into those frozen mountains appeared like madness.”

His advice for those planning to head north was simple: Don’t go! But the constant cry of the Klondike chorus drowned out sane discussion. “Wherever I went I heard little but ‘Klondike’ talked about on the cars, in the hotels, in the

On the weather: “Does it always rain here?” I once heard a traveler ask of an Indian. ‘Snow sometimes,’ replied the native in the most matter-of-fact manner.”

“Rafting down the Yukon River.” The mining outfit of these two Klondikers—consisting of provisions, arms, camp equipage, dogs and so forth—is piled on their rude raft.
“Snowed in.” Waiting for better weather, a gold seeker clad in his parka poses with dogs and horse near his snow-covered tent.

ON EXHIBIT

GOLDEN DREAMS
The Quest for the Klondike, Featuring Photographs by Asahel Curtis

The love of gold and adventure drove thousands to seek their fortunes in the goldfields of the Yukon. GOLDEN DREAMS recreates the journey, as seen through the eyes of photographer Asahel Curtis. His compelling visual images, coupled with integrated video productions using voices and the actual words of the stampeders, bring their stories to life. Recreated dioramas and stage sets work as well to transport the visitor into this most amazing journey.

GOLDEN DREAMS is on view at the Washington State History Museum

THROUGH JUNE 2, 1998

saloons, and even on Sundays at church. Whenever you observed a knot of men in the street, in a rural highway, or in any public place in California, you were pretty sure to find that the latest news of new strikes in the Klondike diggings was under discussion. . . . ‘Yes, I’m going this spring,’ was a popular button worn.”

Demand for information about the Klondike, he said, “amounted almost to hunger. The public libraries all had constant calls for literature relating to Alaska. All the returned Klondikers were run after and appealed to by crowds of men and a few women for Klondike information. The more successful Klondikers were driven to exasperation by unaccountable questions from droves of people.”

HE INSATIABLE PUBLIC desire for knowledge of the Klondike inspired Haskell to write his blunt account of the real conditions that he knew awaited potential gold seekers. No matter what the public wanted to believe, he wrote, “gold does not grow upon the bushes of the Yukon hills.” Despite his conviction that anyone planning a trip north in 1898 was making a horrible mistake, he nevertheless included an entire chapter of practical suggestions for those who insisted on going anyway.

“Take no trunks. They are about as difficult to get over the passes as six-story buildings.”

“It is constructive suicide for one to go to the Klondike with less than one year’s supply of food.”

“Fur coats might seem valuable, and some will say that they are. They are most usually worn when people are having their pictures taken to send home to their friends.”

“Revolvers will get you into trouble, and there is no use of taking them with you . . .”

Despite Haskell’s hard-won knowledge, his readers were no more likely to find gold than anyone else. In the end so few individuals found gold that historian Pierre Berton called the Klondike gold rush “one of the most useless mass movements in history.” Certainly the stampeders of 1898 would have never dreamed that after a hundred years one of the most lasting treasures from the gold rush would be a book some carried with them, a book about one man’s adventures in the Klondike.

Terrence Cole is author of numerous works on the Klondike and Alaska gold rushes, and chairman of the History Department at the University of Alaska Fairbanks.
The Wahluke Slope of the Hanford Site

Its History and Present Challenges

BY MICHELE S. GEBER

The Hanford Site was created in early 1943 to produce plutonium for the world's first atomic weapons. This top-secret, wartime mission required a great deal of land. Site selection criteria stated that the plutonium manufacturing site must be isolated from population centers and must include enough acreage to separate the various production facilities from each other by miles and to ensure ample safety and security buffer zones. The sparsely populated tract that encompassed the tiny towns of White Bluffs, Hanford and Richland, Washington, stretching west to the Riverland Ranch along the Columbia River near Vernita, was ideal. Only 1,500 people lived in the entire area, although more were expected as the Columbia Basin Irrigation Project, on hold due to the war, carved irrigated farms out of the dry sagebrush land. Irrigation and government sale of nearly one million acres to farmers had been promised by President Franklin Roosevelt early in his New Deal administration in the 1930s. The Hanford/White Bluffs region was to be included. While construction of Grand Coulee Dam and planning of the irrigation project and plots had consumed the remainder of the 1930s, World War II had imposed further delays just two months after Grand Coulee began producing electricity in 1941. The region’s people, mostly subsistence farmers, waited for war’s end to realize their dreams of harnessing the Columbia for irrigated farming.

In February 1943 a directive issued by the secretary of war and a petition of condemnation filed in the United States District Court for eastern Washington, brought 640 square miles of the eastern Washington desert under the control of the army’s Manhattan Engineer District (MED) for a top secret war mission. Stunned, the residents left within time periods ranging from a few weeks to a few months. A huge area totaling about 200,000 acres north of the Columbia River, known as the Wahluke Slope or North Slope and including the tiny settlements of Vernita, Wahluke and others, was included in the land package. Much of the Wahluke Slope land was already publicly owned by the Bureau of Land Management, the Bureau of Reclamation, the state of Washington, and three counties (Grant, Adams and Franklin). In the terminology of the new Hanford Engineer Works (today’s Hanford Site), the Wahluke Slope was part of “Area B.” Most of Area B was leased by the army for a term of one year with the right of renewal every year for 25 years. Some parcels of land in Area B were purchased outright. No plutonium manufacturing facilities were built on the Wahluke Slope itself, but the land lay directly across the Columbia River from land that became Hanford’s “100 areas”—the location of the site’s production reactors.

War’s End Brings Uncertainty

When World War II ended, a principal assumption among many residents of the Hanford region (and a fear among Hanford workers) was that the huge production facilities would close and the site would be returned to its prewar state. That, after all, was the fate of most World War II defense production plants that made smokeless powder, TNT and other explosives. Few people in the 1940s knew the nature of atomic production processes and their wastes. During 1946 the Columbia Basin Irrigation Project’s office in Pasco received a flood of calls from veterans wanting land to own and farm. A lottery was established to pick the land recipients.

Meanwhile, national atomic energy policy drifted as the Manhattan Engineer District lived out its last months. Hanford facilities experienced a production lull, and site employment fell from 10,000 at war’s end to 5,000 in December 1946. The Bureau of Reclamation planned its South District expansion to include the Hanford and Wahluke lands. However, the passage of the McMahon Act made the land nonaddable again, and the land was returned to its prewar status.
Atomic Energy Act of 1946 and the emergence of the Cold War manifested in the Truman Doctrine of March 1947, led to new policy directions and the creation of the Atomic Energy Commission as of January 1, 1947. Meeting in the spring of 1947, AEC leaders and President Truman determined a course of bold augmentation in atomic weaponry and ordered a large expansion of the Hanford Site production facilities.

**Cold War Expansion/Contamination**

The years 1947-49 were pivotal ones in determining the Wahluke Slope’s fate and uses. National decisions and physical factors came together and resulted in land use determinations that kept the slope under AEC control for at least the next 40 years. The Hanford Site’s postwar expansion (the first of three such expansions in rapid succession) built two more plutonium production reactors on the Columbia’s shoreline, directly across from the slope, in 1948-49. By 1950 these reactors—H and DR—were operating along with the three existing World War II reactors—B, D and F. Plutonium production soared, so that in 1950 the total site output was 299 percent that of 1946. Due to the increased value of the Hanford Site to the nation, an antiaircraft defense command known as Camp Hanford was established. Forward positions holding weaponry to defend the site against potential attackers were established in a perimeter ring, some of which were located on the Wahluke Slope.

As site production activities expanded in the Cold War, troubling data emerged from Hanford’s environmental monitoring program. Active since the earliest months of site occupancy by the MED, this program surveyed and sampled Columbia River water, fish, plankton, vegetation (aquatic and land), air, land-based wildlife and domestic animals, and other media to measure the levels of various radioactive substances entering the ecosystem. Vegetation contamination readings demonstrated that the primary radionuclides settling on regional vegetation via the airborne pathway were iodine 131 (I-131), xenon 133 (Xe-133), ruthenium 103 and 106 (Ru-103, Ru-106), and trace amounts of plutonium 239 (Pu-239). These isotopes were generated by the operations of radiochemical separations facilities in Hanford’s “200 Area,” two large plots located in the north-central portion of the site about five miles south of the 100 areas and the Columbia.

