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FRONT COVER: Helmi Juvonen is one of the most important though least known artists of the genre referred to as the “Northwest School.” Her eye for detail and masterful draftsmanship is quite evident in the careful depiction of this “Northwest Coast Masky,” c. 1947. See related story beginning on page 24. (Museum Collections, Washington State Historical Society; Duncan Livingston photo.)
WE ARE PLEASED to present for your summer reading another diverse selection of nicely written and well illustrated articles. I would like to call out for particular attention among them our cover story, Wes Wehr’s engaging editing of Helmi Juvonen’s “letters from Elma.” Helmi, a woman artist from the “Northwest School,” is deserving of far greater attention than she has typically been accorded, and I trust this article will help in that regard. I also wish to acknowledge Wes’s generous donation of a considerable volume of Helmi’s papers and drawings to the Society’s collection. They constitute a valuable addition to our holdings.

That said, I would like to devote the remainder of my space here in tribute to David Lamb. This is the last issue of COLUMBIA that will display David’s name on the masthead as president of the Society. This is a personal milestone of a sort for me, too, because David is the last trustee to rotate out of office who was on the Society’s board when I was hired back in 1987.

David has been an extraordinary contributor to the governance and financial support of the Society and counsel extraordinaire to me. No trustee was ever more effective in advocacy before the legislature. I will always appreciate the many courtesies he extended to me and my family. David’s mantra and way of thinking about history is that the Society is in the pride business. And he was indisputably most proud about his home region, the now too often neglected Grays Harbor and Olympic Peninsula. Those of us who had the opportunity to serve with David are left with a treasure trove of memories, including his unforgettable trademark affirmation that he hailed from “the leading edge of the North American continent.” And leadership he himself provided in great abundance when the Society was most in need of it.

All great leaders leave a legacy, and one of David’s many that is now most vibrant and still unfolding is our organization’s role in the Lewis and Clark bicentennial—at the state, regional and national levels. Years before the importance and vitality of the bicentennial was apparent to me, David encouraged the Society’s involvement. We have a few more miles to row before the bicentennial “ocean” comes fully into view, but that we have even been launched on that voyage is due to David’s springing us into action. That, I might say, is what presidents are for.

—David L. Nicandri, Executive Editor
The Summer of '47: Stripping the Muck on Fairbanks Creek

By Tyre Newton

In May 1947, having completed two quarters of study at Colorado Agricultural & Mechanical College, Fort Collins, I rode a bus to Seattle where I signed up to spend the summer working for the United States Smelting, Refining and Mining Company (USSR&M) in their Alaska gold-dredging operation. The hiring contractor arranged for a small private air service to fly a group of us to Fairbanks.

Fairbanks was a busy little frontier town. A general postwar restlessness was prompting people to crowd in from all over. Without making prior contacts, people would pile their families into old prewar cars that they nursed up the Akan Highway to a town with few jobs to offer. I found that I had to spend two nights in town before I could get a ride to the work site. It cost five dollars a night to sleep on a cot in a dormitory with 20 or more other people. A man lay ill in one cot while his wife and two kids took turns sleeping on another.

Finally I was riding on the back of the weekly supply truck to the Fairbanks Creek work site, 28 miles northeast of Fairbanks. This truck, a phone line and a power line were the site's only connection to the outside world. You worked seven days a week, and there would be no evenings or weekends in town. The driver told me that if you were fired you had to either catch the next delivery or walk the 28 miles back to Fairbanks.

At last I arrived at a work camp of 30 to 40 workers—my home for the summer. There were four or five bunkhouses, a mess hall, and some outbuildings. Each bunkhouse hall slept eight men, two to a room. The only management in the camp was a tall, robust Swede in his seventies—I'll call him "Andy." During the nine-hour shift, Andy was out in the work area making sure we did our jobs. After the evening meal he retreated to a small store he operated up the hill behind the bunkhouses. During my visits to the store I managed to melt his reserve enough to get him to tell something of himself, his experiences with USSR&M, and the structure of the mining operation.

In 1928 the company began recovering gold near Fairbanks with the use of dredges. In those early years the local subsidiary of USSR&M was known as the Fairbanks Exploration Company. Work areas that depended on the water delivered through open ditches, such as Fairbanks Creek, had to shut down during the winter season, leaving them a 150-day operating season. Every year, from the start of operations, Andy would come to Fairbanks, work for the summer season with USSR&M, and then return to Seattle to be with his family. He had put his kids through college in this manner.

A typical pay channel for dredging, such as the one at Fairbanks Creek, was an ancient run-off channel where a layer of gold-bearing gravel rested on bedrock, overlaid with muck and soil. This muck overburden, usually frozen from top to bottom, could be up to 200 feet thick, while the underlying gravel, frozen solid, could be up to 170 feet deep. Consequently, the dredging operation consisted of three steps: stripping the muck overburden, thawing the frozen gold-bearing gravel, and then dredging with large floating dredges to separate the gold from the gravel. These dredges could weigh in the thousands of tons and stand several stories high.

According to Andy, it usually took up to seven years of stripping in the Fairbanks area just to get a stream bed ready for a dredge. They finally moved a dredge into Fairbanks Creek in 1949, two years after I was there. They accomplished the stripping on Fairbanks Creek by using hydraulic "giants," or nozzles, with gravity drainage to carry away the thawed muck and silt. There were 20 or more of these giants set up along the creek bed—each operated at any one time only long enough to wash off the accumulated thawed material. These giants could send out a stream of water as far as 225 feet. They operated under a water pressure of up to 150 pounds per square inch.

This type of mining required huge amounts of water. The giants spewed out vast quantities, and they used water to thaw the gravel in front of the dredges, which, in turn, floated on ponds of their own making. Much of this water came from the Chatanika River north of Fairbanks through some 90 miles of ditches, including a 0.7-mile tunnel.

Andy first assigned me to operate the giants. As a kid I had read about hydraulic mining and had seen pictures of the giants in operation. So at first it was a big thrill to control such an incredibly destructive force with the movement of just one hand. Then one of the old-timers told me how a fellow got careless and lost control of his nozzle. It started to pinwheel in a circle. He panicked and ran. The whirling stream of water killed him. I kept a good grip on the nozzle after that.

However, there was one simple thing that ended this assignment for me—food! Nozzle operators during their eight-hour workday had two hot meals in the mess hall, but ate a cold midday meal on the job. The other workers had three hot meals in the mess hall. We
soon found that when working outside, about an hour before the lunch break we would get excruciating hunger pangs—this despite eating everything within reach at breakfast. Those box lunches just did not cut it.

I succeeded in convincing one of the workers on the bull gang, a general work group, to trade places with me. While the nozzle operators got more pay per hour for their eight-hour shift, by working nine hours a day, seven days a week on the bull gang, with time-and-a-half overtime pay, I cleared more money and ate better.

Steel pipelines carried the water to the giants. These consisted of sections, each 20 feet in length and 20 inches in diameter. Two of us were once struggling to carry one of these sections between us down the hillside when along came Andy, passing us with a section balanced on his shoulder. He was swearing because he was younger he could carry two sections at once.

Our main job on the bull gang was to reset the giants after they washed down the reachable thawed muck. This meant burying large timbers called “dead men” in the permafrost to anchor each giant and keep it from taking off. This work was usually in the drainage field where a layer of silt covered the permafrost. In addition, we repaired breaks in the ditches that provided water for our valley. Performing these duties was the hardest physical labor I have ever done.

The wet silt was not as dangerous as quicksand because it had the permafrost beneath, but it could hold you prisoner tighter than quicksand. If you stood still long enough for it to cover the soles of your shoes, you had to use a shovel to break the suction under your feet in order to move. One nozzle who stood too long in one spot became stuck and yelled for help for over an hour before someone heard him and came to pry him loose.

Since mosquitoes were a major irritant in the area, the mosquito net was standard equipment. Whenever the temperature got above 80 degrees, I had to decide whether to lower the net from my hat and tie it around my neck—in which case I could not see well and sweated more profusely—or to raise the net, get some fresh air, and be eaten alive. When you saw someone at a distance, you usually saw a cloud of mosquitoes surrounding him. You feel the mosquito punctures the skin. There were times when a mosquito would get under my net and bite when I was too busy to notice. The mosquito would just sit there and fill up with blood until its tail end was a big red bulb. If I happened to slap at another bite and smash this bulb, my face would be a bloody mess. Occasionally, a blood-filled mosquito would get out from under the net and then bounce along the ground when it tried to fly. One mystery we could never solve: the old prospectors who visited our camp never wore nets, and the mosquitoes never bothered them. Did the mosquitoes prefer the younger victims, or was it body odor that made the difference?

Foot travel in the Alaskan tundra was usually slow and laborious. We were constantly sloshing through low-growing vegetation such as the mosses and stunted shrubs that cover the permafrost. Rounded clumps of grass that we called “knot-heads” grew down into the permafrost. The resulting lack of solid footing made walking quite difficult. At one point two fellows quit and decided to walk into Fairbanks by following the power line. They arrived in town with their shoes and clothing in shreds, navaged by mosquitoes.

A large sled pulled by a D-8 Caterpillar tractor provided the major source of transportation for the bull gang. Another way to get around was to walk the network of pipes. This, too, had its hazards. It took some skill to walk on a sweaty 20-inch steel pipe. It could be painful if all of a sudden your feet slipped off on opposite sides of the pipe, or if both feet slipped off to one side and the rest of your body went to the other. It was disconcerting to know that the beans used the pipes as a method of getting around, too.

Speaking of bears, a mama black bear and her two cubs made nightly raids on the garbage dump. Somehow, two fellows from the East Coast produced a rifle and shot one of the cubs. They took each other’s picture standing with one foot on the bear, holding the rifle. The photos were to be sent home to their local newspaper. This did not go over well with the others in camp, who would have been delighted had the mama bear dropped in on their photo session.

While rambling around in Seattle on the way up, I had taken some black and white pictures at a swimming beach showing families enjoying the sun and lounging in the sand. Soon after I arrived at the camp, I sent the roll of film in for processing via the supply truck. By the end of summer those beach scene prints became well worn by fellows staring at them through a small hand magnifier—just looking for something feminine that they could relate to, like that neighbor girl back home.

Occasionally a worker would decide to quit and catch the supply truck out. More than once they would get to town and collect their pay in cash; then their hunger for a feminine touch would overcome their better judgment. They would visit the “line” in Fairbanks where, for a price, such a touch was available, along with plenty of booze. They would then get “rolled,” lose all of their money, and be carted back by the next supply truck. The scuttlebutt was that there were several at our camp who had been trying for several years to return to the States—they could never get past the line. It was rumored that the city of Fairbanks had a deal with USSR&M to let such fellows spend the winter in the city jail so that they would be available for work early the following year.

One person who stands out in my memory of that summer over 50 years ago was a barrel-chested, middle-aged man who was full of stories about his adventures in Alaska. For the sake of this account, I’ll call him Harry. Harry claimed to be a steeplejack who specialized in steel towers. At the start of World War II he had successfully
contracted for and built a steel radio tower out on one of the Aleutian Islands. He also claimed to have spent time as a lawman in a small Alaska town. I did determine that he had lived in Hollywood before coming to Alaska. Once when Harry and I were carrying a section of pipe down a hill through the underbrush, with me in front, I heard from behind a beautiful tenor voice singing what must have been an operatic air. The sound sent shivers up and down my spine. Then, after that brief glimpse into Harry's past, the singing stopped. I never found out what had made Harry leave Hollywood, nor, despite my urgings, did I ever hear that marvelous voice again.

Early on in the summer I often heard it said that if it were not for the excellent meals, most of the crew would leave. USSR&M knew the importance of good meals and certainly kept us well fed. I don't recall if we ever knew the cook's real name, but we called him Cookie. His kitchen staff was small; he got up early enough to fix our breakfast on time, and he was still working in the kitchen long after we had finished our evening meal. We loved his cooking. As I recall, Cookie was a slender, middle-aged man in a state of perpetual motion. We heard that he made home brew and hid it down in the permafrost under the moss out behind the cookhouse. Consequently, we would occasionally see some thirsty individuals poking around in the moss back there—prospecting.

I recall being fascinated by the native driver of our Caterpillar tractor. In our early conversations he kept talking about his going "around the world." My first thought was that he must be quite a world traveler, so I tried to get some accounts of his experiences in other countries. I soon realized that his English vocabulary and knowledge of geography were really quite limited—to him the Arctic was "the world." In our repeated attempts to converse, something of a bond developed between us. He urged me to buy a movie camera and spend the winter with him taking movies of the land that he considered to be so very beautiful and generous to anyone who lived there.

Operating the giants was a lonesome job. There was an older fellow who periodically walked the main pipeline for a visual check on operations, but he seldom stopped to chat. Sometimes the nozzle operator would notice something in the wash, shut the nozzle down and slosh his way out to check. In this manner we uncovered many interesting items, such as ivory tusks, teeth, and even the skull of a woolly mammoth. We usually reported these finds to the archaeologists at the University of Alaska. In 1948, a year after I was there, Professor Otto William Geist of the university announced the recovery of the partial body—head, eyeballs, trunk, and leg—of a small woolly mammoth at Fairbanks Creek. Many a time the smell of the drainage area reminded me of the barnyard on the Oklahoma farm where I grew up.

Another interesting group of artifacts revealed by the giants was the remains of the cribbed shafts used by early drift miners to provide access to and removal of the pay gravel on bedrock. Cribs were round timbers, about eight feet long and eight to twelve inches in diameter. By digging down into the permafrost the miner was able to form a shaft about seven feet square lined by these cribs, notched and fitted to form a tight shaft reaching down to the pay gravel. After it was abandoned, the shaft filled back up with muck, ice and debris that soon froze solid. The giants washed the muck away from the sides, leaving the cribbing with its frozen core standing alone, sometimes up to 30 or 40 feet high. I took a picture of such a crib with a bush growing from its top. At the base of one shaft I found the remains of a rifle, cooking utensils and a baby carriage.

The last week in August came, and it was time for me to weigh the alternatives for my future. Back when I left Seattle for Fairbanks, I realized that I should take something along to read—something that would last all summer. I picked the 1937 edition of Mathematics for the Million by Lancelot Hogben and the 1929 edition of The Mansions of Philosophy by Will Durant. The magic of the mind revealed in those books tipped the scales in favor of my returning to academia—a home I have never left.

When I told Andy of my decision to return to college he arranged for me to take part in a dredge cleanup on my way to Fairbanks. This meant going down into the bowels of a dredge and removing the gold, amalgam and concentrates that had collected in the riffles on the gold-saving tables. These were in a room with a ceiling not over four or five feet high, so not only were we unable to stand up, we had to keep moving for the full time down there, without even a pause to catch our breath. There I was, in the act of recovering gold from the innards of a dredge; yet in my entire time working at Fairbanks Creek, I never saw anything that I would have recognized as gold.

After finishing the cleanup, the foreman and his helper put the gold-bearing material into sacks. These were then loaded into the back of a large pickup for the trip into Fairbanks. There they would be taken to the retort house for their contents to be milled, cleaned, retorted, melted and cast into bars. When I reminded the two men of my promised ride into Fairbanks, they pointed to my place on top of this precious load. The foreman and his helper, who carried a shotgun, were the only ones allowed to ride in the pickup's cab. No sooner had we gotten under way than, KA-BLAM—it started thundering. Lightning was striking close as hail stung my head and shoulders. I was a perfect lightning rod on top of a mountain of gold! The foreman relented and, against regulations, let me ride in the cab to Fairbanks.

Tyre Newton is a professor emeritus of mathematics at Washington State University.

COLUMBIA 5 SUMMER 2000
A Look into the Disappearance of the Pacific Fur Company's Settlement Ship

BY E. W. GIESECKE

John Jacob Astor's ship, *Tonquin*, was on much more than just another fur trade voyage. This vessel carried the men who established Astoria, the first American trading post in the Pacific Northwest and the earliest Euro-American settlement on the entire Pacific coast between Spain's San Francisco and Russia's New Archangel (Sitka).

The sea party of that 1811 voyage consisted of 33 men, most of them Canadians. Of these, five were partners with Astor in the Pacific Fur Company and old hands in the North West Company. One of the partners, Alexander McKay, was well known for his 1793 journey with Alexander Mackenzie across North America to the Pacific. Duncan McDougall was in charge of all of the *Tonquin*'s passengers during the seven-month westbound voyage and for the next two years at Astoria. Another partner, Robert Stuart, discovered the route of the Oregon Trail during his party's return to the East.

The irascible Captain Jonathan Thorn finally succeeded in anchoring the 94-foot-long *Tonquin* in Baker Bay in March 1811, having lost eight men in crossing the Columbia River bar.

Nearly all of the 33 partners, clerks, voyageurs and tradesmen, plus 12 Hawaiians hired on board in the Sandwich Islands, went ashore on the south side of the Columbia River. There they began building the first Pacific Fur Company post, named after Astor, whose strategy was modeled after that of his friend Alexander Henry, Sr., of Montreal. Henry's plan called for a chain of posts across the mountains to the Northwest
coast, feeding into the lucrative China trade. Astor began from the Pacific end. Sea otter skins would in great part be obtained by exclusive contract with Alexander Baranov at New Archangel and the Aleut natives there.

On June 5, 1811, the Astoria fort having been built, the Tonquin sailed from the river. After the visit with Baranov, Captain Thorn was to return to Astoria. But Thorn and the Tonquin never did. Nor did the only partner whose ill fortune it was to leave Astoria with the vessel—Alexander McKay. The exact circumstances and location of the Tonquin's destruction remain a mystery to this day.

