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FRONT COVER: Harold Cundy found and documented this rock carving along the Columbia River near the town of Beverly and the site of the Wanapum Dam. Cundy's careful examination of the rock convinced him that there were at least three different petroglyphs carved on its surface. (Special Collections, Washington State Historical Society)

BACK COVER: A Good Roads Association gathering at Picture Rocks Bay in 1914. This site was widely regarded as having the best examples of petroglyphs found along the mid-Columbia River. (Courtesy William D. Layman) See related story beginning on page 23.
A Woman Shall Lead Them

Last October I had the pleasure to introduce Michelle D. Bussard, the new executive director of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation and the Lewis and Clark National Bicentennial Council, when she served as keynote speaker at the community planning workshop for the Vancouver National Historic Reserve. Through the generosity of the City of Vancouver, the national office for the bicentennial will be in Vancouver on the reserve’s Officers Row.

Michelle comes to her new position with ten years’ worth of experience in nonprofit management and community development programming. Most recently she served as president/CEO of Leadership Washington, a nonprofit community leadership training organization in Washington, D.C. Prior to that, Michelle was assistant manager of the Community Development Bureau of the Greater Washington Board of Trade, a regional chamber of commerce. Between 1987 and 1992 she served as executive director of the D.C. Downtown Partnership.

Michelle is a native Oregonian who has traveled extensively throughout the United States and has lived abroad in Greece, where she studied photography at the Aegean School of Fine Arts, and in Israel, where she worked on kibbutz Bar Am. She holds a bachelor of arts degree in environmental studies/sociology from the University of California Santa Cruz and a master’s degree in urban planning from George Washington University, where she was a Wolcott fellow.

I first met Michelle in my capacity as vice president of the Lewis and Clark Bicentennial Council and, in particular, in my service on the selection committee for the joint executive directorship. I knew Michelle was the right person for that position when she gave the single most adroit response to an interview question that I have ever witnessed.

Remember that the interview took place within the context of the Lewis and Clark experience. In the spirit of that adventure and hoping, I suspect, to hear something about canoeing, backpacking, or some other presumed Lewis-and-Clark-like activity, one of my fellow interviewers (a male, I should add) asked Michelle, “What was the most rigorous physical activity that you have ever participated in?” With complete aplomb, she responded, “I think giving birth to three children qualifies as rigorous physical activity.”

And so it seems fitting to me that, in the proper spirit of a fully diverse corps of discovery, and as Sacajawea so often led the expedition, we have a woman leading us during the Lewis and Clark Bicentennial era.

—David L. Nicandri, Executive Editor
The Legacy of the Lewis and Clark Expedition

By Michelle D. Bussard

EDITOR'S NOTE
The following remarks were presented at Vancouver Barracks on October 29, 1997, at a public planning process meeting for the proposed Vancouver National Historic Reserve.

In the fall of 1805—192 years ago—Lewis and Clark, with their Corps of Discovery and other members of their party, had just passed through the long narrows of the Columbia River. They were pushing hard to the Pacific Ocean, which lay just days ahead. Clark's journal for October 29th opens with what became a common lament during their time in the Northwest: "a cloudy morning wind from the west. . . ."

Clark also listed the expedition's food purchases from the Indians that day: 12 dogs, 4 sacks of fish, and a few berries—not exactly what we would consider a hearty repast, but for members of the expedition this was a great meal. He then went on to describe the mountainous, heavily timbered terrain of the gorge they were traveling through. They passed three large rocks in the river, he wrote: "The middle rock is large, long and has several square vaults on it, we call this rocky island the Sepulchar [sic]." In the following days they identified many now-familiar landmarks: Castle—or Beacon—Rock, Mount Adams and Sauvie Island, among others.

Even with the journey's geographic goal almost in sight, there remained ahead wet, stormy days, nearly insufferable encampments on the Columbia River, and difficult decisions. But the members of the Lewis and Clark expedition had pushed farther into the North American continent and across its Northwest region than any white men had done previously—thus were realized President Jefferson's instructions given in 1803 to Merriwether Lewis.

What were those instructions and what relevance does the journey of Lewis and Clark have today, for this place in time? For us? The relevance lies in the story of the expedition and the legacy of the people—those undertaking the journey as well as those met along the way.

That legacy, left to us through the journals, is the discovery and recording of a storehouse of knowledge that embraced an archive of cultural and ethnological information, a new depth of scientific inquiry, and the highest standards for respect, excellence and ingenuity that nearly two centuries later continue to astound and enlighten us.

President Jefferson instructed Lewis in a number of tasks the object of which was to "explore the Missouri River and such principal stream of it. . . that may offer the most direct and practicable water communication across this continent, for the purposes of commerce."

This remarkable yet simple vision compelled Jefferson to specifically ask of Lewis that: 1) His observations and measurements be taken with "great pains and accuracy . . . for others as well as yourself," and 2) He endeavor to develop a knowledge of and become acquainted with the Native Americans, their culture, customs, laws and languages—and in this Jefferson decreed that Lewis and company were to "treat the natives in a friendly and conciliatory manner."

In following these instructions and carrying out the work of the expedition, Lewis and Clark laid the groundwork for securing the Northwest territories, establishing commerce, and embedding here the bold frontier ethics that established the Vancouver Historic Reserve and ushered in the military presence at Fort Vancouver.

In fact, it is arguable that Lewis and Clark's Corps of Discovery set the mark for what would be one of the army's most lasting contributions to this area—exploring a vast part of the Northwest; recording its topography, natural history and environmental features; surveying and mapping the area and developing an infrastructure; and, for the state of Washington, adding to the complexly rich historical legacies of this place.

But the journey was more than the story of an expedition; it was also an intensely personal drama in which individuals were valued and respected for themselves as well as their skills, culture, language and customs—whether members of the expedition or Native Americans met along the way. It was about making democratic decisions and giving an African American man and a Native American woman a vote decades before it was even imagined to enfranchise those groups.

It was also about earnestly listening to each other,
whether using spoken language—often nearly indecipherable or translated through multiple, sometimes unreliable channels—or sign language.

The following passages were written in mid-August 1805 near the headwaters of the Lemhi River. Upon sighting three Shoshone women, Lewis set down his pack and rifle and pursued them. The women fled while he repeatedly called after them, "Tab-ba-bone," which is to say, "Look, I’m white. I am not your enemy." The women eventually escorted Lewis into camp. Of this encounter he wrote:

These men then advanced and embraced me very affectionately in their way ... while they apply their left cheek to yours and frequently vociferate the word ah-hi-e, ah-hi-e, that is I am much pleased. We were all caressed and besmeared with their grease and paint till I was heartily tired of the national hug . . . . I now had the pipe, lit it and gave them smoke; they seated themselves in a circle around us and pulled off their moccasins before they would receive or smoke the pipe. This is a custom among them as I afterwards learned indicative of a sacred obligation of sincerity in the profusion of friendship.

From Lewis's diary we learn that communication that day was via sign language, which Sergeant Drewyer's command of "seems to be universally understood by all the nations we have yet seen . . . it is true that this language is imperfect and liable to error but is much less so than would be expected."

In this exchange Lewis and Clark had just met Chief Cameahwait, who was revealed a few days later to be Sacajawea's brother. We learn that, in the days ahead, Sacajawea served as an interpreter, along with Drewyer, while negotiations proceeded over the provisions and horses needed to complete the next leg of the journey: crossing the Bitterroot Mountains and reaching "the Great Divide," as they called it.

Without calling upon every available form of communication and intensely listening to capture all of the complexities of the negotiations, the expedition might not have successfully weathered the severe crossing of the mountains and reached the continental divide. And so, once again, we are reminded by the legacy of the expedition of how much we have at stake in speaking the truth and listening carefully to one another.

In closing, I will go back to an opening question: what is the relevance of the Lewis and Clark expedition for us here today? Relevance can be found in the story of the journey and the legacy of the people involved—a legacy we can nearly touch when we realize that as of today, 192 years ago, the expedition was literally in our backyards, just up the Columbia River, with the end nearly in sight.

Michelle D. Bussard is executive director of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation and the Lewis and Clark National Bicentennial Council.
Reporters Bring the World News of the Klondike Stampede

If nothing else, the onion incident should have alerted Joaquin Miller to troubles ahead. This occurred in mid September 1897 as the initial wave of frenzied prospectors was descending on Dawson City, situated at the confluence of the Klondike and Yukon rivers—the heart of northwestern Canada's newly renowned Klondike gold country. Miller, the famed 60-year-old "Poet of the Sierras," had been commissioned to write about the gold rush for William Randolph Hearst's newspaper chain. He had just arrived at Dawson on a river barge when he chanced to pull from his coat pocket a single dry onion. To his amazement, an onlooker immediately offered him a dollar for the pungent bulb. Because the onion was all that remained of Miller's meager food stores, he refused, only to have the stranger bump his bid up to five dollars.

Not until much later did the bard realize the significance of this exchange. In his eagerness to investigate the gold fields for Hearst, it seems he had dropped in on Dawson at the worst possible time—the town stood on the brink of a starvation winter.

Born Cincinnatus Hiner Miller, his pen name inspired by the legendary California bandit Joaquin Murieta, the poet had a gusty ego and a fondness for Byronic verse. He also claimed a reputation (though partly inflated) as a wilderness adventurer. So nobody was terribly surprised when, shortly after the first two ships bearing Klondike gold dust and nuggets reached San Francisco and Seattle in July 1897, Miller announced that he was headed for the diggings himself. Nor were they concerned that he was taking with him little more than a backpack full of bacon, tea, hardtack, and, of course, onions. (Not until 1898 would the North-West Mounted Police insist that every Klondike-bound gold seeker carry a year's worth of food and supplies—a burden that could weigh up to a ton.) As Miller explained: "I am going up to get the information for the poor men who mean to go to the mines next summer. If I find the mines limited either in area or thickness, my first duty will be to let the world know. I will not need the usual provisions because, having got right down to the bedrock of the frozen facts, I shall take the next steamer leaving Dawson and return straight to San Francisco."

But there was no next steamer. The water level of the Yukon River fell so low that season that ships chugging upstream from the Bering Sea were marooned in mud near Fort Yukon, an old Hudson's Bay outpost in Alaska Territory, about 350 miles northwest of the gold country. It looked as if everyone who had sped to Dawson City right after news of the subarctic mother lode reached the outside world was now trapped there for the next eight months of winter. Some were at risk of freezing without adequate clothing. All were at risk of going hungry, for food was the chief cargo aboard those marooned steamboats.

Miller wrote bravely that "there will be no starvation. The men who doubt supplies will get here, where gold is waiting by the ton, miscalculate American energy." However, as the nights lengthened and chill winds grew stronger, even he finally joined one of many overland parties bound for Fort Yukon. Famished and desperate, those groups trudged down the frozen Yukon River, chopping their way through mountainous ice obstructions. Some folks made it, others died in the trying; but most, like Miller, were forced to give up midway.

By the time the poet returned to Dawson City in early December 1897, he was a sorry sight. His cheeks had frozen, his left ear and one finger were missing, part of a toe had to be removed, and he was in agony from snow blindness.

By J. Kingston Pierce

COLUMBIA 5 SPRING 1998
The 1890s marked the heyday of so-called yellow journalism—or, as its supporters preferred to call it, "the journalism that acts." Some newspapers in that era did nearly anything they could (at any price necessary) to get juicy stories of crime or scandal or other societal miseries, then splashed those scoops across their front pages under large, lurid headlines. Advances in typography and photo reproduction, faster printing presses, and a new commitment to employing well-educated writers (after many years during which reporting was considered a dead-end job suitable only for the self-educated and ne'er-do-well) all served to increase public interest in the press. Newspapers launched crusades for social reform and ran extensive contests to hook readers. They even tried to one-up each other in "stunt reporting," hiring clever wordsmiths who disguised themselves and sometimes put themselves at risk to investigate injustices or public malfeasance.

The reasoned goal of all this was to deliver tales that appealed to the human interests of readers and that, not incidentally, helped boost newspaper sales. And no one understood this better than the two men then cutting the broadest wakes through Manhattan press circles: Joseph Pulitzer, the Hungarian former St. Louis publisher who had practically invented yellow journalism in the pages of his immigrant-friendly New York World; and William Randolph Hearst, a deep-pocketed young Californian and Harvard drop-out who had turned his family's ailing San Francisco Examiner into a money machine and then in 1895 purchased the moribund New York Journal to become Pulitzer's principal—and least principled—rival. "The modern editor of the popular journal does not care for facts," Hearst once contended. "The editor wants novelty. The editor has no objections to facts if they are also novel. But he would prefer novelty that is not fact, to a fact that is not a novelty."

Few scenes could have been more novel than sunburned Klondike miners wobbling down a gangplank, their arms unsteady around bags and fruit jars stuffed with gold. It is therefore ironic that Hearst's Examiner should have missed the seminal story of the steamship Excelsior's landing at San Francisco on July 15, 1897. Two of that city's other dailies, the Call and the Chronicle, printed lengthy accounts about the vessel's passengers and unexpected burden—almost a million dollars in nuggets and dust, according to early estimates—while the Examiner dismissed the whole episode with a few obligatory lines. Back in Manhattan, Hearst was incensed the next day to discover the Call piece reprinted in the rival New York Herald. And there were no new contributions to the story from his own Journal. He promptly ordered maximum attention to the gold findings and sent two expeditions off to the Yukon. "With that imperial dictum," writes Berton, "the Klondike fever began."

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer had no intention of overlooking the story when a second treasure ship, the Portland, approached Puget Sound on the morning of July 17. Its editors went so far as to charter a tugboat, the Sea Lion, and send it out from Port Townsend to intercept the Portland off Washington's Cape Flattery. Aboard were three gents representing the San Francisco press along with the P-I's Beriah Brown, Jr. Forty years old, a husky fellow with flawlessly parted blond hair, Brown was a former sailor and the scion of a onetime mayor of Seattle. He had joined the P-I only two years before and was now embarking on what would be the best-remembered story of his career.