Because I-131 was known to produce thyroid damage and because it was measured on regional vegetation in greater abundance than other isotopes, this radionuclide became a benchmark contamination indicator. A specific “tolerance level” of 0.2 microcuries per kilogram (mCi/kg) on vegetation for I-131 was established by Hanford’s chief health physicist.* According to documents now declassified but secret at the time, vegetation contamination readings taken during 1945 through early 1947 showed levels “above tolerance” for many areas “within a radius of about 50 miles” of the site separations facilities. The Wahluke Slope, due to its up-sloping terrain and the effects of prevailing wind patterns, demonstrated localized “hot spots” of contamination on several occasions. One survey map for February 1947 revealed 27 such hot spots on the slope. As plutonium production rates climbed in late 1947 they were accompanied by a notable rise in I-131 contamination on regional vegetation.

*A curie (Ci) is a unit of radioactivity defined as the amount of radioactive material that has an activity of 3.7 x 10^10 disintegrations per second (d/s); while a microcurie (mCi) is one-millionth of a Ci.
Demand to Farm Wahluke Slope Increases

IRONICALLY, AT THE same time that secret data revealed the Wahluke Slope to be contaminated beyond tolerance levels in many spots, the tolerance level itself was halved in 1948 due to increasing concerns about thyroid susceptibility to damage. Concurrently, public pressure to farm the slope increased. In late 1947 the Bureau of Reclamation protested to the AEC that it foresaw a “prospective increase in per acre construction costs on the remainder of the [Columbia Basin Irrigation] Project . . . and an added burden for operation of the rest of the project . . . [However,] by far the most serious loss,” according to the bureau, was the “blocking of agricultural production valued at . . . $22.5 million, based on 1946 farm prices.” The Hanford Site land was not the only acreage affected, the bureau pointed out. Road and canal connections to the Prosser area west of the Hanford Site and the Royal Slope area to the north also were disallowed by the Hanford Project. The AEC responded by establishing “permanent boundaries required for the operation of the Hanford Project.” In July 1948 it announced that much of the Wahluke Slope would remain closed due to “security needs and possible dangers to [potential] inhabitants.” That December 63,000 acres on the slope were purchased outright by the AEC and 11,000 acres were leased anew. Other boundary adjustments followed. The Wahluke Slope was divided into a central “control zone” containing about half of its acreage, and two secondary zones, one on either side of the control zone.

In an April 1949 visit to the Hanford region, Chairman David Lilienthal of the AEC promised a meeting with the Bureau of Reclamation concerning the Wahluke Slope. During that visit Lilienthal declared that “Hanford Works is permanent . . . [and] until new safety factors have been developed . . . the Wahluke Slope cannot be opened.” Unable, according to the policies of his era, to share with Bureau of Reclamation officials the specifics of contamination on the slope, Lilienthal nonetheless told them that “safety” was the reason the AEC was unwilling to open the land to agriculture.

Pressure for Slope Access Increases

THE YEARS IMMEDIATELY following the 1949 decisions that closed the Wahluke Slope to farming witnessed still more dramatic increases in plutonium production at the Hanford Site. In 1951 total plutonium output was 141 percent that of 1950, and the 1952 production was 44 percent higher than that of 1951. C-Reactor, capable of operations at higher power levels than the existing five Hanford reactors combined, went into production in November 1952, and construction began on the “jumbo” K-East (KE) and K-West (KW) reactors in early 1953. However, the regional off-site economy also was growing, as was pressure to develop a strong farm sector in the area. Such pressure was being brought by agricultural groups and by the influential local newspaper, the Tri-City Herald.

EARLY IN 1952 the question of releasing the Wahluke Slope to farming again was raised in a pointed manner. David Shaw, AEC manager at the Hanford Site, conferred frequently with the agency commissioners in Washington, D.C., on this topic. Many factors were weighed. One very important issue was a significant decline in the I-131 emissions from Hanford’s separations plants. The key facilities had been fitted with special new “silver reactor” filters in late 1950. After some initial experimentation and operating problems in 1951, the filters were working well for the most part by 1952 and were cutting the regional I-131 emissions to small percentages of the former totals.

The primary deterrents to potential Wahluke Slope development then became the need to maintain a security buffer zone (to prevent spying) and the hazards associated with the production reactors in the

Partial Wahluke Slope map showing contamination “hot spots” in 1947. Contamination resulted from operations of Hanford Site radiochemical plants. This contamination has decayed and disappeared today.
100 areas. Reactor power levels were being increased, but the reactors also were being fitted with new tertiary safety systems known as “Ball 3X” devices. Containers of small metal balls made of neutron-absorbing materials were being fitted at the tops of the reactors. These could be released to fall into the vertical safety channels and stop the chain reaction process in case of accidents or operating problems. Calculations of radii of danger zones around the reactors were done to simulate conditions at various power levels. For all six case study calculations, areas north and west of the Wahluke were found to be inside potential hazard areas in case of major reactor accidents. Yet, like the earlier surveys of vegetation contamination, these calculations were held in secret and were not shared with the Bureau of Reclamation or with local officials.

On January 8, 1953, two parcels of land at the far northwest and northeast corners of the Hanford Site buffer zones were released to the bureau for farming development. The northwest parcel represented approximately 10 percent of the total Wahluke Slope area, and the northeast parcel represented about 18 percent.

More Slope Land Comes into Cultivation

Throughout the years 1953-58, plutonium production at the Hanford Site continued to rise at a nearly exponential rate. Plutonium output in 1953 was 38 percent higher than that of 1952; 1954’s output exceeded that of 1953 by 26 percent; 1955’s production was 54 percent above that of 1954; the 1956 figures were 59 percent over those of 1955; the 1957 output was 54 percent higher than that of 1956; and 1958’s production exceeded that of 1957 by another 5 percent.

The KE and KW reactors came on line in January and April 1955, respectively, and by 1958 plans were in design for yet another reactor that would be known as the New Production Reactor (NPR, soon shortened to N Reactor). Between 1956 and 1960 the older Hanford reactors (and even the KE and KW reactors) were retrofitted with larger pumps, pipes and other accouterments to raise their power and output levels by factors far beyond those originally designed. In some cases power levels eventually reached nearly ten times those of nameplate design.

During the same period the Bureau of Reclamation, local leaders and Governor Albert Rosellini continued to express interest in farming the Wahluke Slope. The Hanford region’s Tri-City Herald editorialized in September 1958: “If the slope land is not released so it can be irrigated and developed, the [South Irrigation] District [of the Bureau of Reclamation] will be injured on a permanent basis.”

“Circles of influence” around the reactors were studied under every conceivable operating and accident scenario. Like the previous studies of reactor hazards, these studies were not shared with the public or the Bureau of Reclamation. Site scientists reported to the AEC’s Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards (ACRS) that “in the absence of gross accidents . . . the general contamination of the Wahluke Slope is comparable with that of the Tri-City area . . . Restriction of the occupancy of the slope against normal contamination is thus not plausible.” However, in the case of a reactor meltdown or explosion, they stated: “A release of reactor contents . . . might be expected to exercise its effect mainly over the Wahluke Slope.”

At the request of local leaders in the Hanford region, Senator Henry Jackson became involved in the controversy and helped negotiate a compromise. In December 1958, at the same time that the AEC sold the government town of Richland to its residents, a compromise was reached on the

Farmers clearing sage in the Columbia River-Wahluke area, pre-Hanford (c. 1916).
Wahluke Slope. Two more parcels of land at the northwest and northeast corners were transferred to the Bureau of Reclamation. The northwest portion amounted to approximately 20 percent of the original 1948 Wahluke Slope area, and the northeast parcel represented about 12 percent of that total. Also, an allowance was made for the Wahluke Lateral Canal to be built through the remaining AEC control zone to deliver irrigation water to the western-most bureau parcels situated near Mattawa and Royal City. Jackson also arranged funding for a series of reactor safety upgrades known as the "Reactor Confinement Projects." Design work was initiated in early 1959, and construction occurred during 1960-61. The eight existing production reactors (N Reactor was still in the early construction phase) were modified by having large filtration systems built alongside them and tied into their exhaust systems. Thus, reactor off-gases were routed through an additional exhaust "confinement" system that would capture much of the normal emissions and presumably would contain some of the off-normal emissions in case of a reactor accident.