To search for the place of the disaster—a task going on now for almost 190 years—one encounters an extremely difficult puzzle. No Euro-American survived this tragedy on a remote part of the Vancouver Island coast. There was no firsthand written account of its loss.

The information about its fate from the natives, as told to the early Astorians, was never fully comprehensible. From north to south, four areas became possibilities: Nahwitti at the northern tip of Vancouver Island, Woody Point, Nootka Sound, and Clayoquot Sound (see map on page 10). This enigma has attracted as well as puzzled mariners, historians, and many others.

According to its builder, Captain Fanning, the Tonquin was "a first-rate ship...double-flushed, decked, and pierced for 22 guns, and proved a fast sailing vessel, of speed perhaps equal to any sloop of war of the navy," as he wrote in his Voyages to the South Seas...[and] Northwest Coast. Her hull was coppered.

The first rumors of the vessel's loss were brought to Astoria by the Clatsops and Chinooks during the summer of 1811. The first detailed account was entered in Duncan McDougall's post journal on August 11 of that year.

In the afterno...one of our Chinook friends...informed us that some Indians have lately arrived from Neweetee with a report that the Tonquin was cut off at Nootka...On her arrival there the Natives went on board to trade, but Capt. Thorn, giving them only two Blankets for a Sea Otter, displeased them so much that one of their chiefs gave him some insolent language, which [Thorn] resented by rubbing the Otter across [the chief's] face; this so enraged him that he ordered all his tribe immediately ashore; next day the ship proceeded to Nootka and...a considerable number of the Neweetians say 50 to 60 Canoes in all followed her; on their arrival they requested the Nootka Chief to join them, to which he at length assented, and next day they all repaired on board with their furs...until they had a sufficient number [on board] with knives.... when a signal was given...four of them laid hold on Captain Thorn...and after a short conflict killed every man on board excepting four, who got into the Magazine and there heroically terminated their fate by blowing up the ship with about 100 of the Indians who were on board.

This journal entry in the McDougall post journal was the most immediate and detailed report to reach Astoria. Two fur trade vessels also left records in their ships' logs as to the loss of the Tonquin, but these reports did not reach Astoria. The July 1811 journals of the New Hazard and the Hamilton indicated that the tragedy took place to the southward of Nahwitti, where the two ships were then anchored.

Three others who arrived on the Tonquin in 1811 with McDougall also wrote or told of the tragedy, and these accounts were later published. Robert Stuart said the attack took place near Nootka and that both the Nootkans and the "Nahwittians" were involved. Gabriel Franchere, the French Canadian clerk, wrote in his Journal that the ship was taken at "Newitti" which was in or on the way to "Nootka."

The third Astorian was Alexander Ross, also a so-called clerk (meaning, in that setting, a fur trader). Ross first reported that the ship was taken "along the coast," as reported by "a friendly Chinook, Calpo."

The next native informant did not arrive at Astoria until two years later, in June 1813. As recorded in McDougall's Journal, his "name was Joseachal, an Indian who was on board the ship Tonquin when destroyed, and whom we have so much wished to see."

Joseachal is recorded to have said:

The ship proceeded to Wicaminishes, where they came to anchor toward evening for the purpose of trading Sea Otters... The Chiefs of the Villages ashore were Wicaminish & his two sons [one of whom was killed on board, according to Joseachal], and Nook-a-mis & Sidda-cum... The men below strewed Powder along between decks, then...blew it up... This explosion set fire to the ship but did not destroy her... The Indians continued flocking on board after the Ship was on fire, apprehending no danger when the crew were all killed or had left her, but she at length blew up with a great [number] on
board around near in Canoes, most or all of whom perished. Joseachall was considered by the natives there an enemy, and but for the circumstance of having a sister married among them would also have been killed.

This 1813 report differs entirely from that which McDougall had already written in 1811. Joseachal, as an informant two years after the ship's loss, was a self-titled escapee. A man of questionable character, he was suspected of plotting against the Astorians, according to Ross. This 1813 report contains the first mention of Wikaninnish (Clayoquot Sound) as the possible site of the tragedy. In 1811 and 1812 the Astorians had been at Nootka and Nahwitti.

Ross, inland at Okanogan, wrote in late 1813 that this informant's name was "Kasiassocall." This word has the same number of syllables as Joseachal and a similar pronunciation. Also, the timing of the reports, both 1813, make it quite certain that the two names refer to the same person. Most importantly, Ross wrote native names that suggested the attack on the vessel took place at the northern end of Vancouver Island, in Kwakwaka'wakw (Kwakiutl) territory. Ross reported that Kasiassocall was also called "Lamazu" and "Jack." He was, however, the only Astorian to apply these latter names. He was the most remote trader, stationed alone at Okanogan—300 miles from Astoria. News reached him late, by third-hand and rumor, which may account for some of the confusion.

New inquiries as to the possible location of the Tonquin disaster began more than a century ago. George Dawson, an adventurous Canadian geologist, visited Cape Sutil at the northern tip of Vancouver Island in 1885. He identified many of the Kwakwaka’wakw villages, including Nahwitti at that cape.

John F. Devereux conducted the first comprehensive inquiry for the Tonquin site. He searched at all of the suspect locations, either in person or by writing. Devereux was an Englishman who became the dockmaster of the port of Esquimalt, near Victoria. He had been urged on in his quest by George Davidson, a West Coast scientist and surveyor. From 1892 to 1896 Devereux wrote him a series of letters. Having consulted with a number of Clayoquot tribal chiefs, Devereux wrote in his final letter to Davidson on July 6, 1896 that:

Nee-pee-tee is the name of a tribe . . . that camped [in Clayoquot Sound] on their hunting and fishing excursions. [These Nahwitti people came from the north] and camped on Echatches Island, or, according to their rank & dignity, on [nearby] Wakkenenish Island in Templer Channel . . . . This bay is still known to the older people as Nee-wee-tee . . . . They [the elders of seven villages with whom Devereux consulted] all say that the Opisats of Clayoquot Sound were [those who carried out the ship's destruction].

The mobility of the natives should be taken into account in the search for the Tonquin's last anchorage. A group of villagers may have been visiting and therefore became involved when the attack took place. Furthermore, the ship appears to have been moved in its last days. William Matthews, another clerk who arrived on the settlement ship at Astoria in 1811, later wrote about the disaster that befell the vessel and crew in late June of that year. Special features of Matthew's account include the following: Thorn sailed a distance of six miles between the first and final anchorage; there were two explosions on board, not just one; and so many natives were killed that the village in "that bay" was abandoned. These details may provide helpful clues about where the Tonquin went down.

A few years earlier John Jewitt, a captive at Nootka until 1805, had written about visiting villagers. He recorded that the Nahwitti, who came in canoes, were among the many tribespeople visiting Nootka. Jewitt had arrived on the brig Boston in 1803. The vessel was soon captured by the Yuquot at Friendly Cove.

All of the crew perished except Jewitt, an armorer, and Thompson, a sailmaker. The visit of the northern Nahwitti and of many other tribes took place a few days after the capture. As this information illustrates, the Nahwitti could well have been near Nootka again in 1811.

And so the question remains—where did the tragedy of the Tonquin take place? The journal entries by the Astorian traders (i.e., Franchere, Ross, Alfred Seton and McDougall) present a puzzle of duality: two general locations—the middle west coast of Vancouver Island, most frequently Nootka, and its far northern tip, the Nahwitti area. The west coast is now termed Nuu-chah-nulth territory, and the north end is Kwakwaka'wakw. The composite journals show the tragedy in the former, that is, the general Nootka area.

Portland historian J. Neilson Barry gave what may be a part of the reason for dual suspect locations. He introduced the evidence of two natives associated with the Tonquin's last days, each of a different language group. Barry suggested that the most trustworthy account came from interpreter George Ramsay, en-
countered many years later by Charles Wilkes who drew his portrait. Ramsay had started with the ship.

Barry also determined that George Ramsay, later written of as “part Chinook,” was the brother of Jack Ramsay, the redheaded and fair part native from among the Clatsops. Jack was not connected with the Tonquin. Barry concluded that the vessel was taken at Clayoquot Sound, in Templar Channel. But he also wrote that there was a southern “Newetee village” in or near Clayoquot, as distinct from the village of the same name at the north end of Vancouver Island.

In June 1813 at Astoria, McDougall interviewed Joseachal (Kasiascall) about the ship’s last day. He was a Kwakiutl, according to Wilson Duff, former curator of anthropology at the British Columbia Provincial Museum. In 1960 Duff took Alexander Ross’s writings and made his identification from them.

Where Ross had written that the native belonged to the “Wickanook tribe,” Duff wrote, “I am convinced that the Indian interpreter who survived the massacre told Ross that he was a member of the Oowikeno (a-wee-kye-nuk) tribe, a Kwakiutl-speaking tribe.” Where Ross wrote that the Tonquin “cast anchor in Eyuck Whoola, Newcetu Bay,” Duff believed that “he meant the Tlatlasikoala of Neweece Bay. Tlatlasikoala is the proper name for the Nahwitti tribe.”

To Duff, then, Kasiascall/Joseachal was a Kwakiutl, of which the Nahwitti were a branch. This identification—plus the writings of Franchere and Stuart—supports the McDougall journal report of August 1811, that both the Nahwitti and the Nootkans attacked the ship at or on its way to Nootka. This 1811 journal entry appears more reliable than McDougall’s of 1813 which implicated only the Wickaninnish. Because the two reports contradict each other, they cannot both be entirely true.

The 1811 entry has more external support. Franchere and Ross Cox both placed the attack at “Newitti,” in or near Nootka. Stuart indicated that the “Nahwittians” captured the vessel along with the Nootkans, the same as given in McDougall’s 1811 account. But why, in 1813, did Joseachal/Kasiascall not tell of his Nahwitti/Kwakiutl peoples’ involvement in the attack? One can conjecture that he, with two years to develop his story, was attempting to protect his people or bring about some type of gain by means of deception. As Ross later wrote in his book:

What convinced us that [Kasiascall of 1813] had acted a treachery part was the fact that on hearing that the other Indians were coming [to Astoria] he immediately absconded . . . . These Indians . . . assured us that he was not on board at the time of the attack on the Tonquin and that he was privy to the whole plot.

Only a brief mention can be made here of searchers for the Tonquin from the mid-20th century onward. Their efforts extended over many years. George Cottrell, M.D., of Portland, led six parties to Vancouver Island beginning in 1957. Each was composed of several men with an interest in history, including this writer, or with experience in diving. The destinations were Clayoquot and Nootka sounds, Nasparti Inlet and the northern Nahwitti area. In Sydney Inlet, on Clayoquot Sound, Cottrell found an old wreck and brought up pieces of teak hull sheathed in copper. He believed this to be the Tonquin. Richard Wells and the Underwater Archaeological Society of British Columbia (UASBC) later identified this sunken vessel as the Lord Western, waterlogged and abandoned there in 1853.

Edmund Hayes, a Portland business executive, along with Kenneth Gibson and Rod Palm of Tofino and Len Clay of Victoria, carried out underwater searches in Clayoquot Sound from 1968 to 1973. Neither Hayes nor Cottrell located any verifiable evidence of the Tonquin.

The UASBC began its intensive phase of searches for Astor’s ship in 1983. This group of volunteer underwater archaeologists seeks to preserve the maritime coastal heritage of British Columbia. At present they are the only individuals pursuing on-location searches for the Tonquin.

A 20-person UASBC team explored the waters of Tofino and Thorn Reef, east of Echachis Island in Templar Channel. Their research was done by member Thomas Beasley of Vancouver. In 1994 they completed a submerged cultural survey of the floor of Friendly Cove in Nootka Sound. They found two fragments, brick and shard, from the Spanish occupation, but little else. The cove had filled with sediment.

Jacques Marc, the explorations director, prepared the survey and a chronology of diving in Friendly Cove during the past decades. Most of these dives sought evidence of the brig Boston of 1803. None of the few artifacts located have suggested either this brig or the Tonquin. The diver sweep, sonar and sub-bottom profiler were all negative.

UASBC in 1996 and 1998 carried out explorations of the northeast coast of Vancouver Island. Several shipwrecks
between Port Hardy and Cape Scott were investigated. Two members dove in Shushartie Bay at Nahwitti for any remains of the Tonquin, but no wreckage or artifacts were found.

To search for the lost ship, one need also look at Astor and Captain Thorn’s intent. By 1811 there were almost no sea otters left on the middle coast of Vancouver Island. Why, then, would Astor have sent Thorn into Clayoquot or Nootka Sound? Also, Thorn may not have known of the attack in 1803 on the Boston in Nootka Sound. The answer lies perhaps in the experience of both men in the Pacific Northwest maritime fur trade. Astor had a great deal of overland trade experience with his American Fur Company, but he was new to the Pacific Coast trade. He was from New York City, while the intelligence on prime sea otter grounds and the means of obtaining the skins was to be found chiefly in Boston.

As a United States Navy lieutenant, Jonathan Thorn served bravely under Decatur at Tripoli. In May 1810 he was furloughed from the navy for two years to command the Tonquin. A strict disciplinarian, he had never been on a voyage to the Pacific. Nor had he any experience in the fur trade.

By 1811 five New England ship captains had entered into contracts with the Russian-American Company to jointly hunt sea otters along the coast. By agreement, the Boston ships carried native Aleut and Kodiak hunters who were under supervision of one or two Russians on board.

OPPOSITE PAGE: In all probability, John Jacob Astor’s lost settlement ship lies along this shore, somewhere between Nootka and Clayoquot Sound, on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

LEFT: The last leg of the Tonquin’s final voyage: 20 miles from Clayoquot toward Nootka would put the ship’s wreckage at or near Hesquiat Harbor; 6 miles from Templar Channel would point to Brabant Channel as the site of the disaster. Over the past century, searches for the Tonquin have been conducted at the locations marked on the map with an X.

Would Russian records at New Archangelsk reveal the destruction of a vessel in their northern waters? There is an overall lack of documentation on the early years of the Russian-American Company; most of their records were lost. The earliest known reference in Russian sources to the loss of the Tonquin appears in Tikhmenev’s history of the company, first published in 1861. In it, he wrote: “The crew of another [of Astor’s ships] was massacred by the natives in Nootka Sound. In desperation one of the surviving sailors blew up the ship along with himself and all of the Indians who had taken part.” A century later, Russian historian M. Bolkhovitinov reiterated this location, writing that Astor’s ship “was destroyed by natives in the Bay of Nootka.”

It is possible to at least partially reconstruct the Tonquin’s last three days by closely examining the Astorians’ journals and manuscripts individually and then by viewing and testing them in composite. Taken together, these documents suggest the probable place or places of the tragedy. They also tell us more about the human circumstances and villagers involved.

Encumbered by Astor and Thorn’s lack of experience, the ill-fated ship’s final course was in the hands of Alexander McKay, on board as chief trader. McKay had served 20 years with the North West Company east of the Rocky Mountains, but he was familiar with neither the geography nor the natives of Vancouver Island. So it is not entirely surprising that Thorn would sail into a little frequented bay in or near Nootka Sound.

The Tonquin’s destruction most likely took place between the middle and the end of June 1811. The first of the final three days commenced when the ship entered a bay on the west coast of the island, likely its first trading stop. Clayoquot Sound is the assumed location because on the second day the ship proceeded the relatively short distance to Nootka Sound. Nootka was the planned destination, according to McDougall’s August 1811 journal entry. Franchere had written that the ship “set
sail for Nootka [and] anchored opposite a large village that he called Newitti." This appears to mean that Newitti was on the way to or in Nootka Sound.

On this first day the local natives were displeased at the offered exchange rate for sea otter pelts. Captain Thorn insulted a chief by thrusting an otter skin in his face. The chief then ordered his people ashore. On the second day the ship sailed to a new and final location. William Matthews, also an 1811 Astorian, wrote that this last leg was "six miles to the other side of the bay." Stuart reported, as had McDougall in 1811, that on this day "the Tonquin made sail for Nootka, [and was] followed by about sixty Nahwittian canoes...who [then asked] the chief of the Nootkans to join them" in an attack.

Another estimate of the distance sailed on the last leg came to light years later. In the 1830s Stuart gave a talk at Mackinac at which Elisha Loomis was present. Loomis, a capable scribe, wrote what he heard Stuart say concerning the last distance made by the doomed ship:

As there was no prospect of any farther trade at that place Capt. Thorne left the same evening for another place, some 20 miles distant. The Indians...observing the course of the vessel, arrived at the place before the ship...to take possession of it.

On the third day the deck of the Tonquin was crowded with natives, those from Nootka and those Nahwittians who had followed her, according to the composite of McDougall of 1811, Franchere and Stuart. There were two explosions, separated by a period of at least several hours, as reported by Astorians Matthews and Seton. With the second explosion fire reached the aft magazine and the ship blew up. Some 100 to 200 natives and 23 white men were killed. Three or four members of the crew had escaped in the ship's boat. Ross Cox wrote that they "rowed hard for the mouth of the harbour, with the intention...of coasting along the shore to the Columbia; but after passing the bar, a headwind drove them back." Some hours later they were discovered and put to death.

Cox's writing of a bar across the bay in which the Tonquin was destroyed may be a clue to the ship's final location. Along Vancouver Island only two inlets have actual bars: the large one at Nahwitti at the extreme north end, and the smaller bar across the opening of Hesquiat Harbor on the west coast between Nootka and Clayoquot sounds.