As history records it, Brown and his ink-stained comrades boarded the Portland at approximately two in the morning, interviewed as many of the 68 newly prosperous prospectors as they could, then jumped back into the tugboat and hurried to the telegraph office at Port Townsend. One of the San Franciscans reached the operator there first—probably the Examiner man, whose head would roll if he didn't send his piece ahead of the competition this time. Worried about missing his own deadline, Brown didn't wait around, but
instead got back on the Sea Lion and ordered its captain to head full-steam for Seattle while he frantically penned his story. The tug, Brown later told his readers, “made the trip down in record-breaking time, arriving at 6 o’clock, at least two hours ahead of the Portland.” Brown submitted his copy, it was set in type, and the presses started to roll. By the time the Portland nosed into the Seattle waterfront, the P-I was already on the streets with the first of three extra editions, proclaiming that the ship’s passengers carried “more than a ton of solid gold” among them.

The phrase “ton of gold,” circulated by rapidly expanding telegraphic news services, caught the world’s attention. Within two weeks after word got out that there was “easy money” to be found along tributaries of the Klondike River, American broadsheets began to choke on gold rush copy. Unfortunately, since the Yukon and Dawson City were about as familiar to most people—reporters included—as the rings of Saturn, initial news items often contained egregious errors. The Commercial-Appeal of Memphis, for instance, informed its subscribers that the Klondike was located not far past Chicago.

In another month, numerous guides to the goldfields—telling how to reach the Yukon, how to stake out a respectable claim, and what supplies to haul along—started to appear as supplements in the Seattle papers. Big-lunged newsboys shouting “Extra! Extra!” crowded Pacific Northwest sidewalks every time a new strike was made along Bonanza or Eldorado Creek. Any old letter received from northwestern Canada or adjacent Alaska was deemed fair game for publication. “We have struck it pretty good and are taking out good money now . . . ,” ran one missive from a young Seattle prospector. “This is the richest thing ever known. Everybody is crazy.”

Endeavoring to improve their coverage, some larger periodicals assigned special correspondents to follow the Klondikers, record their dreams and disasters, and generally take the measure of those people who had abandoned their settled lives and homes and hastened like damn fools to the Yukon in search of mineral wealth. This could be a daunting task, especially in the rush’s early days. It meant, of course, that the reporters had to buy, beg or bully their way onto northbound ships with every other avaricious soul.

Most unloaded at the southeast Alaskan towns of Skagway or Dyea, from which two parallel trails—respectively, the treacherous White Pass route and the more popular climb over Chilkoot Pass—led across the Coast Mountains separating Alaska from the Yukon and the Klondike Valley. Berton tells a terrific tale about Flora Shaw, the highbred colonial expert for The Times of London “who crossed the White Pass dressed as a perfect Englishwoman, her skirts of ladylike length, her hair neatly coiffed, and her neckline carefully fastened.” Others followed the more expensive all-water route leading from St. Michael, on Alaska’s west coast, up the often ice-clogged Yukon River for 1,700 miles to Dawson.

Northwest newspapers published many “special editions” full of Klondike news, hyperbole about big strikes, and tips for prospectors. This drawing of the steamer Al-ki was featured in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.
Early illustrations, such as this one from a December 1897 edition of the Tacoma Daily Ledger, portrayed travel to the Yukon as a rousing adventure. But some gold seekers found only despair or death along the way.

A few Klondike correspondents—like Joaquin Miller—were considered prominent. Tappan Adney, a well-known, gifted scrivener, joined the migration of miners in 1897 on behalf of Harper's Weekly and the London Chronicle and eventually produced a book of his experiences—The Klondike Stampede (first published in 1900)—that ranks as perhaps the foremost primary account of this gold rush. It has even been said that Nellie Bly (née Elizabeth Jane Cochran), the daredevil reporter from Pulitzer's World, made an appearance at Dawson—a story repeated by Pierre Berton even though there appears to be scant evidence that Bly came anywhere near that raucous burg.

But most of these writers, no matter whether they hailed from Scribner's literary magazine, the Illustrated London News, or Victoria, British Columbia's Daily Colonist, weren't well recognized at the time—and they have been forgotten over the past century. One such was Hal Hoffman of the Chicago Tribune, who once wrote of encountering a huge, red-shirted argonaut seated on a rock beside the White Pass Trail, sobbing his eyes out because he'd lost all of his money and energy and would have to return to civilization without even eyeballing the goldfields. Equally unknown nowadays is Edward F. Cahill of the San Francisco Examiner. He went to Skagway, intending to write the whole truth about that notorious town of 75 saloons. But instead, Cahill was charmed by Jefferson Randolph ("Soapy") Smith, the local uncrowned king of criminality, and assured his readers that Soapy "is not a dangerous man."

Not surprisingly, newspapers based in Seattle—the city that served as the major jumping-off point to the Yukon—were among the quickest to send representatives north. Joseph A. Costello of the Seattle Times set off for Dawson City, promising that his dispatches would contain "the earliest, most comprehensive, accurate, and uncolored reports from the new diggings." Costello had other goals as well. Like many Seattle journalists, he was leaving town hoping to make his fortune in the Klondike.

Meanwhile, the P-I sent its own man back on the Portland, which left Seattle only three days after its historic stop. No, it wasn't Beriah Brown (who remained behind to become an editor of the daily and, later, start his own paper on Whidbey Island), but rather one Samuel P. Weston. With Weston went a cage full of carrier pigeons. Since communications with Alaska and the Yukon were poor at best, Weston intended to send accounts of the miners and their rapacious pursuits back to his newsroom tied to these birds' legs. What he hadn't figured on was that carrier pigeons were accustomed to toting brief missives; they weren't built to lug five-column reports for a thousand miles or more. Weston made it to Alaska, but his pigeons—and the articles they were carrying—apparently got lost somewhere between there and Puget Sound.

There wasn't a telegraph line linking Skagway with cities in the south until 1898, and not until a year after that was the line extended to Dawson. Getting news out before then required sending a letter by way of a departing ship or miner, or coming up with some more creative scheme. A wonderful anecdote recalls how Faith Fenton, the Toronto Globe's columnist, went in tears one day to Colonel Samuel Steele, commander of the
North-West Mounted Police for the Yukon and British Columbia. It seems that Fenton had tried to get a scoop by writing the details of a hanging before it had even occurred, then sending her article out by fast dog-team. Everything went according to plan—until, at the 11th hour, someone noticed that the hanging had been scheduled for All Saint's Day, a religious holiday, and it was postponed. Steele, not only smart enough to apprehend Fenton's dilemma but gallant enough to try overcoming it, instantly ordered another dog-team to run 50 miles in order to retrieve and destroy the untimely dispatch.

In Dawson City 10,000 Americans hear the story of the Spanish-American War sea fight at Santiago as read at ten o'clock at night from the only newspaper in town. This paper first sold for $200. The purchaser rented a hall, charged $1 admission and cleared $500. He then sold the paper for $50, and the story was read to the public.

In Dawson City 10,000 Americans hear the story of the Spanish-American War sea fight at Santiago as read at ten o'clock at night from the only newspaper in town. This paper first sold for $200. The purchaser rented a hall, charged $1 admission and cleared $500. He then sold the paper for $50, and the story was read to the public.
A bottleneck was in a narrow mountain gap just a few miles outside of Skagway. Rain had loosened boulders from the surrounding hillsides, and their falling had left the trail wide enough only for the transit of one pack horse at a time. Efforts to raise funds for the dynamite necessary to clear this route had been unsuccessful since most of the people in Skagway were transients with little money and little care for a permanent solution to the crisis. Scovel saw a tremendous opportunity for a “World stroke,” remarks Joyce Milton in her book The Yellow Kids: Foreign Correspondents in the Heyday of Yellow Journalism. “On his own initiative, since there was no telegraph in Skagway, he decided to commit several hundred dollars of the World’s money to purchase dynamite and have the trail through the cut widened.” This was an extremely favored move, earning both Scovel and his paper plaudits—even in the pages of competing publications. To the Associated Press he was the “savior of the stampeders.” Traffic resumed its progress up the trail, everyone headed toward Lake Bennett and the headwaters of the Yukon River, which would take stampeders all the way to Dawson. And with the crowd went the Scovels. It was every bit as challenging a trek as they had heard. A pair of their horses lost their footing and almost careened into a chasm, but Frances grabbed instinctively at their bridles and calmed them enough to regain their footing. One night they camped in such a narrow passage that Frances had to stand on the trail to cook dinner, moving out of the way every time a pack train wanted to pass. Another time, the couple made camp on ground so precipitous and slippery with mud that they kept sliding out of their tent. They were overjoyed to reach Lake Bennett in just six days.

As it happens, they never made it any closer to Dawson. Needing to check in with the World, Harry left his wife on the shores of the lake and went back to Skagway, expecting to find a message or two awaiting him. When he found nothing, and with no way to telegraph his editors from Skagway, he took a steamer down to Seattle. There he received instructions to return to New York for reassigning, which he did obediently—leaving the lovely Frances alone at Lake Bennett for more than a month before word reached her of Harry’s fate. Amazingly, she forgave her hubby his truancy. After all, she was a journalist, too.

When the Klondike gold rush was still in its infancy, newspapers were rare in the Far North. So rare, in fact, that one newcomer to Skagway charged miners a dollar a head just to sit in a dance hall and listen to readings from a recent copy of the Seattle P-I. It’s said that he made $350 that night.

With more and more people venturing into the area, though, it was inevitable that local papers would rise to satisfy their needs. Dyea had its Trail and Press, both of which did their best to plump up their struggling town’s reputation while simultaneously trashing rival Skagway as a “fever-stricken hole of Hell.” In the meantime, Skagway welcomed the first of several news organs—the Skagway News—in mid October 1897. M. L. Sherpy was editor of that four-page weekly, but most folks knew it for the musings of Elmer J. (“Stroller”) White. Born in Ohio, trained at papers in the Southeast, White had labored for several years with Puget

Detail from a Harper’s Weekly map of the Klondike gold fields, drawn by Tappan Adney and published in 1898.
By 1900, when this sketch appeared in the Alaskan Magazine and Canadian Yukoner, nobody was fooled any longer into thinking that the northward trek would be anything but hard and often unrewarding work.

Sound periodicals before striking off for Alaska at the height of Soapy Smith’s reign. He was a humorist in the Art Buchwald sense, focusing on small, odd tales that revealed more about the pride and prejudices of his new home than could any stack of straightforward news copy.

Berton’s Klondike recounts the Stroller waltzing into a saloon one night to discover the bartender buying a round for the house, in celebration of his recent nuptials. “What was the name of your bride?” White inquired, thinking there might be a news item here. The barman pondered the question for a few minutes while polishing his counter, then turned back to White. “Here,” he said. “You tend bar and I’ll run over and ask her. I heard it but I forgot what it was. You’ll find rye and Scotch on ice under the bar.” White stayed in Alaska long past the gold rush, and was elected in 1918 to its territorial legislature.

The peak of the stampede found nine newspapers operating in Dawson City, but most of them lasted no more than a season or two. More successful was the Klondike Nugget, which debuted on May 27, 1898. Editor Gene Allen had been in Seattle when news of the Yukon strikes reached there. He was so anxious to found the first paper in Dawson that he didn’t even wait for his printing press to reach the town. Instead, he left it with his brother George on a raft heading down the Yukon River while he shot overland to Dawson in a dogsled and, after borrowing a typewriter from a New York Times correspondent, produced a single-page bulletin that he tacked to a pole. Thus, while the rival Midnight Sun actually got its presses to town and its printing going before Allen could, the Nugget was always able to boast that it had had the earlier launch.

It was tough going for the Allen brothers. The Klondike’s “Dear Little Nugget,” by Ian Macdonald and Betty O’Keefe, remembers that, “Once, when the supply of newsprint ran out, the Nugget was printed on brown paper originally earmarked for bags and wrapping.” After two years in Dawson, Gene Allen lost his shirt in a freight-hauling scheme and had to transfer full ownership of the paper to his sibling/partner. George Allen kept the Nugget alive until 1903. By 1904 only one gold rush-born broadsheet survived: The Dawson Daily News, which finally ceased publication in 1954.

Yet it has hardly been forgotten, thanks to the efforts of people such as Gene Allen, Tappan Adney and Beriah Brown. Their on-the-scene reports of the gold rush form what journalism school professors like to term “the first rough draft of history.” Myriad books have been written about the Yukon rush, but they have all depended on the hasty scribblings of those men and women who went north not primarily for gold but for inspiration—truly a writer’s greatest reward.

J. Kingston Pierce, a Seattle writer, is author of San Francisco, You’re History! (Sasquatch Books) and America’s Historic Trails with Tom Bodett (KQED Books), the companion volume to the popular PBS-TV series. Pierce’s Klondike gold rush history, “River of Gold,” appeared in the Summer 1997 issue of COLUMBIA.
Great changes were wrought in the Columbia Department of the Hudson's Bay Company (HBC) during the winter of 1824-25. George Simpson, the London sugarhouse clerk made governor of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land, was incensed by the wasteful practices west of the mountains. Complements at the posts were reduced, boat crews were cut, and Fort George at the mouth of the Columbia was ordered abandoned in preference to a new depot 90 miles upstream near the mouth of the Willamette River. Henceforth self-subsistence would replace the expensive importation of foodstuffs to feed the tripmen and mechanics. A shift toward agricultural pursuits promised a more profitable economic balance.

The changes marked the end of the pioneer period of fur trade development in the Northwest. As the corporate grip tightened, only a few tired freemen trappers remained as reminders of the glory days of the Astorians and Nor'westers.

Those changes affected old hands like Pierre Bercier or Joachim Hubert, who rode the brigade trail as trappers, and boatmen like Julien Bernier, J. B. Bouchard, Michel Coutenoir or Simon Plomondon who had worked on the western rivers since the time of the Nor'westers. Coming west of the mountains as humble oblates of commerce and heralds of dispossession, they would stay on as the arbiters of social compromise.

Before the governor arrived, an expedition had been sent from Fort George to chastise troublesome Indians on Puget Sound. Starting from the mouth of the Columbia, the punitive expedition followed the coastal bays and the Chehalis River to the sound. Some members of the party returned by descending the Cowlitz and confirming its navigability. An overland portage from the Cowlitz opened new opportunities around the sound and the northern coast.