Mission Changes Allow More Slope Development

As a result of the easing of land restrictions in 1958, the Bureau of Reclamation proceeded to develop about 11,000 acres of farm blocks and to construct the Wahluke Lateral Canal and other feeder units. The land was occupied and water delivered in 1961 and 1963 amidst great local celebration. In 1961 Camp Hanford closed and the military positions on the Wahluke Slope were abandoned. In December 1963 Hanford's N Reactor began operations with several then-new innovations providing for greater confinement and operating safety. In January 1964 President Lyndon Johnson announced a decreased national need for the production of special nuclear materials (including plutonium). Eleven months later Hanford's reactors began to close.

A program of phased closure of all eight of the older reactors (all excluding N Reactor) was soon announced. At the same time that the reactors' fate was sealed, discussions were renewed concerning future land releases on the Wahluke Slope. Only the central-most control zone of the slope (89,000 acres, or about 50 percent of the 1948 total) remained in AEC hands. Commission deliberations throughout 1964 were announced in 1965: the AEC agreed to allow "daylight farming" (non-occupancy) of 39,000 acres of control zones lands and Bureau of Reclamation development of the canals and other facilities necessary to achieve this, but the land would not be transferred to the bureau. Officially, it would remain under AEC control.

Surprise Finding Leads to New Land Uses

During 1966-67 the Bureau of Reclamation conducted drainage studies of the control zone land recently opened for daylight farm development by the AEC. The surprise finding of these studies, according to the bureau, was announced in the annual Columbia Basin Irrigation Project report for 1967:

It was necessary to suspend consideration of irrigation development for the 14,300 potentially irrigable acres in the Control Zone that had previously been proposed for release by the . . . AEC. This decision was made after . . . it was found that . . . the land is underlain by a shallow, relatively impermeable drainage barrier. The estimated cost for correcting this deficiency through drain construction is significantly higher than the amount established for the [Columbia Basin Irrigation Project as the maximum per-acre expenditure deemed to be economically feasible for drainage of new lands.

Four years later, after extended deliberations concerning the bureau's drainage information, it was decided that the majority of Wahluke Slope land remaining in AEC control would be divided into two wildlife preserves. In 1971 the smaller, western portion became the Saddle Mountain National Wildlife Refuge, managed by the federal Fish and Wildlife Service, and the larger, eastern portion became the state-managed Wahluke Wildlife Refuge.

Slope Debate in the 1980s and 1990s

TIME PASSED QUIETLY at the two Wahluke Slope wildlife preserves for about 16 years after their creation. In the late 1980s, however, massive mission changes at the Hanford Site as well as economic and physical realities within the Columbia Basin Irrigation Project combined to bring this early area of controversy once again into the center of a historic debate. At Hanford the N Reactor closed in December 1986. After more than a year of debate and safety upgrades, the reactor was ordered to "cold standby" in February 1988. In 1991 the former Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (USSR), America's principal rival in the Cold War, split into 15 independent states and the Cold War essentially ended. In 1994 the N Reactor was deactivated and closed permanently by order of the Department of Energy. During the same time period, virtually all of the DOE's major Hanford facilities received similar deactivation orders.

In 1989 the site's main mission was declared to be waste cleanup. No more nuclear defense production of any kind is foreseen. Likewise, in 1988 the Bureau of Reclamation initiated a large Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) concerning its continued development. Over the years since the 1940s, approximately half of the projected one million acres of the Columbia Basin Irrigation Project have been developed. In 1990 the draft EIS found that public demand and the availability of water from the Columbia River would support no more than development of 87,000 additional acres. The remainder of the half million acres would not be developed.

In 1994 the Bureau of Reclamation reported that as the result of new strictures in water conservation and uncertainties regarding water flow patterns for anadromous fish migration, a final EIS would not be issued and the development of even the 87,000 additional acres would be deferred.
indefinitely. In a third salient occurrence in the region, in 1988 Congressman Sid Morrison, representing much of the area surrounding Hanford, introduced in Congress a bill to prepare an EIS to evaluate the "Hanford Reach" (the 50-mile stretch of the Columbia River that essentially borders the Hanford Site) as a candidate for designation as a federally protected Wild and Scenic River.

Old Issues, New Issues

Each of the three major developments described above helped to bring debate about the future of the Wahluke Slope to the forefront once again. In an effort to make visible, demonstrable progress in the cleanup effort, the DOE and its regulators agreed in 1993 on an expedited action to clean up the abandoned military sites, a "2-4D" pesticide dumping area that the Bureau of Reclamation had used, and miscellaneous other hazardous waste sites on the Wahluke Slope. Such expedited action was seen as a first step that could pave the way for the slope to be released from DOE control. A report released in December 1992 by the "Future Site Uses Working Group" (a varied, representative group of regional stakeholders) had recommended that whichever large tracts of Hanford Site buffer land could be cleaned quickly and with relatively small expenditures should be so remediated in order to make them available for other uses.

While Wahluke Slope cleanup got underway in 1994, regional farm interests learned that future Bureau of Reclamation development would stop. They then shifted their focus to natural centers of power in rural county governments. Placing their emphasis now on local control, they began advocating that counties with land on the Wahluke Slope (Grant, Franklin and Adams counties) be given first rights to obtain the land once the DOE was finished using and remediating it. A "Wahluke 2000 Plan" advocating return of much of the land to county tax rolls via farm development was proposed. At nearly the same time, environmentalists were encouraged when the EIS on the Wild and Scenic River question was completed in 1992, recommending such designation for the Hanford Reach. The stage was now set for a strident and heated public debate over future land use on the Wahluke Slope.

A Uniquely American Debate

Today the contest rages more strongly than ever, as advocates for agrarian development debate environmentalists over the wisest and best use of shrinking resources. Deeply rooted in the events of the last 60 years, this debate is reminiscent of the "multiple uses versus protection" debates of the early United States Department of Agriculture's Forest Service under Gifford Pinchot. Yet, it has its own late-20th-century aspects. The debate wears many guises—most notably that it is a contest over local versus national control. However, it is fundamentally a debate over economic development and heritage, and about how and whether the two can live in balance in a world with too few jobs and too few resources. Men and women now grown to be county commissioners were raised on winter kitchen table lore and summer picnic stories of how the Hanford Site showing North Slope lands released to the Department of the Interior in 1958. Other lands east and west of these buffer areas were released in 1953. North Slope lands belonging to the Department of Energy were released to wildlife agencies for use in 1971.

OPPOSITE PAGE:
A pre-Hanford view (c. 1916) of the Columbia River from the top of White Bluffs, overlooking what is now part of the Hanford Site.
Manhattan Engineer District upset plans to turn the whole Columbia Basin into a rival of California's Central Valley in food production. Their distrust of the DOE runs deep. Having lost the Bureau of Reclamation as their own federal champion, they are now free to make local control their rallying cry.

Environmentalists point to the “time-stood-still” natural heritage of the Hanford Reach and the Wahluke Slope in terms of salmon, steelhead, eagles, sage grouse, rare bunch grasses and shrub-steppe habitat, and many other endangered or threatened animal and plant species. Because the existence of the Hanford Site kept developers and irrigators away, the wildlife of the area appears as it did decades ago and as it appears virtually nowhere else in the American West. Salmon restoration plans, mandated in law, are expensive. Saving the Hanford Reach could be the least expensive of all such plans and the most effective, state the advocates of the Wild and Scenic designation.

But salmon habitat is fragile and could be easily destroyed if irrigation on the Wahluke Slope were allowed. Bank seepage, especially along the 400-foot-high, ashy volcanic White Bluffs, would surely result if millions of gallons of irrigation water were pumped and dumped into this chalky soil. If the bluffs eroded into the river they could destroy not only the salmon redds (nests), but they might divert the Columbia into Hanford’s 100 areas. At the least, important cultural and archeological sites could be destroyed if such erosion occurred. At the worst, buried contamination could be released that could pollute the great river all the way to its mouth. “Save the Reach” advocates add that the recreational value and sheer beauty of the river winding past the open Wahluke Slope could help attract high-tech companies with discerning work forces to diversify the economy of the nearby Tri-Cities as Hanford operations close down.