From the northern part of Clayoquot where, according to Devereux, the Nahwitti visited, Hesquiat lies 20 miles in the direction of Nootka. This would point to Hesquiat Harbor as the site of the Tonquin's fatal anchorage.

On his voyage to Vancouver Island, Captain Thorn would certainly have used the chart prepared by George Vancouver in 1792 (the coastline taken in turn from Quadra and Malaspina). This chart, used by other fur traders on the coast as well, depicts numerous rocks off Clayoquot Sound. To a navigator who had never visited these waters—e.g., Thorn—these would post a warning to stay clear. However, around the entrance to what is now Hesquiat, Vancouver's chart does not show rocks (as contrasted with modern maps).

Alternately one should perhaps consider the leg of six miles for the ship's last move (as written by Matthews). Beginning in Templar Channel, Clayoquot, six miles measured in the direction of Nootka would place the Tonquin's last anchorage off the northwest shore of Vargas Island, Brabant Channel. Either way, the composite writings of the early Astorians clearly identify Nootka Sound and the adjacent coast, south to Clayoquot Sound, as the area where the Tonquin was destroyed.

The loss of this ship put a serious crimp in Astor's plan to harness the Columbia River trade system and extend it to the Orient. Due chiefly to forewarnings of the arrival of British naval vessels in the area, his partners at Astoria grew anxious and sold the post in 1813 to a Canadian enterprise, the North West Company. McDougall, Ross and Cox remained on the Columbia, entering into the service of the new company. But Franchere returned overland to Montreal with other Astorians in 1814. Stuart had previously left Astoria on what became his "Oregon Trail" discovery expedition.

This first settlement at the mouth of the Columbia River saw continued life and encounter in the fresh and unspoiled Pacific Northwest. In some bay or inlet near Nootka Sound rest the remains of the celebrated ship Tonquin. Certainly they will be found some day, solving a mystery that has haunted Pacific Northwest historians for almost two centuries.

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The Fort Lewis Military Museum is fortunate to occupy one of the most historic buildings on the grounds of this Puget Sound area army base. One of two extant buildings at Fort Lewis that date back to the World War I era, it is the only known structure that remains from the recreational area known as Greene Park.

When the United States entered World War I, the need arose for additional camps to train the new National Army. The area that became known as Camp Lewis was donated to the army for use as a cantonment by the citizens of Pierce County. The camp was built for the lowest cost and in the shortest time of any cantonment in the country, and in September 1917 the first recruits arrived for training. By December 31, 1917, over 37,000 men, primarily of the 91st Infantry Division, were on post.

Although the army made adequate provisions for training the soldiers, it soon became apparent that the “doughboys” of Camp Lewis required recreational facilities to make the transition from civilian to soldier more tolerable. The camp commander, Brigadier General Henry A. Greene, recognized this need; in the fall of 1917 an amusement area was established on the fringe of the camp and named in his honor.

Greene Park featured a variety of amusements for Camp Lewis personnel. The YMCA operated two large hostess houses there that were particularly popular with the troops since they also served as quarters for female park employees and the nurses assigned to the post hospital. Other buildings in Greene Park included Boland’s Photographic Studio, the Waffle House, the Army Bank, McCoy’s Ice Cream and Lunch Parlor, the Hippodrome, the Greene Park Drug Store, Camp Lewis Fruit and Produce Company, Associated Jewelers, the American Novelty Company, the Knights of Columbus Club, Victory Theater, the Post Library, McCormick’s Bar, and a Christian Science headquarters.

The Salvation Army gained favorable national attention during World War I for its humanitarian work on behalf of Allied soldiers. Founded in London in 1878, the organization expanded into the United States during the late 1800s and was firmly rooted in this country by World War I. In June 1918 the Salvation Army completed work on a comfort station in...
Greene Park. Locally known as "the Hut," it was a two-story Swiss Chalet-style building that contained reading and writing rooms, a 500-seat auditorium, a lunchroom, and 19 guest rooms. An article printed on December 20, 1918, in The Bugle, Camp Lewis's weekly newspaper, notes that the Hut was established for the purpose of not only being a direct service to the soldiers, but also to accommodate mothers, wives, relatives and friends with a place to stay when visiting the camp. . . . [It] is one of the few places in or near the cantonment where those visiting the camp can "put up" without having to go back and forth to town.

The Hut proved extremely popular; it was soon obvious that larger accommodations were required to serve the needs of the soldiers and their visitors. In 1918 the Salvation Army hired the Pratt and Watson Construction Company of Spokane, and work began on a second building, situated adjacent to the Hut. This structure came to be known as the Red Shield Inn.

The new inn was built in the somewhat rare Western Stick style of architecture that was popular on the West Coast from about 1865 to 1920. The 48,000-square-foot building contained approximately 150 rooms, making it considerably larger than the Hut. The Red Shield Inn was completed in August 1919 at a cost of $107,000.

Although World War I ended in November 1918, the post buzzed with the activity of thousands of soldiers returning for demobilization. By the spring of 1921, however, the post had fallen into the peacetime doldrums and the Salvation Army had little reason to maintain the inn. On July 1, 1921, ownership of the building was officially transferred from the Salvation Army to the United States Army Quartermaster Corps for the nominal fee of one dollar. At the time of the transfer, the building was known as the Camp Lewis Apartments. Its estimated value in 1921 was $172,240.

Following the transfer of the inn to the army, the post declared the buildings in Greene Park nonessential, with the exception of the Hut and the inn. Between 1927 and 1938 the other buildings in the park were demolished. The army continued to operate the facility, calling it the Camp Lewis Inn. When the post became permanent and was made a fort, the inn became known as the Fort Lewis Inn. During its years of operation as the Camp Lewis or Fort Lewis Inn, thousands of visitors to the post, temporarily assigned personnel, or military families in transit stayed in this historic structure. Many museum visitors or Friends of the Fort Lewis Museum fondly recall residing in the inn during those years.

Minor changes have been made to the building over time. In 1955 the exterior was covered with cement asbestos shingle siding, and exterior fire escapes replaced the original wood balconies. The plumbing, electrical wiring and bathrooms were upgraded. In 1962 the post engineer recommended that the inn be demolished and the site be used for a new high school. Fortunately, his suggestion was not carried out, and his successor ordered an extensive structural analysis that resulted in another upgrade in 1965. This renovation focused on the first floor lobby area and included carpet installation, interior and exterior painting, construction of a new parking lot, landscaping, and the remodeling of two rooms adjacent to the lobby.

In 1967 the post engineer requested that a new facility be constructed to replace the inn. However, when the new Fort Lewis Lodge was completed in 1971, it was not large enough to handle the demand. The old inn, slated for demolition, was saved once again and continued to be used for transient housing. However, in 1972 the army condemned the building for use as an inn because of fire and safety concerns.

Colonel William Woodman proved to be the building's guardian angel when he proposed that the inn become the home of the Fort Lewis Military Museum. In this manner, a historically significant building would be preserved as a post landmark. The renovations required for the museum's move to the inn were limited to the first floor, and the most significant changes were that some partitions were removed to turn guest rooms into an open display gallery. The northeast corner of the first floor was converted into office space. On July 18, 1973, the inn officially took on its new function.

In the years that followed, the museum's curator, Barbara Bower, continually strove to improve the museum and its historic home. Under her guidance what was once a small historical collection became a well-respected military museum. The inn's placement on the National Register of Historic Places in 1979 recognized the building's historical and architectural significance.

In 1983 the second floor of the museum was significantly upgraded to house offices, a lunchroom, a library and additional exhibit space. This major project added 5,000 square feet to the museum's available work space. In 1988-89 the museum underwent another period of renovation. It received a new roof, exterior wood replacement, repainting, and refurbishment of the front porch. An effort was made at that time to reconstruct some exterior details of the original building. This resulted in removal of the metal fire escapes added in 1955 and the fabrication of wood balconies. The distinctive extended rakes and globe lights seen in photographs of the original inn were also restored. These improvements help evoke the true historic nature of this beautiful building.

The Fort Lewis Military Museum is justifiably proud of its historic home and will continue to preserve within its walls the heritage of Fort Lewis and the United States Army in the Pacific Northwest. This structure is an irreplaceable link to the post's proud past and will only increase in importance with the passing years.

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The Seattle Pilots—
Major League Baseball's
First Venture in the
Pacific Northwest

The story of the 1969 Seattle Pilots represents one step in Seattle's evolution into a professional sports city. The fact that the Pilots remained in the Pacific Northwest only one year graphically illustrates the difficulty of such an enterprise. The founding of the club, and its eventual relocation to Milwaukee, is a story that has numerous twists and turns. The process was begun with the best of intentions—to heighten the city's national image, enhance the region's economy, and solidify the city's notion of community. By the spring of 1970 all of these hopes had been dashed. The team was gone, several of Seattle's economic and civic leaders had fallen from grace, and a bitter taste was left in the mouths of everyone concerned. In light of the fact that the relationship between cities and major league baseball is still being debated, the Pilots' short tenure in Seattle serves as an interesting case study.

Seattle, like most major American cities, has had a shared past with baseball. This background helped establish the groundwork for bringing the major leagues to town. The city's first organized professional club appeared in 1890. By 1919 the Seattle team had entered the Pacific Coast League (PCL) under the "Indians" banner.

Until 1957 major league baseball only went as far west as St. Louis, so the PCL was the only "show" in town. The league fielded teams from major West Coast cities. Many former and future major leaguers debuted their skills playing and managing on PCL diamonds. Men such as Joe DiMaggio, Casey Stengel, Rodgers Hornsby, Ted Williams, Tony Lazzeri, Billy Martin and Seattle's own Fred Hutchinson made the PCL a fan's dream.

The Seattle squad played its games at Dugdale Park in Rainier Valley. Seattle's first dozen years in the PCL were
unremarkable, save for a league title in 1924. In 1932, hours after its Independence Day fireworks celebration, Dugdale Park burned to the ground. This obliged the Indians to transfer to the all-dirt Civic Field, the current location of Seattle's Civic Stadium. Over the next several years poor play, shoddy facilities and sparse attendance put the Indians into dire financial straits. By 1937 players were threatening to strike and the Washington state government was suing the club for back taxes. Revenue agents even began seizing the team's property.

Seattle's baseball fortunes improved when Tacoma native and Seattle brewer Emil Sick offered over $250,000 for the franchise. Having made the purchase to promote his beer label, Sick consequently renamed the Seattle squad the Rainiers. Lenny Anderson, an acclaimed sports writer for the Seattle Times and Seattle Post-Intelligencer, traveled with the Seattle club up and down the West Coast during the 1950s and 1960s. In a recent interview he credited Sick with being an outstanding baseball man who was willing to spend time and resources on the club. In 1938 Sick erected a new stadium at the site of the Dugdale Park ruins, naming the new structure Sick's Stadium. When the $350,000 ball park opened for business on June 15, 1938, it was considered state-of-the-art. Anderson recalled that Sick, with the assistance of general manager Dewey Soriano—a former PCL player and a Franklin High School teammate of Fred Hutchinson—built the Rainiers into a perennially contending club that grabbed championships in 1939-41, 1951 and 1955. The stadium's relative comfort, combined with the home team's winning ways, created a drawing card that helped Seattle lead the league in overall attendance figures for 14 years. It seemed evident that Seattle fans would support quality professional baseball.

The PCL's overall popularity enticed its owners to petition for major league status in 1945. They wanted to create a third league to go along with the American and National leagues. The attempt failed because eastern owners did not feel that the PCL measured up to their expectations regarding fan base and the quality of the league's stadiums, though Sick's Stadium was much praised.

The PCL and the Rainiers were dealt another blow by the major leagues in 1958 when the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Giants relocated to California. The PCL's stature immediately declined. PCL teams in Los Angeles and the Bay Area folded, while competition from televised big league games caused attendance throughout the PCL to dwindle.

Consequently, the independence of the remaining PCL teams ebbed and, before long, Seattle became part of the Cincinnati Reds organization.

Seattle's professional baseball status remained static throughout the early to mid 1960s. In 1961 Sick sold the club to the Boston Red Sox, and when he died in 1964 the City of Seattle purchased his ball park for $1.1 million. The Rainiers were sold again, in 1965, to the California Angels who renamed the team after the parent club.

Major league baseball in California had virtually gutted the popularity of the PCL. Seattle was the largest of the PCL cities that remained, and competition against marquee teams from Los Angeles and San Francisco had given way to squads from Denver and Spokane. Lenny Anderson remembered that after 1957 Seattle desperately wanted to be mentioned in the same breath as San Francisco and Los Angeles, rather than Tacoma and Spokane. Many Seattle citizens were convinced, he said, that a major league ball team would help upgrade their city's identity. Ideas soon led to action.

Seattle's population during the mid to late 1960s seemed to warrant major league status. Some 563,000 people lived in the city, and around 1.5 million resided within a few miles. It appeared that Seattle's geographical location would also be beneficial to a big league team since the closest competitors were in the Bay Area. The Puget Sound area could promote itself as a large untapped market.

Seattle made several early stabs at joining the major league fraternity. In 1964 Cleveland Indians owner William Daley came to town in search of a new home for his franchise. City officials attempted to sell him on the region. Yet, when it came to facilities, the Ohio resident was not impressed. Some major league baseball cities were in the early stages of upgrading their playing fields, and the 26-year-old Sick's Stadium no longer measured up. Daley cited this fact and his team remained in Cleveland.

In August 1967 Kansas City Athletics owner Charley
Finley came to Puget Sound looking for a new home for his club. It was Sea-Fair weekend and Finley saw promise in the region, but he, like Daley, was anything but impressed with the city's stadium. Stan Farber, a former baseball writer for the Tacoma News Tribune, recalled that after Finley saw Sick's Stadium he quipped that it was aptly named. Before he left town, Finley advised the city to get a new ball park if it wanted major league baseball.

Unable to lure another city's team, Seattle lobbied for a new club at the 1967 baseball meetings in Chicago. The city was represented by King County officials. Included were Dewey Soriano, president of the PCL and partner, with his brother Max, in Pacific Northwest Sports, Inc., an organization that would undertake the process of implementing the expansion team if it was granted.

Several prominent politicians were also involved in the endeavor. United States Senators Henry M. Jackson and Warren G. Magnuson, in a letter sent ahead of the group, stated, "The awarding of a franchise to Seattle would not only be a prosperous one for the league but the league would have a fine representative." It did not hurt that Magnuson was chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, which had jurisdiction over the major league's business activities. Another important figure was Missouri's Senator Stuart Symington who was upset that Kansas City was losing its team to Oakland.

Anderson today believes that, notwithstanding the efforts emanating from Puget Sound, the most effective politician was Missouri's Symington. After Finley received permission to move his franchise, the Missouri senator wanted a new team for Kansas City. As leverage, he threatened lawsuits that could bring into question the league's antitrust status. Stan Farber feels that, while Symington was helpful, Magnuson was probably the key to bringing major league baseball to the Puget Sound area because of his position on the Senate Commerce Committee. Regardless of their relative influence, both men were able to threaten major league owners because of the league's traditional business arrangement. Until major league players strengthened their union during the 1970s, organized professional baseball in the United States had never had to defend itself against antitrust suits. Consequently, it ran a monopoly when it came to hiring, retaining and compensating players. This system had been sanctified in a 1922 United States Supreme Court ruling, and major league owners had reaped handsome financial rewards as a result. Magnuson and Symington, through their influence, could very well have changed the status quo.

The American League owners acquiesced to the politicians' wishes. Kansas City was given a team first, but since granting that expansion club would give the league 11 teams—an odd number—Seattle was given consideration for the purpose of reestablishing balance in the league. The cities were to receive their clubs no later than 1971, but Symington was still not satisfied. After an 11th-hour meeting, the date was moved up to 1969.

Major league owners met two months later in Mexico City. There the Seattle franchise was awarded to Pacific Northwest Sports, Inc., which had solicited the financial support of former Cleveland Indians owner, William Daley—the man who had spurned Seattle in 1964. He provided much of the $5.35 million fee, giving him 47 percent ownership of the team. Two fellow Clevelanders bought a 13 percent interest in the club. Yet, there were several prerequisites that Seattle had to satisfy before it could have the team. These included: passage of a King County stadium bond issue; enlargement of Sick's Stadium from 11,000 to 30,000 seats by the start of the 1969 season; construction of a new stadium by December 31, 1970; and identification of the team's major stockholders and their subsequent league approval. If any of these requirements were not met, the American League could move the team.

It was evident that if Seattle wanted major league baseball it would have to ante up. The American League's directives clearly stated that major facilities upgrades were needed. In 1950 only the Cleveland Indians played in a publicly owned park. In 1968 Seattle citizens were being asked to help participate in a trend that would have all but five major league teams playing in publicly owned facilities by the late 1990s.

A $40 million bond election was scheduled for February 6, 1968. King County voters were asked to approve the construction of a domed multipurpose stadium. The Sorianos brought in noted athletes and sports officials to persuade Seattle citizens to support the project. Mickey Mantle, Carl Yastrzemski, Joe Dimaggio, and football great Y. A. Tittle were among those hired for this purpose. On election day a majority of the electorate approved the bond issue with a 62.3 percent "yes" vote. A large hurdle had been passed. Major league baseball was on its way to Seattle.

When news of the approval was made official, Pacific Northwest Sports began the process of assembling and fielding a baseball team for Seattle. Within three weeks a front office began to form. Marvin Milkes, a member of the California Angels front office, was hired as general manager. Two weeks later Dewey Soriano stepped down as president of the PCL and replaced his brother Max as president of Pacific Northwest Sports. To manage the club on the field the organization hired St. Louis Cardinals third base coach, Joe Schultz.