Before its great bend to the south the Cowlitz River meanders through a broad, flat flood valley that is defined on
the north by a steep slope. The generally flat or gently rolling prairie above formed a series of alternating woods and open meadows. According to early descriptions, there was a park-like quality to the countryside that Indians kept open by periodic burning.

Along the Cowlitz Portage trail, which more or less followed today's Jackson Highway, a few examples of old-growth forest have been preserved. In the perpetual dark beneath the giant trees, sun-starved lesser growth hangs heavy with bearded moss. That eerie underworld was no place for horsemen, so the plodding pack strings kept to the open spaces. The drawback was that the flat prairies were poorly drained and often sodden. During the long season of winter rains, a horseman or a hiker might pick a way around the standing ponds and flooded hollows, but a string of pack horses soon churned the trail into mud.

In 1832 Chief Factor John McLoughlin forwarded a proposal to London for the formation of "The Oregon Beef & Tallow Company." The open meadows and gently rolling hills of the Cowlitz were attractive to the HBC as pastures for an expanded cattle operation. Two years later, after Governor Simpson expressed interest, the London board of management endorsed the idea. But it was not until fall 1838 that Charles Ross and eight men brought 95 head of cattle and farming implements to the Cowlitz to begin the operation of the pasture farm of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company (PSAC).

As Governor Simpson began imposing pre-Victorian social standards upon his officers, the morality of the HBC servants was largely ignored as long as it did not create a burden on the business. Lonesome workmen found brides or helpmates where they were stationed, and Indian parents, accustomed to intertribal marriages, agreed to share their daughters with the tribe of commerce.

The Cowlitz settlement owed its beginning to several Hudson's Bay Company workmen who married local Indian women and gained permission to settle near their tribes. They occupied the open high ground above the portage landing.

The leader of the settlement was Simon Plomondon who married Thas-o-muth, a daughter of the local Cowlitz headman Schanawah (according to Jim Holycross and Del McBride). Their children were born in 1830, 1831, 1832 and 1834. Before coming west Plomondon had been a steersman for the American exploration of the old Northwest. Now, in the new Northwest, he helped build Forts Langley and Nisqually for the HBC, which represented British interests.

By 1833 Plomondon and his friend François Faignant were successful subsistence farmers. They were soon joined by two other old western hands, Joseph Rochbrune and Michel Coutenoir. A middleman for the Nor'westers on the Willamette in 1813-14, Coutenoir made the transition to the HBC in 1821 and became a boatman and packer in the raffish brigade of northern

*Plat map showing early settlement in the vicinity of the Cowlitz Portage road.*
The tranquil development of the Cowlitz was shadowed by larger questions of international sovereignty. For 20 years the question of drawing a boundary between the conflicting claims of the United States and Great Britain hung over the HBC's virtual monopoly. As American overlanders began arriving, the Oregon Question loomed larger. Realizing that a division was inevitable, baymen hoped that the dividing line would follow the Columbia River. Those corporate expectations could be strengthened by a significant settlement of British subjects north of the Columbia. While the established community at the Cowlitz could help preserve the best ports on the West Coast for the British Empire, the handful of former workmen were uncertain advocates of imperial expectations.

To counter American settlements south of the river, it was desirable to relocate British subjects who had retired on the attractive prairies of the Willamette Valley. Enticing them away from well-established farms and ranches could be enhanced by HBC-assisted importation of Catholic priests. Arriving by HBC express from the Red River diocese, Fathers François Norbert Blanchet and Modeste Demers immediately addressed their obligations. Two weeks after arriving at Fort Vancouver on December 1, 1838, Father Blanchet traveled the 40 miles to the Cowlitz where he gathered those neglected believers in the Plamondon home.

In the first baptisms at the mission of Saint François Xavier of the Kowlitz on December 16, 1838, Father Blanchet named Louis Latour, Michel Coutenoir and François Piette dit Faillant who had married Indian women "according to the custom of the country." There were so many children unknown to the sacrament of baptism that Faillant became a godfather seven times over.

One of the mothers, Emelie Finlay, was the half-Cree daughter of the famed trapper Pierre Bercier. Emelie spent almost 20 years traveling on the brigade trail with seven children. Sometime before 1836 the still vivacious widow Bercier became the consort of the widower Simon Plamondon. That combined family, including two children born to the couple in 1837 and 1839, may have totaled 13. When the American naval officer Charles Wilkes visited in 1841 he could not resist commenting on Emelie's beauty and hospitality.

Father Blanchet returned to the Cowlitz in March 1839 to baptize the 43-year-old widow Bercier and several other wives of the country. Three weeks were necessary for the proper publication of three banns (marriage announcements). In the ceremonies conducted on the same day, April 8, 1839, that finally legitimized the community, Michel Coutenoir of Montreal, was married to Marie Ketse, François Piette dit Faillant to 32-year-old Felicité Sassette, and Joseph Rochbrune of Montreal to 25-year-old Lisette Walla Walla. André St. Martin married 20-year-old Catharine Twakon who was Iroquois and Chinook. Oliver Couturier of Bytown, Upper Canada, legitimized his relationship with Marguerite Kainseno who was the 23-year-old daughter of the notable Chinook Chief Cassino. Ten days later Father Blanchet completed that round
of rites by marrying Pierre Laplante dit Badillac of Yamaska to Coutenoir's frail 17-year-old daughter Lisette. If that wasn't enough, eight Klickitats of the mountains and twelve Cowlitz Indian children were also baptized. Catholic propriety was finally taming the West.

When Lieutenant Wilkes of the American Exploring Expedition rode through in May 1841, he found "a Catholic priest belonging to the Columbia Missionary established among the small community here which consists of half a dozen Canadians who have married Indians & half-breeds. The visit I made to their habitations on my return fully satisfied me that they were well and comfortably off."

Wilkes's visit was part of the ongoing contest for the Oregon Country, but the names in the registers of the Cowlitz Mission show that the priests had failed to draw settlers away from the Willamette. Governor, now Sir George, Simpson noted that fact when he passed through on his northern tour in the fall of 1841, but his answer was already on the trail. The HBC planned to locate a colony of mixed-blood immigrants from the Red River settlement (present-day Winnipeg, Manitoba).

A good deal of the failure of that colonial scheme had to do with an inescapable incongruity. The Cowlitz prairie was already taken up by a group of mixed-blood Catholics who Simpson considered best suited for the life of herdsmen. The most promising place for agriculture north of the Columbia was denied to the incoming English-Protestant half-bloods from the Red River. Those proven farmers had to be sent to the meadows of Nisqually where herding was the only reasonable expectation.

The HBC might have encouraged arriving colonists to stop at the Cowlitz by giving up part of the open country it had appropriated for the PSAC. But Simpson's profit-minded field management slyly allowed the little emperor to shoot himself in the foot.

Several of the new Catholic colonists from Red River agreed to go to the Cowlitz, namely Julien Bernier, François Gagnon, François Jacques, Jean Baptiste Rhelle, Pierre St. Germain and the two Larocques, Pierre and Louis. They represented the best hope of validating the colonial scheme.

If the tight little community north of the Columbia was not as servile as HBC officers might have preferred, its members were accustomed to obey for the good of the boat or brigade. But the time was past when they could be dismissed as nonentities in the background to the operatic displays of great men. They were pre-pioneers learning the unfamiliar prerogatives and duties of the constitutional democracy that was creeping north of the river.

In the first voluntary tax roll of 1845 St. Germain had assets of $200 worth of horses, $50 in cattle and another $50 in hogs, which were taxed at $3. Less than a month after filing a preemption of 640 acres of land with the provisional government, St. Germain joined his neighbors in the Cowlitz declaration against claim jumping. The Lewis County men who signed the petition (or made their marks) had now been joined by one lonely nominal American, John R. Jackson. The bayman William F. Tolmie also signed the protest because he was trying to hold the PSAC property at Nisqually.

Another notable Pacific Northwest Metis family settled a bit to the north along the southern branch of the Newaukum River. Julien Bernier had been a Nor'wester during the winter of 1813-14. Listed as a devant (bowman) stationed at Thompson's River, Bernier helped perfect the brigade of northern porters bringing northern returns down the Okanagon trail to dare the treacherous waters of the Columbia River. Five years later he was around Spokan House where his son Marcel was born, on November 10, 1819. The mother's name was given as Marguerite, but her
tribal affiliation is uncertain.

The Berniers were subject to the HBC rule requiring discharged engagees to be returned to the place of their enlistment. The family had returned to the Red River settlement in 1830 where Marcel and his brother Isidore were educated at the Saint Boniface parish school. The family, including "2 Stout Boys," returned to the north side of the Cowlitz. But these were laid out in a peculiar way that ignored the Provisional Government's dictate. The long strips they set off were reminiscent of habitant concessions along the lower St. Lawrence River, river lots of the Red River settlement, or farms in distant Louisiana.

The same extended pattern was followed by Julien Bernier and his son Marcel in the claims they located abutting or crossing the south fork of the Newaukum River. The initial orientation of the Cowlitz owed a good deal to old New France. In striking contrast, the Americans who came later to take over the lands of the PSAC set their claims square to the compass and tightly geometrical.

About 23 donation land claims were eventually patented in Lewis County. Only five were the lesser 320 acres allowed to a single individual. Those claims totaling over 12,000 acres reflected early opportunities to claim attractive open spaces while keeping close to one's own kind in a rapidly changing world. According to the testimony that Marcel Bernier gave at Victoria in 1865 before the Joint Commission to settle HBC and Puget's Sound Agricultural Company claims, the land was then worth from 20 to 25 dollars an acre.

Like other locations in the Pacific Northwest, the cluster of French-speaking Catholics became a magnet for later arrivals.

Cowlitz in 1841. Twenty-one-year-old Isidore Bernier was so promising in the Cowlitz community that 35 of his neighbors submitted his name for election as treasurer of the provisional government of Oregon. Unfortunately, the community could not rally enough votes to offset the Willamette Valley candidate. Like many other pioneer Metis, Isidore later disappeared into the California gold rush.

The Cowlitz land claims preserved an interesting geographical oddity. Early on, the provisional government dictated that claims be square or rectangular, which Plamondon, a more complete westerner, observed by setting his claim at the bend of the Cowlitz. However, the angle that his compass suggested influenced the adjoining claims which were clustered along the

Like other locations in the Pacific Northwest, the cluster of French-speaking Catholics became a magnet for later arrivals. Quebec-born Elie Sarcault came in 1849 and married Plomondon's attractive daughter Therese. American overlords of French extraction, the Joseph Herriot family purchased part of the Plomondon donation land claim after 1859. Former gold miner L. L. Dubeau married Isabelle Coutenoir and became a pioneer merchant. Jean Baptiste and Theodiste Saindon, Canadians via Illinois, arrived in 1877. Madame Saindon was fondly remembered for her old French recipes for pot au feu and ragu au pied de cochon.

As the free-wheeling frontier settled into established communities and rail fences snaked between neighboring fields, wandering Indians became a fading memory and mixed-blood relatives became a social embarrassment. If the shocking question of miscegenation was whispered on the Cowlitz, it was kept behind a lady's gloved hand and there were no recorded confrontations in the saloons. When many of the original settlers in the Willamette Valley were giving up the social contest and fleeing to more removed locations, the Cowlitz community held fast.

Little remains today to call to mind the Metis influence on the Cowlitz because several fires at Saint François Xavier destroyed vital records. Only the eroding inscriptions on the gravestones in that quiet churchyard recall those unique families who were Washington's first pioneers.

John C. Jackson, an independent scholar, writes on aspects of western Metis and fur trade history. His latest work, Passing Shadows: The Piikani Blackfeet of the Rocky Mountains, is currently in press.
In October 1945, flush on the heels of V-J Day and perfectly timed to catch the nation's readers in a mood of festive celebration, the publishing firm of J. B. Lippincott released a quirky, apparently autobiographical book about a young woman's maturation in the Pacific Northwest during the early decades of the century. Although the book opened with tales of the author's childhood, given zest by the peripatetic career of her father, whose jobs as a mining engineer took the family from Colorado to Idaho, Mexico, Montana and Washington, its central chapters traced the story of her first marriage, in 1927, to an insurance broker named Robert Heskett. The book was *The Egg and I*, and within a year of publication it had sold more than a million copies. This astonishing success transformed its author, Betty MacDonald, into a media darling whose triumphs—and travails—greatly entertained the Puget Sound region that she called home.

More than half a century later it is obvious that some of the reasons for the runaway success of *The Egg and I* derived from the intersection of its key themes with the emotional needs of many Americans in the late 1940s. The book provided an element of escapism for its readers, carrying them back 20 years and erasing the recent traumas of depression and war. Following their honeymoon, Betty and husband Bob Heskett had moved to a remote area of the Olympic Peninsula to realize Bob's dream of rustic self-sufficiency through constructing and operating a chicken farm. Portraying enemies no more severe than drizzly weather or a wood stove that stubbornly refused to provide heat, *The Egg and I* chronicled Betty's efforts to find happiness in the wilderness.

But while her droll descriptions of skittish chickens provided light entertainment, MacDonald implicitly urged her readers to count their blessings and steer away from romantic dreams of rural life. Paying the monthly utility bills would become a moment of joy, if one realized how tiresome it could be to live perpetually with dampness and soot. For the many fledgling suburbanites poised to buy look-alike houses and facing a probable future of humdrum repetition, MacDonald's rueful accounts of adventure's down side must have given comfort.

The book provided more timeless attractions as well, including its vividly drawn portraits of the Heskets' friends and acquaintances. With humor, and in tones ranging from fond to acerbic, MacDonald sketched a colorful crew of characters. Her closest neighbors, the Kettle family, took center
stage in some of the book's most comic moments. Ma Kettle, a complacent woman with crude but amiable habits, complemented Pa Kettle, her hapless and deviously slothful husband. Some of their fifteen children, seven still at home and eight married and "scattered in and around the mountains," also figured prominently in MacDonald's anecdotes. "I enjoyed the Kettles," MacDonald wrote, because "they shocked, amused, irritated and comforted me." And indeed, the Kettles' endearing and entertaining qualities proved so significant that the characters of Ma and Pa, played by Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride in the 1947 film version of the book, became lead figures in a series of "Kettle films" developed by Universal Studios.

