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FRONT COVER: In 1942 a young man from Cle Elum, Washington, became a Coast Guard legend when he led a detail of landing craft to rescue a marine unit trapped on the beach at Guadalcanal. Signalman First Class Douglas Munro is pictured here in the foreground, firing on the Japanese during the rescue effort. (Painting by T. Andrea, courtesy of United States Coast Guard)
YOU NEVER KNOW when you are going to meet “history.” Those who have studied history, and people who think about their circumstance in life to any degree, intuitively have a sense of the past and of place, and they recognize crossroads in their personal life or that of their community. On the other hand, sometimes history just “hits you.” Thus the remarkable coincidence that conjoins with our cover story on Congressional Medal of Honor recipient Douglas Munro (an honor bestowed posthumously) and my introduction to a still living hero, Bob Bush.

In late May, Chris Dubois and I had selected the articles that were to appear in the fall issue. The next week, at the invitation of my good friend Royce Pollard, the mayor of Vancouver, Washington, I attended the “Celebrate Freedom” dinner event for which that community is now becoming justly well known. I arrived for dinner late, but the hostess, looking at the seating chart, said, “Well, we have room for you at the Bush table.” I became concerned when I saw that this table was close to the front of the pavilion in which the dinner was held and clearly a place of honor. Nonetheless, I was warmly greeted by Robert Bush and his family and graciously welcomed to their table. Bob, it turns out, was there representing, among others, the lives called out in Tom Brokaw’s recent and celebrated book, The Greatest Generation.

That night, when Bob Bush and the other honorees were asked to stand while their citations were read, I learned his story. A native of South Bend, Washington, he was one of the 440 servicemen to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor during World War II—250 of them posthumously, like Douglas Munro from Cle Elum. More specifically, Bob was recognized for his valor as a medical corpsman in the navy when, during the invasion of Okinawa, he simultaneously held aloft a plasma bottle for a wounded Marine while drawing his pistol and killing several of the enemy at close range. In this battle he lost sight in one eye.

This was a story probably known to just about everyone in the room—except me. That fact was made all the more painful by the fact that Bob lives in the same community as I do and had been a successful businessman in lumber supply after the war. My near embarrassment was compounded by the fact that he and his family even attend the same church that I do! But we had never met until that evening, and then 100 miles from both of our homes. This is what I mean in reference to history sometimes making itself irrepressible.

I determined to read more about Bob in Brokaw’s book and was particularly taken by the episode recounted therein where, attempting to assuage his mother’s obvious concerns, the 17-year-old Bush told her: “Mom, I’m going into the service to help people, not to kill them.” This story alone contributed to President Harry Truman’s conclusion that Bob Bush was his favorite Medal of Honor recipient. All of this resonated deeply because it made me recall the poignancy of James Quann’s story about Douglas Munro. For, as you shall read, Munro had told his family that he chose to serve in the Coast Guard during World War II because it was dedicated to saving lives.

—David L. Nicandri, Executive Editor
Asian Heritage in Pacific Northwest History

By Liping Zhu

Besides geographic boundary, political tradition, and economic orientation, the ethnic composition of the population often helps define a region's identity. A prominent minority group and its interaction with others gives a notable trait to the local culture. Probably most of us agree that African-Americans are indispensable to the making of a unique Southern society and Spanish-Americans are equally significant to the distinctive Southwest. If so, is there such a counterpart in the Pacific Northwest? The region's past and present have indicated that this honor belongs to Asian-Americans, who have made the Pacific Northwest more Asian than any other region in the United States. From this historical trend we can also predict that this ethnic group will continue to shape the region's identity in the future.

As the colonization of the East Coast drew settlers almost exclusively from Europe and Africa, the early exploration and settlement of the Pacific Northwest had a strong Asian connection. Since the 16th century, European and American navigators had always hoped to find the fabled Northwest Passage, which would enable them to link Europe to Asia in trade. Such high hopes brought many famous maritime explorers to the coast of the Pacific Northwest. In 1778 James Cook, a British sea captain, reached Vancouver Island; his crewmen bartered trinkets with local Indians for sea otter skins. On its way back to England, Cook's ship stopped at Canton, where the Chinese were willing to pay an exorbitant price for sea otter pelts. Although Cook's voyage failed to locate the Northwest Passage, it discovered a valuable commodity from the area. Soon ships from various countries began shuttling between southeastern Asia and northwestern America for the lucrative fur trade.

Although the British first envisioned colonization in the Pacific Northwest, the Chinese were the first who intended to settle in the region. In 1788 Captain John Meares led two ships from Macao to Vancouver Island. Almost all of the people on board were Chinese carpenters and blacksmiths who planned to be permanent residents of the New World. Two weeks after their arrival at Nootka Sound the Chinese erected the first nonnative dwelling in the Northwest. Afterwards, they built a 50-ton sloop named the North West America, which was the first ship launched by nonnatives in the area. However, Captain Meares's decision to winter in Hawaii cut this colonization effort short. The following year James Colnett, another British captain, brought 29 Chinese colonists to the same area, planning to build a fort. As soon as they landed on Vancouver Island, the newly arrived Spanish arrested all the British officers and Chinese artisans for an alleged illegal entry into Spanish territory. The Nootka Sound Controversy shattered this dream of Chinese settlement in the region permanently.

The "China trade" also encouraged overland expeditions to the Pacific Northwest. In 1793 Alexander Mackenzie, a British fur trader, made an arduous journey across North America to the Pacific in search of the Northwest Passage. A decade later, receiving specific instructions from Thomas Jefferson, the American Corps of Discovery, led by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, traversed the region with the same mission. In the 1810s John Jacob Astor's ambitious plan of establishing trade between the Columbia Valley and China from a base at Astoria prompted another famous American venture into the interior Pacific Northwest. Politicians, merchants and adventurers alike were looking for a direct water route to Asia. The Chinese demand for beaver pelts in the 1820s and 1830s prompted the Hudson's Bay Company and its American competitors to increase their activities in the area where hundreds of fur trappers already reconnoitered every gulch, valley and canyon as unofficial explorers. It seems that trade with China was one of the main driving forces in the early exploration of the region.

Nothing contributed to the speedy settlement of the Pacific Northwest more than gold mining. In the second half of the 19th century tens of thousands of prospectors came in search of gold. Their presence not only accelerated town building in the region but also boosted commercial agriculture. The Chinese were the most ubiquitous and distin-
guished group, outnumbering all others in placer mining. They reached Oregon and Washington in the early 1850s, and Idaho and Montana a decade later. In the 1870s Chinese immigrants constituted 25 percent of all miners in Montana, 59 percent in Idaho, and 61 percent in Oregon. The Chinese even composed a significant percentage of the general population in these mining states. According to the 1870 United States census, almost 30 percent of Idaho’s population was Chinese, 10 percent of Montana’s, and 5 percent each in Oregon and Washington. Idaho and Montana at the time boasted of the largest and the second largest Chinese populations per capita in the nation.