With the establishment of the team, Lenny Anderson and Stan Farber became club beat writers for their respective papers. As such, they became intimately familiar with the
organization and its people. Regarding the team's administrators, Anderson felt that each man had strengths and weaknesses. He saw Daley as a highly intelligent, personable owner and Soriano as a wise, dedicated baseball man, genuine in his love for the game and his hope to bring major league baseball to the Pacific Northwest and keep it there. The two reporters agreed that the weak link in the chain of command was Milkes. Anderson hesitatingly admitted that Milkes couldn't have scouted Joe Dimaggio. Farber recalled that Milkes was always trying to outsmart everyone by concocting a number of two for one, or three for one, player deals to build up the organization's player pool. Farber thought Milkes was usually the one who got outsmarted.

After the team's leadership was established, attention was directed toward creating its identity. Pacific Northwest Sports ran a name contest during the spring of 1968. The winning entry was "Pilots," submitted by Seattle resident Donald Nelson in commemoration of the region's maritime and aviation history.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer artist Stuart Modrem created the uniform based on an air and sea pilot theme. The design was a takeoff of an officer's uniform, with the team name and logo broadcast across the chest. The home uniforms were white and the traveling togs light-blue. The caps were dark blue with a gold "S" on the front and officer's "scrambled eggs" on the bill. Reactions to the style were mixed. One Seattle newspaper writer, after describing the uniform, noted, "You can hardly be more pilot-y than that." Meanwhile, pitcher Jim Bouton felt that the uniforms were "gaudy" and made the players look like "goddam clowns."

The final task of assembling the Pilots was to garner players. One of the first moves the team made was to purchase the aforementioned Bouton from the New York Yankees. He had had major league success in the early 1960s, but in 1965 he
One of the legitimate stars of the Pilots was Tommy Harper—here gracing the cover of the team’s score book. In 1969 Harper led the American League in steals.

clubs, at a price of $175,000 each. Seattle won a coin toss and selected first. When each team had accumulated 30 players, the draft was complete.

Seattle’s first pick was the California Angels’ Don Mincher, a power hitter who had lost some of his batting punch after being beaned by a fastball in 1968. The second selection was the speedy Tommy Harper from Cleveland. The third pick was the Detroit Tigers’ Ray Oyler. He was an excellent fielder but a weak hitter. In 1968 Oyler set a major league record for the poorest batting average—.135—for a player with at least 100 game appearances.

Other notable picks included relief pitcher Diego Segui; two-time National League batting champ Tommy Davis; three-time all-star Gary Bell; Jack Aker, who was the 1966 relief pitcher of the year for The Sporting News; Lou Piniella, a 26-year-old with just six major league at-bats; and Mike Marshall, a relief pitcher who was to make his mark in 1974 by winning the National League’s Cy Young Award. Farber and Anderson both felt, at the time, that the Pilots would have a tough time competing because the club was using AAA quality players against major league talent—virtually all who were signed had a question mark regarding their age, health or potential. The two writers also felt that the talent pool was short on pitching strength. This would come back to haunt the Pilots over the long summer schedule.

Milkes and Schultz had the Pilots pegged to finish third in the division. Their prognostication was rebutted by Sports Illustrated, which stated in its preseason report that the Pilots’ selection of Tommy Davis could net them a league batting leader but that Seattle’s expectations to finish third would probably be foiled.

The Seattle club went to Tempe, Arizona, and worked its way to a 12-16 spring campaign, scoring and surrendering a hefty share of runs. A concerned Milkes immediately began
to deal players to cover up weaknesses in the team that had become apparent. One questionable deal involved Lou Piniella, who was traded to the Kansas City Royals for two players, one of which was outfielder and Tacoma native Steve Whitaker. Piniella went on to have a great career, while Whitaker faded into obscurity. Milkes made other trades that he hoped would prepare his club for the regular season, but most of them did not pan out.

The season began on April 8. Lenny Anderson wrote in the P-I: "The most significant event in Seattle baseball history takes place tonight at Anaheim Stadium. Seattle begins its first major league season, the climax, for fans in that area, of years of waiting." The game against the Angels made the wait worthwhile.

The next day Anderson described the contest as a "cliff-hanger that had all the drama, excitement and taut suspense of a seventh-game showdown in the World Series." Tommy Harper opened the game by doubling. Then Mike Hegan smacked a home run. In the bottom of the second inning it looked as though the Angels would strike back. Bobby Knoop hit an arching drive to right field. Hegan ran full bore into the lower bleacher barrier a split second after he gloved the ball. It popped loose and the Pilot outfielder crumpled to the ground. Meanwhile, "the Angels circled the bases with more vigor than judgment." Knoop passed one of the other Angel runners and was called out. The runner he passed was directed to return to second, and Seattle escaped the inning with little damage. The Pilots went on to win their baptismal into the big leagues with a score of 4 to 3.

Two days later the club flew back to Puget Sound to face the Chicago White Sox in the first major league game ever played in the Pacific Northwest. The players were joined by Seattle native Bridget Hanley, a "curvaceous television starlet" who was acting in the series Here Come the Brides. One newspaper scribe noted that as the players' wives watched their husbands exiting the aircraft with Hanley, a number of them appeared rather chagrined. The writer jibed, "If looks could kill, at least three ball players' wives would today be pleading justifiable homicide."

The eve of the home opener found the Pilots basking in the limelight of being Seattle's first major league baseball team. The homecoming involved a number of dignitaries, including Governor Dan Evans; United States Senator Henry Jackson; Seattle mayor, Floyd Miller; Joe Cronin, president of the American League; and Angels owner, former cowboy actor Gene Autry. At one gathering, home opener starting pitcher Gary Bell received a garter from Hanley, who publicly urged him to wear it while he pitched against the Sox.

In hindsight, the Pilots' home opener celebration was the apex of the club's residency in Seattle. As accolades were showered on the team, numerous issues remained to be resolved. First and foremost, the stadium was still not ready. This predicament arose because of delays in the original plans. Underestimates in the construction costs, arguments between city and club officials over who would foot the bill, unpaid fees and poor weather all contributed to the problem. Construction workers labored to add more seats in Sick's Stadium for the one o'clock start the next day. The scoreboard had just been set up the day before. Dewey Soriano demanded that all work be completed by 11 o'clock on the morning of game day, forcing the construction workers to labor through the night.

By the end of the first month of play the Pilots were 8-17 in the win-loss column. On the morning of April 11 over 17,000 fans flocked to Seattle's Rainier Valley for the Pilots' home opener. One of these fans was Darren Lamb, a 22-year-old Tacoma native. Thirty years later he recalled that it was a beautiful spring day, perfect for baseball. After years of being a Tacoma Giants fan, Lamb could not believe he was actually going to see major league baseball live in the Pacific Northwest. When Lamb arrived he found construction crews still hard at work. A number of the patrons had to wait in line while carpenters finished fastening their seats. Some folks were not seated until the third inning. Other fans took advantage of gaps in the temporary fence to watch the game for free. Lamb found his seat amongst the short-sleeved, sun-glassed fans, and they were all treated to a 7-0 Pilot win. "Everyone left the game with a good feeling about the Pilots and the start of the new baseball season," he remembered. Those "good feelings" quickly faded.

By the end of the first month of play the Pilots were 8-17 in the win-loss column. It became evident that the team's talent was not measuring up to what Milkes and Schultz had hoped for. The poor play resulted in fans becoming as scarce as wins. There were spurs of respectable attendance, but folks did not necessarily come to see baseball on its own merit. A promotional giveaway was about the only way to guarantee ticket sales.

Sick's Stadium remained an issue throughout the season. For Jim Bouton the field was a pitcher's graveyard. Trying, albeit facetiously, to look on the bright side, he wrote, "The great thing about our ball park [is that] when a home run hit off you disappears over the fence your eye catches a glimpse of the majesty of Mount Rainier and some of that bad feeling goes away." Few others found anything positive to say about the park. Sick's rough turf became the bane of players around the league. The clubhouse facilities were second rate, and as fans used the rest rooms throughout the game the water pressure became so weak that the toilets usually quit working after the seventh inning, forcing players to go back to their homes or hotel rooms to shower. Meanwhile, fans had to put up with an aging stadium that had a number of poor vision seats selling for the relatively high cost of $2.50 to $3.50.
Midway through his 15-year baseball career, Diego Segui played for the Pilots. He sported a 12-6 record with a 3.35 earned run average. He ended his career in 1977, playing for the Mariners.

When they got hungry they were faced with the highest concession prices in the league.

The stadium situation, poor attendance, and the need for better players were problems that could only be solved with money. Consequently, majority owner William Daley visited Seattle in mid season. He hoped to garner local financial help—a quest that was an unqualified failure. Seattle area businesses and civic leaders turned a deaf ear to Daley's overtures. A major factor was the poor financial health of the region. Boeing was experiencing a severe slump, and there was even talk of the company closing its doors. Supporting the Pilots was not a priority. Both Lenny Anderson and Stan Farber agreed that another problem was the local community's disenchantment with Dewey Soriano. According to Anderson and Faber, business leaders felt that Soriano, despite being a Seattle native, was "from the wrong side of the tracks." This attitude was compounded by a general dislike for Daley. The Pilots' front office had allowed too much controversy to surface for the taste of the Seattle community.

Shortly after Daley returned to Cleveland he granted Lenny Anderson an interview, stating that he would give Seattle another year to support the team. No support meant he would move or sell the club. When these comments were published back in Seattle, the schism widened between Pacific Northwest Sports and Seattle citizens. Mayor Floyd Miller threatened to evict the Pilots from Sick's Stadium on September 8 unless many of the financial issues were resolved. Daley's comments hardened the stance between city and club officials.

The Pilots finished the season in last place in the American League Western Division with a 64-98 record, 33 games behind first place. Milkes and Soriano immediately fired Schultz and his staff and hired Dave Bristol as the new manager. They then traded a host of players. However, fielding a competitive team for the 1970 major league season would be the least of the Pilots' worries. Problems with facilities, finances, personalities and deadlines overshadowed the typical problems of preparing the team for future contests on the field.

The Sick's Stadium renovation remained behind schedule and groundbreaking for the new stadium, for which the American League had mandated a completion date of December 1970, had yet to take place. Six sites had been proposed—the Seattle Center being the most talked about—but each ran into opposition. And in Tempe the team was slapped with a lawsuit because the contractor claimed the organization had not constructed a motel and accompanying facilities near the park as promised.

As things got worse, talk of moving the team began to surface. This prompted Seattle city leaders to consider the possibility of being stuck with a stadium reconstruction bill, a new domed stadium, and no team. A fusillade of charges and demands emerged from both camps. The American League president, Joe Cronin, tried to broker a truce, but after one particular meeting Daley reiterated to the press that Seattle had one more year to prove it wanted major league baseball. Meanwhile, Senators Magnuson and Jackson, along with Slade Gorton, then Washington's attorney general, promised antitrust legislation if the club was moved. Their threats made it apparent to American League owners that the problem in Seattle could affect the entire league.

The owners met during the 1969 World Series and voiced frustration at the situation in Seattle. By this time Bud Selig of Milwaukee had tendered a $13.1 million offer to purchase the Pilots. He represented a group that wanted to replace the Braves, who had left Wisconsin in 1965 for Atlanta. The American League owners, tempted by Selig's offer, were tempered by the antitrust threats from Jackson, Magnuson and Gorton. However, the October 29, 1969, edition of the Chicago Daily News reported that the Pilots would be moving to Milwaukee. The article stated, "The Pilots will be renamed the Brewers and will be under Milwaukee ownership. It is known that Milwaukee has virtually sewed up the franchise." This report was most likely due to the fact that Soriano and Selig had been meeting in Milwaukee.

Mayor Floyd Miller called for a new ownership group that would allow Seattle to keep the team, but he had admitted that the city had a $5 million deficit at that point and would be unable to effect some $500,000 worth of needed stadium improvements. Then, in November, Seattle got a new
mayor—Wes Uhlman—who campaigned on a platform that did not support stadium expenditures. The city’s hopes would have to be answered by private sector dollars.

In late October 1969 such a possibility became evident when local entrepreneur Fred Danz contacted Daley about purchasing the club. Daley was open to the query, but Danz’s bid was less than that of Selig’s group. Nevertheless, news of the offer reached the American League owners while they conducted their October meeting in Chicago. They were intrigued because Danz represented closure to the situation. They gave Danz nine days to come up with the funding. Danz was required to produce a $10 million portfolio, double the original cost of the club, because Pacific Northwest Sports had accumulated significant debt. Danz requested and received an extension until December 1.

As the December deadline approached, a new purchase package was created that retained Daley within the organization. The Sorianos, who had little support in Seattle, were to sell all of their holdings. An array of small stockholders were retained, and Marvin Milkes was kept as general manager. The total deal amounted to $10.3 million. It looked like Seattle might keep its club under the auspices of a local owner.

Danz spent much of his time gathering investors and satisfying financial claims from creditors who knew of the team’s possible sale. Then he faced a problem he could not solve. One of Pacific Northwest Sports’ major creditors, the Bank of California, was calling in $3.5 million on a $4 million loan. Danz had assumed that the bank would let him assume the debt, but bank officials did not think that Seattle could support major league baseball. Danz could not broker a solution and the deal was dead, leaving Daley to frustratingly exclaim, “The Pilots are up for grabs!”

The Milwaukee offer remained on the table, but Seattle did not give up. On January 27, 1970, American League owners met in Oakland and had an audience with Edward Carlson, one of the investors in the Danz group. He had devised an alternative financing scheme for the Pilots, suggesting that the club be purchased by a nonprofit group consisting of business and labor organizations, along with various individuals representing $2.5 million. They would keep the club going until the opening of the domed stadium. Profits would go back into the community and toward buying off Daley’s and the Sorianos’ interest in the team. The league owners immediately vetoed the proposal. Stan Farber pointed out that such a plan of public ownership would have devalued the worth of all the other major league teams. At a time when anything resembling communism was held in anathema, Carlson’s plan was akin to socializing an industry. Major league baseball would have nothing to do with it.

The owners told Carlson that they would give him until February 6 to develop another plan with a $9 million cash portfolio. He immediately went to work assembling an investor group that included 60 businesses, labor organizations and individuals. He was even able to convince the Bank of California to become part of the coalition. When he brought the package to the league in early February it came under immediate attack. They had been burned by the Danz proposal and were skeptical. After some debate they voted 8 to 4 to accept the proposal; nine votes were needed for approval. Thus, the situation was back to square one, with an added new twist—Pacific Northwest Sports was now bankrupt.

It seemed certain that the Pilots would be moving to Milwaukee. America’s beer capital began making preparations for the team’s arrival by printing tickets, arranging radio and television contracts, and putting Milwaukee’s County Stadium into playing shape.

The courts were Seattle’s last hope. Mayor Wes Uhlman filed suit in King County Superior Court to prevent the move. He was joined by the State of Washington, which

By 1969 Seattle residents had finally earned the right to celebrate major league baseball. Don Nelson won a contest to name the team, contending that the moniker was a tribute to Seattle’s naval and aviation legacy.
filed to protect some $25 million in investments and potential revenues. At a hearing held several days later, Special State Assistant Attorney General William Dwyer claimed that the American League was "turning America's national pastime into a 'sordid commercial activity' in trying to move the Seattle Pilots baseball franchise." Even the common man got in the act. Seattle attorney Alfred Schweppe, acting "as a ticket holder on behalf of his 'outraged self,'" filed an injunction to prevent the team's departure. He wanted to protect the $775 he had paid for season tickets and parking. Counter suits were also filed by creditors who wanted the team sold so that they could collect money from the bankrupt club operators.

Meanwhile, Senator Magnuson began concocting a challenge to baseball's antitrust exemption. He told one interviewer, "If they move this team after just one year, it would be evidence that they are not a sport but a commercial enterprise."

The injunctions were considered in a morning hearing at Superior Court, while the afternoons were devoted to Federal Bankruptcy Court. Superior Court Judge James Mifflin heard arguments for and against keeping the team in town. However, after hearing a plea by Dwyer, Mifflin responded, "I've passed people on the street who say, 'Take the bloody ball club away. We don't want the damned thing.' No, I don't know how you can keep any operation here under those circumstances." Later Milkes admitted he did not have enough money to pay players, coaches or management staff. The fate of the Pilots would be in the hands of the bankruptcy court.

In front of Federal Bankruptcy Referee Sidney Volinn, the Soriano brothers bemoaned the financial losses and the fact that the outlook for 1970 offered little hope. Volinn heard no testimony that countered their claims. On March 25 Volinn lifted all legal restraints preventing the Pilots from moving. There was still the faint hope that a new local buyer would come forward. But none did. Five days later, just as spring training was coming to an end, Volinn signed a document allowing the Pilots to be sold to the Selig group. A moving van full of Pilots equipment was parked in Utah, waiting, when Volinn's order directed the crew east toward the Great Lakes. The Pilots were going to Milwaukee.

News of the Volinn decision shocked a number of Seattle fans, including Darren Lamb. He recalled that folks were terribly upset about the situation and couldn't believe the team would do such a thing as move to another city. The anger led to finger-pointing. Politicians blamed the American League, the league blamed the city, the city blamed Pacific Northwest Sports, which in turn also blamed the city.