Any circles of fascination rippled out from the book's popularity and washed over people and places associated with it. Betty MacDonald was an obvious point of interest for fans of The Egg and I, and her contemporary life became the subject of newspaper and magazine profiles. Second husband Don MacDonald and Betty's two daughters from her first marriage became minor celebrities, although journalists occasionally confused Don with Bob Heskett or mistakenly claimed that the MacDonalds' attractive waterfront home on Vashon Island was the site of the book's chicken farm.

Eggs gained status, as photographers artfully included them in snapshots of Betty and her family. One creative bit of public relations had Betty dropping raw eggs from the 12th-story balcony of the Northwest Mutual Fire Insurance Building at the corner of Third and Pine in Seattle. This bit of fun actually promoted a host of goods and activities: while MacDonald aimed for absorbent mats manufactured by the U.S. Rubber Company, two Seattle Rainiers catchers stood by to cushion the eggs after they rebounded unbroken from the mats, and the crowd of bystanders was invited into the nearby Bon Marché to watch demonstrations of an exciting new product—television.

Readers and journalists who were savvy enough to realize that the MacDonalds' Vashon Island home was not the site of the Heskets' chicken farm did not have to search long for the real thing. In 1946 a real estate notice in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer advertised that "The Egg and I farm" was up for sale. Situated near Chimacum, on the Quimper Peninsula, the farm had been attracting curious tourists for months. Owners Alfred and Anita Larsen explained that along with
Both Betty and her husband, Donald MacDonald, maintained a high profile as audience members throughout the trial.

Capitalizing on the success of *The Egg and I* in the late 1940s, the owners of the Chimacum chicken farm featured in the book decided to charge tourists a fee of one dollar per car for a tour of the site.

the property came an unusual business opportunity—charging those curious tourists an entrance fee of one dollar per car, which had netted the Larsens over $500 already.

Such a story, replete with photos of the farm and a stove that the Larsens believed was the one that had confounded MacDonald's efforts to keep her house warm, certainly reinforced the verisimilitude of the settings and stories in *The Egg and I*. And MacDonald's own prominence in the public eye clearly reflected her readers' belief that they knew her, that from her book they had gleaned "truths" about her life. But in 1951, more than five years and over two and a half million copies after the first edition of *The Egg and I* rolled off the presses, the accuracy of the book became the central point of dispute in a Seattle courtroom.

On February 6, 1951, ten plaintiffs brought libel actions against Betty MacDonald, her second husband Don, the Bon Marche (in its capacity as a retail outlet for books), and the publishers of the hardback and paperback editions of *The Egg and I* (Lippincott and Pocket Books, Inc., respectively). The plaintiffs alleged that MacDonald had damaged their reputations through her unflattering portraits of them (albeit with fictional names) in *The Egg and I*. Nine plaintiffs, 87-year-old Albert Bishop and eight of his adult-aged children, argued that they were "the ramshackle Kettle family" featured so prominently in MacDonald's stories; the tenth plaintiff, Raymond Johnson, claimed that he was "Crowbar," a Native American character who, with his brothers "Clamface" and "Geoduck," were depicted as close friends of Bob Heskett.

Given the $975,000 in compensation sought by the plaintiffs, the suit represented a serious threat to MacDonald and her fellow defendants. Nevertheless, from its onset the trial assumed comical overtones that surely reminded *The Egg and I* readers of that work's tongue-in-cheek quality. Seattle newspapers, recognizing the indisputably rich vein of humor that the case would tap, provided daily coverage of testimony.

With defense attorneys and journalists carefully referring to the book as a "novel," colorful statements from the plaintiffs and their supporting witnesses initiated act one of the seriocomedy. To support the plaintiffs' claim that the book was not fictional, residents of the Quimper Peninsula took the stand to explain how MacDonald's use of "Docktown" and "Town" as names for two key locales could not obscure the striking matches between her descriptions and the actual communities of Port Ludlow and Port Townsend. One especially feisty witness, 75-year-old Annie McGuire, resembling a lumberjack in a black and red checked shirt, could not stifle laughter when passages from the book were read to her. However, she also proclaimed that she would have "beat up" MacDonald at the time of the book's publication had she been able to find her.

The plaintiffs also proved highly engaging in their appearances before the court. Various Bishop family members explained that "it's always bad when someone makes fun of you." And yet, the family seemed to provide more fuel for that fate. George Bishop, for example, willingly agreed that his father Albert had managed to burn down the family's barn while attempting to burn trash, an escapade that MacDonald had described both to explain the fears that fire generated in a rural area and the immediate volunteerism of neighbors who pulled together to douse the...
Wilbur Bishop, claiming that he had inspired Betty MacDonald's portrait of the teenaged "Elwin Kettle," demonstrated to the jurors that his blue eyes matched those attributed to Elwin in The Egg and I.
Betty MacDonald, testifying in her own defense against the libel charges, was described by one journalist as the "auburn-haired, glamorous" author.

flames. Wilbur Bishop, who claimed to be "Elwin Kettle," a teenager often-mentioned by MacDonald, "thrust his face close to each juror" to let him or her judge the merits of his claim that he had blue eyes, like those ascribed to "Elwin" in the book. This performance, a journalist noted, elicited "appreciative laughter" from the courtroom audience.

Another amusing point of comparison centered on the discrepancy between the number of children in the Bishop family (13) and the number of Kettle offspring (15). Niceties of language were likewise featured as points of debate, as when one witness carefully explained that a description of Pa Kettle's business as "begging" (because no matter "what humiliations, what insults it entailed—it was better than working") did not really fit Albert Bishop, who in the opinion of the witness was "not lazy—perhaps a bit impractical."

A problematic element of the plaintiffs' case emerged quickly as witnesses friendly to their claim demurred when asked if they had thought less of the Bishops because of MacDonald's book and tended to point to ways in which the Bishops were clearly better than the Kettles. One stated that he "could never think less of them" and "wouldn't desert them even if they were going to jail." Others belabored the differences between the sterling characters of particular Bishop family members and the shiftless Kettles, with witnesses especially disputing the idea that the late Suzanne Bishop, Albert's wife, would ever have peppered her speeches with emphatic use of obscenities, a characteristic pattern in Ma Kettle's soliloquies. With such witnesses perhaps forgetting that the plaintiffs needed to prove that they were unmistakably the real-life inspirations for the Kettles, their testimony seemed ultimately to favor MacDonald's defense.

Betty MacDonald's own statements in court were cagey and, coming from a woman who had thoroughly demonstrated the sharpness of her mind in her writing, conveyed a clever (albeit questionable) argument. She had not kept a diary or journal during her first marriage, she explained, and thus could not have drawn from factual materials when writing The Egg and I, almost 20 years after her residence on the Quimper Peninsula. She had few memories of the Bishop family, she said, and did not have the actual communities of Chimacum, Port Ludlow or Port Townsend in mind when writing her book. Instead, she had simply created the book's settings (and characters, with the exception of her own family members). "In all my descriptions of all towns I tried to picture a typical town," she told the court.

Even for readers of The Egg and I who visit Port Ludlow or Port Townsend in the late 1990s, MacDonald's explanation may push the limits of credulity. Her description of "Docktown" referred to the "great sawmill" that centered the waterfront community, and also commented on the "company store" and "string of ugly company houses." While she did note that the town's aroma, a "delicious mixture of creosote, cedar and seaweed," was characteristic of coastal mill towns, Port Ludlow's obvious proximity to the Heskets' actual home makes it hard to believe that images of that location were not influential in shaping MacDonald's literary imagination. Similarly, MacDonald described "Town" as a place caught up in feverish boosterism in the 1890s but shunned ultimately as a railroad terminus. Its "happy founders," having overestimated their town's attractiveness to the railroad, had "whipped up a trousseau of three- and four-story brick buildings, a huge and elaborate red stone courthouse" and "large, befurbelowed Victorian houses." MacDonald also referred to the army post and Coast Guard branch "within arm's length" of "Town," the "long sweeping hill that curved down" to its "beautiful harbor," and the "purply-green marshes we crossed at the bottom of the hill." Surely these many detailed observations do not evoke images of a "typical town," even in the
Puget Sound region. In fact, MacDonald’s portraits of “Town” are so vivid a match for their community that even today, 50 years later, Port Townsend’s promoters could do far worse than to use her phrases to attract tourists.

But to suggest that MacDonald did not take much poetic license when moving from actual details of Quimper Peninsula geography to her book’s scenic backdrops is not to take

the plaintiffs’ side in the trial. MacDonald was not the only witness for her defense, and her attorneys had a few aces up their sleeves. Just how damaged had the Bishops been by The Egg and I?

The Bishops, witnesses testified, had actually promoted the story that they were the real-life Kettles and had found profit in doing so. A deposition from the editor of the Port Townsend Leader explained that he had published a story about the Bishop farm being the “Kettle farm” because one of the plaintiffs, Madeline Bishop Kolmes, had told him that it was fine to print this information. Another witness described a barn dance held in 1947 at a facility operated by plaintiff Walter Bishop, at which Walter had introduced his father Albert from the stage, to an audience of 500 dancers, as “Paw Kettle.” Albert, the witness claimed, had then performed a little jig with a chicken tucked under his arm. The Bishops, a lawyer hired by Lippincott noted, had “secretly enjoyed” their association with the famous book.

By the end of the afternoon on February 19, 1951, both sides in the case concluded their arguments. The jury then deliberated for the remainder of that day and most of the next before providing their verdict: not guilty. Their ballots had been unanimous on the first round of voting, the jurors revealed. Prior to voting, they had spent most of their time listening as a juror read The Egg and I aloud, following the judge’s instructions to them that all members should be familiar with its contents.

The jurors’ verdict did not constitute the final words on the case, for the plaintiffs appealed to the judge, William J. Wilkins, to overrule the jury. On March 16th Wilkins denied the plaintiffs’ motion for a new trial, but his comments accompanying that decision were illuminating. Had he been on the jury, he noted, he might have “at least, concluded that the author had the individuals and their characteristics in mind when writing the book, though it could be said that portions of the descriptions were fictional.” He might in some instances have awarded nominal damages, Wilkins said, but the difference between the interpretation that he made of the evidence and that made by the jury was not so overwhelming that he could justify overruling the verdict.

Betty MacDonald professed enormous relief at the outcome of the case, and it ultimately represented only a small detour in her 13-year journey as a successful writer. Her second and third books for adult readers had already been published by the time of the trial, and her fourth appeared three years later. She also authored several books for young readers, creating the much-loved character of Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle, who lives on in both literary and dramatic form. A play for children based on Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle has drawn large audiences in the late 1990s, and should handily carry MacDonald’s legacy forward into the next century. Paperback reprints of The Egg and I can be found in bookstores throughout the Puget Sound area, and MacDonald’s works for adult readers remain well-known and well-read in Europe (especially in Germany), where her use of humor in response to adversity is much admired.

Betty MacDonald died of cancer in 1958, at the age of 49, and did not live to see the Northwest, and particularly Seattle, became nationally-recognized as a favorite home for writers. Attitudes toward humorous caricature, opportunities for profiting through the possession of a public identity, and the literary status of memoirs have also evolved in the last half-century, leading to a contemporary climate in which both sides of the libel case brought against MacDonald seem strongly dated. And yet, with its oddball moments and mildly sarcastic touches, the case fittingly extends the characterization of Betty MacDonald—drawn by the author herself—as a quick-witted and resilient resident of a region moving rapidly from the 19th century into the next millennium.

Beth Kraig is associate professor of history at Pacific Lutheran University. Her first introduction to Betty MacDonald, like that of many people, came through reading the Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle books as a child.
While the late 1920s through the next decade may not have been good years for the American economy, they certainly were beneficial to rock art studies. Julian Steward's 1929 Petroglyphs of California and Adjoining States extended Gerrick Mallery’s 1893 landmark work, Picture Writing of the American Indian, by identifying new sites and providing illustrations, photographs and distribution analyses of motifs found within this vast study area. A number of other publications soon followed that documented the extensive nature of pictograph and petroglyph sites found in Utah, Idaho, Oregon and Texas.

Apart from descriptions of pictographs and petroglyphs found near The Dalles in 1925 and 1930, little was known about Washington's rock art until 1950 when Thomas Cain's Petroglyphs of Central Washington was published. Cain acknowledged unidentified individuals including farmers, cattlemen and teachers who had helped him. In addition, he gave particular mention to Harold J. Cundy of Wenatchee who had shared his extensive collection of site records and photographs with the young researcher. The acknowledgment was well deserved, if not vastly understated. A full 32 out of the 40 sites Cain visited had been carefully documented years earlier by Cundy. In fact, in 1939 Harold Cundy had presented a handsomely bound manuscript, Petrographs of North Central Washington, to the

Harold J. Cundy's Pioneering Investigations into the Rock Art of North Central Washington

Figure 1. Harold J. (c. 1933) with sketchbook in hand, recording petroglyphs among the columnar basalt formations found at Picture Rocks Bay, several miles north of Vantage.

By WILLIAM D. LAYMAN
Washington State Historical Society in Tacoma. Cundy used the term petrographs to describe both painted designs (pictographs) and images that were carved, pecked or scratched on the surface of the rocks (petroglyphs). The more generic term, rock art, had not yet come into vogue.

Within the manuscript's covers were 161 pages of beautifully rendered pen and ink drawings of the 62 sites Cundy recorded between the years 1927 and 1938. His goal, described in the volume's introduction, was to locate, describe and accurately reproduce the area's petrographs, as well as to learn and share information about them from Indians and others. A second manuscript of additional drawings, related legends and writings was given to the Society in later years. Photographs of many of the sites he visited accompanied each donation.