At the present time, Washington’s Governor Gary Locke supports the Wild and Scenic designation and leaving the Wahluke Slope in its present mode as a wildlife area. Washington’s two senators are split on the question; Senator Patty Murray favors the Wild and Scenic designation and introduced a bill in Congress in December 1995 to make these policies into law. Senator Slade Gorton opposes the Wild and Scenic designation and the preservation of the Wahluke Slope, as does the region’s congressman, “Doc” Hastings. He has introduced a counter bill into Congress that would prevent dredging in the Hanford Reach but would not preclude farming and development more than a quarter mile from its shores. The city of Richland favors the Wild and Scenic designation while the regional counties oppose it. Thus, the debate has never been more cogent nor tangible, and, clearly, the long history of the region is woven throughout. The fate of the Wahluke Slope is tied to the Columbia River, tied to its past, its wildlife, its roots, its very soil, and tied to the people now fighting for its control.

WILD CRANBERRIES have thrived on the boggy marshes of the southwest Washington coast between Grayland and Willapa Bay for thousands of years. Native Americans stored the berries in baskets or boxes and used them for food, poultices and red dyes. James G. Swan told of white traders at Chinook who bargained with Indians for berries and shipped them in barrels on sailing ships to San Francisco. Later, New England pioneers brought domesticated plants to the area to experiment with growing the vines commercially.

In this photo taken in 1931 at Grayland, Asahel Curtis captures cranberry pickers as they slowly work their way through a field of low-growing vines to harvest berries by hand picking or using special wooden scoops. Today approximately 130 cranberry growers in Washington cultivate 1,500 acres, about 5 percent of the national total production. The annual harvest in September and October is celebrated with colorful festivals at Grayland and Ilwaco, featuring tours and information about this lesser-known of Washington’s edible natural resources.

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

The Man Who Put a Hex on San Francisco

BY JAN PARROTT-HOLDEN
May 7, 1906, was a fine spring day in Seattle—a fine day for an early breakfast, a stroll and some window-shopping. Maud Creffield was keen to buy a stylish new dress she had spied the day before. Joshua Creffield humored his wife and sauntered on ahead to the corner of First and Cherry. It was there that George Mitchell stepped quickly behind Creffield, placed a gun to the older man's ear, and fired. Creffield died on the spot.

There was no flight, not even a struggle. When police officers arrived on the scene George Mitchell simply handed over his pistol and went calmly to jail. He was charged with first degree murder, and a trial ensued that made headlines throughout the Northwest.

Perhaps the murder of Joshua Creffield would never have created such a stir had his wife Maud not insisted that her husband was immortal. "He will rise again in three days," she screamed, even as the man was being laid to rest in Seattle's Lake View Cemetery. It was not only Maud Creffield who believed this. In less than three years Creffield had acquired a considerable flock of disciples in Corvallis, Oregon.

Born Franz Edmond Creffield, the self-proclaimed prophet called himself "Joshua the Second." Though Creffield's early history is sketchy, it has been suggested by earlier reporters that he deserted the German army and trained for the priesthood in Europe. Upon arriving in Portland, Oregon, in 1903, Creffield became an avid supporter of the Salvation Army and was involved in its charitable activities. Just what convinced Creffield to start his own church is unclear. However, that same year he arrived in Corvallis, lured away several Salvation Army workers, and set up his own headquarters on Second Street.

Soon the townsfolk were talking about Brother Creffield's bizarre worship services. It seems that, with few exceptions, his converts were female. Harmonious Corvallis households were diminishing rapidly, with wives and daughters forsaking the hearth to seek spiritual fulfillment under the guidance of Joshua Creffield. One man returned late from work to find a note pinned to the pillow beside his own. It read: "I don't want to leave in the daytime because the children will see me and cry to go with me. I must leave while they are asleep..."
The man knew his wife had joined the ranks of Creffield's fast-growing "Bride of Christ Church." He was convinced that the unholy prophet had some strange hypnotic power over these women and that it was up to him to put an end to the gospel according to Creffield.

The enraged husband had no trouble securing a 20-man posse. On the evening of January 4, 1904, the group of forsaken husbands set out to bring back their women from the home of O. V. Hurt, a prominent businessman who had taken Creffield under his wing. When the posse arrived there was a gospel meeting in progress. There was also an enormous fire blazing in the yard, being fueled by the once-treasured household furnishings of the disciples. Charles Brooks, a former Salvation Army captain, greeted the men on the porch, explaining that there was no reason for alarm—Brother Creffield was in direct communication with the Almighty and there had been a divine dictum demanding the destruction of all earthly possessions.

The men were having none of it. They barged through the door, grabbed brothers Brooks and Creffield, and ran the pair out of town. There the men were stripped and treated to a coat of tar and feathers. Their final instructions were to keep running and never return to Corvallis.

One warning was enough for Charles Brooks. He parted company with Creffield and was never heard of again. But Joshua was not one to give in to defeat. He had taken the name of a Bible hero, and who was to say that he couldn't bring down the walls of Corvallis just as his predecessor had done with the walls of Jericho. There was another reason Creffield was reluctant to leave town. He wanted to marry Maud Hurt, daughter of O. V. Hurt. It was no secret that Maud was just as smitten with the hairy apostle. The Corvallis papers ran an exciting follow-up to the tar and feathers story by announcing: "Joshua the Second, still giving off strongly with the scent of tar, had taken Maud Hurt as his bride just one day after flight."

The couple spent a brief honeymoon in Portland, then returned to Corvallis where the groom, still unpopular with many of the locals, dug a shallow trench under the Hurt home and took up a two-month residency while his wife and friends provided food and company in the evenings. It was declared by his staunchest supporters that Joshua
Creffield could deliver a more potent sermon through the crack in a cement foundation than the town parson could give from a pulpit.

Creffield carried on his "underground" ministry with moderate success until the bulk of his followers were carted away to the state insane asylum. After that there was little the man could do but come out of hiding and agree to go with the authorities. Creffield was taken into custody and charged with licentious behavior. He was sentenced to two years in the state's prison at Salem but was released in 15 months for good behavior.

During those 15 months of confinement, Creffield's wife Maud filed for divorce and the fanatical followers of the Oregon guru scattered. But the prophet still had luck on his side. Upon his release from the penitentiary in February 1906, Joshua Creffield traveled to San Francisco, where he later claimed to have laid the curse that resulted in one of the most disastrous earthquakes in United States history. He returned to Corvallis taking credit for the devastation, remarried Maud and regained a portion of his flock. The cult group decided to establish a new "Garden of Eden" and within a few weeks had moved to the Oregon coastal town of Waldport.

Though few Corvallis citizens knew or cared where the prophet had gone, there was one father who was particularly distressed to discover that his young daughter had joined the cult. An investigation proved that the girl had taken off on foot in an attempt to walk the 90 miles through the coast range and down to the beach where Creffield and his disciples had established a colony.

Louis Hartley purchased a revolver and ammunition, then hastened to catch up with Creffield and the others. When Hartley finally confronted the prophet, he fired three shots, only to discover that in his haste he had loaded the gun with the wrong type of cartridge. Maud Creffield laughed at Hartley's failed attempt. It was beginning to look like there might be some truth in her long-held belief that her husband was indestructible.

Creffield's fortunate escape caused him to reconsider his plans. Though he and his followers had barely set foot on the sands of their coastal paradise, he announced his decision to leave his flock for a few days of meditation and soul-searching. The apostle did not, however, plan to meditate alone. Along with his wife Creffield invited a pretty young convert named Esther Mitchell to accompany him on a trip to Seattle.

Esther, who was just 16, had run away from home despite the warnings of her older brother George. It seems that because of her youth and beauty Creffield had promised her a special place in his kingdom. Esther Mitchell was to be granted the distinction of becoming the second mother of Christ. Apparently, Maud had no objections to her husband's decision, or the three set off for Seattle in relative harmony, leaving a small band of the faithful to subsist on shellfish and hope.

When George Mitchell discovered that his sister had been spirited away by Creffield, he hastened to Seattle and was living in wait for the prophet on the morning of May 7.