Railroad construction was another major event in the development of the Pacific Northwest. The completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad in 1883, the Canadian Pacific in 1885, and the Great Northern in 1893 symbolized a century of material progress in the region. The Chinese immigrants, however, made up more than 90 percent of the labor force that built these three transcontinental railroads as well as the Oregon and California Railroad. After the Chinese exclusion act, Japanese workers became the main labor force for the railroads, constructing many branch lines in the Pacific Northwest. To many Americans, these transcontinental railroads formed the true Northwest Passage. Asian laborers had turned the American imagination of

BELOW: A Chinese worker sorting salmon at a Puget Sound cannery wharf, c. 1900. White workers caught the fish and maintained equipment while Chinese workers did the sorting, butchering and canning.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Japanese employment agency business card. This “labor broker” operated in the early 20th century, supplying Japanese workers to employers in the Puget Sound region.

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stimulated federal investment in the regional economy, as does the current military presence of the United States in Japan and Korea. A century-long American involvement in Asian affairs has speeded the development of the region.

During the last three decades of the 20th century, Asian immigrants and Asian Americans have greatly increased their visibility—demographically, politically, economically and culturally. A more liberal immigration policy of the United States and Canada made possible more immigrants from China, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Korea, Japan, Vietnam, India, the Philippines, and other Asian countries. Many chose the Pacific Northwest for their new homes. Especially in the areas west of the Cascades—such as Seattle and Vancouver, British Columbia—Asian immigrants have been the fastest-growing ethnic group. Now Asian Americans constitute 8 percent of the total population in the Seattle-Tacoma-Bremerton metropolitan area and 4 percent in the Portland-Salem region. Astonishingly, the people of Asian origins make up more than 40 percent of the total population in Vancouver, British Columbia. A large amount of money brought by these newcomers injected more vigor into the local economy. Asian Americans have also given a new look to the region's politics. Winning Washington's gubernatorial election in 1996, Gary Locke became the first Asian American governor on the United States mainland.

Meanwhile, the political strength of Asian Americans requires some white politicians to pay more attention to the interests and rights of this minority group. Mike Mansfield from Montana, the United States Senate majority leader, was one of them. Before his long career in the nation's capital, he taught Asian history at Montana State University. In the McCarthy era his opponents tried to smear him as "China Mike." He was later considered an expert on Asian affairs on Capitol Hill. After his retirement, Mansfield was appointed ambassador to Japan and became the longest-serving American in that post. In 1979, Congressman Mike Lowry of Washington introduced the World War II Japanese American Human Rights Violation Redress Act, calling for individual monetary compensation for internees. This started a decades-long campaign for such a cause. In 1987, House Majority Leader Tom Foley of Washington, later Speaker of the House, introduced a new bill that eventually claimed a victory on this issue. Later Tom Foley became yet another distinguished politician from the Northwest to serve as a United States ambassador to Japan.

With the dawning of the 21st century—often dubbed the Pacific Rim century—the economic ties between the Pacific Northwest and Asia are closer than ever. Pacific Northwesterners rely on the Asian market so much that the situation overseas directly affects the region's economy. Starting in the mid 1980s, a decade-long recession in the Japanese construction industry led to the close of many sawmills in the Pacific Northwest. The recent economic crisis of Southeast Asia hit the Boeing Aircraft Company hard as a result of cancellations of orders for commercial jets. Now Japanese are investing in huge ranches in Montana and raising cattle for Asian consumers while Washington and Idaho are looking to the Chinese market for their fruits and grains. In some sense, the Pacific Northwest is closer to Asia than to the American South. There are many direct flights from Vancouver and Seattle to Tokyo, Beijing and Hong Kong. But there is no direct air service from the region to Mobile, Alabama, or Little Rock, Arkansas. As professor William Robbins said, "The dominating front of the Pacific Northwest and its most heavily populated area looks west to the Pacific Ocean and the international community beyond."

For more than two centuries Asian Americans and their culture have made a lasting impact on the Pacific Northwest. In their mental maps, many people today perceive the experience of Asian Americans as part of the regional heritage. Such Asian pioneers as Polly Bemis and Ah Fong of Idaho have even become local legends. It is now desirable for Idahoans to take rafting trips to the remote Chinese mining sites along the Salmon River. Oregonians visit Hells Canyon each summer in hope of finding the fabled gold left by Chinese miners more than a century ago. With a predominantly white population, Idaho City, Idaho, annually celebrates the Chinese New Year. From Bend, Oregon, to Helena, Montana, and from Boise, Idaho, to Seattle and Tacoma, many museums and cultural centers in the region are either exclusively or partially dedicated to Asian Americans. More and more people are showing their interest in both knowing and telling the stories of this ethnic minority. In short, from the era of the fur trade to the time of free trade, Asia, Asians, and Asian Americans are principal elements of the Pacific Northwest.

Liping Zhu is an assistant professor at Eastern Washington University and author of A Chinaman's Chance: The Chinese on the Rocky Mountain Mining Frontier (1997). An earlier version of this paper was read at the Western History Association Conference in Portland on October 8, 1999. The author wishes to thank Michael Green, William Youngs, and Christopher Huggard for their critiques of this essay.
BEYOND ISAAC EB Ey

Tracing the Remnants of Native American Culture on Whidbey Island

By Theresa Trebon

From the top of Perego's Bluff one can survey the wide expanse of water, farmland and woods that is Ebey's Landing National Historical Reserve. This National Park Service site was planned specifically to "preserve and protect a rural community which provides an unbroken historical record from 19th century exploration and settlement to the present time."

From Perego's Bluff the slope drops 200 feet to meet the cold, clear waters of Admiralty Inlet flowing east from the Strait of Juan de Fuca and, just beyond, the Pacific Ocean. Here came George Vancouver in 1792 as he probed this entrance on the northwest coast. Today Perego's Bluff crowns an island named for one of his officers, Joseph Whidbey. As early explorers sailed in from the strait they met this high shoulder where the island's lower half curved east toward the mainland. For those who sought access to Whidbey's interior, the tall bluffs first lowered just beyond Perego's at a beach that became known as Ebey's Landing. This was the point of entry in 1848 for Joseph Glasgow, the first white to attempt settlement.

From then on, vessels of every shape and size anchored there as newcomers staked their claims to the "Garden Isle."

Above the landing stretches Ebey's Prairie, a wide expanse of rich black soil so fertile that farms set world records for astounding crop yields in the 1890s. And backing the prairie, on its far northern edge, lies Coupeville. Here retired New England sea captains made permanent residence ashore with their wives and children. They were joined by veterans of both the Oregon Trail and the Civil War, by refugees from the Franco-Prussian conflict in Europe, and the frenzied California gold rush. As this motley group of individuals established a viable community, they brought a radically different culture to those who had preceded them—the Lower Skagit Indians.