Cundy's reactions to Cain's book are not known, but one can guess he was disappointed. Not only did Cain draw heavily upon the site records Cundy had so painstakingly compiled, Cain's presentation was lacking on several accounts. While his research conformed to accepted academic and archaeological standards of the day, there were no photographs and the illustrations were extremely crude. Further, they exhibited little if any contextual relationship, questionable accuracy, and no indication of scale. Distances describing site locations were consistently off the mark, and in one instance figures of one site, Spanish Castle, were attributed to another, Crescent Bar.

Cundy's approach to these sites was altogether different. A flour salesman for Wenatchee Milling Company and its successor, Centennial Flour Mills, he had neither academic affiliation nor formal education in art or archaeology. Yet, his keen eye, meticulous nature and homespun artistic talent were all that he needed to advance his singular passion—the recording of pictographs and petroglyphs. Stopping at small-town grocery stores along his central Washington sales route, he would fill his orders. “That’ll be four sacks of Peach Blossom, and, by the way, did you get a chance to talk with your friend about those Indian picture writings? I’d sure like to see them.” Upon learning of one, he drove his Model T Ford along the rutted back roads of Washington to a specific boulder, rock shelter or outcrop. There, he set to work making pencil sketches and notations, often on the back of company stationery. Back home, using inks and watercolors, Cundy enhanced these sketches, bringing yet another level of attention to the day's work.

We know little of Harold Cundy's childhood. A book he wrote for his two daughters, The Deep Creek Pioneers, shows an early love of exploration. Written as a chronicle of his youth, it is a sketch of “three city boys who decided to become pioneers in spite of the vanishing frontier.” No mention is made of pictographs, but near his childhood home in Spokane were sites he recorded in later years. One wonders if he knew them as a boy.

By the time Cundy moved from Spokane to Wenatchee in 1927, the Columbia River Archaeological Society had been meeting regularly for seven years. To its members' excitement, a belief was growing among the ranks that the mid Columbia River was not only the apple capital of the world but also the cradle of civilization. Things got particularly exhilarating when noted explorer Roy Chapman Andrews visited town, looked at the society's artifact collections, and openly speculated that human presence on the Columbia River may stretch back 50,000 years toward the end of the Paleolithic Age.

Composed of bankers, doctors and businessmen, the Columbia River Archaeological Society had, in 1925, erected signs to protect the petroglyphs.
at Rock Island from vandalism. Several years later, when the long-held rumor of building a dam across the island became a certainty, society members went to work securing from Puget Sound Power and Light a commitment to pay for photographing the island's rock art and to remove a number of petroglyphs, giving birth to the state's first salvage archaeological project.

Cundy, a member of the society, had by this time already tried his hand at drawing rock art panels. Sensing the great changes ahead for the Columbia, he started taking trips to the northeastern end of Rock Island with sketchbook in hand. According to his estimate, the petroglyphs there numbered as many as 600 panels, each containing up to 30 individual design elements. By the time the coffer dams were built, Cundy had 36 drawings of Rock Island's petroglyphs in his notebook. In an accompanying description he wrote, "It is hoped that they (the inundated petroglyphs not destroyed by construction) will be left for a more appreciative race to ponder upon" (figures 3a and 3b).

Columbia River Archaeological Society members, anxious to build their prized collections of Columbia River gempoints, headed regularly to other river sites with buckets and screens in hand, lifting thousands of artifacts from the sands of ancient campsites. Cundy went as well, but with simpler tools—pencils and pens. He returned home with only drawings on paper; the images themselves remained undisturbed and unchalked.

His many observations about the region's petroglyphs are instructive. He reported finding sites near springs, trails and watercourses, and rock art panels in caves and shelters, on faces of basalt columns, large boulders and glacial erratics. He noted examples of superimposition among both pictographs and
petroglyphs, and observed that many pictographs of the region showed evidence of repainting.

Cundy believed rock art was, at times, created to mark events holding special significance. From the local Indians he learned that images were made to leave specific messages at trail junctions. Still others, he heard, were idle markings to pass time. One of his informants, the Okanogan-Colville writer Humishuma (Mourning Dove) shared with him that elders had told her the writings were made to record the finding of one’s shoomesh or power. Mostly, though, the Indians with whom he spoke either denied knowledge of their existence or stated that the petrographs were made by their ancestors a long time ago.

Cundy noticed that some of the images appeared to be very old and wondered if perhaps they were made by the first people who had passed through the area. At the same time he noted that anything depicting horses had to be more recent because “horses were rarely seen before 1800.” After inspecting many painted sites, he concluded that certain of the images were done within the last century, due to the rapid exfoliation of the fragile rock surfaces upon which the figures were painted.

The main body of Cundy’s 1939 manuscript consists of site descriptions and drawings. His documentation includes an impressive 62 of the 235 sites placed in the Washington state registry by Richard McClure in 1979. Cundy recorded an additional four sites in British Columbia. Many of these sites are now gone from our view. Nineteen have been inundated by five mid Columbia River dams; one was flooded by a rise in the water levels of Lake Chelan and another by Banks Lake. Four have been taken out by road construction and one partially destroyed by a railway line. Among those not inundated or destroyed are panels that have lost their clarity through natural weathering processes. Others have been vandalized to varying degrees. Cundy’s work constitutes the best and often the only good record of many of these sites.

From there Cundy moved his attention to petroglyph and pictograph panels along the mid Columbia above Priest Rapids. At Sentinel Bluff he drew a particularly striking panel visited and photographed by archaeologist Harlan Smith in 1903, rephotographed by Harold Simmer in 1930, and blasted apart later that year. The primary image is an armless human with four toes on each foot. Thirteen rays surround its head. Positioned down each side of its body are two columns of ten dots. Figures surrounding the image show another human, sheep, faces, rayed arcs and a number of incised lines that appear randomly distributed (figure 4).

A short distance upriver Cundy began visiting and recording a complex of four sites on the west side of the river above Vantage in 1930. One of these sites contained over 100 pictographs and petroglyphs, and was situated on a large basalt formation reachable only by canoe or when the water was low. Cain’s only drawing of its petroglyphs does little to convey the site’s significance, particularly when compared to Cundy’s 15 drawings. Cundy’s work reveals a place of vitality, the depictions ranging from an illustration of an animal with rays and dots above its head (figure 2) to drawings of naturalistic deer or elk. Cundy also sketched three...
LONG BEFORE INDIAN people were called by their European names, they called themselves by their own Indian names. These Indian names became lost because of the new people and their government's policies against the use of Indian languages. Large groups of Indians became "tribes"; smaller groups of Indians and even extended family groups became tribal "bands." As European people penetrated Indian territory, tribes were called by their new European names.

In contrast, Indian people identified their own groups and other groups by the resources they had unique association with. The people known today as Nez Perce called the people who occupied the Colville Reservation "the big fir people" because of the big forest stand of fir trees. The tribes from Montana called people of the Kettle Falls area "fish eaters." The people below the Vantage area were called the "spider people," and the people from the Pacific Coast were called "the canoe people." The Palouse people called the groups of the Colville Reservation area "people of wide open forest." This was the reason they brought their horses to this area before the reservation was created. This is also why they moved to the Colville Reservation—so that their prize Palouse horses would have a good place to live.

Indian people identified social position within the largest tribal organization by the spirit power associated with the individual. The most obvious theme in Columbia River petroglyphs is hunting activity—the game being hunted, the time of year the hunters were in an area, and whose area they were in during the hunting expedition.

The Indians were interested in peace among the people, and at the same time supported travel and trade among larger groups. To ensure harmony, the host group set aside special camp areas for visiting travelers. Pictographs identified who the people were and where their camps would be located.

The above information demonstrates that Indian people today can and, for the most part, do understand the meaning of these records and the many stories, legends and other information of their own past generations.

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THE MIX-UP AT “PICTURE ROCKS”

EDITOR'S NOTE

The following is an excerpt from manuscript material written by Harold J. Cundy and donated in 1939 to the Washington State Historical Society.

This petroglyph at “Picture Rocks,” near Rock Island Rapids of the Columbia River, led to a mix-up which was a source of much merriment to the aborigines of the area (figure 6).

A tiny band of Indians consisting of the father and mother, their 12-year-old daughter, and their newly wed daughter and her husband, was spearing and drying salmon at the rapids. When the diet of fish became monotonous, the old folks decided to go deer hunting in the foothills near what is now called the city of Leavenworth, Washington. Taking the young daughter with them, they began the toilsome journey to the mountains.

Soon after the old folks departed, the married daughter and her husband waited for subsisting upon fish and prepared to travel downriver to dig camas bulbs. Before leaving the campsite the married daughter cut a picture upon the basalt at “Picture Rocks” to let her parents know where she had gone when they returned to the campsite at the rapids. Then the young couple took the trail to the camas flats.

In due time the old folks got their fill of venison and returned to the rapids, only to find the campsite deserted. Immediately they sent the little girl to the “Picture Rocks” to ascertain if a message had been left for them. She found the freshly incised picture of a horse and rider heading downstream, but in reporting her discovery to her parents, she neglected to tell them that the rider was pointing back upstream. Taking the petroglyph to mean that the married daughter and her husband had gone downriver to dig camas bulbs, the old folks followed after.

Meanwhile, another Indian had left his family encamped near the mouth of Moses Coulee, and had gone deer hunting on Badger Mountain. He had no success whatsoever and after a lengthy absence returned famished and exhausted to the campsite where he had left his family, only to find it deserted. Hoping that a message had been left for him at the “Picture Rocks,” he made his way upriver to the basalt cliffs that served the Indians of the area as a bulletin board. There he found the recently cut picture of a horse and rider. Thinking that his family had left the message for him, he took it to mean that they had gone downriver to the camas flats. He observed, however, that the rider was pointing back upstream. He construed the directive to mean that he should look for something in that direction. Searching through the clumps of sagebrush, he soon found a cache of provisions and equipment. Assuming that his family had left the cache for him, he set up camp and prepared to recuperate from his exhausting hunting trip on Badger Mountain.

When the old folks made contact with the young married couple at the camas flats, they learned that a cache had been left for them at Rock Island Rapids. They returned upriver to find the luckless hunter making full use of their equipment and provisions. The Indians were scrupulously honest. The embarrassment of the Indian who innocently appropriated a cache belonging to another caused many chuckles among them.

This story was told to the writer by an old grandmother of the Okanogans about 1935. She was the little daughter who failed to report the picture in its entirety to her parents. As the grandmother was about 85 years of age when she related the story in 1935, the petroglyph must have been cut about 1862.

Figure 6. Drawing of the Rock Island petroglyph of the horse and rider that precipitated the story told to Cundy by the noted Indian author Mourning Dove.
Continued from page 26

sets of human figures, identified by archaeologists as “paired anthropomorphs,” one of which can be viewed at the Ginkgo State Park Visitor Center. Next to it was an unusual figure holding objects in its hands.

A mile farther upriver was Picture Rocks Bay, a site that was formally recorded by Susan Barrow working under Dr. Robert Greengo of the University of Washington in 1957. With over 300 elements, it contained some of the clearest and most dramatic petroglyphs found along the river. Returning many times, Cundy created over 20 separate drawings at Picture Rocks Bay. They show a host of figures and abstract elements. One of the drawings contains 17 different animals. Another shows a basalt column; at its base is a triangular design surrounded on two sides by three curved lines at its base. Above are clearly incised petroglyphs of five mountain sheep (figures 5a and 5b). On another panel a native painter placed a white double rayed arc directly on top of another separate painting of two human figures; Cundy’s drawing of this remarkable superimposition creates a statement of both beauty and power (figure 7).

In 1964 Picture Rocks Bay was flooded by the backwaters of Wanapum Dam. Those who once walked the mile of hazardous trail leading down to the site’s large hexagonal basalt columns still talk of it with feeling (figure 8). The many finely detailed petroglyphs and pictographs, along with the remarkable nature of the site itself, produced an unforgettable experience. Harold Cundy’s care in recording these figures makes possible a measure of appreciation for the site we could not otherwise know.

Above Vantage Cundy recorded large numbers of finely executed petroglyphs along both sides of the river. Many of the sites he visited, such as Crescent Bar, West Bar, Spanish Castle, Columbia River Siding and Cabinet Rapids, were not formally documented before the rising backwaters of Wanapum Dam flooded them. Cundy’s drawings and a few precious photographs are all that remain to help us remember these sacred river places.

North of Wenatchee Cundy noticed a change in the character of the petrographs. Sites were smaller, composed mostly of pictographs painted in red on granites and quartzites. He drew a number of sites alongside tributaries of the Columbia such as one in a rock shelter along the Wenatchee River and another on a lone boulder by the Methow. Seven sites were recorded along the Okanogan River, one showing a large quadruped with a flat tail resembling a beaver and, a few yards away, a striking human figure with a bird near its right hand.

Cundy observed that the petrographs of central Washington tended to be near trails that later became roads. It was clear to him that, because of their easy accessibility, the sites were rapidly being destroyed through vandalism, a practice that continues to this day. A site he recorded along the Okanogan is an example. Many years ago an Indian had, with careful intent, dipped his finger in a bowl and placed several figures...
Figure 10. Photographed in the 1930s, this Rock Island petroglyph site has, like many other rock art sites, been altered in the 20th century with graffiti, in this case by the addition of initials scratched in the rock.

on a rock surface just north of Omak. Now, next to the figures, a large black asterisk and the letters HBWC have been painted, this time applied by a person using a can of spray paint, without regard to beauty, ritual or tradition (figure 10).

Another site Cundy recorded, along Bonapart Creek, was defaced in 1970 by members of a high school graduating class who painted their graduation date in large white letters across several finely detailed pictograph figures. While the youthful offenders were court-ordered to remove their work, the class numbers have since reemerged from within the rock, a phenomena that, unfortunately, has also occurred at a Lake Chelan site. Found on a large granite outcrop across from Stehekin, this site already had been vandalized when Cundy photographed it in 1934. Some 50 years later the National Park Service hired an art conservator to remove the graffiti, but these more recent markings, too, have reappeared from deep within the rock.