Obviously, each of these groups had a hand in the Pilots' departure. Poor facilities, a noncompetitive team, low attendance, an unorganized administration and an inflexible league seem fairly obvious factors. But the Pilots were not unique when it came to these problems. Professional sports teams have all faced these situations sometime during their existence. Most survive. Why not the Pilots?

Jim Bouton believed that Seattle, unlike a number of other cities in 1969, was "the kind of cosmopolitan city that may never be good for baseball. People are interested in cultural events. I don't think they're very interested in sitting and watching a ball game." Lenny Anderson agreed with Bouton. He felt that, initially, Seattle really wanted a big league team. Yet, fans did not share the same love for the sport as those from cities like Boston or Chicago. Seattle baseball patrons wanted wins. Anderson, on the other hand, appreciated the fact that, though the Pilots were bad, a number of the teams they played were not. He still recalls watching the 1969 Baltimore Orioles, a team that could boast some of the best pitchers and everyday players of the modern era. This inability to understand the opportunity the Pilots gave the region contributed to the team's poor attendance and meager revenues. Anderson does not think it fair to completely blame Daley, Milkes or the Sorianos for the team's misfortunes.

Determining the significance of the 1969 Pilots, like attaching blame for their failure, is not clear-cut. Stan Farber argues that the team is important because it represents the first "major league" sport in Seattle—although the Supersonics were already in town, the NBA was not the league it is today. The Pilots experience led to the establishment of the Seahawks and the Mariners. So, in Farber's view, the Pilots helped put Seattle on the professional sports map.

For Anderson, the Pilots represent a bleak period in his professional life; over the years he has tried to put his memories of that year in the back of his mind. He sees the team as an embarrassment that gave the city a black eye. Especially troubling was the way locals vilified the owners. Their accusations that Pacific Northwest Sports was in the project solely for the money trivialized Dewey Soriano's sincere desire to make the Pilots a permanent fixture in Seattle. Anderson was saddened when the local boy from Franklin High School was virtually run out of town by the city's establishment.

Today the city has the Mariners, but that team, like the Pilots, is owned by outside interests whose devotion to the region is not guaranteed. And the question of facilities still remains a focal point of public debate. Criticism of the Kingdome almost caused the Mariners to move to Florida in 1996. Funding was obtained to build new facilities and keep the Mariners in town, but the construction of Safeco Field, with its delays and cost overruns, seems hauntingly familiar to anyone who can remember back 30 years.

What this story does show us is that, when a region attempts to define itself through its professional sports teams, there are social, political and financial costs that must be paid. In 1969 the costs proved too high.

Kurt Schaefer teaches history at Bates Technical College in Tacoma. He has a passion for baseball and is a lifelong Detroit Tigers fan.
The scene is Winslow, Washington, 1953. We were celebrating the 100th anniversary of the Oregon Trail, I believe. My dad made the covered wagon and our little dog Jipp pulled it in the parade for me. That's me, the old prospector with the beard, the boots and the blue jeans, which are way too long. My mom always bought an extra length or two, knowing that I was growing faster than she could pour the milk down my throat.

—Secretary of State Ralph Munro

EDITOR’S NOTE
In the year 2000 Secretary of State Ralph Munro concludes a distinguished career that includes many years of service on the Washington State Historical Society Board of Trustees.
Nellie Cornish said to me, "Whoever becomes an artist dedicates himself to a lifetime of hard work." Someone also said, "Artists and saints are akin"—both possess infinite patience.

—Helmi Juvonen

Among the major artists of the "Northwest School"—Mark Tobey, Morris Graves, Guy Anderson, Kenneth Callahan, George Tsutakawa, and about a dozen others—painter Helmi Juvonen has emerged as an important figure. Her work is imaginative, often playful, and bountifully original. No other non-Indian artist in the early history of Northwest Art has had such firsthand knowledge of Native American art of the Pacific Northwest. The only comparable figure would be British Columbia painter Emily Carr. Both Juvonen and Carr sketched the totemic art and rituals of the region, transforming their on-the-spot sketches into strong, distinctive artistic statements.

Helmi Dagmar Juvonen (1903-1985) was born in Butte, Montana. When she was 15, she and her family moved to Seattle. Her Finnish parents encouraged her artistic expression as a child. By the time Helmi entered Queen Anne High School, she was already an accomplished artist. She continued to develop her talent at the Cornish School (now Cornish College of the Arts) and appears to have been a highly motivated, talented, and hard-working student. Boxes of notebooks from these early days attest to her passion for drawing.

Helmi made a respectable living by selling prints to clients like Frederick & Nelson and making sketches for the Seattle Times. Later in life she sold prints at Seattle's Pike Place Market—"thousands of prints" as she herself said. Although
many of these prints were loose and whimsical, Helmi could also draw with the precision of a scientific illustrator. Her more personal work was intimate, delicate and joyful. Contemporary artists like Morris Graves, Mark Tobey and Guy Anderson admired and collected her work.

Helmi was also closely connected to Washington's Native American culture. She was often a guest at important ceremonials, sketching what she saw. Her Indian friends called her “Northern Light.”

When I first met Helmi in Seattle's University District in 1950, I was enchanted by her unique personality. She was so delightfully colorful. Her eccentricities were lively and charming. Her personality was as colorful and distinctive as her pictures. And even her hero-worship of painter Mark Tobey was touching in its respectfulness for his privacy. But something started to happen to her. She became obsessed with Tobey; she complained that people, sometimes even old friends, were trying to put a hex of sorts on her. She became increasingly obsessive, at times acutely suspicious and paranoid. She had become, for lack of a better description, “deeply disturbed,” and there were frequent public complaints and private concerns about her often disruptive behavior. Perhaps in a different setting Helmi, who incidentally was also painting some of her most powerful and original works at that very time, might have been more at home. The very traits that made her “socially inappropriate” in Seattle may have been those of a kind of shamanistic “holy person” in a different society, such as a Native American tribal setting.

In 1959, at age 56, Helmi was taken to Northern State Hospital in Sedro Woolley for clinical evaluation. (She had reputedly already been diagnosed in 1930 as “manic-depressive”—what we presently call “bipolar.”) The following year she became a ward of the state and was transferred to the Oakhurst Convalescent Center at Elma. There she remained until her death in 1985. I wrote to her, asking if she would document in her letters to me an account of her early years. Where and with whom had she studied art? How had she managed to make a living? My intention was to suggest a project that would help occupy her attention while she was uprooted, away from her home in Edmonds, and experiencing a traumatic time in her life. The letters she wrote from Elma in 1960 constitute a significant amount of information about her early years as an artist. They also document Helmi's ability to remain joyfully creative in circumstances that would have defeated a less disciplined and imaginative person.
Helmi's letters from Elma during the years she was there attest to how much she liked Elma and how well cared for she was at the Oakhurst Convalescent Center. During those years she continued to paint and draw. In 1975 she began to paint new works for the many exhibitions that were held during the final decade of her life. She often talked about leaving there and having a house of her own again, but as she grew older it is highly doubtful that she could have managed very well on her own. At Oakhurst she had an assured roof over her head, regular meals, professional medical care, and the freedom to spend part of each day in town or going for jaunts to Seattle or nearby places with the many friends who came regularly to visit her. She sent and received so many letters and presents from friends and pen pals that her room at Oakhurst sometimes looked like a miniature post office.

The following letters are among the Helmi Juvonen papers and those of the author in the care of the University of Washington Libraries (Manuscripts, Special Collections, University Archives), Seattle. Helmi's letters have been excerpted and edited in order to provide an introductory account of her early years as a young artist and friend of many other Northwest artists.

Northern State Hospital
Sedro Woolley, WA
21 March 1960 [excerpt]
Dear Wes,

Just heard I will be going to the new place [the Oakhurst Convalescent Center at Elma, Washington] next week - I don't know exactly where it is - but John [Uitti, University Way picture framer and close friend of Helmi, Pehr Hallsten, Mark Tobey, and many other artists] can find out.

Elma, Washington
26 March 1960 [excerpt]
Dear Wes & John [Uitti] & everyone -

I am at Oakhurst near Elma - a small neat little town surrounded by pastures - small woods & many trees - Baptist ladies came after us in cars last Wednesday & we went to the Sunday school rooms & played games - checkers - dominoes - Chinese checkers & other games - then all sang songs & coffee & cookies were served - Tuesday ladies came & we played Bingo with prizes for everyone - this is a nice quiet place & all

are pleasant - it is on the road to Hoquiam & Aberdeen - visiting days are every day - come when you can.

Elma, Washington
25 April 1960 [excerpt]
Dear Wes -

Just came back from Baptist Sunday school & children - we have a new minister from California - with a son named Mark! - I also discovered many hymns with words written by Charles Wesley & wondered if he were related to the well-known Wesley of early days.

The "Blue Mountain Boys" - professional cowboy & folk-song singers came again yesterday with many familiar songs & some new ones - they get them soon after they are written & before they become popular on radio & television.

Am still studying notes & pictures in Boas' "Primitive Art" & like the Haida things much.

The Salvation Army band was here this afternoon singing - playing marches & hymns.

Elma, Washington
22 May 1960 [excerpt]
Dear Wes,

Went to Baptist church ce matin [this morning] - the school teacher preacher spoke on astronomy & the infinity of space.

Elma, Washington
20 June 1960 [excerpt]
Dear Wes -

I know how frank Zoe [art dealer Zoe Dusanne, who represented Tobey in Seattle during the early 1950s] is with her opinions! - am glad she has a good show - it is not always easy to acquire a collection of good paintings & realize few truly have the ability to appreciate them - Boas said in primitive society - as in our own - few are they who create and appreciate beauty.

Of course we know & understand [Mark Tobey's] paintings for we are of the initiated - possessing an inborn appreciation of truly great work - a reflection of the Creator - of the artist - it is something bigger - something beyond himself - he is merely the medium thru which the deity finds expression - you have heard "Hitch your wagon to a star - make the stars your comp - the Deity your light - then will divine secrets & heavenly mysteries be revealed to you" - I was told this at Queen Anne High - they wanted me to go to the U. & to [the] Pratt Institute [School of Art and Design, Brooklyn, NY] - understanding and appreciation go hand in hand - man clings to familiar things - to venture out into vast new mental realms takes courage.

Glad you can go to Oregon - I love it down there - the people were so kind - a friend said "kindness is the most important thing in the world" - he was called "the miracle man" (a doctor who said it was merely due to consideration of others).

When I come home I will dig up a piano someplace so you can practice all you want - hello to Mark [Tobey] & Per [Tobey's long-time companion, painter Pehr Hallsten] & all our friends - love (xxx) Helmi

HELMI RETROSPECTIVE

Through September 30, 2000, the "Inviting the Spirit" Gallery, within the Hall of Washington History at the Washington State History Museum, features a retrospective of work by Helmi Juvonen, who was an inspiration to many artists and friends. Visitors to the exhibit will enjoy the wide range of styles employed by this imaginative woman whose prints and paintings have been collected and treasured by such notable Northwest artists as Morris Graves and Mark Tobey.

Although some may categorize Helmi as a naive painter, she actually had quite a bit of formal art training and continued to educate herself throughout her life. She once told me and her friends Jean Russell and Gary Lundell, "When I studied at Cornish, Miss Cornish [Nellie C. Cornish, founder and director of the Cornish School] taught us to be practical if we wanted to be artists." The following letters show how Helmi combined a remarkable technical background in the arts with great ingenuity in living by her artistic wits.

Elma, Washington
4 April 1960 [excerpt]
Dear Wes & John [Uitti] & everyone -

Was rereading your letters about my work. When I was small my father used to do pencil sketches for us & I learned much from my older sister about watercolors - for small children want to do what the bigger ones are doing. We always had good paintings in our home which influenced me much. The first artist I knew was Ambrose Patterson aho I did not study with him, we visited his home & classes on the campus.

I studied illustration with William Horace Smith (private lessons) who later became director of the old Seattle Art School - here we studied with Francis Tadema (Holland Dutch) doing portraits - heads & the whole figure - we even had to draw a skeleton - learning the names of the bones & draw all the muscles - Tadema took us to Woodland Park [Zoo in Seattle] to draw moving animals & at this time we started going to the anthropology department on Saturdays & drawing there - doing the moving animals at Woodland Park started me on drawing action pictures - as the dancing & drumming Indians at their ceremonials on the reservations.

My first exhibit of Indian art was at Harry Hartman's bookshop [in downtown Seattle] - (Mrs. [A. S.] Kerry [first president] of the Museum & Art Foundation arranged it).

Elma, Washington
11 April 1960 [excerpt]
Dear Wes & John [Uitti] & all -

Wes dear - back to my work - I made rag dolls while at Queen Anne Hi. & sold them to department stores - then I did
a few pen & ink sketches for Marie Newberg who had the Virginia Boren column in the Seattle Times - this I did thru the Music & Art Foundation - the Kerrys - Mrs. Alonso Condon & other old timers - I also did sketches of Indians for the news section during Potlatch - these potlatches were very interesting - at them I met the first Yakimas - old Job Charlie in his chief's headdress & camping in tepees - White Eagle a Chippewa & his family also were here selling beads made of colored wild rice - I did sketches - dozens of them - of all these people along with the beaded-bags & baby cradles & etc.

Before the [Seattle] art museum was built [1931-32] we had the Fine Art Society with a gallery - here I exhibited dolls - I believe the old Seattle Art School group invited & urged Dr. [Richard E.] Fuller [founder and director of the Seattle Art Museum] to come to Seattle.

Write when you can - have you heard from Morris [Graves]? - love (xxx) Helmi

Elma, Washington
17 April 1960 [excerpt]
Dear Wes,

Back to notes on my work - after children's & adult classes (made drawing) at the Seattle Art School I did work for society people - a fish costume & invitations to a big ball the John Eddys gave - invitations for Bill Bolcom's (tummy) birthday party favors for a party given by Mrs. Nathan Eckstein (Johanna Eckstein's mother) & hundreds of favors - place cards - centerpieces & a bridal window-display of dolls (like puppets) for Frederick & Nelsons - I also did dance programs of a miniature portrait of Marcella Clapton announcing her engagement to Donald McDermott (original owners of Bon Marche).

Then I made a large mural of dolls of all nations in national costumes for Bon Marche's toy department - which they had for many years in succession - another year I made designs for the whole toy department for Christmas - a tremendous amount of ideas.

Elma, Washington
25 April 1960 [excerpt]
Dear Wes,

More about my work - After Seattle Art Club School I did a calendar ([Princess] Angelina [Chief Seattle]) design for Kristoferson milk company - a Christmas card of Mr. Rainier for Lowman & Hanford (a Seattle stationery and art supply store) - sewed (by hand) tasselaus for Harvey Wright's (window display man at Best's) wife & trimmed hats for [jeweler] Bill Staadecker's dad's place.

I worked at Cascade Fixture Co. where I learned drafting - printing & about Greek & French design - then Mrs. John Eddy gave me a scholarship to Cornish to study with Walter Reese (Ebba Rapp McLoughlin - sculpture & Henrietta English Woessner were among the students) - I illustrated "Alice in Wonderland" - one summer I studied puppetry with Richard Odlin - (Glen Kerry Trimble & Florence Agen - sister of Mrs. Cebert Bailey [a very good friend of Richard Fuller's - made "Jack & the Bean-stalk" for Junior League] - I did Romeo & Juliet [puppets] when I was studying puppetry with Richard Odlin at the Cornish, Ellen von Volkenberg (Mrs. Maurice Brown) who has a theatre in London was teaching dramatics & was much interested in Shakespeare - I did Romeo & Juliet - she started Paul Robeson in Othello in London.

Nellie Cornish sent me to Richard Fuller & I began modeling figures out of clay - a Nativity - a Mexican Market scene - & figures from the secret-society ceremonial at the Malahat - Vancouver Island, B.C. [now in Nordic Heritage Museum collection] - the Junior League gave me $500 for the Indian diorama - mother Fuller [Mrs. Eugene Fuller] bought a tempera of a circus for $250 at a N.W. Annual & I started doing more large tempera on canvas for every N.W. Annual.

I also exhibited prints at the print annual at the Library of Congress in Wn. D.C. & at Philadelphia (courtesy of Richard Fuller's sister) I got a $10.00 prize for a litho at the [Seattle] Art Museum & a $50.00 prize there for a poster (from Lowman & Hanford).

"hello" to all - love (xxx) Helmi

Elma, Washington
1 May 1960 [excerpt]
Dear Wes & everyone -

I worked for [painter] Jacob Elshin when he was in the White building - folding Christmas cards which he designed & painted - then I sketched & had [my sketch] autographed [in 1934 by violinist] Fritz Kreisler - Rolland Denny at 86 (he was 2 months old when the first pioneers landed at Alki Point) - [actress] Mary Pickford - Don Blanding [artist & poet] - Langley & last of all [Haile] Selassie [Emperor of Ethiopia].

I also wrote poetry - Mrs. A. S. Kerry wanted me to illustrate & sell it - especially the children's poems.

COLUMBIA 28 SUMMER 2000
I almost got a studio on Capitol Hill - the old Episcopal Sunday School from Bernard Pelly - British Consulate & father of Thomas Minor Pelly - who has been in Washington, D.C.

On the Federal Art Project under Bruce Inverarity (his father Duncan I. first got me interested in Canadian Indians) - I designed hooked rugs - floral designs & authentic Indian designs (copied from books by Bruce) - these were exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum - then the Navy took over (war) & I worked with Lieut. Roberts in the camouflage division doing research work at the [Seattle] Public Library.