The Ebey's Landing reserve is defined not only by unsullied open spaces but by an infamous atrocity as well. Another site is visible from Perego's Bluff. Above the landing a wide ravine, now choked with vegetation, once provided access to the prairie above. In 1850, just east of that ravine, Isaac EbeY built a homestead he called "The Cabins," staked out on 640 acres. Here he proceeded to shape the future in this northern reach of the Oregon Territory. In 1857, after EbeY had become a viable alternative to Governor Isaac Stevens, an act of revenge cut short his political career. On the night of August 11 Kake Indians from Alaska's Kupreanof Island beheaded EbeY outside his home as his family escaped. The murder was in retaliation for an attack by the USS Massachusetts on fellow tribal members the previous November near Port Gamble. EbeY's death quickly brought armed ships aplenty to Puget Sound, ready to oust invaders from the north. The threat of attack by the northern Indians soon disappeared and white settlement of the region moved ahead unchecked.

Each year thousands of people visit Ebey's Landing National Historical Reserve to explore the somewhat unfamiliar concept of a "cultural landscape": a place where patterns of human occupation have shaped a geographical area. These patterns take many forms: false-front buildings in Coupeville, open farmlands bordered by hedgerows, gun emplacements at Fort Casey, the weathered pioneer tombstones at Sunnyside Cemetery. For many visitors Isaac EbeY's murder sums up and defines the Indian presence on Whidbey Island. But what of the resident Lower Skagit Indians after their northern counterparts headed home? Where are their traces in this historic landscape? How did Native Americans adjust to incoming white pioneers who laid claim to the land they had occupied for at least 10,000 years?

From the time of Vancouver and Whidbey's visit in 1792 until white settlement 58 years later, the Lower Skagit Indians lived with increasing uncertainty. Whidbey estimated their population at 600, a number reduced in later years by tuberculosis and venereal disease. By 1853 newly arrived settler Walter Crockett wrote that "smallpox has been amongst the Indians and has destroyed a great many of them... I think in a few years some of the tribes will be extinct."

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Whites like Crockett, who lived on Whidbey at the time of Isaac Ebey's murder, knew that northern Indians had perpetrated the crime. "Their Indians," the deferential Lower Skagit tribe, gave them scant reason to fear. Shortly after the incident Louise Swift wrote her mother in Massachusetts, stating, "I like it very much here. The Indians I don't feel at all afraid of." Still, the first years after Ebey's death must have been tense. Isaac Ebey was the first "pioneer" who actually stayed, claimed land, and subsequently rose to a position of prominence. His death in 1857 did not initiate conflicts between Indians and whites in the Puget Sound region—they had existed since his arrival seven years earlier, the result of whites settling the region prior to addressing Native American claims to their traditional lands. By the time the Lower Skagits' title to their homelands was extinguished in 1855, whites had already filed 51 separate land claims on Whidbey Island, the majority clustered around Penn Cove. Yet, despite these being the Indians' richest lands, no recorded uprising occurred. This lack of hostilities probably belies a tension that existed on the island after Ebey's death, when the displacement experienced by Native Americans mixed uneasily with the outrage of whites over the death of their leading citizen.

The mechanism that took Lower Skagit lands was one of three treaties Governor Isaac Stevens steamrolled through the Puget Sound country between December 1854 and January 1855. The Point Elliott Treaty established the Swinomish Indian Reservation on Fidalgo Island for five tribes: the Lower Skagit of Whidbey, the Kikialus on northern Camano Island, the Upper Skagit on the upper Skagit River, and the Swinomish and Samish living at the Skagit River's mouth and offshore islands. Unlike its dealings with other tribes, the federal government did not force these Indians onto the reservation; while some of the Lower Skagit people chose to go, many did not. As Whidbey's white population increased, Indians remained in their traditional villages, their numbers gradually decreasing as the century closed.

Several reasons explain why coexistence between Indians and whites succeeded. The Lower Skagit population was primarily an aging one. Although young children occupied the villages, tuberculosis often claimed them by their teens. Consequently, a diminishing Indian presence did not threaten the settlers or their newly acquired property. Secondly, the Lower Skagit traditionally lived near saltwater beaches that, unlike today, had little value for incoming whites who sought the highly prized agricultural lands.

Islanders who claimed Whidbey land that included these shoreline Indian villages generally allowed the original inhabitants to continue living there unmolested. One such settler was Jacob Smith, whose donation claim included the village of Chief Squi-qui on the north side of Penn Cove. Smith and later owners of the land allowed Squi-qui and his descendants to occupy the village site until 1909, when the last member of the family died. James Swan, author of the classic, The Northwest Coast, visited Squi-qui's lodge in 1859 along with Indian Agent Robert Fay who went there to officially inform Squi-qui...
and 200 other Lower Skagit Indians that Congress had ratified the Point Elliott Treaty. Contrary to the treaty’s terms, however, Congress had sent no payment. Sympathetic to the Indians’ plight, Fay tried to compensate as best he could, and Swan recorded the exchange:

[Squi-qui’s] lodge is a large wooden building, one hundred feet long by thirty feet wide. At the sides are upright planks, placed at intervals of twenty feet apart to support the beams of the roof. These planks were painted with various hieroglyphics indicative of the Tomanawas, or secret guardian spirit of the occupants of the lodge. The whole building was occupied by five or six different families, all relatives of old Squi-qui, the chief.

[Captain Fay] gave them a “cultus potlatch” consisting of blankets, calico, shirts, and a few trinkets.

S qui-qui’s village and that of Chief Snetlum’s across the cove survived through the turn of the century: Badsalee, a beach village directly in front of Coupeville, did not. In 1863 a newly arrived settler from Massachusetts named Arthur Swift described Badsalee as follows: “The beach was lined with Indian houses, the floors of which were about two feet above high water mark. The Indians on the western side [of the wharf] were under the leadership of Papa Job. An excellent old Indian and a friend of the Bostons.” Although Coupeville grew slowly, Badsalee quickly disappeared from its busy waterfront, leaving only the two villages north and south of town. Had these sites been on arable or commercially desirable land, there is no doubt they would have quickly disappeared.

Not by coincidence did Indians and whites desire the same food-producing acreage, particularly that of central Whidbey’s prairies. Between Penn Cove and Admiralty Inlet lay three large natural prairies, ancient lake beds left by retreating glaciers of the last ice age. There the Indians hunted deer, elk and a wide variety of birds, as evidenced by the numerous artifacts that farmers have plowed up over the past 150 years. Indians also harvested plants and periodically set fire to the prairies to increase the yield of such edibles as bracken fern and camas. In May 1853 General A. V. Kautz visited the island and noted the “large number of Indians gathering camas bulbs” on Crockett Prairie.