George Mitchell's trial began on June 29 and concluded July 10. It was obvious from the beginning that the young man had the public's sympathy and support concerning his act of retaliation. In a stirring story following the incident, the Seattle Times declared that Mitchell deserved immediate freedom and should not be considered a criminal for aiding the cause of a rascal like Joshua Creffield.

There was a joyous outburst of victory when Mitchell was speedily acquitted. Now it only remained for him to bring his poor, disillusioned sister back home to Corvallis.

The Seattle train station was bustling on July 12 as George and his brothers waited to gather up Esther and return home. She was there, pale but smiling. It appeared that the worst was over. Suddenly, Esther slowed her pace, dropped behind the others and pulled a gun from her handbag. The bullet hit George Mitchell in the head. Esther had evened the score. She had taken the life of her brother, a man she hated for murdering her beloved Joshua.

A nother Mitchell was taken to trial. Esther surprised many by refusing to plead insanity. "I killed George," she said, "because he murdered an innocent man." Even so, the jury found Esther not guilty by reason of insanity, and the girl was committed to the state asylum at Steilacoom. Maud Creffield, also deemed of unsound mind, was held briefly in the King County Jail while her fate was under consideration. Authorities found her dead a few days later. An autopsy revealed the presence of strychnine in her stomach, and it was assumed that the prophet's wife had committed suicide.

Esther Mitchell remained at the asylum for approximately three years. She was released in 1909 and paroled on condition that she return to Oregon.

News reports written shortly after Esther's release state that the young woman went to Portland and made an attempt to locate her brother's grave. A short time later Esther Mitchell died at the home of friends in Waldport, Oregon, the spot Joshua Creffield had chosen to be his "Garden of Eden."

Franz Edmond "Joshua" Creffield, his family and his flock of followers are history. His rough, weather-beaten tombstone still stands in Lake View Cemetery—not much of a tribute to the man who put a hex on San Francisco.

A native of the Northwest and a professional writer for 20 years, Jan Parrott-Holden is a frequent contributor to True West, Adventure West, The World and I, Grit and various regional publications. She has been a correspondent for the Columbian, southwest Washington's largest daily newspaper. Currently she is working on a book about the corner saloon and its impact on our culture.
The Transformation of Washington's Political Culture

In 1934 a Democratic senator from the state of Washington, Homer T. Bone of Tacoma, denounced the Boeing Company on the floor of the United States Senate but did not suffer any political damage. A quarter of a century later another Washington senator, Henry M. Jackson of Everett, also a Democrat, began to be criticized as "the senator from Boeing" but held onto his popularity with the voters. The contrast between one popular senator's negative relationship with a corporation and another's positive ties with the same firm reflects the rise of the company between 1934 and 1958 and the development in the state of a sense of dependence on Boeing. The contrast also testifies to a change in Washington's political culture from progressivism to liberalism.

Senator Bone attacked Boeing in February and March of 1934. He referred repeatedly on February 20 to an unnamed "airplane factory" that had "made 90 percent profit out of the Govt." and proclaimed that he did not want his country to be "helpless in the face of the inordinate and extortionate demands of privately owned airplane companies." On March 6 the senator went further—he named names. As part of a broader attack on firms that did business with the federal government, he charged that Boeing had made profits of 68 percent on navy business and 90 percent in its dealings with the army, and he complained about the company's employment, at $25,000 per year, of a vice president to solicit business from the federal government. For the Tacoma Democrat, money and politics mixed in alarming ways.

The attack on Boeing related to other themes in the senator's thinking. They concerned electricity and war. The nation, he insisted, must turn to government for the production of electrical power; it must also isolate itself from war.

Born in 1883, Bone had championed public power since his days as a law student. He became a state leader on the issue during the 1920s, helped to persuade Washington Democrats to make this their major plank by the 1930s, and contributed to major victories on the issue in the state and nation during the Depression decade. He saw electricity as a resource of enormous value that should become widely available so as to promote economic development and raise standards of living.

To Bone, electricity seemed too important to be left under private control. Only public ownership would make it widely available at a low price. He fought many battles with the private power companies, denounced them as "the power trust" and threats to the American way of life and the private enterprise system, and castigated them for using money to influence politics. Firms such as Puget Sound Power and Light and the Washington Water Power Company provided some of his favorite targets.

The senator also worked to isolate the United States from war. His family had suffered seriously from America's wars of the 19th century, especially the Civil War, and he regarded World War I and America's participation in it as great mistakes that must not be repeated. They had enriched "a com-
paratively small group of men” and imposed huge costs—death, debt and taxes—on everyone else.

Bone was not a pacifist. He advocated the strengthening of the defense system in the Pacific Northwest and, as a member of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, supported the expansion of the navy in 1934. He was, however, determined to deprive the munitions makers and other business groups of opportunities to make profits from war.

With this goal in mind, the senator from Tacoma became a member of the Senate Special Committee to Investigate the Munitions Industry, chaired by Republican Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota. Bone joined the committee in April 1934, shortly after his attack on the Boeing Company, and served until 1936. He hoped above all to drive the munitions makers out of business by shifting production of the instruments of national defense to government-owned facilities. His experience with public power encouraged him to believe that the government could do the job successfully and at a lower price; his suspicions persuaded him that government regulation would not be adequate, for the regulated would control the regulators. The change from private to public manufacturing would enable the United States to develop an adequate defense system without giving private business a chance to exploit the government and would reduce the possibility of war by removing profit-making opportunities from it.

To keep the United States out of war, Bone pressed for additional measures as well. He worked with Nye and others for neutrality legislation to prevent munitions makers and bankers from doing business with belligerent nations and pushing the nation into war as he believed they had in 1917. He backed a proposed amendment to the United States Constitution (the Ludlow Amendment) that would mandate a popular referendum before the nation could go to war. Designed to reduce the ability of industrial and financial groups with a vested interest in war to shape decisions of war and peace, it assumed the American people would vote to fight only when a foreign foe seriously threatened the national interest.

In 1938 the senator cooperated with the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Scripps newspapers, among others, in an effort to redefine the American military frontier. He hoped to terminate a policy of using American forces to protect Americans doing business in war zones such as China. Along this same line, he opposed what he saw as efforts to carry the military buildup to a point that would permit the United States to “police the world.” His military policy would limit American forces to the amount needed for defense of the Western Hemisphere.

Bone frequently warned against involvement in another world war. It would destroy “democracy,” “the Republic” and “our civilization.” It would force the Roosevelt administration to “abandon its efforts to make America a better place for all of us.” According to his understanding of the world, democracy and isolation depended on one another. If the nation were truly democratic, it would go to war only when its genuine interests demanded that it do so; if it isolated itself from wars favored only by special interests, it could make itself more democratic.

ONE IDEA LINKED the three themes—the criticism of The Boeing Company, the promotion of public power and the effort to keep the United States out of war. It was the idea that
business corrupts politics. This had been a major way of thinking when Bone moved into politics in the early 20th century, and for him the idea had not lost its validity. He had not accommodated himself to corporate power. In the 1930s concern about that power as a force for corruption remained the central theme in his thinking and brought him into cooperation in the Senate with progressives like Nye, George Norris of Nebraska, and “Young Bob” La Follette of Wisconsin.

The behavior of Washington voters suggests that Bone’s point of view made great sense to most of them. The state did not deserve Jim Farley’s designation as “the soviet of Washington,” but it had a vigorous left and a dominant progressivism. One illustration of the latter was the enthusiasm for public power; another, the support for Homer Bone.

The voters had elected Bone to the United States Senate in 1932 as a Democrat even though some established Democrats in the state doubted that he was one of them. He had been a Socialist in his early days, a member of the Farmer-Labor party in the early 1920s, a supporter of “Old Bob” LaFollette for the presidency in 1924, and an unsuccessful candidate for Congress in 1928 as an anti-Hoover Republican. He had not decided to run as a Democrat in 1932 until the party nominated Franklin Roosevelt for the presidency and thereby persuaded Bone that it had become the progressive party. He defeated three long-time Democrats in the primary by a wide margin and went on to triumph over the Republican incumbent in the fall, obtaining 60 percent of the vote and running ahead of all other Democrats in the state, including Roosevelt.