On the Project were Tobey - Morris Graves - Fay Chong - Jacob Elshin - Andy Chinn - [Julius] Twohy [a Ute Indian with whom Helmi visited some of the Indian ceremonies] - Hans Bok & Dick Correll (now in N.Y.) - a lame boy who did beautiful watercolors - Agatha Kirsch (flowers). I sketched at Hooversville for 1 month (along with all the other artists) - the old shacks made of packing boxes & scraps.

Hope you had a nice May Day - love (xxx) Helmi

Elma, Washington
16 May 1960 [excerpt]
Dear Wes,

After studying with Walter Reese & Richard Odlin at the Cornish, I studied lithography with Emelio Amoro (a Mexi-

OPPOSITE PAGE: One of Helmi Juvenen’s 1972 letters to painter Morris Graves.

ABOVE: Helmi Juvenen’s Boeing Aircraft Company employee identification card (circa 1942).


...can now at the U. of Oklahoma) at the same school - we used Bavarian litho stones & had a hand press such as [U.W., faculty printmaker] Glen Alps now uses - I used sensitized zinc sheets which are easier to handle but must be run on a large press owned by lithographic companies.

After the Navy Research I went to Boeings & worked in mechanical equipment dept. doing pencil sketches of isometric perspectives - also went to the University [of Washington] nite-school & studied under [Charles E.] Douglas (engineering & mechanical drawing) who said I was a genius! - used to have coffee & pie with [sculptor] Dudley Pratt during coffee break.

Then I made full size patterns for planes in master-lay-out (with a silver - not lead - pencil) - then in the Electrical Dept. we studied the fundamental theory of electricity & the atomic theory (in preliminary design they were designing irons - refrigerators & stoves using atomic heat) - Mitch Berry (in charge of mechanical equipment) wanted me to study calculus at the U.
so I could go into preliminary design.

I did fashion watercolors for a dressmaker across the street from Magnin's Fifth Ave. store - also watercolors of "Milky Way" - my white kitty given me by Jacob Elsin & of "Figaro" a tabby-cat.

Then I went to night-school at the Potlatch Pottery & learned casting & modeling in clay (as Richard Odlin taught in his puppet class at Cornish).

I continued going to the Indian ceremonies at La Conner - Lummi - Yakima - Colville (Nez Perces live there - it means "pierced noses") and Vancouver Island. I specialized in face-paintings & had dozens & dozens of pencil sketches showing various markings.

At the spirit-dances in the smoke-houses the four big fires on the dirt floor almost roasted our faces - while our backs almost froze from the cold wind blowing thru the wide cracks between the boards! - In olden times it was bad manners to move from the seat given to guests & they actually had blisters on their legs from the hot fire.

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Helmi Juvonen wrote often to Morris Graves. In the following letter to him she describes attending secret society initiation rites on Vancouver Island.

Elma, Washington
17 September 1975 [excerpt]
Dear Morris,

Pine trees are still & quiet - mostly moving - all the wild flowers have gone to seed! - I finally got paint and will paint my storage box tomorrow. I have a good book, North American Mythology. It starts with bundled-up Eskimos and then to Tlingits of Alaska and their fine hats & garments & Chilcat aprons - it shows the interior of a home on Nootka Sound, Vancouver Island.

When I went to the initiation of a secret society (10 initiated) it was in a long house with fires in the middle of the floor - great chunks of wood! - babies slept on an overhanging shelf on top of the door - not even a shelf to keep them in - bigger children fell asleep on long benches where spectators sat - everyone has a place to sit - the "guests" (initiated) came in black robes with wooden carved paddles & a big, big black headdress with feathers on top - only a few are initiated - and we had stew & bread.

I heard my exhibit [at the Pacific Northwest Arts Center, Seattle Art Museum] was a good one! (from Wes) he said it did come out lovely after working on it! - keep happy - eat well - fruit & vegetables & good things! - love (xxx) Helmi

The reciprocal fondness that painter Morris Graves had for Helmi is reflected in his letters and postcards to her—for instance:

Kathmandu, Nepal
January 14, '71
Helmi dear,

In our next life let's be born here [in Kathmandu]! Such majesty, such silence, such smiling - warm hearted people. Leaving now for Sikkim - the little Buddhist kingdom at the east end of this great Himalayan range. Loved your Thanksgiving message. Hope happiness & health for 1971. love (xxx) Morris - love to Wes too.

In 1969 Helmi wrote to me, "It is good to preserve information." Her words were prophetic because her 1952-53 documentation of the Makah dances and tribal regalia in her
OPPOSITE PAGE: At one point in her career Helmi sold prints of her work, including these designs, at Seattle’s Pike Place Market.

BELOW: Helmi and Wes Wehr at the Oakhurst Convalescent Center in Elma, 1980-81.

sketches and field notes now constitutes a unique record of Makah tribal and cultural history.

Elma, Washington
22 May 1960 [excerpt]
Dear Wes & John [Uitti] & all -
Charlie Swan at Neah Bay (chief) was a Makah from the Nootka tribe of the west coast of Vancouver Is. - he did the wolf dance with wooden wolf mask & button blanket - crawling about on the floor imitating a wolf very realistically - I spent much time at his house sketching his many masks - rattles & etc. - he often had Canadian Nootkas visiting - one old chief wanted to buy me for his wife at a Potlatch! - Charlie Swan worked for the Smithsonian Institution & his picture is in their publications.

These Indians too dance all night at the celebration in the summer “Makah Day” - Charlie Swan Jr., recently wrote me that his father passed away in his sleep while they were getting ready to come to Seattle Seafair.

Elma, Washington
31 May 1960 [excerpt]
Dear Wes & Zoe [Dusanne] & all -
When [fashionable portrait painter] Howard Chandler Christy came to Seattle from N.Y. to paint Dr. McCullough’s portrait (he founded the Orthopedic Hospital) I made small figures for him which he gave to the children visiting his studio - his wife (a very beautiful former model) & small daughter Natalie were with him.

I used to do nurse-maid work in the summers & paint during the winters - Twice I stayed with the Dr. Cleins (pediatrician) - he had 4 beautiful little children & one summer I spent at “Oaklawn” - Otto Wittwer’s estate on Lake Washington - he had one little black-eyed Spanish-looking baby - the mother was from Honduras.

On days off I went to China Town sketching & discovered the Gee How-Oak-Chinn [Family] Association or Chinn & Woo [Yuen] - the altar here was very ornamental with much gold & gilt & on it was a portrait with founder of this “family society” - each day before it was placed rice & wine & incense - [Chinese-American painter] Fay Chong said he has not been taken there.

During the final years of her life many Pacific Northwest institutions vied to have large exhibitions of Helmi Juvonen’s work and to acquire her works for their permanent collections: the Frye Art Museum, the Henry Art Gallery and the Nordic Heritage Museum (all in Seattle); the Washington State Capitol Museum and The Evergreen State College (both in Olympia); the Whatcom Museum of History and Art (Bellingham); and the Cheney Cowles Museum (Spokane). Young artists came to Elma to meet her. Filmmakers came to Oakhurst to document her. Art critics and news reporters wanted to interview her. At the very end of her life Helmi became the most locally famous “unrecognized” artist in the Pacific Northwest. She loved the attention, and she especially enjoyed meeting so many new friends and visiting with the numerous old friends who came often and took her for outings in the country.

In 1982 Helmi’s close friend, teacher and writer Brent Goeres, who lived only a few miles away from Oakhurst, brought Helmi to the Burke Museum of Natural History & Culture for a reception, to meet many of her old and new friends, and to see an exhibition of her work. As Brent was driving Helmi back to Elma and she was worries that her kitties were wondering where she was and where their dinner was, Helmi turned to Brent and said, “I may be an old lady now, but I’ve never had so much fun in my life!”

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PIONEER PUBLISHER OF WASHINGTON'S FIRST NEWSPAPER

By Harry McElroy Strong

Thornton F. McElroy came west by covered wagon in 1849, seeking California gold. He wanted to strike it rich. Although things didn't work out as planned, he did eventually acquire the wealth he sought—as publisher of the first newspaper in Washington Territory.

Thornton F. McElroy became publisher of the first newspaper in Washington Territory at age 27. He was a "proper" red-bearded Scotsman who had come west to seek his fortune.

TOP: "Olympia, Budd Inlet and the Olympics," 1872, painting by Elizabeth O. Kimball.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Sarah McElroy waited five years in Illinois for her husband to "get settled" in the west before joining him in 1854.
Thornton McElroy was born in West Middleton, Pennsylvania, in 1825. His father was a Methodist clergyman who came to the United States from Ireland in 1790. He died the year after Thornton was born. Thornton's mother then took the family to Ohio to be with her relatives. McElroy left home at 18 and found a job as an apprentice printer at the Free Press in Pittsfield, Illinois, where he met Sarah Bates. The two were married in 1847.

About this time many restless young men from large Scotch-Irish families decided to seek their fortunes in the West. McElroy, too, found this idea attractive and, despite urgings from his family, decided in April 1849 to make the trip. He left his wife, Sarah, behind, planning to call for her when he was settled. Neither anticipated that five long years would pass before they would see each other again.

McElroy's sister Lizzie was most upset. On March 1, 1849, she wrote Sarah:

So your husband is going to California? I do declare! Doctor [Zenus McElroy, TF's brother] was in the notion for a few days, but I think he has quite abandoned the idea of such a wild goose chase, thinking it better to acquire a fortune slow and sure. These California riches may prove a "will o' the wisp" to many an adventurer, I think. I think your husband will surely give up the idea, for I cannot think he loves the Gold, more than his wife. Not any use for you to advise, for these men are such knowing creatures, they know their own business best.

Countless stories have been written about traveling west by covered wagon on the overland trail. McElroy's experience was similar to that of many others. The rugged 2,000-mile trek required five months of travel on terrible trails, across raging rivers, over steep mountain passes, and through all kinds of weather.

McElroy traveled with his brother-in-law, Norton Bates, in a train of 16 wagons, all from Illinois. The first few days were cold and the trails were deep in mud. During one stretch they crossed the same river 27 times. The party soon realized that their wagons were overloaded—a common experience for the early travelers. McElroy and Bates lightened their load by selling 250 pounds of pilot bread, 200 pounds of flour and 50 pounds of "other stuff." When they approached the higher elevations of Wyoming, the load needed to be lightened again. The pair shortened their wagon by cutting off a third of its length, and they left behind another 500 pounds of flour, a barrel of sugar and several hundred pounds of bacon.

When they reached South Pass in western Wyoming, "our team failed," wrote McElroy, and the group split. They had heard rumors that it was "sickly" at the gold mines and that it would be best to avoid them for awhile. McElroy and Bates took the advice, traded their stake in the outfit for horses, and turned north toward Oregon. The rest of the party went south toward California. McElroy arrived in Oregon City, capital of the Oregon Territory, on August 20, 1849.

For a few months he worked at the local newspaper, the Oregon Spectator. In November he headed south for the goldfields, canoeing down the Columbia to Astoria and then taking passage on a sailing ship to San Francisco—a "very stormy trip."

McElroy wrote Sarah that he had reached the goldfields near Placerville, California, on December 1, 1849, and achieved "tolerable success for a green hand." He averaged one ounce ($16) per day. Once he mined two ounces, some days much less. A half-ounce a day was considered by the miners to be an average find. He was proud to report that he made between $300 and $400 during the month of December.

Unfortunately, his good luck did not continue—he fell sick in early January 1850 and was unable to work for three months. Sick care cost him $30 per week and soon took most of his earnings. By April he was well enough to work again, but high water made the streams difficult to mine. So he decided to return to Oregon City.

Oregon City was founded in 1829 and in the early days was a gathering place for trappers, hunters, traders and voyageurs of the Hudson's Bay Company. It became the first incorporated city west of the Rockies in 1844 and in 1849 was named capital of the newly recognized Oregon Territory. Many travelers taking the Oregon Trail stopped at Oregon City—by 1850 the largest city in the territory—because the land in the Willamette Valley was fertile and there was plenty of water.

Oregon City gave birth to the first newspaper west of the Missouri River, the Oregon Spectator, in February 1846. The Spectator had a modest beginning: four 11½ x 17 pages, four columns wide, issued twice a month at a subscription fee of five dollars per year, paid in advance.

When McElroy arrived in Oregon City in 1849, he worked two months in the printing shop at the Spectator for the princely sum of $6.50 a day. When he
returned in October 1850, he received a wage of $140 per month. He stayed with the paper as shop foreman for a year and a half, until it suspended operations.

McElroy wrote his wife in April 1852 and apologized for not returning home, explaining that he was broke and could not get his money from the Spectator, which owed him $300 in back wages. He moved to Portland and found a job with the Weekly Oregonian. Established in December 1850, the Oregonian was the fifth newspaper published in Oregon. It outlived the many other papers that started in those early days.

The editor of the Oregonian was Thomas J. Dryer, former editor of the California Courier. Dryer largely devoted himself to Oregon's economic development and soon recognized the potential of northern Oregon, the area north of the Columbia River that became Washington Territory. He decided to start a newspaper in Olympia and selected McElroy and James W. Wiley, both of whom were working at the Oregonian, to run the operation. He sent them north in August 1852. The new paper was called the Columbian, in recognition of the name being contemplated for the new territory—Columbia.

McElroy and Wiley were a strange pair, but in retrospect, Dryer had selected a good combination. Wiley, age 32, the designated editor, was a talented writer and a happy-go-lucky Irishman who "liked to drink as much as he liked to write." He would boast that "he couldn't write until he got so drunk he couldn't walk." McElroy, 27 years old and the designated publisher, was, on the other hand, a churchgoing man and a "two-fisted, strong-willed" business manager. Wiley was described as "wild" in appearance, while McElroy was a
"proper" red-bearded Scotsman. Furthermore, Wiley was a Democrat and McElroy a Whig. The two men did not get along well together from the very beginning. And yet the paper got off to a good start due to Wiley's editorial ability and McElroy's "keen business sense."

McElroy continued to struggle with the paper's condition. Fewer than 300 people lived in the area (in about "26 houses and shanties") and there were few businesses in town. Nonetheless, it was the chief population center of the territory. Seattle was still only a dream in the minds of the Denny party who had arrived at Alki Point just seven months earlier. Incidentally, Seattle did not have its first newspaper until 11 years later, in 1863, when the Seattle Gazette began publication.

The first problem for the new paper was getting a printing press. Dryer published the first Oregonian on a Ramage press. It was built by Adam Ramage in 1790 in Philadelphia and had been used to print official government releases and later to print newspapers in Mexico and California before coming to Oregon. Dryer sent it by ship to Olympia. The press was not a model of efficiency. Built of wood and iron, it required four impressions to turn out a newspaper, one for each of the four pages. With this painfully slow process, an expert pressman could produce but 60 to 70 perfect papers in an hour. Type fonts were also a problem. The number available was limited, and they were well worn. It took Dryer, McElroy and Wiley nearly seven months to assemble all the necessary equipment in the little one-story cabin that served as their office on the corner of Second and Washington streets.

Securing subscriptions and advertising was difficult. The population was limited; business advertisers were few. The largest advertisers were the steamship companies and stagecoach lines. They bartered advertising in exchange for carrying newspaper supplies to the Columbian from San Francisco and other cities. Besides delivering supplies, the ships brought newspapers from other parts of the country. These papers were the main source of national and international news since the paper was without the benefit of Pony Express or telegraphic dispatches. While the exchange of advertising for shipping proved mutually advantageous, it generated little cash flow.

A cannon salute welcomed the first issue of the four-page Columbian on September 11, 1852. Typical of early newspapers, the front page was a "sea of type" and featured international and national news obtained from other papers. The first issue included a feature from the National Intelligencer (Washington, D.C.) on the "Empire of Japan," a story of the death of Henry Clay three months earlier, a Brazilian adventure titled "Misfortunes of Jack Beckler," rules on writing for the press as published in The London Morning Post, a story about a duel in San Francisco between an editor and a county politician, and the complete text of a speech delivered by D.R. Bigelow at Olympia's Fourth of July celebration two months earlier.

A one-year subscription to the Columbian was five dollars, "when sent by mail or taken at the office." A six-month subscription cost three dollars. Advertising rates were "One square, (twelve lines or less), three inserts, $5.00; for every additional insertion, $1.00. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers.

The third page of the paper was largely devoted to advertisements. They were not very attractive, mainly because of print restrictions and the desire of advertisers to get as much information as possible into as small a space as possible. This was the only place in the paper where illustrations were to be found. Ads came in from many places: San Francisco, Cowlitz Landing, Oregon City, Monticello, Steilacoom, Portland and Seattle, as well as Olympia.

Also on the third page was a "Statement of Purpose" over the names of "J. W. Wiley, T. F. McElroy." (In the first issue, McElroy's name was misspelled as "McElroy," the Columbian was "Neutral in Politics" and "Devoted to the interests of Oregon in general and the territory north of the Columbia River in particular." Wiley then went on to write, in rather colorful language, an elaboration on this basic statement."

The paper appointed agents who were authorized to "receive subscriptions." They were located throughout the territory. One was on the East Coast. By the third issue the list included: Isaac N. Ebey, Whidby's Island; Henry C. Wilson, Port Townsend;
Balch & Palmer, Steilacoom; W. W. Miller, Nesqually; E. D. Warbass, Cowlitz Farms; Chas. C. Terry & Co., New York; D. F. Brownfield, New Dungeness; F. S. Holland, Oregon City; A. A. Denny, Seattle; S. D. Howe, Penn's Cove, Whidby's Island; John R. Jackson, Jackson's Prairie, Lewis County; A. M. Poe, Poe's Point; and S. S. Williams, Washington City.