For newly arrived white settlers the open prairies on central Whidbey were one vast natural farmland awaiting cultivation—no forest to clear, no stumps to remove, no uneven terrain to struggle with. Consequently, these areas were the first to be claimed under the Donation Land Law of 1850. Walter Crockett, namesake of the aforementioned prairie, also witnessed the Indians’ 1853 camas harvest, but he saw another use for the plant: “The camas...affords very fine hog range and the earth is full of it. The Indians dig it to live on. We have a fine stock of hogs coming on and the camas is their principal subsistence.” The dual use of Whidbey’s prairie lands did not last long. Within a few short decades after the whites’ arrival the only prairie crops harvested by Indians were those of the new settlers. Local writer Flora Engle recalled that Indians became hired hands who “shocked grain in the harvest field [and] formed a part of the threshing and hay baling crews.”

Farmers continued to depend on the Lower Skagit workers for the next 90 years. Retired farmer Charles Arnold recalled this relationship: “A lot of people had sheep and they used to have Indians come do the shearing. They’d take a fleece or two for their own as partial payment. I remember the ladies would sit there, cleaning and carding it, while the men did the shearing. They made their sweaters and blankets out of

OPPOSITE
PAGE: Lower Skagit canoes in front of Billy Barklow’s potlatch house, c. 1904.

LEFT: Few of the Lower Skagit people remained on Whidbey Island past the turn of the century. Pictured, left to right: Charlie and Mary Snakelum, Mary Jim and son August, c. 1920.
it.” Gerald Darst remembered the 1920s and 1930s when his father “got well acquainted with some of the Indians because he was hiring [them as] workers in hoeing potatoes.” When Gerald took charge of the family farm in the 1950s he found that, because of the demanding physical labor involved, “it was very difficult to get the white boys to come and pick potatoes. I had to end up going to La Conner and signing up some Indian workers to come over to Whidbey to pick potatoes for me, which I did for quite a few years.”

As territorial settlement progressed, the Lower Skagit people adapted. They bartered for goods at Coupeville’s sole store, “bringing skins of various animals, the greater part being deer skins. Also dogfish oil, feathers, buckskin gloves, [and] wool socks, the knitting of the ‘kloochmen’ [women] being very expert.” They also operated a rapid transit system for the island. Pioneers seeking access to neighboring towns relied heavily on the Indians and their sleek, shovelnose canoes. When Louise Swift wanted to visit friends in 1863, her husband “went for the Indians to come with a canoe and take us to Utsalady. We went and sat down flat on the bottom with our limbs horizontal. We were two hours going.” Louise and the other Whidbey Island women also attended social events in Port Townsend, Victoria and Port Gamble, wrapping their ball gowns in sheets of sailcloth for the crossings of the strait. Not only did Indians facilitate these welcome social gatherings, they often provided the only access to medical assistance. Hobart Race remembered his uncle’s illness in 1893: “William got appendicitis and they loaded him in a wagon and took him over to Ebey’s Landing. They hired [an] Indian canoe, put him in the bottom, and took him to Victoria. By the time they got there, peritonitis had set in and he died.”

The Lower Skagit people interacted with whites on a wide variety of other fronts. In 1864 Louise Swift wrote her sister Annie, “We have hanging in our store one whole deer and one quarter of another. For this we pay about three cents per pound at the kitchen door. Fifty cents for a goose, twenty-five cents for a partridge. We pay the Indians in food, goods, or money.” Indian women assisted white women with housework, child care, and laundry, charging “tkt dollar” [one dollar] for the wash and “klone quarter” [75 cents] for ironing. When white women gave birth, Indian neighbors often stepped in to keep the household running or look after older children. Francis Pfeiffer praised the care given by Mary Squi-qui in the 1870s:

My memory of her is entwined with the earliest recollections of childhood when she came to “chee house,” scouring till wood paled under her faithful hands. She acted as a sort of nurse to us children, trying to keep us out of mischief, making us presentable after a hard day of play, and giving us, when we rushed into her cabin and made demands, unforgettable pieces of wild berry pie.

Indian women interacted with whites in yet another way. At least eight mated with white men and had children by them. But when white women arrived, most of these men kept their mixed-race children and sent the Indian mothers away. Where the women went and what happened to them was not passed down through the various family histories. This was true of Captain Edward Barrington who, following his marriage to Christine McCrohan, banished his “Indian squaw” but kept their daughter Olivia. In 1871 he sent her to the sisters of Saint Ann in Victoria, whose academy accepted outcast and “illicit” children from Washington Territory and educated them in the ways of Christian white society. Other children of white and Indian unions grew up in Whidbey’s communities, forever branded as half-breeds. According to one island resident today, that designation kept her mother-in-law from being buried in the family plot.

As the 19th century drew to a close relations between whites and the Lower Skagit Indians assumed an easy familiarity. Aging homesteaders who penned their memoirs usually
devoted a few paragraphs to the Indians, primarily in the context of Ebey's "savage death" or problems the settlers had with alcoholic or "stealing" Indians. Rarely did they mention white neighbors with similar behaviors, and—as the Island County court records can attest—there were more than a few.

Some whites took a broader view of the native inhabitants. Coupeville pharmacist Puget Race grew up in close proximity to the Indians near Snakelum Point and spoke the Chinook jargon; he regularly hunted with his Indian neighbors and encouraged friendships between his sons and the few remaining Indian children. Race's wife, Hattie, grew up near Chief Squi-qui's village as an adult she documented the Indians' family histories and their use of indigenous plants for medicinal purposes. Her sister Maude welcomed Indian women into her home and encouraged their traditional handcrafts, afterwards selling the goods on their behalf. A few other locals, such as Mickey Clark, remembered close friendships with Indian children: "I used to play with them. They were good kids, maybe better than a lot of whites."

More often than not, however, white islanders regarded the local Indian population as an antique curiosity. They gathered artifacts on beaches or the prairies south of town, souvenirs of a culture they viewed as quaint and largely extinct. On the rare instance when the Island County Times mentioned local Indians, it did so in patronizing tones, as in 1913 when "four braves invaded" the newspaper office. The editor, noting that "the white man's firewater has made good Indians out of our Siwash brethren," soon learned the Indians' purpose: they wanted to publicly request that whites refrain from "molesting Indian graves" and removing parts of skeletons. As cameras became available, photographers captured scenes of a people and a way of life that were fast disappearing: a man carving a canoe, a woman drying clams in front of her home, rows of canoes beached on the shore of Penn Cove.