By far the most disturbing defacement of Washington’s pictographs occurred on a boulder above Sinlahekin Creek. In the early 1980s a person, believing the inscriptions to give coded access to another dimension of reality, felt that if others entered this dimension through the rock, then upon returning they would not be able to shut the door behind them and great harm would befall the world. Over time this man decided the rock paintings must be destroyed. Despite attempts by authorities to dissuade him, soon all but two elements on the boulder were uniformly covered with red paint. Fortunately, Cundy’s detailed field notes, sketches and drawings, as well as photographs from a state survey in 1979, help us to know this extraordinary pictograph panel. Perhaps they may someday be used for the site’s restoration (figure 9).

Sometimes Cundy arrived too late to know what had been painted on the rocks. A pioneer he interviewed told him that in 1913 the Great Northern Railroad had blasted a rail line through a cliff of granite bearing red pictographs. After the dust had settled, only three panels remained.

Following his documentation of the Columbia’s tributaries, Cundy’s site recordings resume from above Wenatchee up the Columbia River. The images he found include a nine-headed serpent with 26 marks rising from its spine in an Orondo rock shelter, a man leading a horse with a lariat above Chelan, and a painting...
farther upriver of a man riding a horse. At Steamboat Rock, above Grand Coulee Dam, he documented a panel of figures that Billie Curlew, a Columbia Sinkiuse, described as being cattle brands—strong evidence that rock art traditions continued after Euro-Americans settled into the area.

Below Dry Falls Cundy discovered a small rock shelter by Blue Lake in which there appeared to be a painting of a “mastodon.” It is the only instance where a pictograph in the Pacific Northwest has been linked to the great ice age mammals. When Thomas Cain visited the site he agreed that it was some kind of “pachyderm,” but he concluded that it must be an elephant, possibly one seen by a modern Indian at a circus. Rick McClure, a regional archaeologist who recorded the site in 1979, was not inclined to venture any elephantine interpretations at all—he considered the pictograph too badly damaged to make out any definite image. With newly established dating techniques using very small traces of pigments taken from the pictograph, a future archaeologist might well resolve the question, even though an unsettled interpretation of the site may in the end prove more interesting.

If seeing a mastodon at Blue Lake carried with it an inclination toward psychological projection on Cundy’s part, this tendency took a quantum leap some years later when he happened upon a book, The Lost Continent of Mu, by Colonel James Churchward. In it Churchward announced the discovery of the existence of three large former continents in the Pacific that he believed once had a population of 64 million people. Through examination of ancient tabloids, Churchward maintained that the people of “Mu” divided into ten tribes and set out to establish colonies throughout the world. This “discovery” of a universal language of symbols made it possible for him to understand the secret wisdom and history of Mu.

That Muvian symbols showed up in north central Washington’s rock art was astonishing to Cundy. For example, when he came across the Colonel’s references to images of snakes with more than one head, Cundy could not help but recognize such snakes appearing at three sites he had documented. Following his exposure to Churchward, Cundy wrote a paper supporting the hypothesis that the region’s Indians had descended from one of the early exploring Muvian tribes. Suddenly the unusual figure holding objects in its hand at Vantage made sense—it was none other than Queen Moo of Mayax, the famed princess who traveled to Egypt where she built the Sphinx as a tribute to her lately vanquished husband (figure 11). A petroglyph at Rock Island that Indians had said was a blue jay was perhaps, to Cundy’s new way of thinking, much older and no jay bird at all, but rather a macaw, the oval above its head signifying the bird’s royalty! These speculations seem preposterous to us now, at best an entertaining footnote to what was otherwise a solid contribution.

While archaeologists and others may be critical of Cundy’s interpretative forays, perhaps it should not be so difficult to forgive Cundy his occasional excesses. The drive to seek meaning from rock paintings runs deep, leading not only Cundy but most of the rest of us down this questionable path of inquiry. Next to the figure at Blue Lake is an incomplete circle surrounded by another circle. With its flat head, it looks to be a snake, probably a rattler curled up head to tail. Known in mythology as the uroboros, it too is an image found throughout the world. Mythologists and psychologists think of the uroboros as representing an archetype seated deeply within the unconscious of our species. To them it is a primary symbol of the return to the great round where beginning and end come together. Uroboros is seen, as well, as a symbol of the primordial womb—the container of opposites; at once begetting and conceiving, devouring and giving birth, active and passive, above and below. It is curious that hearing such things from someone like Joseph Campbell works for many of us while other musings fail. Yet, present-day Native Americans have often reminded Americans that each
cherished Western perspective, whether offered through archaeology, psychology or mythology, carries biases and assumptions that run the risk of violating the sacred experience of the person who brought the paint or hammer to the stone.

Local legends and stories add more interest to Cundy’s investigations. The story, “A Mix-Up at Picture Rocks,” told to him by Mourning Dove, is about a child who finds a petroglyph at Rock Island left by relatives as a message (see sidebar). When Cundy showed Peter Wapato, 90-year-old chief of the Chelans, a certain drawing of another Rock Island petroglyph, the chief became very excited and told him its associated legend, “How the Pacific Coastlands were Formed.” Cundy’s daughter, Carol Dennis, remembers her father as valuing his relationships with Indians. A respect for native cultures pervades his writings.

There is much to like in Cundy’s work. Among the pages of his documentation one discovers that the figures have their own stories to tell. Each figure he draws, such as a zoomorph from Quillomene Rapids, or the “Elk Monster” from Chief Peter Wapato’s legend, has enormous energy that speaks directly to some powerful experience its original creator might have had (figures 12a and 12b). Cundy’s quaint maps stand out as well, placing central Washington rock art within the region, within the western United States, and even within the Western Hemisphere. But he doesn’t stop there; an additional map shows north central Washington in relation to the mythical continents of Mu.

Cundy’s lifetime of relationship with the material served him through important life transitions. In 1938, the culminating year of his studies, he tragically lost both a newborn daughter and, shortly thereafter, his wife. Perhaps it was with grief in his heart that the following year he gave his completed manuscript to the Washington State Historical Society. In his middle years he was fond of giving presentations about central Washington’s petroglyphs to local Wenatchee audiences. Even near the end of his life Cundy was still turning these images over in his mind. His last donation, made when he was 70, was a series of 28 recently completed drawings along with his commentary.

Harold Cundy’s petrograph investigations are of great value to those interested in rock art’s unique place in Native American cultural heritage. His personal way of creating relationships with sites and the stories they tell conveys a depth of feeling that is nothing less than remarkable. Knowing his work changes our understanding of landscapes of central Washington—we come away with a heightened awareness of indigenous peoples’ intimate relationships with place.

The pictographs, petroglyphs and sites, so many now gone from our view, hold particular meaning to Columbia Plateau natives. Cundy’s records serve to illuminate their history, offering an opportunity to be with ancestors honored deeply within. For their children, knowledge of former homelands as well as the sites where their elders once gained vision facilitates the development of a strong cultural identity.

Cundy’s extraordinary work has remained all these years unrecognized, unpublished and unknown to all but a few. Given the sensitive nature of his site recordings, access to the materials he left may be restricted. Sixty years after he completed the main body of his work, the time has come to recognize this man who dedicated himself to following his passion of recording what for the most part is now lost from our view. Having drawn and told the story of the place, Harold J. Cundy can now assume his place in the story.

A member of the North Central Washington Museum and the Washington State Historical Society and author of two previous COLUMBIA articles, William D. Layman is a recipient of the Center for Columbia River History’s James B. Castle Heritage Award for contributions to a deeper understanding of Columbia River heritage.
Apropos of Washington state's long interest in the Pacific Rim, this year we mark the centennial of the Spanish-American War, a war in which Washingtonians from all parts of the state participated. On April 25, 1898, President McKinley issued the call for volunteers to serve in the war against Spain, and by May 1 companies from Centralia, Dayton, Ellensburg, North Yakima, Seattle, Tacoma, Vancouver, Waitsburg and Walla Walla assembled in Tacoma where they were mustered into the United States Army. These troops all saw service in the Philippine Islands.

The Society’s Special Collections recently received a 12-page reminiscence written c. 1899 by Corporal Roy B. Parcel of Vancouver, who served in Company G, second battalion. His descriptions are fairly detailed and capture the flavor of what was, for him, an exciting time. The Society is collecting diaries, letters and reminiscences from Washingtonians who served in the Spanish-American War and already has several fine manuscript collections documenting Washington’s role in the conflict.
Hard-working Early Northwest Residents Rarely Missed an Opportunity to Kick Up Their Heels

By Jacqueline Williams

F

ad a very social time of it [and] danced nearly all night until daylight... got up at 7," wrote John Campbell, who spent his days clearing the land and planting crops. No matter how hard women and men worked during the day, when someone brought out a fiddle and pushed furniture against the wall, neighbors gathered for a dance or party. “Twenty or thirty miles was not a great distance to go to attend a dance... You went on horseback, sometimes two on one horse,” recalled other pioneers.
Much of the social life of the pioneers centered around dancing. Breaking away from the Puritan-Protestant work ethic prevalent during the late 18th and early 19th centuries, Northwest residents followed middle-class America in the pursuit of leisure time activities. Attending a dance or ball and enjoying a bountiful meal provided a welcome respite from routine chores. Even during hard times, Mrs. A. C. Tram, a Spokane resident, recalled going to “dances and parties in paper dresses, flour sack dresses—and danced until daylight.”

“I am learning to dance, many cotillions are held. When I came to Olympia there were but two ladies here, now many more, all generous in providing good things to eat.” Thornton McElroy wrote in 1863 to his wife Sarah, no doubt thinking that confession might be the incentive Sarah needed to make the long trip to the Oregon Country. Whether she finally decided to journey west so as to become acquainted with the ladies “providing good things to eat” or just wanted to be with her husband and join in the fun, Sarah McElroy soon arrived in Oregon. The parties continued. Several years later she described the activities in a letter to her brother:

“They have private parties here now every two weeks, which are very pleasant . . . they dance about twice a week . . . I had our church society here and had a nice little supper in honor of the occasion. It was real pleasant and we had a jolly time lots of music and dancing . . .

As might be expected, gastronomic delights appeared at the late night suppers that followed the dancing. When the kitchen larder contained barrels of flour and sugar, firkins of butter and baskets of eggs, women brought their best cakes, pies and puddings. Others took advantage of nature’s bounty and turned up with a wash boiler filled with succulent oyster stew or slices of venison. Those foods were free for the taking. If ice could be found or purchased, neighbors eagerly hand cranked the ice cream machine and turned out bowls of creamy ice cream topped with seasonal fresh berries.

Like the rest of the United States, pioneers disagreed about whether the list of party foods should include alcohol. For those who had not joined one of the emerging temperance unions, indulging in a glass of wine or a swig of whiskey added to the good times.

Numerous advertisements attest to the fact that pioneers had no difficulty purchasing wine or whiskey. People living close to Portland could even sip home-brewed wheat whiskey rather than the usual corn-brewed bourbon from Kentucky.

“Patronize Home Industry.” KEEP THE MONEY IN THE STATE! The UNDERSIGNED ARE CONTINUALLY MANUFACTURING and have constantly on hand a superior article of WHISKEY, manufactured entirely from wheat, WHICH THEY CAN WARRANT NOT TO BE SURPASSED BY ANY ARTICLE IMPORTED TO THE STATE.

If the People of Oregon MUST AND WILL HAVE WHISKEY, let them buy STARR’S PURE UNADULTERATED WHITE WHISKEY.
In the Spokane area, etiquette "required that invitations to parties should specify whether they were to be eight- or ten-gallon dances, or possibly even more pretentious affairs." A party smaller than a ten-gallon served Hudson Bay Rum or Kentucky whiskey and "was an ordinary party, where everyone could go... A ten-gallon party was a more pretentious affair and guests would often drive 100 miles or more to attend...[and] would dance through the night and on into the next day." George Fuller, a Spokane pioneer, emphasized that some "deemed it to be their inherent right to get decently drunk." He does not mention what type of alcohol the hosts and hostesses served at the ten-gallon affairs.

Those more inclined to sobriety sipped lemonade, cider, and spruce and ginger beer (considered healthy, family drinks), and let it be known that "alcohol at a dance was strictly taboo...[though] a few gentlemen might have a bottle hidden outside to which they would every now and then betake themselves for refreshment, mistakenly thinking that by chewing a clove, their breath did not smell of whiskey." They too could purchase locally made products. The Seattle Soda Works Company manufactured soda, sarsaparilla, root beer, cider and syrups in 1879.

A Grand Ball Will Be Given
Besides dancing at home, pioneers eagerly attended public and private balls. Columns of newspaper print in every city newspaper announced the latest fancy ball where "the supper was excellent, sumptuous and splendid...the music unsurpassed." Charles Prosch recalled, "They were always advertised as a 'grand ball,' and none of your common affairs."

Balls not only offered a place to socialize while practicing the latest dance steps, they raised money for the sponsoring organization and provided an opportunity for businesses to create a favorable impression. "Monday night our church has a harvest festival at the Hotel Spokane, music & dancing & supper—all given for 25 cts, so we will take that in too it being so rare a thing for one to get anything for 25 cts. but this is a special courtesy extended to the Church by the Hotel managers," Adelaide Gilbert wrote her mother.

The church social must have proved popular, for Gilbert attended another the following week and, fortunately for us, described the setting and menu. She does not say if the Hotel Spokane subsidized this one.

The supper room was on same floor [as dancing], large square table filling room—all but space for row of chairs against the wall & room for waiters. In center of table a nice parlor palm—with rows of potted plants extending diagonally from it to back corner of strips of pale green plush—dishes of ices—sherbet and ice cream of various colors—fancy cakes—French candies—delicate sandwiches—coffee—all on lovely china and glass ware—elegant table linen &c.

Since the prevailing custom decreed that newspapers report important social
events, there remains a substantial record of dining and dancing in the Pacific Northwest.