By the end of six months the paper had 350 subscribers and advertising was paying for the cost of printing. The territory was beginning to grow, from a population of 2,000 settlers in 1852 to 6,000 by 1854. In 1852 the territory had but two sawmills; in 1853, 33 mills were reported. The number of homes in Olympia increased from 26 in the fall of 1852 to 90 in 1854, and the roads were "much improved."

The founders of the Columbian experienced many difficulties in the first few months of publication. These were exacerbated by the different personalities and political views of its principals. Finally, in March 1853, Mr. Dryer fired James Wiley and replaced him with J. J. Beebe. When Dryer arrived in Olympia with the new man, McElroy thought he was the one to be replaced. "But alas," he wrote his wife, "it was not so ... and I will be compelled to stay until this volume of the 'Columbian' is out. I can't help it. I tried my best to have Mr. Dryer let me go, but he said he did not know of any person he would trust with the position I now occupy." Once again his plan to reunite with his wife was delayed.

Beebe failed to last as long as Wiley, and McElroy was left to run the paper alone from July to September of 1853. By this time McElroy's patience was wearing thin, and he told Dryer that he definitely wanted to be relieved. In a September letter to his wife he wrote,

You will see by the paper that for the last three or four months I have been Editor, Publisher, Compositor, Devil and all hands, besides having his financial affairs to attend to, which is about three men's work, and I am determined now to have rest, and a little time to look at the country.

Within a few days help arrived, but no replacement.

During this time Dryer considered selling the paper but had not been offered enough money. The Democratic Party wanted the paper but was not willing to pay for it. Dryer wanted $2,500. Finally an agreement was reached and, in December 1853, the paper was sold to Wiley and Alfred Metcalf Barry, another former gold miner who had come to work for Dryer on the Oregonian in 1850. The new owners immediately changed the name of the paper to Washington Democrat—for political reasons and because Congress had named the new territory "Washington" instead of "Columbia."

McElroy immediately wrote his wife.

The long looked for time has arrived. The Columbian establishment has changed proprietors, and I am almost a free man. I am relieved of a great responsibility, and all the perplexities incident to the management of a printing establishment. I now have the unsettled accounts of the first volume of the Columbian to collect which will keep me about two months, maybe longer.

McElroy continued to work at the paper, renamed the Pioneer & Democrat, for another six years, until 1860. During this time, he wrote his mother, he "was foreman of the backshop and had received good wages." Wiley stayed with the paper until 1860 when he died of "intemperate drinking."

When a new printer, "Bible-Back" Doyle, had arrived in town with his own press in 1854 and threatened to start a new paper, Wiley had brought him in as a partner to stymie the competition. The old Ramage press was then sold to Olympia's Overland Press. Subsequently, it was sold again and printed Seattle's first newspaper, The Seattle Gazette, in 1863, and The Intelligencer, Seattle's first daily, in 1867.

McElroy and his wife, Sarah, wrote each other faithfully during the five years they were apart. McElroy kept searching for the time when he was "settled" and could call for her to join him. Sarah, on the other hand, kept hoping that he would return to her in Illinois. When

Built in 1790 in Philadelphia, the Ramage press found its way to Olympia in 1852 to print the Columbian. It later went to Seattle to print the Gazette and the P-I.
McElroy was relieved of the pressure of publishing the paper in 1853 and became the full-time printing foreman, he felt that perhaps the time had come.

In December 1853 he wrote,

> When I first came here there was but two ladies in town.... There are now a large number of ladies in town and more are coming. The ladies are all very fond of dancing, and they have a Cotillion Party every two or three weeks.... I have recently learned to dance a little.... Last Monday evening I was at a party.... There were sixteen ladies present. I believe I danced with all. We kept it up until one o'clock.

Subsequent letters urged her to come west and told of how lonely he was.

The letters apparently broke down her resistance—in April 1854 Sarah expressed a willingness to come west, "anywhere to be with him." McElroy was delighted. He sent her money for the trip and said he would begin "setting up housekeeping for her arrival." Her father took her by train to New York and went out of business. It was during this period that a rival newspaper was started—The Washington Standard, under the leadership of George A. Barnes.

In 1863 McElroy was elected public printer. By this time he had learned the political process, made the proper alliances, and had set up the first print shop independent of a newspaper in the territory, the Union Book and Job Office. His principal ally was Elwood Evans, secretary of the territory and a powerful political figure. The legislatures elected a public printer each year and awarded him a one-year contract for all the territory's printing work. With the help of Evans and some skillful political maneuvering, McElroy held the position for four years. When McElroy lost the fifth election, he allied himself with the winner, and the benefits continued.

Several years later (in 1869) the Territorial Republican referred to McElroy as "Shylock" and wondered how he managed to profit regardless of what party he supported. At this time he was a Democrat, so such a remark from a Republican newspaper was not surprising.

McElroy did well as the public printer. "The profits must have been considerable," said one writer, "for McElroy rose from an impecunious printer to one of the wealthiest men in the Territory." When the 1872 Congress cut appropriations for the printing budget nearly in half, public printing became less attractive.

McElroy then devoted his full attention to private banking—Olympia was without a bank until 1890. He did his banking with Phillips, Horton & Company in Seattle, established in 1870, the forerunner of Seafirst Bank. McElroy was careful with his money and invested his earnings wisely, "taking property mortgages for security." Active in civic affairs, he was appointed a commissioner for the proposed new railroad, served on Olympia's board of trustees, and was elected mayor. He died in 1885, having acquired the "riches" he sought when he left Illinois 36 years earlier, but in a far different way than he had envisioned.

Harry McElroy Strong is a retired banker and financial adviser, and Thornton F. McElroy's great-grandson.
A Complete Surprise to the Fly...

With all the modern improvements in sanitation, we often forget the summertime menace flies once posed. This 1913 handbill from the Espy Collection, along with advertisements for several other "anti-fly" remedies and contraptions, serves to remind us of "the way it was."

The Society's collections contain numerous ephemeral items, manuscripts and photographs relating to public health issues, including tuberculosis, polio, AIDS, venereal diseases, influenza, scarlet fever, rodent and vermin control, and personal hygiene.

As we gain control over once-dreaded diseases and heighten public awareness of other health issues, it becomes increasingly important to preserve the record so that future generations will have an opportunity to study various aspects of how this progress was achieved.
COURT CASES FROM yesteryear offer insight into the nature of society and the problems that were faced at that time. The premier court case of 1879 in Whatcom County, Washington Territory, revolved around nine Euro-American men accused of being illegally married to their Native American wives. These nine men—Henry C. Barkhousen, Charles W. Beale, Enoch Compton, Fritz Dibberin, Alexander Hemphill, James H. Taylor, David H. Whitehill, Richard B. Wooten, and his brother, Shadrack Wooten—lived with Coast Salish women in publicly acknowledged marriages in a county where Metis marriages were common. The question is, why were these nine Metis families singled out for prosecution by the authorities?

To understand the nature of interracial marriage within Whatcom County, Washington Territory, during the last half of the 19th century, one must examine these men and their circumstances. Each person's history has been assembled using information collected from United States Census documents; court documents dealing with marriage, probate, and criminal affairs; published historical accounts; and autobiographical accounts.

In December 1878 the Whatcom County sheriff arrested Henry C. Barkhousen for “open and notorious fornication.” At that time he lived with Julia Sehome, whom he had married around 1860 according to Clallam/Samish custom. Julia was the daughter of Chief Sehome of Bellingham and Tsis-wahl-use, a Clallam woman.

The charge against Henry Barkhousen was identical to the charge placed against the other eight men. The temporary prosecutor, C. H. Hanford, acting on behalf of Irving Ballard, filed all nine indictments in December 1878 at the Whatcom County Courthouse in La Conner (which in 1884 became incorporated into Skagit County). In most cases the sheriff personally delivered each warrant. Each of the accused posted $300 bail and promised to appear at the trial, scheduled for June 1879. Four of the nine indicted men stood as bondsman for each other. Several of the bondsmen for the accused were single men and at least two were married to Euro-American women.
After trying his hand at gold mining along the Fraser River, British Columbia, in 1858, Henry Barkhousen had settled on Fidalgo Island, near the present city of Anacortes. He cleared trees on his property and began raising cattle and hogs. Before long, Barkhousen had become a member of Whatcom County's political elite. He ran for elective office, serving as county auditor in 1860 and then as a territorial legislator for the 1863-64 session. Using his political influence, he secured a position as postmaster for Fidalgo Island.

In a short biography of Barkhousen, more of his personal life was revealed than in most biographies of pioneer settlers printed in the local histories. While his biography left out the name of his wife, her identity as a member of "the native tribes" fitted into his self-justification about protecting the legitimacy of his children. None of the other Euro-American men whose biographies were included in the histories of either Skagit or Whatcom counties chose to identify the background of their Indian wives. At most, the wife's place of birth was identified as somewhere within Washington Territory. In contrast, the histories of the Euro-American wives of the other pioneer settlers identified their maiden names and ethnic origins.

In short, Henry Barkhousen settled in Whatcom County, married a Samish woman, raised seven Metis children in the community, and served in positions of power within the county and territorial governments. The accusation against him was, in fact, an act of persecution against a respected member of the community because he lived with a Samish woman without the sanction of the Euro-American community.

Barkhousen chose to fight his indictment in court while others preferred to conform to the law. Shortly after their arrest, most of the other men legalized their marriages with a civil ceremony. For example, Enoch Compton also had arrived in Whatcom County after an 1858 stint in the Fraser River gold mines. He won elected office in 1863 as county commissioner and served until 1866. In 1864 he married Margaret, a Native American woman born about 1840 in British Columbia. They legalized their marriage on May 12, 1879, three weeks before the trial was scheduled to convene.

Richard Wooten married Ellen Toney about 1866. Ellen, born around 1850 in Washington Territory, had parents from different tribes. Her Clallam father's name was We-wise-man; her Samish mother's name was Pat-las-hootoo. Shadrack Wooten married for a second time around 1874 to Ellen's older sister, Mary Toney, born about 1845. On December 25, 1878, 20 days after the district attorney handed down the indictments, both brothers legalized their marriages. Their neighbor, Enoch Compton, held the services at his home.

Charles W. Beale, born in 1831 in Mason County, Virginia, searched for gold in California in 1852, in the Fraser River goldfields in 1858, and at the Cariboo mines of British Columbia until 1867. He was a member of the Democratic Party and a justice of the peace. About 1857 Charles Beale married Julia Ke-shugush, also known as Nesha-gusho, a Lummi woman.

When Charles W. Beale had his bi-
ography written up in a history of Skagit County, he did not mention his wife. However, they legalized their relationship in a ceremony performed on March 12, 1879, three months prior to the trial. Not being content to just escape the sentence of the court, Beale hired a lawyer to query the court as to the meaning of the term "marriage." Could a common-law marriage be acknowledged as legalized under other than statutory law? In a deposition made to the court, the defendant and the prosecuting attorney asked the court to expand the definition of marriage:

1st. the defendant and the woman that he claims to be his wife commenced to cohabit together as man and wife... on or about A.D. 1857... 2nd. No license was taken out. None of the persons authorized by the statute to perform the marriage ceremony were present; that is, there was no Justice of the Peace, Priest, Minister or judge or clergyman of any denomination present at the time said parties agreed in presence of witnesses to take each other as man and wife. The Question is, do the above facts constitute a valid marriage in this Territory?

If the court agreed, then all similar cases would be settled in favor of the accused.

The men who prosecuted these nine cases were also married, most of them to Euro-American women. Three men were responsible for all the accusations. The prosecutor of the Third Judicial District, which included Jefferson County, was C. H. Hanford. He did not live in Whatcom County. Edward Eldridge of Bellingham ran the grand jury. One man testified against all of the accused. He was George Washington Lafayette Allen, the sheriff of Whatcom County. Allen's accusations were supported by Samuel B. Best in five of the nine cases, by Jasper Gates in two cases, by John Wilbur in two cases, and by J. E. Freese and William Woods in one case apiece. Eldridge and Allen, Best, Gates, and Freese lived with their Euro-American wives. John Wilbur, who previously lived with a Swinomish woman whom he had abandoned, resided at the time with a Euro-American woman who took care of his son by his first marriage. William Woods lived with his Snohomish wife and family. Edward Eldridge raised and educated Tol Stola, a Samish/Swinomish child, until she married James Kavanaugh, formerly of Ireland. Given that the ties that some of the accusers had with their Native American wives, or adopted Native American children, it appears that racism or white supremacy were not the sole motives of the accusers.

The case came to trial on June 3, 1879. By the time the court convened, Henry Barkhousen had still refused to legalize his marriage on the grounds that the ceremony would "de-legitimate" his children (i.e., convey to the world that his children were "bastards" as defined by the law). In a biographical account, Henry Barkhousen stated why he was arrested:

Like many others of the early settlers of the Northwest, Mr. Barkhousen took a wife from the native tribes, marrying her according to Indian ceremony at Whatcom in 1860, but unlike many other white men in similar relation he declined to hold that [the] marriage was not binding in the eyes of the law. He held that relation sacred and argued that an admission of its lack of force would brand his children as illegitimate. As a result he would not be remarried according to civilized usages and was indicted by a grand jury for the offense against statute, but was acquitted by Judge Greene.

Barkhousen asserted to the end that his children were legitimate, despite being the offspring of an "unsanctified" marriage.

The other eight cases were without foundation inasmuch as the principals were married by the time the court convened. However, the accused still had to appear in court. The Bellingham Bay Mail published the results of the district court proceedings.

The case against Henry Barkhousen was to be decided in his favor. Two pieces of evidence demonstrated his innocence: first, unlike the other cases, the county assumed the expenses of the case. Then, when Judge Greene ruled on the question in the Charles Beale case, the ruling provided the justification for Barkhousen's innocence. After mentioning that the case against Charles Beale was like a number of others, Judge
Greene noted that writing one opinion would address each of the other cases. His opinion addressed the following:

1st. Whether, in this Territory, at any time since the passage of the Marriage Act of 1854, a good and valid marriage contract could have been entered into, per verba de presenti (by verbal presentation), without any statutory form or solemnization? And 2nd. Whether, assuming such a marriage valid, it could, subsequent to the 29th of January, 1855, and prior to the 18th of January, 1868, have been lawfully entered into by a white person with a person of one-half or more Indian blood?

This trial was the focus of several trends. It represented one more fight in the ongoing crusade of the antimiscegenationists (opponents of mixed-race marriage), and it can be seen as a symbol of the continuing struggle between those with political clout and those without. The accusation against the nine Metis families certainly did not fit the normal profile of “fornication” cases, which typically involved married couples coping with adultery. Instead, it appears that these nine indictments were being used to create a wedge issue...designed to undermine the political authority of the Metis community, which enjoyed a good reputation and had a solid political base within the county.

IN 1854, WHEN Washington Territory was established, the majority of Metis families were the result of marriages between native women and employees of the Hudson's Bay Company. Most of the men involved in the Metis marriages were French-Canadians, Hawaiians, British citizens, or British North Americans. After the Oregon Territory was established in 1846, American citizens immigrated into the area until they represented the largest Euro-American population in Washington Territory, outnumbering the employees and former employees of the Hudson's Bay Company. Most of the Americans were unmarried men, some of whom joined the Metis community by marrying Native American women. These families lived on homesteads granted by the United States government under the Donation Land Act of 1850. Since the men wanted their children to inherit their land, the Metis community, transformed by the addition of American citizens, pressured the territorial legislature to legalize their children's right to inherit.

The Metis community comprised the majority of voters in Whatcom, Skagit, and San Juan counties between 1860 and 1880. Consequently, they chose county officials and legislators from their own ranks. However, not all of the Metis leaders were members of one political party. For example, four Metis men were Democrats—William Moore, James Gilliland, Benjamin Davis, and John Plaster—while eight belonged to the Republican Party—James Mathews,
Franklin Buck, John Tennant, Joseph Maddox, Enoch Compton, Henry Barkhousen, James Taylor, and John Wilbur. Interestingly, Wilbur was one of Compton, Barkhousen and Taylor's accusers. However, the accusers did not all come from one party.

After the federal government established Washington Territory in 1853, the territorial legislature prohibited all marriages between Indians and whites, including all previously sanctioned interracial marriages solemnized in either Protestant or Roman Catholic ceremonies. The Metis community protested that prohibition and, by degrees, managed to reverse the law 12 years later. Judge Greene summarized the transformation of territorial marriage laws from 1854 until 1868. As he put it, after 1855 all interracial marriages were forbidden; however, couples having relationships that predated the 1855 law could have their common-law marriage legalized under the 1858 change to the Color Act of 1855. In another twist, exceptions to the interracial marriage law were prohibited after 1866; but suddenly, in 1868, the entire Color Act was repealed, and after this date any interracial marriage could be legalized. But some Metis family men—e.g., the Whatcom County nine—failed to take advantage of the 1868 legislation to legalize their marriages.

The Washington Territorial Legislature passed an odd law just prior to its reversal of the antimiscegenation law. The law of inheritance denied any child born out of wedlock a portion of the parents' property upon their death. One of the consequences of recording a marriage with the civil or religious authorities was the granting of legitimacy to the child, which was sufficient proof for a probate court. The legislature decreed that the children of previous unrecorded Metis marriages could be legitimated in order to provide for the inheritance of real estate. The title of the Act of 1866 stated plainly the intent of the bill: "DECLARING LEGITIMATE THE ISSUE OF MARRIAGES OF WHITE MEN WITH INDIAN WOMEN."