Those whites who speculated on the Indians' fate usually did so with a certainty that modern civilization doomed their existence. Few questioned the justice of, or alternatives to, such extinction. Shortly before his death in 1903 Walter Crockett wrote: "I think we would make a more vigorous kick than the Skagits did if some outside people should try to take our homes. It looks sad to see a whole continent of natives perish, but it is in obedience to the law of the survival of the fittest." As Lower Skagit Indians relocated to the Swinomish or Tulalip reservations, their disappearance seemed to confirm white expectations, as if their change of address meant that they no longer existed as a people or had ties to their homeland. Each new federal and county census confirmed a rapidly shrinking Indian population on Whidbey Island: 90 in 1887, 46 in 1889, 15 in 1900. In 1904 Chief Billy Barlow, son of Squi-qui, built a new potlatch house, 50 feet wide by 100 feet long, on the site of his ancestral village. That April he welcomed over 300 Indians from the Swinomish, Lummi and Tulalip reservations. But, as the Island County Times reported, "The affair was more...a memorial than a potlatch." Barlow's was the last potlatch on central Whidbey, and his death in 1909 signaled the end of the Lower Skagit chiefs. Only three Indian families remained on Penn Cove in subsequent decades: Charlie and Katie Snakelum, Aleck and Susie Kettle, Charlie and Mary Jim.

As the Indian population dwindled, change accelerated on Whidbey. Southeast of Ebey's Prairie the United States Army constructed Fort Casey, one of three forts built on Admiralty Inlet to guard America's northwest corner. Telephone service and steam-powered threshing machines arrived, and regular boat service connected Coupeville, Bellingham, Everett and Seattle. Along with these innovations came a born promoter and land speculator extraordinaire—Judge Lester Still. Not far from where Chief Squi-qui's village once stood, Still
A century after the death of Isaac Ebey, Lester Still romanticized the "passing Indian" to promote his new business. On July 29, 1904, just three months after the Lower Skagit's final potlatch, he announced in the local paper: "Chah-co Ko-pa Wigwam, Ko-Pa...First Annual Potlatch at the Wigwam." To publicize his resort on "the former meeting ground of all the allied Indian tribes of the Puget Sound country," he traveled throughout the Puget Sound area and spoke at endless public functions, including Seattle's Alaska-Yukon Exposition. He also wrote countless articles about Whidbey in magazines such as The Coast, Opportunity and The Westerner. Yet, while invoking Indian themes in his promotions, Still cautiously avoided the island's "Ebey Massacre," as it was then called. He reassured magazine readers that "the Indian of today is unlike his bold untamable progenitors. He has adopted to a great degree, the customs of the 'Pale Face.' At no time in the last forty years has there been any trouble with the Indians on Puget Sound." But, despite his nostalgic advertising campaign Still failed to transform Whidbey Island into the "Hub of the Puget Sound Country," and he sold the park in 1911.

As the 20th century progressed, the last Lower Skagit families remained near Coupeville. The Kettles' grandchildren attended the local school, and Charlie and Katie Snakelum regularly crossed Penn Cove in search of farm work, food or supplies. People living on Whidbey Island today recall their "canoe rides with Charlie," his sheep-shearing abilities, or visiting him on Snakelum Point where he regularly told the story of seeing Isaac Ebey's headless body. Another Indian family lived not far from Charlie's home. Sixty years later, Hobart Race recalled Charlie and Mary Jim:

When I was real young there was an Indian family that lived right in front of our yard. Their name was Jim. They had a little one-room shack and kids, but you couldn't keep track of them because they lost them as soon as they'd get into their teens. Tuberculosis. They had one boy about my age, August. He lasted till he was about 14. I can remember the canoes coming across from La Conner when I was real young. When we had low tides, especially in the summer, you could hear them hollering and joking.

Susie [Teloleta] and Aleck Kettle and children lived in Coupeville with her mother Walatela. Only one of nine Kettle children reached adulthood, the others dying from accidents or tuberculosis by their teens. In an effort to eliminate the disease, townspeople built a new home for the Kettles, afterwards burning their old one to the ground, an act later remembered by most locals as an "accidental fire." Walatela, the daughter of Chief General Warren [Sak-deakeet], who signed the Point Elliott Treaty, supported herself selling clams until shortly before her death in 1916. Carl Jenne remembered Walatela, whom whites called "Squinty" because of her poor eyesight: "She sold clams at a very low price, going from house to house, carrying them on her back, a small bucket full for 25 cents." Aleck Kettle, a Duwamish Indian and second cousin to Chief Leschi, whom Isaac Stevens had hanged near Steilacoom in 1858, could be seen on his "smelt stand," a ladder-type platform on the beach from which he spotted incoming runs. Known for his expertise in carving canoes, Kettle worked near the town dock,
often interrupting his work to teach woodworking skills to white youngsters or tell Indian creation stories recalled from his youth.

Whidbey Island became something of an isolated backwater from 1910 until 1935, the year the Deception Pass Bridge was completed. Railroads and automobiles shifted transportation from small steamers on the sound to the mainland. Consequently, growth slowed considerably for towns like Coupeville and Oak Harbor, whose economies were oriented toward their docks. Coupeville’s newspaper from this era reflects a sleepy, tightly woven rural community, one centered on itself to the detriment of island business owners. Lacking a chamber of commerce, Coupeville brainstormed the Indian Water Festival in 1929, complete with an “International War Canoe Race,” to attract visitors and fresh dollars to the town. The irrepressible Lester Still took charge of promoting it via radio:

“This is the biggest show of its kind in the Western Hemisphere and it is fitting that it should take place on...the shores of that beautiful land of the sunset, Whidbey Island, a spot rich in the prehistoric legends of the Red men, as well as the early history of this state. Here on the very battle grounds of the past, the Indian found a Haven of Peace, at the end of his long and tragic retreat toward the setting sun.”

Water Festival promoters invited tribes from Alaska to Washington to compete in the three-day event. At the 1931 festival 5,000 people lined the shores of Penn Cove to watch the Telegraph take first place; later both Paramount and Universal Studios sent crews to cover the event. Newsreel footage of the 50-foot canoes, each carved from a single cedar tree and powered by 11 men, ran in theaters throughout the United States. Besides racing, the eclectic festival included a concert by the Indian Band, a Fat Men’s Race, and “Prettiest Baby” contests—with separate categories for Indian and white children. Twenty-one Northwest tribes attended in 1933, including the Yakamas who, lacking a saltwater heritage, cheered the others on.

Despite the rhetoric of Lester Still, and townspeople posing Charlie Snakelum in front of a plains teepee while wearing a feathered Lakota headdress, the Water Festival provided an opportunity for the tribe to reconnect. For some the 1932 festival became the last chance to renew old bonds. Shortly after the event, Charlie Snakelum died at the age of 90. Chief William Shelton of the Tulalip Tribe provided a eulogy for the “pillar of the Skagit Tribe”:

“Today friends of whatever color gather to pay last respects to the remains of a common friend. To him to whom the color line was no barrier, we give all due respect. To the members of his own race...we beg you, as these lives that connect you with the old days pass on one by one, that you hold to and preserve their history and traditions. May not the swing of modern times take from you the inherent value of your own race history. No people with a system of social life and religious customs is without value to future generations.”