The Election Ball, November 16, 1868—Olympia, Washington Territory
Was the event of the evening... a good attendance of ladies and gentlemen who enjoyed themselves to the utmost... The supper furnished by the ladies, and under their management and directions was simply magnificent. Epicureans of the first rank must have been highly gratified and indeed both in quantity and quality it was all the heart could wish. [The Territorial Republican]

The Firemen’s Ball, December 24, 1870—Olympia, Washington Territory
The dancing hall was tastefully decorated with flags, brilliantly lighted... An excellent band, composed of three string and two wind instruments... Dancing was kept up until four o’clock in the morning, at which hour the assembly broke up. [The Daily Pacific Tribune]

New Year’s Ball, January 5, 1878—Colfax, Washington Territory
Forty-seven couples of the “brave and fair” of Colfax and vicinity, assembled... for the purpose of spending the first evening of the year 1878 in dancing and merry-making. The rooms were well lighted, the floor was smooth and the music was all that could be wished for. [The Palouse Gazette]

Hifalutin Entertainment and Ball, February 25, 1882, Woodland, Washington Territory
The entertainment and ball given by the Hifalutin Society at Bozarth’s Hall

Children and grown-ups take advantage of nice weather to pose for a picture and enjoy an outdoor party.
At dances and other social events, people feasted on pies, cakes and other “good things to eat.”

was voted a success by those in attendance. . . . Thirty-two numbers for dancing were sold. In the dining hall adjoining the dancing hall a splendid supper was spread, the inner man was refreshed, and dancing continued until the departure of the steamer at six o’clock A.M., when all departed for their homes. [The Vancouver Register]

“The ladies,” either married to the organizers of all-male societies or members of women’s groups, usually prepared the food for the balls at home. But, if they chose, they could have stepped out of the kitchen and purchased a variety of sweets that enterprising business establishments guaranteed would please the most discriminating buyer. They could even hire a caterer. An 1871 announcement of a Christmas Ball in Olympia indicated that the supper would be under the “superintendence of Mr. Waldron, whose skill as a caterer is established.”

Most likely women in less populated areas had fewer bakeries and confectionery shops to choose from, but even there one could purchase cakes and pastries. Addressing his female clientele, a merchant in Dayton, Washington Territory, advertised in The Columbian Chronicle, December 7, 1878, that his store would have “a complete assortment of plain and holiday cakes, fruit, pound, sponge, and jelly.”

As more people and supplies entered the Northwest, dance committees excelled in putting on grandiose affairs complete with fancy decorations. Frequently there was elaborate entertainment. At a ball in Olympia guests fished for toys from a fishpond, “a small square enclosure, enveloped in flags, which contained a toy shop well stocked.” And in an announcement of a forthcoming Fourth of July Ball in 1869, party-goers were promised a Pavilion that would have its “sides and roof elegantly festooned with evergreens and flowers while a “fountain in the center of room will throw its cooling jets above the heads of the merry dancers and fall back into a large vase decorated with moss and flowers.” Commenting on the promised affair, a writer for the Washington Standard, June 26, 1869 reported that “its equal will not again occur very soon.”

Dancing and feasting at midnight suppers indicates that the pictorial stereotype of stern-faced pioneers who did not indulge in frivolous activities needs to be altered. The many accounts of dancing all night underscore the fact that the men and women in frontier communities appreciated social activities. They might work hard in the kitchen and on the farm, but they did not always put out the candle when daylight faded.

Jacqueline Williams researches and writes about the daily life of those who traveled the Oregon Trail and settled in the Pacific Northwest. She is author of Wagon Wheel Kitchens: Food on the Oregon Trail (University Press of Kansas) and The Way We Ate: Pacific Northwest Cooking, 1843-1900 (Washington State University Press).
The Brown’s Point Fire Department

In 1924 the men of the Hyada Mutual Service Company organized the volunteer fire department at Brown’s Point. In March 1925 the men and three young, flag-waving friends proudly display two newly acquired hose reels, a megaphone and their new leather fire helmets.

The volunteer fire fighters, though of varied occupations and socioeconomic status, shared a common dedication to protecting their community from the devastation of fires. Puyallup tribal member and community activist Jerry Meeker, who platted and named streets and built the first dock at Brown’s Point, stands fifth from the left. Other volunteers include Oscar Brown, lighthouse keeper, and Allie Hoska, owner of a harness and saddle shop in Tacoma.

When the alarm bell rang, the volunteers came running to key locations on the point where the hose reels were stored, usually in a member’s garage or shed. In the early years the reels were pulled to fires by the men. Trailer hitches were later attached to the reels so that they could be pulled by car. In 1948 Hyada Mutual Service Company customers donated five dollars each to purchase a government surplus fire truck to end the era of hose reels at Brown’s Point.
The Rise of Daniel Jackson Evans

By George W. Scott

The Evans family was one of the relatively few celebrating Washington’s centennial in 1989 that could trace four or more generations of history in the state. Dan Evans’s great-grandfather, Daniel “D. B.” Jackson, left Warren, Maine, in 1857, founded in the California goldfields, and moved to Port Ludlow. By the time Washington became a state, his Puget and Alaska Steamship Company was prospering. Jackson’s eldest daughter, Mae, wed Connecticut transplant George Evans, who had arrived via Panama in 1878 as Washington’s first constitution was being drafted in Walla Walla. George and Mae’s third son, Daniel L. Evans, born in 1894 in Seattle as its urban age began, closed his career as a King County engineer in 1960. He married Irma Ide, whose father Clarence, a two-term Republican state senator from Spokane, managed John L. Wilson’s successful campaign for the United States Senate and became a United States marshal for Tacoma.

Daniel and Irma’s first son, Daniel Jackson Evans, was born in 1925 and grew up in Seattle’s white Anglo-Saxon Protestant tradition. He spent 1945 and 1946 as a radar officer in the Pacific and, after obtaining bachelor of arts and master of arts degrees in engineering at the University of Washington, was recalled to navigate a destroyer off Korea. Low profile years as assistant manager of the Associated General Contractors bolstered his business contacts, and in 1961 he entered a short-lived partnership as a civil engineer. Evans was destined to be a point man for Washington’s postwar political generation.

Despite detractors’ opinions, Dan Evans is a “birthright Republican.” His first memory of politics was his mother’s shock at Hoover’s loss to Franklin Delano Roosevelt in 1932. “I never thought about being anything else. . . . I would have been disowned.” Playing devil’s advocate at the dinner table in Laurelhurst with two brothers may have seeded a parallel Populist streak. And Eagle Scouting at Camp Parsons, where the sons of the bourgeoisie learned to “Be Prepared,” led to a valuable moniker applied later in life: “Straight Arrow.”

Evans volunteered at King County Republican Headquarters in 1954 and two years later was favored by his 43rd District caucus to replace retiring house speaker Mort Frayn. Friends from 30 years, uncovered in a reverse directory, “doorbelled” through Laurelhurst, Montlake and the east side of the University District with him. Once nominated, the 31-year-old could not lose: the 43rd had never elected a Democrat. Still, noted a Capitol Hill Times journalist, his huge plurality pointed to “one of those extraordinary vote-getters who comes along occasionally.”

Bridge Battles

Representative Dan Evans and Governor Albert D. Rosellini clashed at the outset of their political engagement. The issue that motivated the freshman legislator was a proposed second Lake Washington bridge in the heart of his district, from Evergreen Point to, and through, the Montlake Cut. The governor stood firmly for it with his Highway Department engineers. But in late summer 1956 a consultant’s report unexpectedly urged a second span paralleling the
original (Lacey Murrow) floating bridge, crossing the lake several miles to the south.

Supporting fires were stoked through a “Mercer Island Bridge Association” and “Eastside Commuters for a Parallel Span.” Evans argued that a southern bridge would be easier to finance than the one Rosellini backed, do less environmental damage, and permit a third, northern crossing at Sand Point. Eventually, the Highways Committee, chaired by the redoubtable (later Congresswoman) Julia Butler Hansen, opted for Evergreen Point, with this concession to Evans: if Montlake proved impractical, the Toll Bridge Authority could decide the issue.

In September 1957 Rosellini was told that the bridge could not raise in tolls what was required to repay $26 million in bonds. “I don’t care how it’s built,” the exasperated governor fumed. Evans tried to divert half the federal highway funds not committed to the Seattle Freeway (Interstate 5), but this ploy fell as flat in the suburbs as it did east of the Cascades.

In the bridge struggle’s 14th year, 1959, more federal highway money flowed, and the Evergreen Point Bridge was finally built. It paid off its bonds in just 16 years. In 1988 it was renamed after Rosellini, later in life a member of the Transportation Commission.

The 1957 session also saw Evans endorse a McCarthy-age “loyalty oath” to defend against “Communist subversion,” but an urban agenda was rising. He floor-managed legislation for a Municipality of Metropolitan Seattle (METRO) that joined public utilities and the bus system into a special-purpose government. He voted for a landmark civil rights law, Social Security for teachers, and removing the 40 percent turnout requirement for special school levies.

Evans’s political rhetoric was logical and convincing if unpolished. He was “patient” and “extremely courteous” and did “splendid” work, Julia Butler Hansen wrote. The brief apprenticeship of the Evergreen Republican Club’s “outstanding legislator” of 1957 was over. The essential blessing of any legislator—a secure district—gave Evans freedom to evolve from engineer to Teddy Roosevelt’s heir as a progressive Republican.

Evans’s second good fortune was arriving in Olympia with the most talented class of legislators either party has ever elected, buttressed by an even larger one in 1959. Joel Pritchard and Dartmouth lawyer Slade Gorton of Seattle became roommates in Olympia. Pritchard, an indefatigable organizer and ideal “first lieutenant,” went on to the state senate, to Congress from the First District, and then to lieutenant governor. The intellectual Gorton became house majority leader in 1967, attorney general in 1969, and United States senator in 1981. This genesis of a generation of “Evans Republicans” centered in metropolitan Seattle. Many were first engaged and gained breadth in nonpartisan politics, came from “safe” districts, and joined in the cause of pragmatic progressivism.

Another legacy was not yet apparent. Dwight Eisenhower might be president, but 1952 excepted, his popularity did not transfer to his party in Washington. GOP representation reached a low 13 of 49 in the state senate in 1961 and the party held just 33 seats in the 99-member house. The Eisenhower legacy in Washington was a party brought into better balance with realistic leaders and sparked with vitality if not unity. In 1966 the Evans “new

in the BLOOD
breed" created the second GOP house majority in three decades and sustained it until 1973. Cresting in 1969, Evansites held a majority of Seattle's seats. By way of contrast, Seattle has not had a Republican legislator since 1985.

The "New Breed"

The essence of the Evans style emerged in freewheeling discussions with his roommates that soon led to a seven-man "policy committee" of representatives and senators who met daily. Quickly the committee began to coalesce and reorient the Republicans.

Outlanders bought into the new agenda, bringing a critical ingredient—conservative credibility and statewide balance: veteran Don Eldridge, a stationer from Skagit and San Juan counties; Walla Walla farmer Tom Copeland; Bellevue attorney James A. Anderson (later senate minority leader, state appellate and supreme court justice); and, later, Seattle's Mary Ellen McCaffree, who was to chair the House Revenue Committee and lead two Evans tax reform crusades, completing the committed core of "Evansites."

The "new breed" took over at the reorganization caucus in Spokane after the 1960 election. Evans became minority leader at 35, with Tom Copeland minority whip at 36. Caucus chair Don Eldridge was the oldest at 40. Yakima conservative Damon Canfield, 63, having lost to Evans 21 to 18, graciously took the assistant leader role. The pace quickened. "Our function in the 1961 legislature is not to be obstructionists, but to set forth in the best way possible our Republican principles," Evans urged.

Key elements sundering Democratic dominance were factionalism and a cleaving issue. In January 1961 John O'Brien was reelected speaker an unprecedented fourth time, but the question of who controlled the majority in the Democratic caucus remained in doubt. Dissidents who had tied O'Brien at 29 votes on the first and second nominating ballots now complained that a promised "even break" on committee chairmanships was not delivered. O'Brien reproved them but was forced to compromise on floor leaders. Both sides were reportedly "feeling out" the Republicans as the house convened. "The atmosphere . . . resembles the calm that follows a domestic spat," the Bremerton Sun's Adele Ferguson noted. "They aren't fighting any more, but they aren't speaking either."

The "Spokane Power Bill," was meant to protect private power by requiring a referendum on any condemnation by a public utility district, was raw meat to the Democratic caucus's "conservatives" who, with the Republicans, were in the majority on the issue. O'Brien went so far as to send notes to his floor leaders directing a filibuster by amendment, something Evans asserted was a "flagrant" example of minority rule. At one point the speaker threatened to remove Evans from the floor.

Governor Rosellini was drawn into the partisan fray when he refused to specify taxes to support his budget, some $58 million out of balance. Sixteen Democrats gave the GOP another victory in a resolution demanding that he spell out revenue resources. Rosellini would not commit in O'Brien's caucus, but he pled unity. The two came out smiles, but, "Things are more Rosy than rosy," reporter Ferguson heard "conservatives" complaining. "What went on would have brought tears to the Sphinx." The Democrats had unconsciously gone on the defensive.

Evans had it both ways, tying the need for revenue to the majority who lacked the votes for it. He announced...
Republican enmity to an income tax, “a thing of beauty, and a blight forever.” The burden would as usual fall on the middle class, and there was no lid. He defeated it on the floor (53 to 45), allowing only, “I won’t say there is no need for any new taxes” (in the form of “nuisance” levies). But as the legislature moved to adjourn, Evans described a tax package full of them as “cradle to the grave.” It “starts with soda pop, goes through ski tours and children’s games, then to abstracts when buying a home, and finally to inheritances.” The father of tax reform in the 1970s was enjoying life in the minority.

The Evans-led policy committee emphasized service and trying to stem the tide toward bigger in favor of “better, more stable government.” Evans insisted that the question was “needs versus wants.” He was pivotal in sending a half cent of the gas tax to the cities and was in the forefront of the environmental age with billboard controls and a State Arts Commission. The minority’s cohesion was the most visible feature of the 1961 session, in contrast to the contorted majority.

Committed

In 1960 EVANS wisely let Superintendent of Public Instruction Lloyd Andrews prove he was the only man Rosellini could beat for a second term. On the road to his own reelection, Evans told listeners that collective solutions to personal problems made government more impersonal. The Republican faithful liked the words “freedom” and “conserve” as the cornerstones of his philosophy, and the idea that one can only be effective through a party. “To conserve is to preserve . . . to preserve our liberties, our capital, our natural resources.