After his attack on Boeing and other illustrations of his point of view, Bone enjoyed reelection in 1938. And he did so in spite of persistent doubts about his loyalty to the Democratic Party. He did oppose the president on some big issues, such as neutrality legislation. Nevertheless, he defeated his Democratic opponent in the primary by a margin of more than four to one. Then he obtained 63 percent of the vote against a conservative Republican in the fall election. It appears that most politically active Washingtonians regarded him as a faithful representative of their values.

Two decades later Washington voters had a similar amount of enthusiasm for another, quite different Democratic senator. By then Washington had changed in major ways, and no change was more important than the spectacular growth of the Boeing Company. It had been only a small firm in an economy dominated by timber when Bone attacked it in 1934; by 1958 it had become a corporate giant.

When Bone launched his attack, Boeing was not an insignificant part of Seattle. With nearly 1,000 people on its payroll, it was the largest manufacturing firm and employer in the state. Furthermore, the Seattle press had considerable enthusiasm for aviation, military preparedness and air power, and the company defended itself to the satisfaction of the House Naval Affairs Committee against charges that it had exploited the navy.

The company was not, however, so important in 1934 that the leading papers in the city lashed out at the senator from Tacoma for his attack. The Times admired William Boeing, the company’s founder, praising him in an editorial on February 22, 1934, as the “outstanding living pioneer” in his industry and a “truly big man.” But while the paper criticized Boeing’s other critics, it ignored Bone’s harsh words. The Post-Intelligencer opposed the senator’s proposal for government manufacture of naval aircraft, fearing that it would shift production to areas with greater political clout and thus damage Seattle as well as Boeing, but the paper ignored what Bone said about the company. The Star also paid no attention to the senator’s words of February and March 1934, even though the company complained to the paper about them and despite the fact that it, a part of the Scripps chain, shared his belief that business, including aircraft companies, corrupted politics.

In the 1930s a leading Washington politician could get away with an attack on the Boeing Company, but by 1958 the situation had changed. Boeing had become a corporate giant, employing over 60,000 people in Seattle and vicinity. It was now much more important to the state than the timber and wood products industry and faced no challenger to its position as the city’s and the state’s leading manufacturer. Boeing was so important to metropolitan Seattle that Business Week called the place a “one-industry town.”

Moreover, the people of Seattle and Washington state had developed a sense of dependence on the firm. This had been demonstrated dramatically only a few years before, in 1949, when the United States Air Force appeared intent on moving bomber production to the company’s plant in Wichita, Kansas. The plan generated an enormous protest that stretched across class lines to many segments of the local population, including organized labor and the chamber of commerce. Pressure against such a move came from all over the state.

Henry Jackson, then a fifth-term congressman from the Second District, participated in the battle to keep bomber production in Seattle. He did so...
in cooperation with Democratic congressman Hugh Mitchell from the First District and Democratic senator Warren Magnuson, the recognized leader on the issue in the nation’s capital. Jackson’s participation helped him move up to the United States Senate by defeating incumbent Harry Cain in 1952.

By then Jackson maintained, as did many of his contemporaries, that the “lessons of history” clearly dictated that the United States must not repeat the great mistake of the past: the weak response to aggression in the 1930s. He had expressed this opinion in rallying immediately behind President Truman’s decision to intervene in the Korean War in June 1950, and he continued to back the American role there, seeing it as a successful deterrent to the spread of communism.

The rising politician consistently and strongly supported a national defense system that emphasized air power. He had backed the air force in the budget battles of 1948 and 1949 and made much of this and of his fight to keep Boeing in Seattle in his highly successful campaign for reelection to the House in 1950, and he promoted the rapid military buildup of the early 1950s. In 1952, he called for even more buildup, especially of atomic and hydrogen bombs. He portrayed such weapons as the centerpiece of American defense forces and insisted that the United States must continue to have more bombs than the Soviet Union. Reliance on them, he argued—as did other champions of air power—would be less expensive than the “conventional” weapons of the army and navy. Jackson’s conception of a strong America envisioned a large role for Boeing-built bombers.

By 1958 Jackson, a member of the Senate Armed Forces Committee and the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, had earned recognition as a leading critic of the Eisenhower administration’s defense policies. A critic as early as 1953, he escalated his criticism after the Soviet Union launched Sputnik in October 1957. He charged that the administration underestimated the Soviet threat, placed economic considerations ahead of national security, and refused to spend enough for the latter purpose. He was confident that the nation could spend much more on defense without sacrificing domestic programs or damaging the economy.

Often Jackson’s demands for more defense spending focused on Boeing products, especially the B-52. An eight-engine jet bomber developed in the early 1950s, it had become the company’s main product by mid decade and the successor to the B-17 and the B-29 as the firm’s major contribution to American air power. By the late years of the decade it was the air force’s chief weapon.

Boeing contributed even more products to the American arsenal, and Jackson supported each one. They included the KC-135, a jet tanker, and Bomarc, a ground-to-air missile. Late in the 1958 senatorial campaign, the politician from Everett announced enthusiastically that Boeing was to be the prime contractor for the Minuteman, an intercontinental ballistic missile.

In sharp contrast with Bone, Jackson saw Boeing as a company of vital importance locally and nationally. It served two major interests: the economy of Seattle and Washington state and the security of the nation. Thus he cooperated with company officials, including}

Senator Bone championed isolationism and public power, among other issues of concern to Washingtonians.
William Allen, the president, and James Murray, a vice president and the firm's chief lobbyist in the nation's capital, in their quests for profitable contracts. He also praised the company's managers and workers for their contributions and received their warm words in return, and he boasted during his 1958 reelection campaign, as did the State Democratic Central Committee, that he had served the local interest in jobs as well as the national interest in a stronger defense.

Not every Washingtonian liked Jackson's role, and some who did not began in 1958 to refer to him as "the senator from Boeing." The designation did not originate with the Republicans, although they had good reason to coin it, given Jackson's criticism of Eisenhower on defense. Looking back, one might speculate that the slogan was an early version of Eisenhower's 1961 warning about the "military-industrial complex." Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson came rather close to using the term in 1957 in responding to Jackson and other Democratic critics, but Wilson did not go so far as to insult a major defense contractor by charging that Boeing had Jackson on a leash.

The charge did not originate with Jackson's 1958 Republican foe, William Bantz, a Spokane lawyer and United States attorney. He defended Eisenhower's policies against the incumbent's criticisms, but he surely did not suggest that there was anything wrong with serving Boeing's interests. He insisted that the company's superior work, not Jackson, explained its success, and he opposed a Democratic proposal for a state income tax with the argument that it could drive Boeing from the state.

Bantz criticized Jackson along other lines. He charged that he spread fear, that he was a "big government" liberal with ties to corrupt labor leaders like Dave Beck of the Teamsters Union. He even called Jackson an "appeaser" for what he took to be softness toward the People's Republic of China over who should control islands off the Asian mainland.

Although she came close to using it, the slogan did not originate with Jackson's foe in the Democratic primary, Alice Franklin Bryant. A prisoner of the Japanese during World War II and a Seattle author, lecturer and frequent candidate for political office, Bryant focused much of her attention on a proposal for an immediate end to nuclear weapons testing, and at various points during the campaign she sounded like Homer Bone in the 1930s. She charged that Jackson indulged "in fear-mongering to make us endure the taxation and military service required for the larger armaments he advocates"; she maintained that he was "lingering in a caveman, cops and robbers state of development at a time when the human race will have to grow up or blow up"; she insisted that his efforts on behalf of B-52s was evidence of a "single-track militaristic mind"; she proclaimed that he was "helping to make Seattle a prime H-bomb target"; and she charged that his activities favored "those who profit from the threat of war—General Electric at Hanford and Boeing at Seattle." Nevertheless, she insisted that she wanted Boeing to prosper. It should do so, she maintained, by shifting out of bombers and missiles and into passenger planes. She did not portray it as a business that corrupted politicians.

Other people in as well as out of the state argued by 1958 that ties with Boeing, not concern for the national interest, explained the senator's behavior, and the slogan itself originated among Democrats in western Washington who regarded him as a militaristic warmonger. The 43rd District Democratic Club in Seattle was one center of this line of thought. Many members feared the arms race and believed that Jackson was hurting the party with his emphasis on a military buildup. Early in the year some Democrats in the Puget Sound area who thought in this way began to call Jackson "the senator from Boeing."