In 1937 Susie [Telotet] Kettle, the “last full blooded Indian woman on the Island,” died. Her husband Aleck enlisted the help of Hattie Race to compile a history of the Lower Skagit Indians on Whidbey Island. Kettle told Race, “I am anxious to know the dates and the names of these people because I believe it would help in establishing dates to the stories that are told by our old people...it would be good to preserve it.” Whether he ever completed this work is unknown. Aleck moved to Swinomish because of ill health and, in January 1947, the Coupeville paper reported, “Coupeville’s ties with its historical Indian past were severed last week when their last Indian, Aleck Kettle, died at the La Conner Reservation.”

The Indian Water Festival ended as World War II began, and with it vanished any discernible connections between central Whidbey and the Lower Skagit Indians at Swinomish. Although Coupeville renewed the celebration as a one-day event in 1992, it lacks the immediate cultural richness that earlier festivals possessed. In 1946 the Lummi tribe began the Stommish Water Festival. Over 50 years later it still provides Native Americans with the common meeting ground they once found at Coupeville.

Today the landscape of Ebey’s Landing National Historical Reserve reflects the former presence of the Lower Skagit Indians in subtle ways. Outside the Island County Museum in Coupeville stands a collection of Indian canoes, including Charlie Snakelum’s black dugout, the Telegraph—winner of the 1931 Water Festival—and the Elson, carved by Aleck Kettle as a permanent memorial to his teenage grandson who died in 1935.

For other traces of native life on Whidbey Island it is best to return to Peregoy’s Bluff. From there the prairie stretches east, unencumbered by development. The Lower Skagit people once worked here, performing elemental tasks, gathering the raw materials of everyday life: bracken fern and camas, birds and deer. The prairie wraps around pockets of deep green forest that once provided cedar for native homes, canoes, baskets and tools. And in front, a buffer between land and water, are the same beaches where the Indians dug clams, dried their catches of salmon, and launched their canoes. Regrettably, there remain few visible traces of the Lower Skagit culture, but signs of Native American life on Whidbey Island—a land, water and human relationship thousands of years old—are there today if you know where to look.

A portion of “America, with those known parts in that unknowe world...1626”

This map, from John Speed's atlas published in London, 1627, is one of a collection of 17th- and 18th-century maps of North America from the Edward W. Allen collection, recently donated by his family. These maps substantially supplement a 1975 donation by Mr. Allen. Shown here is North America at a time when California (Baja) was thought to be an island. The entire northwest coast appears as a shadowy outline, vaguely suggesting the existence of what is now called Vancouver Island. From the western coast of Hudson's Bay, the remainder of North America is blank. This collection of maps enables us to study the progress of exploration and the evolution in cartography of the northwest coast.
Equality Colony

A Socialist Utopia Viewed as “Small-Town America”

By Charles P. LeWarne

On a mid-September day in 1897 Ed Pelton de-barked from a steamer at La Conner, Washington, and began to survey the Skagit River delta. His mission was unlike any other in his woodsman’s life. He had come from Maine to locate a site for a socialist colony, a utopian venture that would prove that men and women living harmoniously could create a perfect small settlement that might inspire others. He represented the Brotherhood of the Cooperative Commonwealth (BCC), a fledgling socialist organization that had once briefly attracted Eugene V. Debs and still included a remarkable range of radicals from across the nation. Among visionaries and malcontents Pelton stood out as practical and hardworking. He had visited other states seeking the perfect spot for an ideal community. Here in the northern reaches of Puget Sound he found it: “An embryo garden of Eden... a tract of 680 acres, of which about 80 acres is rich, dry, level upland, about 80 acres on a side hill—a fine site for residences, parks, gardens, etc.; the balance is all rich marshland, the riches of the rich, equal to the far-famed valley of the Nile.”

In November the colony was formally established and named Equality after the recent novel by Edward Bellamy, whose earlier best-seller, Looking Backward, 2000-1887, had glimpsed into a perfect, socialist world. The goal was for men, women and families to gather from across the country to live in harmony, to plan and work and produce together, to make decisions democratically, and most important, to show the world that a community could be both visionary and practical. Its success could even convert the nation to socialism. Especially in its feverish early months, Equality would indeed exhibit an enthusiasm and spirit of optimism that seemed hopeful of demonstrating these ideals.

Near the turn of the 20th century many such idealistic ventures were sweeping across the nation, aspiring to balance economic necessities with visions of perfect societies. They occurred in the mid-Atlantic states, and were established in the South, the Midwest and mountain states, and in California and the Pacific Northwest.

Equality Colony lasted barely a decade. Although it evolved and changed over that period, it was a community in which the BCC owned the land, buildings and means of production. All adult members and even young children had work responsibilities, receiving payment in colony scrip usable only at the colony store, with proceeds shared by all. Intended to end poverty and inequality, Equality was in turn heralded, romanticized and ridiculed in the socialist and popular press and regional newspapers as an Eden, a “Western Utopia.” “No rent in Equality,” boasted the colony newspaper, “no interest, no profit, no idleness, no poverty, brother.” But Equality also had non-utopian characteristics typical of an American small town on the edge of the continent.

Few images of American life are more enduring than that of the small town. Small-town America originated in colonial settlements and is reflected in contemporary movements from urban areas to small rural communities. Popular culture provides rich depictions: Andy Hardy movies; Norman Rockwell paintings; the Lynds’ sociological study of “Middletown”; the fiction of Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, and Garrison Keillor; the drama of Thornton Wilder’s Our Town; the various incarnations of “Peyton Place”; old-time radio soap operas; and television sitcoms.
from Beaver Cleaver’s Mayfield to Bart Simpson’s Springfield. Wallace Stegner said that our nostalgia for the small town is akin to a “homesickness…[that is] tribal…and not simply for a place, but for a time, a tempo, a way of thinking and working and being, a way of associating with other people and with the natural world.”

When Equality was forming near the beginning of the 20th century, the small town remained a dominant American feature. Sixty percent of the population lived in rural areas or communities of less than 2,500 persons, the official definition of “urban.” The ratio was similar in Washington where 72 of the 85 incorporated towns had fewer than 2,500 residents. Often laid out in a girdiron, most small towns had certain characteristics. Locally owned stores and shops lined a thoroughfare frequently called “Main Street” while more imposing public buildings centered about a town square. Citizens, well known to one another, resided in individual houses closeby. Farms and a few small industries provided some local needs and occasionally entered distant markets. School buildings, athletic fields, and churches with spires looming on the horizon were at the center of town activities that often embodied civic pride, boosterism and social benefits.

Like investors in conventional town-building schemes, BCC members purchased memberships or stock in the organization and thus in the colony, but their shares bought commonly held property rather than individual land parcels. Pelton had chosen a sloping forested hillside and a flatland near the mouth of a small creek. Despite his original mention of 680 acres, the original site was but 280 acres—soon increased to 440. A few additional pieces were acquired nearby, and several privileged leaders headquartered four miles away in the established town of Edison. That first winter and spring, BCC members filtered onto the main property where workers struggled to create a village.