If this is what it means to be labeled a conservative, then I’m proud to be called a conservative,” said the man soon disparaged as a liberal.

In June 1962 the Democratic convention in Bellingham fell apart. O’Brien left the rostrum, pledging to try to change planks as 37 of 70 Spokane delegates, including four legislators, rose to leave after left-wing criticism of the McCarran Internal Security Act and the loyalty oath for state employees. “That just cost O’Brien the speakership next year,” Representative Bill Day pronounced. Evans invited the dissi-
Undoing O'Brien

THREE DAYS BEFORE the Democratic reorganization caucus for the 1963 session, Representative Bob Perry noted, "I don't think O'Brien is going to be speaker. Neither William Day, an active candidate for speaker, nor I will vote for O'Brien. Those are the 50th and 51st votes he needs." Conservative coalitions had stymied Rosellini during his days as senate "majority" leader (1941-1957), but no one seemed to believe that it could happen in the more liberal house. And the Republicans did not hear what Slade Gorton called "the best kept secret in my time in politics," until the caucus's doors were locked at ten in the morning on January 14, opening day.

The galleries were jammed as the legislators filed onto the floor at noon. No one got 50 votes for speaker on the first two ballots. On the third, O'Brien's head jerked left as Alfred O. Adams, a Republican and a physician, voted for Democrat Day, a chiropractor. All but one Republican and ten Democrats followed suit. Glaring at Evans, O'Brien told the coalitionists, "You have asked for it and now you are going to get it. You are in for an interesting 60 days." Chief Clerk Sy Holcomb, who sympathized with the conspirators after being slighted by O'Brien, delighted himself with: "Will Representatives Perry and [Republican Don] Moos please escort the new speaker to the rostrum?"

Parliamentary pandemonium reigned for four days, until Evans declared the delays "unconscionable." Slade Gorton rose. "Mr. Speaker ... I ... find [the Democrats' amendments] ... frivolous, dilatory, and impeding the progress of the house." Perry moved that they be laid on the table en bloc. Day wielded "the fastest gavel in the West."

The coalitionists enabled the Republicans to unobtrusively "stack" the critical Rules, Redistricting and Public Utilities committees. Chairmanships were divided by the elaborate negotiations that Day, Perry, Gorton and Evans had carried on in remote locations in Thurston County. "We intend to use the best brains in the house for the good of the state," the new majority leader proclaimed.

Contrary to Day's insistence that "the Democrats have not lost anything," the house and governorship were about to turn Republican for six and twelve years, respectively, ending the sway of the New Deal-Fair Deal generation. Evans thought the coalition "worked beautifully." Day conceded that while it might not be the best thing for the state, but was "best under the circumstances .... It stuck together." Republican Senator John Ryder was closest: "It worked reasonably well," he said, but "hasn't made heroes of anybody."

IT WAS ALL that Evans, with new visibility and fire power, could hope for. Money went from welfare to the "highest priority"—colleges. The cities got "home rule" taxing authority on his motion; METRO's powers were broadened. Labor-business, power and controversy were avoided. More critically, a decade of reform began. Speakers were no longer king; committees were trimmed from 31 to 21, and meetings were scheduled, cutting conflicts and making it possible for citizens to attend. Computers, private offices and secretaries came in 1969. The legislature was being made equal to the executive.

In November 1964 the fresh-faced Evans was elected governor at age 39. The critical early issue was a federal court mandate to the 1965 legislature to redistrict before it did anything else. Justice James Dolliver, Evans's chief of staff for 12 years (and his 100th and last judicial appointment in 1976), has "The Greatest Speech Never Given" hung in his bathroom in the Temple of Justice. In it, Governor-elect Evans threatened to be sworn in at midnight in order to quell any Democratic move to redistrict before he could wield a veto.

The 39 house Republicans present at Evans's inauguration in January 1965 became a "real" majority of 55 in 1967. Evans's victory and "Blueprint for Progress" had evolved from a statewide network of caucus members. The new executive knew the process, knew how to gain consensus, and enjoyed respect on both sides of the aisle. The environmental bills emblematic of the first three-consecutive-term governor were jointly designed. Evans's willingness to expand his vision to and beyond his natural constituency and expend political capital made him one of the century's most successful governors.

A former state representative and senator, as well as chair of the Senate Republican Caucus and the Senate Ways and Means Committee, George W. Scott is now Washington's state archivist.
CORRESPONDENCE

James J. Hill Review

I was surprised to read in Jennifer Curran’s review of the James J. Hill biography written by Michael Malone, which appeared in the Fall 1997 issue of COLUMBIA, that James J. Hill merged the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy with the Great Northern. Hill died in 1997, issue of COLUMBIA, that James J. Hill merged the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy with the Great Northern. Hill died in 1916, and the merger of the Great Northern and the Burlington as part of the merger of those railroads with the Northern Pacific; Spokane, Portland & Seattle; and Pacific Coast Railroad Company into the Burlington Northern (now the Burlington Northern Santa Fe), occurred on March 1, 1970. I therefore doubt that Hill had much to do with it.

I was the western counsel of the Great Northern at the time of the merger, and afterwards I was the regional counsel of the Burlington Northern in charge of the legal affairs in the Seattle region. The Burlington was an independent railroad at the time of the March 1, 1970, merger. Before the outstanding stock was purchased, prior to the merger, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, in equal amounts, held about 95 percent of the Burlington stock, but it was managed by an independent board. The SP&S was owned in equal shares by the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, and the Pacific Coast Railroad Company was a wholly owned subsidiary of the Great Northern.

While I am in my late 80s and do not have my files available, I believe the facts are as I have stated, and I am very sure that James J. Hill had nothing to do with the merger.

—R. Paul Tjossem, Seattle

EDITOR’S NOTE
R. Paul Tjossem’s letter, published here post-humously, prompted us to do some digging. As it turns out, the truth about the merger is a bit complicated. Hill did not literally merge the Burlington with the Great Northern Railroad in the Northern Securities maneuver in the first years of this century. That was his attempt—in creating Northern Securities he aimed to make a formal merger of the Burlington, Northern Pacific and Great Northern. But the Supreme Court frustrated him and forced a breakup of Northern Securities. The real truth, then, is this: Hill did make a merger, but it was disallowed. In the ensuing years, the same group of capitalists exercised a measure of control over all three railroads, but the formal merger did not occur until 1970, as indicated by Mr. Tjossem.

Additional Reading

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

Words of Gold


Mixed-Bloods on the Cowlitz


Drawing with Vision


Betty and the Bishops


We Danced All Night


Politics in the Blood


The Way We Ate
Pacific Northwest Cooking, 1843-1900
Reviewed by Dawn Maureen Burns.

It is hard to imagine braving a cold, rainy day in Seattle or Portland without a warm cup of coffee, yet according to Jacqueline Williams's latest historical contribution, early settlers in this region regularly faced coffee shortages and had to use innovative substitutes to get them through the day. Modern gourmet coffee flavors have come a long way since pioneers drank "coffee" made from parched peas, rye, barley or bran. Food staples of the Northwest battled culinary challenges at every meal.

In *The Way We Ate*, Williams picks up where her award-winning book, *Wagon Wheel Kitchens: Food on the Oregon Trail*, left off. The pioneers survived the hardships of cooking over an open fire on the trail, but their mealtime struggles did not end once they became settled. General stores and neighbor's cupboards were often great distances away, if they existed at all. If you ran out of an ingredient for a recipe, you found something else to use in its place or did without. Creative cooks substituted wild honey for sugar, vinegar for lemons, molasses for sugar and fruit, and cooked beans took the place of pumpkin in pies. It was not unusual to use a hollowed-out log as a bucket or dish pan or both. Cooking over an open fire in the fireplace eventually progressed to using a cook stove, though stoves did not become a common sight in Northwest kitchens until the 1850s, in part because it required a tremendous amount of skill to maintain a consistent temperature.

As the population expanded and conveniences increased, so too did culinary choices improve. Ice boxes extended the life of dairy products and meats, which added variety to a diet previously consisting only of wild game, seafood, and home-grown vegetables. Simultaneously, cooks' concerns changed from merely meeting basic survival needs when preparing and eating meals to a desire to enhance the presentation of each course.

This book is a wonderful source about not only food but also pioneer life. Using letters, cookbooks, and financial records obtained from various archival collections in Washington and Oregon, Williams has uncovered the most interesting culinary developments during a 57-year pioneer period. Most of all, the book instilled in this reader an appreciation for the convenience and ease provided by a 24-hour grocery store and a modern kitchen.

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Beloved Land
The World of Emily Carr

Beloved Land provides an introduction to Carr's life and work. Robin Laurence's opening essay summarizes the biographical and autobiographical writings that have previously discussed the artist's life. The resultant profile is thoughtful and detailed enough to encourage further inquiry. Historical art jargon is generally absent; the artist's explorations and growth are succinctly explained with a terminological complexity that everyone will understand. Forty color illustrations, all of them done between 1912 and 1942, provide an overview of Carr's best-known work while documenting the thematic, philosophical, and technical interests described in the text.

Robert Davidson is also a Canadian artist of considerable renown. Unlike Emily Carr, who interpreted the indigenous monuments and motifs of the Northwest Coast through mediums and ideas inherited from the European tradition, Davidson is heir to the region's aboriginal artistic traditions by virtue of ancestry and community. *Eagle Transforming* chronicles his life as a gifted artist working in the Haida tradition.

The importance of this text cannot be overstated. The art of Northwest Coast peoples has been examined in a broad array of academic texts and museum exhibits, and objects of antique and contemporary manufacture are much sought after by collectors. Even so, native people have rarely been given a public forum to discuss their own art and detail its cultural significance. In *Eagle Transforming*, Davidson provides an initial voice in what must become a growing discourse. The text recounts his early years in a community where traditional knowledge was being lost and tradi-
tional artistry was often reserved for small objects designed for the tourist market. After leaving Masset, British Columbia, to complete high school in Vancouver, Davidson returned home and at age 22 began carving what became the first totem pole raised in his home village for many years. He recalls, "It was the awakening of our soul, our spirits. It was a reconnection with the values that still existed."

This story is not simply a chronological arrangement of personal facts. It contains poignant descriptions of artistic breakthroughs that fueled increased cultural awareness on both personal and community levels. It describes how songs and ceremonies are connected to the physical world. It offers insights into how Haida iconography is used and how contemporary art is made.

Davidson’s dialogue is accompanied by more than 100 photographs. These elegant images by Ulli Steltzer cover a span of 25 years and document the diverse projects described in the text. Aldona Jonaitis’s excellent introductory essay reviews scholarship relative to the physical world. It offers insights into how Haida iconography was a reconnection with the values that still existed.”

The book is earthy, insightful on issues, and eminently readable. Some issues were governed by expediency. Maggie voted against extending the draft, which passed the House by one vote six months before Pearl Harbor. He was privately talking war but voting peace and doubling the Bremerton naval yard. To demonstrate patriotism Magnuson joined the navy as an observer on the carrier Enterprise for 41 days. He was “rigid” on civil rights, if “flexible” on all else, Scates insists, acknowledging that the senator bent with the “red” panic, voted for the McCarran Act, and stayed friends with Joe McCarthy as anti-communism swept the land.

Foremost, there were federal dollars for everything from dams on the Columbia to the West Seattle Bridge and, symbolically, the UW’s Warren G. Magnuson Health Sciences Complex. Scates knows it was Magnuson to whom the sobriquet “the senator from Boeing” belonged, not Jackson. Downtown was now as dependent on Maggie as the down-and-out. Maggie’s “resurgence” in the 1970s came when the brightest of the UW Law School joined his staff and kept the senator current. They caught the environmental wave (double hulls for tankers) and backed consumerism (nonflammable clothing for children) and urban renewal while Watergate drowned the GOP.

Magnuson reinvented government and himself for four political generations. He lost to brilliant and austere Attorney General Slade Gorton. The president pro tem of the Senate fell to age, the Iran crisis, inflation, and Ronald Reagan’s parallel personality. Whether Magnuson made the system work or worked the system awaits a more detached analysis.

The title is pretentious, but there can be little doubt that Washington’s Senator Warren Grant Magnuson was the West’s most influential legislator. Shelby Scates’s substantive biography has the attributes expected from a shrewd, pragmatic political reporter and editorialist for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. The book is earthy, insightful on issues, and eminently readable. Drawing from the Magnuson papers at the University of Washington—2,500 lineal feet of the region’s deepest political well—Scates suffers from the historian’s affliction—a too close philosophical alignment with the subject—and the veteran journalist’s skepticism-cynicism: all politicians are “opportunists.” This assumed, Magnuson, ever the pragmatist, is also termed a “populist,” which fits author more than subject. It can even be argued, according to Scates, that the superb legislative engineer self-indulgently surfed for 48 years on New Deal–Fair Deal–Great Society largesse.

Born in Fargo, North Dakota, in 1905, the adopted son of a saloon keeper came to the University of Washington in 1925. Bright, handsome and ambitious, the “frat house playboy” graduated with a law degree on grades wavering between A and D. In 1932 it was politics or starve. He became secretary of the Seattle Municipal League, cementing friendships with downtown businessmen. Seeing the rise of organized labor, he opted to be a New Deal “reformer, not a radical,” bent on saving capitalism. De facto floor leader of the 1933 state legislative session’s most important legislation, Magnuson was King County prosecutor by 1935, First District congressman in 1937, and United States Senator for six terms after 1944.

“Maggie” was an incredibly agile politician. Who else could chair the Democrats’ riotous 1936 state convention at Aberdeen and come out unscathed? Endorsed by the left-wing Commonwealth Federation and real estate magnate Henry Broderick, he communed on First Avenue and lived at the Olympic Hotel. He was appealing and unpretentious. Maggie led liberal social policies through Commerce, then Appropriations. A “proto-peacenik” after V-J Day, he favored trade with Red China and kept shifting money from guns to butter.

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George W. Scott is the Washington State Archivist. He was the first researcher to use the Magnuson papers at the University of Washington.

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