Bone's point of view had not disappeared from Washington politics. One Democrat wrote at the time that it appeared "that the so-called capitalistic system could not function without this colossal spending for so-called defense." Another Democrat reported a "strong protest" against Jackson's "Daddy Warbucks type of sabre rattling."

The label exaggerated Jackson's connections with Boeing. He actually had a complex agenda that included support

Senator Jackson meeting with Seattle labor leaders, including representatives of Boeing's IAM Local 751.
for the army and the navy as well as the company's chief market—the air force. It also included nonmilitary approaches to the Soviet challenge and a number of domestic programs, beginning with public power. He blamed the impression that he was narrowly focused on military power on his committee assignments and the tendency of the local press to emphasize what he did to help the local economy.

The senator had welcomed those committee assignments and eagerly reported whatever he did for Boeing, but he did oppose the company on a big issue before Washington voters in 1958. This was a proposed "right-to-work" law that would do away with the union shop in the state. President Allen supported the referendum and played a big role in the campaign for it, arguing that "free choice concerning union membership" was "the key to responsible unionism." Jackson opposed the measure, believing it would disrupt the good system of labor-management relations that had developed since the 1930s. The labor movement had become, as liberals like Jackson saw it, a "countervailing power," balancing the corporation, and a major component of a pluralistic America. In the senator's view, Allen's efforts threatened what was now a reformed and good economic and political system. Jackson's stand demonstrated that Boeing's influence on him had limits; the voters' rejection of the proposal testified to limits on the company's influence on them.

Jackson would come to resent being called "the senator from Boeing." The label challenged his conception of himself as serving both the national interest and a number of local interests in a pluralistic society and political system. And it implied that he was controlled by a munitions maker—a variant of the old idea that business corrupts politics.

It is clear that the senator's ties with Boeing and even the charge that he was in the company's pocket did not hurt him in the politics of Washington state in 1958. He defeated Bryant by a margin of nearly six to one. He triumphed over Bantz by more than two to one even though Republicans won six of Washington's seven seats in the House of Representatives.

The great difference between Homer T. Bone and Henry Jackson in their relations with the Boeing Company suggests that a big change had taken place in the political culture of Washington between the 1930s and the 1950s. Two facts—both men were Democrats and both were unusually popular with the voters—strengthen the case. It was a change from a deep distrust of corporate power to acceptance of a corporate giant. It was a shift away from a conception of the political process as prone to corruption by business to a view of the biggest business in the state as but one of several interests that a senator should serve. What had seemed dangerous now seemed useful. Bone looked upon the rather small firm as a menace, but Jackson viewed the large one as a valuable interest—one among several—that he should serve in a pluralistic system. The contrast between the two men at two different times reflects, in short, a transformation of the political culture from progressivism to liberalism.

A native of Spokane and a graduate of Gonzaga University, Richard S. Kirkendall is the Scott and Dorothy Bultitt Professor of American History at the University of Washington.
At the close of World War II American politics had been forever transformed. Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration had brought national government into social policy. Successor administrations built on this beginning. But if America had begun the welfare state by 1945, not all of the states had made the leap. Payton Smith's biography of Washington governor Albert D. Rosellini tells of the Evergreen State's shift from a public sector that did little and was not capable of much, to the institutionalization of professional commitments to welfare, health and education.

Smith's chief point is that Rosellini was, in 1957, determined to update Washington's budget process, prisons and mental hospitals and, in large part, succeeded in doing just that. For Smith these accomplishments are the claims Rosellini has on our attention and, in large part, succeeded in doing just that. For Smith these accomplishments are the claims Rosellini has on our attention today. Little of the book delves into Rosellini's personal life or even into his political friendships. Much, though, is made of the rumors of corruption, often prompted, Smith says, by anti-Italian and anti-Catholic sentiment. The stories were never matched by commensurate facts. Rosellini was an "old style" New Deal Democrat. He was committed to government policies to help meet the needs of those who most depended on others for their well-being. Public authority could, and should, remedy social problems; it should not wait for the elusive—and selective—miracles of the market.

As Smith acknowledges, such were the times that anyone else serving as governor would almost certainly have had to oversee similar state-building. Today social services, especially toward the poor and the vulnerable, are in retreat. A variety of trickle-down policies meant to benefit the already prosperous, along with a cult of sentiment, softened that culture with the mists of nostalgia. Even descriptions of students living in the mud at a school edges. It describes a world in which all problems are seen as growth opportunities and everyone involved is "family." Truth, of course, is a matter of perspective, and once the nostalgia is taken into account, the book's depiction of a unique institution is extensive and rewarding.

Rosellini: Immigrants' Son and Progressive Governor
by Payton Smith

Reviewed by Michael Treleaven, S.J.

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Michael Treleaven, S.J., a former Oregon journalist, received his doctorate from the University of Toronto. He is a professor of political science at Gonzaga University.
Current & Noteworthy

By Robert C. Carriker, Book Review Editor


Washington is the first of the eleven states along the Lewis and Clark route to formally enact legislation for a bicentennial celebration of the captains' accomplishments. Already committees are at work on the project, coordinated by a triumvirate of the Washington State Historical Society, Washington State Parks and Recreation, and the State of Washington Lewis & Clark Trail Committee. Anyone interested in going beyond the works of Ambrose and Burns in preparation for the Lewis and Clark celebration will benefit from a growing list of resources on the expedition.

The argument-ending ultimate source for anything about the expedition will always be the original journals at the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. Fortunately, they are also published. The first volume in the University of Nebraska Press edition was an atlas (1983), followed by ten text volumes, complete with unexpurgated comments, creative spelling, cross-outs and course notations. The first six text volumes are reviewed in COLUMBIA 1(3):46, 2(1):47, 3(3):47, 4(4):47, and 6(2):46. Volumes five through seven are immediately relevant to the expedition's 928 miles on or around the Snake and Columbia rivers in Washington and together comprise a total of more than 400 printed pages. Virtually all of the 43 campsites at which the expedition spent 68 nights in Washington can be "guesstimated" at from these journal entries. Here, too, is where the explorers' exact words can be read naming landmarks and commenting about the cultural traits of the native peoples on the Columbia River or the precise identification of flora and fauna unique to the state. Volume 8, The Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, June 10-September 26, 1806 (Gary E. Moulton, ed. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1995; 456 pp., $55) concludes the expedition's 28-month-long journey with entries that progress from present-day Orofino, Idaho, to St. Louis during the summer of 1806. Clark's maps of the Columbia River are in the atlas volume.

Enlisted men's journals are just as valuable as those of the captains and sometimes offer even more cogent insights: Volume 9, The Journals of John Ordway, May 14, 1804-September 23, 1806 and Charles Floyd, May 14-August 18, 1804 (Gary E. Moulton, ed. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1995; 419 pp. $55), Volume 10, The Journal of Patrick Gass, May 14, 1804-September 23, 1806 (Gary E. Moulton, ed. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1996; 336 pp., $55), Volume 11, The Journals of Joseph Whitehouse, May 14, 1804-April 2, 1806 (Gary E. Moulton, ed. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1997; 480 pp., $55). Ordway is the sole member of the expedition never to miss a day in his journal. Floyd is the only member of the expedition to die during the journey. It is Gass who tells us the captains consulted the entire party near present Fort Columbia State Park on the evening of November 24, 1805, posing a question "as to the place most proper for winter quarters." Neither Lewis nor Clark elaborate on this pivotal moment in American history, though Clark's journal meticulously records the vote of each expedition member. Whitehouse wrote the only surviving account by a private; the final part of his journal did not turn up until 1966, and this is the first publication of the complete record.

Carol Lynn MacGregor has also edited and annotated a reprint of The Journals of Patrick Gass (Missoula, Montana: Mountain Press Publishing Company, 1997; 384 pp.; $36 hardcover, $20 paper). The original manuscript from which the editor worked in 1807 has been lost, but so diligently did MacGregor examine the published journal that she provides over 700 footnotes. As the expedition's carpenter, Gass supervised the building of Fort Clatsop on the Oregon side of the Columbia River.