By summer Equality was a roughly finished village of approximately 340 persons, with up to 200 new-comers anticipated in coming months. Such growth did not materialize, and a year later there were about 200 men, women and children. In June 1899 the colony newspaper published a diagram of the townsite as it would remain for most of its existence. It reflected the exigencies of the site and the rush of newcomers rather than a foreordained grand plan.

Most of the buildings were situated on the lower slope of the hillside just above the flatlands. Housing centered along the southern edge of the village in a row of four cabins measuring 14 by 20 feet with two barracks-like apartment buildings a few yards up the hill. The cabins had been built of logs before an upriver pioneer brought a portable sawmill that could provide cut lumber for construction. These included the two-story apartment houses where most residents lived. One was 60 feet long, the other 100 feet. Conditions were crowded; a small family might occupy one confined room. “While the colony’s appearance was stamped with the frontier look by the log cabins,” wrote Equality historian Frederick Smith, “the apartment houses were similar to hotels in early Puget Sound lumber towns.” Tents—a clue that more people had come than the colony could properly accommodate—were clustered near the cabins.

Most of the public buildings that supported the social life of the colony where members regularly encountered one another were situated a few yards north of the cabins. A two-story structure, 22 by 80 feet, housed the print shop, store, post office and sewing room. Bachelors lived in its attic dormitory. In 1899 a library and reception room were planned for this building. Charles D. Raymer, a sympathetic socialist book-store owner in Minneapolis and later in Seattle, provided books for a library. Besides housing, the larger apartment building contained the secretary’s office, barbershop, shoe shop and storage rooms. The bakery was set apart up the hillside. A separate ironing room was erected near the cluster of cabins, and a washroom was built beside the creek on the flats.

The original log structure was named Fort Bellamy after the author whose writings had partially inspired Equality. Situated near the base of the hillside, this was the first center and a lasting focus of community affairs. After serving early housing needs, Fort Bellamy became a 130-seat dining hall. Here residents gathered three times daily for communal meals and resultant camaraderie. Two annexes constructed of planed lumber contained a kitchen, pantry, washroom, and facilities for food storage and preparation. Fort Bellamy also served as a venue for committees and the general community to meet and as a gathering site for outings.
By the second summer a schoolhouse had been built higher up the hill, just south and east of other buildings. It held great social importance for adults as well as children, for it served many community needs. Upstairs schoolrooms hosted general meetings and frequent entertainment. Fort Bellamy and the schoolhouse remained the community's social centers.

Small industries were situated on the fringes of the village. A blacksmith shop with two forges was a few yards from Fort Bellamy, and a “factory” made cereal coffee. On the flats a permanent sawmill straddled one branch of a small creek just after it divided. A tin shop sat alongside the other branch of the creek. On the slope at the community’s north end was a barn, with a hothouse set slightly apart.

Geographical isolation combined with socialist ideology to compel Equality Colony toward self-sufficiency. Existing wagon roads were poor. That first spring, contact with the BCC leaders at Edison required a four-mile journey over unimproved and often muddy roads. Such conditions exacerbated tension between the two communities, which quickly resulted in the departure of key BCC leaders. The closest railroad stop, where most new arrivals debarked, was eight miles away, and travel to the larger towns of Mount Vernon, Burlington and Bellingham was infrequent. Although Equality was near open water, low tides and the shallow stream limited water transportation.

Residents were also united by their perception of socialism. Most likely there were few ideologues, especially after the Edison leaders departed, but colonists had been attracted in part by their general, possibly foggy, belief that brotherhood and the sharing of work, benefits and other aspects of daily living were mutually beneficial and even a harbinger of the nation’s future. And although most people had been unacquainted with one another when they arrived (exceptions included extended family groups and a few individuals from the same communities) most had lived in small towns scattered across the country (including many in the Midwest) and they shared similar backgrounds. Ages ranged from toddlers to several elderly persons. The group’s concept of brotherhood did not embrace nonwhites or Jews; Equality was a homogeneous Caucasian settlement, although one observer heard a variety of European and American dialects. William McDevitt, whose background and later accomplishments suggest he was a relatively sophisticated observer, described his fellows as being of the “seemingly solid, stalwart, rural or small-town type.”

In this small, compact community people came to know one another quickly and well. A few persons, such as Ed Pelton and longtime colony president Henry Halladay, seem to have been universally admired, but slackers or “cranks” or persons with idiosyncrasies were soon found out. The colony paper and later reminiscences reflected on individuals who seemed odd, failed to do their share of the work, or simply did not fit in.

The socialist ideology and goals of self-sufficiency meant that the colony would try to provide most of its basic needs, which led to immediate agricultural pursuits. At first, small, scattered parcels of land were farmed individually, but clearing, draining and digging made community farming possible. Reports possibly exaggerated the count of over 3,500 trees, bushes and vines. Three orchards provided fruit, and members raised a rich variety of the vegetables, berries and other fruit common to the region. Crops could be raised in a hothouse during cold weather, and a root house provided storage. The colony also raised livestock—by 1898 there were 16 horses and 10 cows, as well as numerous hogs and chickens. One of the dominant structures was a large barn, 42 by 100 feet, situated on the north hillside of the village. A poultry house stood east of the barn. When alleged arson destroyed that barn toward the end of the colony’s days, its loss and the death of livestock symbolized the demise of the whole venture.

Industrial efforts got under way during the first year, and expanded in the second year. The owner of the portable sawmill left early on, and a permanent mill was built with machinery brought in that first September. In addition to the logging, lumbering and agricultural operations, the colonists ran sewing and tailoring rooms, a blacksmith shop, tin shop, cereal coffee manufactory, bakery, brickyard, general store and post office. Residents participated in soap-making, shoemaking and boot repairing, harness making, furniture and cabinet making, barrel making, bee keeping and food drying endeavors. At the print shop a series of editors and printers published Industrial Freedom, a weekly newspaper that for sev-
eral years was distributed nationally. The shop also produced a periodical for youngsters and met other printing needs.

A few colony products were marketed outside the community—furniture, clothing and cereal—though without enduring success. Blacksmith Lewis Younkey repaired boots for neighboring loggers. Bakery ovens could produce 600 loaves of bread in a week, together with cakes and cookies; these were sold in nearby Edison and to railroad construction camps.