Despite the repeal of the Color Act, the antimiscegenationists did not stop trying to establish dominance. To that end, they began to enforce the law against unmarried couples living together. The form of that enforcement took a different tack in San Juan County.

James Francis Tulloch, who lived on Orcas Island with his Euro-American wife from 1875 until 1910, participated in the coercive actions against the unsanctioned married couples of San Juan County. He justified his actions by appearing to uphold the law: "Judge Lewis of the Superior Court had just rendered a decision that all squaw men must marry their squaws or give them one third of their property and send them back to their tribes in a certain time or be punished severely." On one occasion Tulloch found himself a spontaneous witness at an unscheduled wedding performed by W. H. Gifford, the justice of the peace for Lopez Island and a native New Yorker married to a Euro-American woman. Tulloch wrote:

On the way down [to Lopez Island] we stopped at Yott's Landing for a time and as it was cold, Stevens, who ran the boat, asked us to go up to the house some distance from the landing. We found Mr. Yott sitting in front of his fireplace in his stocking feet and shirt-sleeves contentedly smoking while his squaw went about her household duties in her bare feet and dressed seemingly in one calico garment. Presently Gifford, who had been elected Justice of the Peace [of Lopez Island], arrived to marry them, for they had learned that the law must be complied with. They both stood up just as they were, except that Yott took his pipe out of his mouth long enough to make the responses. Then he went on smoking and she resumed her work. It sure was a strange wedding.

The Yotts had not prepared for this wedding. They had not changed into wedding clothes, nor did they invite guests to participate in the ceremony. In fact, they acted as if they were taken by surprise at the unexpected visit of Gifford and Tulloch. It seems as though the Yotts did not resist being legally married. This ceremony was a small intrusion into their lives, certainly smaller than being taken to court for violating the law against "fornication."

WHEN THE TRIAL court opened for business in June 1879, the prosecuting attorney addressed Greene, chief justice of the Supreme Court of Washington Territory and judge of the Third Judicial District, with a request that the case against seven of the nine Metis family men be dismissed. As noted earlier, seven of the cases were rendered moot by virtue of the fact that they had become legally married prior to the trial date. Consequently, the prosecuting attorney asked the judge for a directed verdict of nolle prosequi, "a formal entry upon the record... by the prosecuting attorney in a criminal action, by which he declares that he will not further prosecute the case, either as to some of the defendants or altogether."

In the other two cases, Judge Greene wrote an opinion for the Beale case that upheld the validity of his Indian marriage
ceremony as being consistent with the 
tradition of the “common law marriage.”
Since Beale and Barkhousen were mar-
mried by Indian custom prior to the time
period (1866 to 1868) that voided any
prohibited marriages, they were both ac-
quitted. From 1854 to 1866 such mar-
rriages could not be solemnized by statu-
tory rites, which was not the same as
being prohibited. Therefore, both Beale
and Barkhousen had valid common law
marriages. However, there were several
differences in outcome of the cases that
reflected their legal status.

THE ASSUMPTION OF court costs
varied from case to case. De-
fendants Charles Beale, Rich-
ard Wooten, David Whitehill
and Enoch Compton had to bear the bur-
den of their own court costs. The Belling-
ham Bay Mail did not cite the case of
Territory vs. Shadrack Wooten, but it
may be assumed that this case was dis-
missed along with the others and that
Wooten had to pay his court costs as well.
These defendants were the same accused
men who had legalized their marriages
with their spouses prior to the trial date.
In contrast, the other defendants did not
have to pay their own court costs.

The county assumed court costs in
the cases of Mary Ann Miller, Henry
Barkhousen, and James Taylor. The rea-
sions varied. James Taylor had been
falsely accused inasmuch as he had been
legally wed prior to his arrest. The pros-
cutor dropped the case against Mary
Ann Miller since Henry Kruse had fled
the county to avoid prosecution and
Mary Ann no longer lived with him.
Unlike the others, Barkhousen was ac-
tually proved innocent, and so the county
assumed his court costs.

After the trial was adjourned, the Bel-
ingham Bay Mail put forward an al-
ternate explanation for the legal harass-
ment of the Metis families. The pub-
lisher printed an anonymous letter
under the heading of, “A Lesson for Fu-
ture Grand Juries to Profit by. La
Conner, June 16, 1879”:

Editor B.B. Mail: It is to be hoped that
future grand juries will learn a lesson by
the result of the several indictments dis-
posed of at the recent term of court for
Whatcom County. Most of the indict-
ments found at the December term were
frolicous or conceived in malice, and
were very properly summarily disposed
of or nolle prosequied, but yet at consid-
erable expense to the county and also to
the defendants in some instances. We
naturally ask the reason for this useless
expense which cannot be afforded, and
of such reckless attack upon the private
color of gray-headed men, and, in
one instance, an innocent girl? It had
been generally alleged, with some ap-
parent foundation for the charge, that
these prosecutions were instituted to
render the local court expensive and un-
popular, in the hope of eventually effect-
its abolishment, for the boast was
openly made that the “town of La
Conner would pay dearly for her judi-
cial whistle.” It is almost incredible that
local jealousies, selfish interests, or po-
itical resentments should sway men to the
extent of perpetrating this public and
private wrong. We trust that the tax-
payers of Whatcom County shall never
be called upon to witness a repetition of
this spirit of envy and discord signed,
TAX PAYER.

The anonymous author of this letter
understated his argument that the case
caused a “considerable expense to the
county.” Receipts for taxes collected by
the county for the most current fiscal
period amounted to $8,026.80. The
newspaper listed all the “paid” warrants
as of August 6, 1879. All expenses asso-
ciated with the justice system amounted
to $2,623.53, or 32 percent of the an-
ual county budget. The executive half
of the county government resided in
Bellingham—the county seat, then and
now, for Whatcom County. These in-
cluded the major offices of the county
commissioners, the auditor, and the as-
sessor. The northern half of the county
received two-thirds of the benefits of all
of the taxes spent in the county.

Additionally, in support of the
“Taxpayer’s” conclusion, seven of the
accused men resided in the southern
half of Whatcom County, the part that
later separated in 1884 to form Skagit
County; Alexander Hemphill and
James Taylor lived in the northern half,
the part that remained Whatcom
County. Of the seven men who lived in
the southern half, five resided on
Fidalgo Island: Barkhousen, Beale,
Compton, and the Wooten brothers.
Three of these five were former officials
of the county government, and were
therefore well acquainted with the mar-
rriage laws of the territory.

Additional data exists that supports
a negative interpretation of this trial.
Thirty other men in lower Whatcom
County who had married Coast Salish
women had not legally recorded their
marriages as of 1870. Shortly after the
trial of Barkhousen and the others, 14 of
these 30 men still lived within the con-
fines of southern Whatcom County.
The presence of these unindicted men
suggests that the “Whatcom County
nine” were being made an example of
for the rest of the community.

In 1875 the officers of Whatcom
County included 7 Metis men out of a
total of 23. Elections during the 1870s
were closely contested affairs. For ex-
ample, in 1878—the year before the trial—only 71 votes separated the win-
ner from the loser in the contest for
school superintendent. John Tennant,
a Metis family man, tallied 349 votes to
E. D. Winslow’s 278. At a time when
miscegenation was a concept that gen-
erated great controversy, the electoral
margin between winner and loser might
indeed have been affected by involving
public-spirited Metis men in some sort
of a controversy. It would appear that
a small group of Whatcom County Euro-
Americans attempted to do just that.
The antimiscegenationists were putting
Metis county officials on notice that
their reign over a culturally mixed soci-
ety would not be easy to maintain.

Peyton Kane has been working on the history
of Skagit, San Juan, and Whatcom counties
for nearly ten years. Currently, he is finishing
a biographical compendium of 300 marriages
that occurred in the three-county area during
the last half of the 19th century between
pioneer settlers and local native women.
Trans-boundary Boys

I continue, since the very first issue, to enjoy and learn from COLUMBIA. Of particular interest to me was "Our Splendid Little War," in the Spring 2000 issue. I just want to note in passing that all Washington volunteers were not in the First Washington. Some were trans-boundary boys who tried to prove up land claims in northern Idaho while earning a living in Spokane and joined the First Idaho volunteers. These include my great uncle, who enlisted at Rathdrum, Idaho, in Company B.

The First Idaho was moved into action more quickly than the First Washington. After a mid-May 1898, muster in Boise, the regiment was shipped from San Francisco to the Philippines in late June as part of a contingent under the immediate command of General Arthur MacArthur. The First Idaho reached the islands in time to participate in the August 13, 1899, march on Manila.

The war's 100th anniversary has brought some much-needed notice to the war with Spain and the subsequent war in the Philippines. Your magazine has done its part by including this excellent article. If anyone knows of similar work on the First Idaho, I would appreciate the information.

—William Wheeler, Des Moines
wwheeler@earthlink.net

Additional Reading

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

The Search for the Tonquin


The Red Shield Inn
The Ninety-First: The First at Camp Lewis, by Alice Palmer Henderson. Tacoma: John C. Barr Publisher, 1918.

Play Ball!
Seattle Pilots Baseball Team, by Mike Fuller. Internet site: http://www.brandx.net/pilots/.

Helmi


T. F. McElroy


The Whatcom County Nine
Museums of the Northwest
Discover the Best Collections in Washington, Oregon, and Lower British Columbia.
Reviewed by Robert M. Carriker.

Harriet Baskas’s book fills a need for the Pacific Northwest that authors in other parts of the country are also addressing. I am thinking, for example, of Jack and Winnie Baldwin’s Guide to Museums of Louisiana. While the author’s previous book, Atomic Marbles and Branding Irons, focused exclusively on offbeat museums in the Northwest, in this guide Baskas considers the “A-list” of museums. To accomplish her purpose she inspected over 325 museums throughout Washington, Oregon, and southern British Columbia. The scope of the museums surveyed is extensive, as virtually every type of history, art and science institution is listed alphabetically by town. A handy feature of the book is that it provides factual material concerning the location, address, times of operation and fees of each institution as well as the expected discussion about the collections, exhibits, programs and physical facilities.

The range of museums and cities covered in the book is broad, reaching from Aberdeen, Washington, to White Rock, British Columbia. The reader is introduced to logging museums, fire museums, African-American museums and telegraph museums, just to name a few. While Baskas concedes that she may have left out a few places, it is undeniable that she brings to light many museums that were previously hidden in obscurity. In addition to offering historical background on the museums, followed by a discussion of what is unique about each one, Baskas provides helpful advice about planning a visit, including directions and parking options. She even offers recommendations on the amount of time to budget. In all cases, the information is straightforward, fair, and to the point. Another useful component of the book is the information Baskas provides regarding additional recreational activities in the various locales. Her mention of a scenic driving tour outside of Baker City, Oregon, and the Shakespeare Festival in Ashland, Oregon, for example, add to the book’s usefulness as a planning guide for family vacations.

One minor criticism is that Baskas does not rank the museums. More guidance would be appreciated since all museums are not created equal. A system of stars, such as one finds in a restaurant guide, would be a valuable feature. Otherwise, it is difficult for the casual reader to determine whether a professionally managed museum in Tacoma with a staff of thirty is more visit-worthy than an out-of-the-way museum with no professional staff. For example, by noting the extensive collection of “hair balls” extracted from various farm animals which are on display at the Mount Angel Abbey Museum in St. Benedict, Oregon, readers can easily decide whether or not they are interested in such a house of curiosities, or if they would rather spend their time in pursuit of a different type of educational experience.

Museums of the Northwest has value on several fronts. Its most obvious use is to the tourist visiting the Northwest for vacation and cultural enrichment. There is, however, another audience. Local residents are often unaware of museum opportunities that are available in their own communities. Just browsing the pages of the book will reveal treasures close at hand. The book demonstrates that if there is not a museum in a person’s given town, there are certainly two or three within easy driving distance. Armed with this valuable information, locals and tourists alike can and should strike a course to explore some of the famous and lesser-known museums throughout the area.

Robert M. Carriker, a native of Washington, is director of the public history program at the University of Louisiana, Lafayette. He has taught mini-courses on museum science in Europe and six Western states.

The Encyclopedia of Northwest Music
From Classical Recordings to Classic Rock Performances, Your Guide to the Best of the Region
Reviewed by Laurent Dubois.

For anyone who loves music, reading The Encyclopedia of Northwest Music will be like opening a family album or poring through an old yearbook. Even a music aficionado will learn something new while leafing through these pages. James Bush has gathered an impressive compendium of Northwest music that spans the last half-century. In it, 15 writers contribute their knowledge and opinions to profile over 200 of the most well known and influential artists spawned in the Northwest. The Encyclopedia represents the genres of rock/pop, jazz, American roots/world and classical music.

Of special interest is the album list at the end of each entry. These albums, the contributors feel, are the most representative or most accessible of an artist’s or group’s work. This feature makes it easy to go music shopping if any of the bios pique your interest—and they will. A sister element of this feature is the “great records not to miss” section that lists titles by artists who don’t appear in the profiles but perhaps should—i.e., Gruntruck or David Lanz. Another great resource included in the Encyclopedia is a comprehensive list of all the music festivals held throughout the region each year.
As with any book that attempts to tackle a topic of this scope, depth of information must be sacrificed. "Each profile strives to answer three questions: who was the artist, what did they accomplish musically, and why are they important to the region," says Bush in his introduction. In this The Encyclopedia of Northwest Music succeeds. Obviously, the profiles can't mention every known piece of trivia about an artist. In fact, even some noteworthy musicians are bound to slip through the cracks as well—I would have liked to see an entry on Scott Cossu. So if you've ever tried to convince friends that members of Mother Love Bone briefly called themselves Mookie Blaylock on their way to becoming Pearl Jam, this book won't offer much help. All in all, though, James Bush et al. really come through. This informative guide makes a great addition to the library of anyone who loves good music.

Laurent Dubois, a Vashon Island middle school teacher, came in on the ground floor of the "Seattle scene" as a disk jockey for his college radio station during the late 1980s. His students are continually amazed that he likes "their" music.

TWO ROOMS
Two Rooms
The Life of Charles Erskine Scott Wood
by Robert Hamburger
Reviewed by James Robbins Jewell.

For most historians of the American West, C. E. S. Wood is best remembered for his participation in the 1877 Nez Perce War; it was Wood who wrote down Chief Joseph's famous surrender speech. Wood's time in the army, however, was brief, and he lived well into the 20th century, dying in 1944. It is the remaining 70 years of Wood's life, and not his army career, that comprise the main focus of this biography.

Wood's life may have been active, but it was not necessarily happy or successful. According to the author, Wood's father, William Maxwell Wood, the first surgeon general of the United States Navy, dominated Wood's early life. The relationship between the two was strained, as the elder Wood bombarded his son with didactic homilies and was sharply critical. In 1869 Erskine, as he was called, entered West Point to begin the first phase of his adult life. In the spring of 1875 he graduated from the academy and was sent immediately west to the Department of the Columbia. Shortly after arriving he joined General Oliver O. Howard on an expedition headed to Alaska. His relationship with Howard lasted until the end of Wood's brief military career. In effect, Howard represented an influence entirely different from his own father's "display of paternal despotism."

After his father's death in 1880, Wood no longer felt compelled to remain in the military, and so in 1884 he resigned and moved to Portland, Oregon, where he opened a law practice. It was Portland's good fortune, Hamburger writes, that Wood chose to live in the city for "Wood had taste and charm; he was familiar with literature, art, the daunting cities of the East and their enviable refinements. If Portland did not yet have these things itself, Portland now had Wood." From the beginning, however, Wood led a dual life in Portland, at once desiring to emulate the wealthy life-styles of his clients and simultaneously denouncing their opulence in favor of the working class. This sense of a double existence is the crucial aspect of the book, and it is also the point at which it becomes difficult to consider Wood in a positive light. Wood was an unrepentant philanderer who cheated on his wife for years with numerous women, including the woman who became his second wife, Sara (Field) Ehrgott.

More troubling might be the fact that although Wood spoke out against the moneyed class and in support of anarchism, when he had the opportunity to take an active role he shunned it. In 1911 Wood was asked by his friend Clarence Darrow to assist in the defense of militants James and John McNamara, who were accused of bombing the Los Angeles Times building. He declined because doing so would have angered his law partners. Another time, in 1916, Wood was offered $25,000 to defend members of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) who were accused of killing two police officers during a gun battle in Everett, Washington. Again he refused, this time citing a desire to spend his time reading poetry. The truth was that he was headed to Washington, D.C., to lobby for irrigation projects in eastern Oregon, a far more lucrative task.

In the end, C. E. S. Wood, despite Hamburger's assertions, was not a particularly appealing or even sympathetic individual. While the author is willing to accept that Wood's grandiose rhetoric often "ran head-on into intractable facts," it seems more realistic that Wood was incapable of following the dictates he espoused. With his research based far too much on the letters between Wood and his second wife and little else, what the author gives us is more a dysfunctional love story than a true biography. And by largely accepting Wood's own defenses for his failings the author has crafted a flawed study of a flawed man.

James Robbins Jewell teaches at West Virginia University. He has written on the Nez Perce War for several Idaho publications and is a specialist in military history.

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Washington's history is a rich fabric of human experiences woven together in a diverse and fascinating tapestry. The Washington State Historical Society brings these experiences to life for people of all ages through two museums, engaging hands-on exhibits, theatrical storytelling, state-of-the-art education programs, archival services, and statewide community-based involvement.

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