For those with a desire to learn even more about Patrick Gass or virtually any aspect of the expedition, the quarterly journal of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation, Inc., We Proceeded On, vols. 1-23 (1974-continuing), will more than adequately fill the need. For example, there are seven articles on Gass, the longest-lived member of the expedition.

"Lewis & Clark on the Information Superhighway," a listing of more than 150 sites on the World Wide Web, is on Washington State University's web page at www.vpds.wsu.edu. Jay Rasmussen, the compiler, warns that there may be historical errors in some of the sites, noting that one source claims it was Pocahontas—not Sacagawea—who accompanied the Corps of Discovery to the Pacific Ocean.

Seeking Western Waters: The Lewis and Clark Trail from the Rockies to the Pacific by Emory and Ruth Strong and edited by Herbert K. Beals (Portland: Oregon Historical Society Press, 1995; 408 pp., $16.95 paper) has many fine attributes and may well be the best single book on the expedition for Pacific Northwesterners. Liberal quotes from the original journals are enhanced by the authors' personal explanations of the wildlife, plants and artifacts viewed by the Corps of Discovery. The Shorts, who died in 1980 and 1985, spent a lifetime generating this manuscript; Beals updated the work with recent scholarship. The 224 black-and-white illustrations in this book are extraordinary. So are the 11 maps, making this a volume that is pleasing to either read or simply browse.

Forthcoming volumes from the University of Nebraska Press in 1999 will examine the scientific conclusions of the Lewis and Clark expedition. Anyone wishing a head start understanding the mammals, birds, fish and reptiles encountered by the corps should obtain a copy of The Natural History of the Lewis and Clark Expedition (Raymond Darwin Burroughs, ed.), with a new introduction by Robert Carriker (East Lansing: Michigan State University Press, 1995; 340 pp., $19.95). First released in 1961 and considered a classic in the field ever since, the new edition contains a valuable pullout map of the expedition emphasizing locations where the explorers made significant zoological discoveries. Several books on the market highlight journal references to the animal kingdom, but none exceeds the Burroughs book in the depth and breadth of its analytical entries.
Something Fishy

I have a compliment and a criticism regarding the Summer 1997 issue of COLUMBIA. The articles were all excellent (I especially enjoyed the pieces by LeWarne and Cebula). But there are problems with the History Album caption to “Eleanor on the Elwha.” The anadromous fish runs are not extinct on the Elwha, as stated. There are remnant runs of both steelhead steelhead and salmon in the river below Elwha Dam. The fish Eleanor is holding is not a salmon, as implied, but a 10-12 pound summer salmon, as implied, but a 10-12 pound summer. A third correction should also be made. This is not an “informal” or candid portrait but rather a very artfully and carefully composed shot. Note that the flyrod Eleanor holds has no reel. She certainly did not just catch this fish as suggested. It may very well have been caught by someone else! One last item: The spelling of “Mt. Christy” is Christie.

—Michael K. Green, Cheney

More on “Raiders”

In the Fall 1997 issue of COLUMBIA, Mike Vouri’s article, “Raiders from the North,” quotes Isaac Eby’s diary as saying that “one marine was killed . . .” Englebrecht-Gustave, a coxswain in the United States Navy, was the man killed. His grave is well-marked with a surrounding iron picket fence in the pioneer cemetery at Port Gamble.

I congratulate Vouri on the correct usage of “down-sound” for the direction the USS Massachusetts was traveling from Steilacoom to Port Gamble (north).

—Tom Berg, Port Hadlock

Olympia in Danger

Your readers may be interested in a follow-up report on the USS Olympia, featured in the Winter 1996-97 issue of COLUMBIA:

The 103-year-old ship is in need of emergency repairs and eventual historical restoration. Control of the ship has been transferred to the Independence Seaport Museum, 211 S. Columbus Blvd. & Walnut St., Philadelphia, PA 19106-3199, tel.: 215/925-5439.

The Olympia is now in more danger than she was in any of her wartime experiences. Age, weather and “35 years of well-intentioned but unsuccessful attempts to preserve her” have almost done the old girl in.

For more information, contact the Independence Seaport Museum or O. H. Bellendir, 1023 Frederick St. SE, Olympia, WA 98501-1960.

—Kenneth L. Calkins, Olympia

Additional Reading

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

Orphan Road


Seattle in the 1880s, by David Buerg. Seattle: The Historical Society of Seattle and King County, 1986.


One Man’s Adventure in the Klondike


The Wahluke Slope of the Hanford Site


Joshua the Second


Two Senators and The Boeing Company


Henry M. Jackson’s papers are in the University of Washington Libraries; Homer T. Bone’s papers are divided between the University of Washington Libraries and the University of Puget Sound Library.
Two Years in the Klondike and Alaskan Gold-Fields 1896–1898
by William B. Haskell
with preface by Terrence Cole

This edition of Haskell's autobiography, published in commemoration of the gold rush centennial, brings back a remarkable eyewitness account of the Klondike stampede. In a unique, charming, and poetic style, Haskell recounts his adventures before and after the rush. A keen observer of human nature, Haskell's witty comments make delightful reading. His gritty and realistic account of life in the north details the enormous changes that took place once the flood of stampeders arrived.

December 1997, cloth ISBN 1-889963-01-1 $34.95
paper ISBN 1-889963-00-3 $18.98

When the Geese Come
The Journals of a Moravian Missionary
Ella Mae Ervin Romig 1898–1905, Southwestern Alaska
edited with introduction by Phyllis Demuth Movius

The journals of Ella Romig, written as letters to her family, provide candid observations of a time long gone. With her missionary doctor husband and children, Ella faced a life threatened by food shortages, disease, and weather. Despite the hardships, the family grew to love Alaska and its people. This transcription provides insight into pioneer life during the turn of the century in Bethel, Alaska.

paper ISBN 0-912006-89-7 $20.00

Polar Journeys
The Role of Food and Nutrition in Early Exploration
by Robert E. Feeney

In this unique book, distinguished biochemist Robert Feeney relates the history of polar exploration to the history of the science of nutrition, making a powerful case that the explorers not only traveled metaphorically on their stomachs, they lived and died by the quantity of their food and especially the quality of their nutrition. With extensive quotes from explorers' journals, historical menus, tables, and numerous illustrations, the author presents a vivid description of what the expeditions experienced.

December 1997, paper 0-912006-97-8 $27.95
cloth 0-8412-3349-7 $41.95

A Good and Faithful Servant
The Year of Saint Innocent
An exhibit commemorating the bicentennial of the birth of Ioann Veniaminov 1797–1997
edited by Lydia Black with assistance from Katherine L. Arndt

"1997 marks the bicentennial of the birth of Ioann (John) Veniaminov, the distinguished Russian Orthodox missionary, teacher, administrator, linguist, ethnographer, and architect. ...Veniaminov served as the first priest at Unalaska, the first Orthodox bishop in Alaska, and head of the Orthodox Church of Russia. ...Communities throughout the United States, Russia, and England are observing Veniaminov's contributions...by presenting exhibitions and conferences..." reads the Executive Proclamation naming 1997 The Veniaminov Bicentennial Year, from Tony Knowles, Governor, State of Alaska. This volume, prepared as a catalog to accompany a major exhibition traveling throughout Alaska celebrates and chronicles Veniaminov's life and contributions to Alaskan and Russian history. Prepared and published by the University of Alaska Fairbanks and the Alaska State Veniaminov Bicentennial Committee.

October 1997, paper, order #VEN1, $10.00 (S)

Schwatka's Last Search
The New York Ledger Expedition Through Unknown Alaska and British America Including the Journal of Charles Willard Hayes, 1891
with introduction and annotation by Arland S. Harris

This volume presents seasoned explorer and army veteran Frederick Schwatka's account of his last and perhaps most important expedition in Alaska in 1891 through the headwaters of the White River, the Skolai Pass, and the upper Chitina drainage. Also included is the journal of C. W. Hayes, a young geologist and expedition member. Seen together, the two provide a remarkable picture of the far northwest as it was just before the great Klondike gold rush changed the territory forever.

paper ISBN 0-912006-87-0 $20.00

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