Government at Equality echoed the traditional New England town meeting—the principal founders were, after all, State-of-Mainers—but it was also influenced by their view of socialism. The general assembly, consisting of all colony men and women over 18, held supreme power. Its weekly meetings discussed and made decisions concerning virtually all aspects of colony life, however miniscule. “Time for ploughing and planting, whether to buy a cow or sell a horse, preparation of silage, use of charcoal gas in the care of the bees, the size of timbers for the barn—especially trade secrets,” wrote the paper. The colony president—originally elected quarterly and later annually—presided, but his role was largely that of ceremonial leader and colony spokesperson. Other features of government evolved over time. An executive council selected by the general assembly took on basic administrative functions and made major decisions. The voting procedure also changed from open general assembly votes to secret ballots on referendums and initiatives. Similarly, efforts to organize the work force by volunteerism under departmental leaders ceased as time passed.

Equality’s social fabric was also influenced by the socialist persuasion, physical isolation, and small-town intimacy. Education of the children was always considered essential. School got under way the first spring, with four colony members, all state-certified teachers, following standard curricula.
Members of the Herz family, pictured here, were among the first to occupy one of the new family homes built on the hill.

These women were colony cooks and kitchen helpers in 1901. Pictured (not necessarily in order) are Susie Gifford, Grace Lewis, Eva Longley, Virginia Hogan, Emma Halladay, Inza Joslyn.

Curricula for about 80 students. Quarters were makeshift, but the construction of a schoolhouse was a primary goal, and the school continued throughout the colony’s existence. Another keystone of most small towns did not thrive. There was no permanent church, despite efforts by several member pastors. Nevertheless, weddings and funerals were usually religious observances, and several members were drawn together by their interest in spiritualism and theosophy. But the image of a village clustered about a pointed white church spire does not hold true at Equality.

The cultural aspects...were not slighted," one young member later recalled. "The dance was, of course, the most popular with the younger folk, but the amateur dramatics, the discussion lyceums, and mass or choral singing all drew capacity houses." Colonists had to provide their own entertainment, and they did so with enthusiasm. Following a long workweek, the weekends—especially Saturday nights—were important, and dances and entertainment often attracted neighbors from outside the colony. The schoolhouse was the customary setting, according to Frederick Smith, serving "the functions of a school, a church, a town hall, a theater, a government bureaucracy, and a ballroom." Its main room was a spacious 28 by 68 feet, with a curtained stage at one end. Regular entertainment included musical productions, plays and lectures. Most presenters were community members, although occasional guests came...
from nearby towns to lecture on and discuss socialism or other political, economic and social issues. Colonists liked to put on plays, and several colonists had apparent musical talent. Traditional holidays were observed, including May Day. The November anniversary of Equality’s founding was especially important, with programs and celebrations often taking a full day away from work.

When the schoolhouse was being built on the slope, several young men put their efforts into hollowing out the space beneath for a dance hall. Opening festivities one January evening in 1899 included a grand march, various dances, and square-dance calls. Dances to the music of a fiddler became weekly features. Sometimes members of the colony orchestra performed.

As in any small town, Equality had a close-knit aspect. The whole community might help to plan such events as the wedding of teacher Kate Halladay and occasional resident Bert Savage, or the funerals of members buried in the woodland cemetery. Tragedy often brought people together; when, for example, the children of Paul Land were suddenly left motherless, community members joined together to help raise them. Residents living in close quarters came to know one another intimately, including each person’s eccentricities and failings. The columns of Industrial Freedom often related gossip and trivia about local affairs and people.

Equality aspired toward more traditional visions of small-town America. Even during the first summer of 1898, hillside lots were marked out near the southeast corner of the village and plans got under way to build cottages for individual families. A town square would be surrounded by three rows of numbered lots with streets cut through every 200 feet. Residents were to occupy these new homes according to the order of their arrival at Equality. When two houses were completed by the next summer, the colony’s earliest arrivals moved in; ironically, they professed reluctance to forsake the intimacy of the close-knit apartment quarters for the slightly distant individual homes. A few more cottages and shanties were built and occupied, but the slow decline of the colony halted this progress. Given a few more years of growth, Equality might well have taken on more of the traditional characteristics of small-town America.

The population peaked early on at over 300 residents. This was maintained for a little more than a year and then declined over several months as Equality became a solid settlement of perhaps 100 persons, a number that would hold for a half dozen years. The exuberance of the early days passed, and the lofty goals that had excited the original settlers and bound them together were forgotten. But a village remained nonetheless.

As in similar efforts, the decline was hastened as residents, particularly young men, found employment and other opportunities outside the colony. An earlier depression waned and the regional economy improved, allowing many young people to find jobs in logging, farming and construction in Skagit County and beyond.

Some were also escaping the regulated communal life of which they had tired. Rules that outside workers should turn over a portion of wages and profits to community coffers irritated such persons. One organized group left to establish the less structured but nevertheless socialist community of Freeland on Whidbey Island. Other events also prompted change. In 1903 a railroad cut through the land and local roads were improved. New sawmills started up nearby. Fewer young men were available to do strenuous work, and many of the remaining colonists were the elderly and children—those least fit for hard labor.

As early as 1904 the communal nature of Equality was ending; the mill had been leased and was eventually closed, and the once vigorous village had settled down to a quiet subsistence. Then a group of newcomers and severe disagreements completely disrupted the colony, and it quickly became a shell of what it had been. Early aspirations to found a socialist community that would inspire and help others were forgotten. Equality lingered until 1907, ten years after it was founded. By then animosities and occasional physical encounters prompted a court-ordered dissolution, and the bulk of the property was bought by a neighboring farmer. A few erstwhile colonists lingered on in cottages and work buildings, but the small community that had flourished just a few years earlier was no more.

In its time, though, Equality, however small, had exhibited salient characteristics of a conventional small town: its physical setting, its efforts toward economic self-sufficiency, its governmental practices, its social fabric, and eventually its lack of attraction for the young and ambitious. Notwithstanding its communal and utopian aspects, Equality can stand for a capsule study of an American small town at the advent of the 20th century.

Three images personalize for me the contrasting fates of America’s vanishing small towns. Where my father grew up in northwestern Iowa, deserted storefronts and broken windows now line empty streets; the population is aging and diminishing. My hometown, Bellevue, evolved into suburban sprawl and became an escalating “edge city” engulfed in the megalopolis that is “Greater Seattle.” Equality has reverted at least somewhat to its past: a few modern homes rise alongside second-growth forests and overlooking verdant hillside fields and rich bottomlands where a utopian experiment once practiced its vision of small-town America.

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MEETINGS ALONG THE GREAT RIVER OF THE WEST

By Patricia Nelson Limerick

EDITOR'S NOTE
This article is an abridged version of an essay that appeared in Great River of the West: Essays on the Columbia River, edited by William L. Lang and Robert C. Carriker (University of Washington Press, 1999), reprinted here with permission of the publisher.

The Columbia River country has long been a place of great cultural diversity and the site for exchanges that sometimes centered on conflict and sometimes on collaboration. Human encounters with nature and with other humans have been transactions of borders, occurring where zones of difference meet. The stories of natural borders and human borders can be equally compelling, and, in ways that western historians have not entirely mastered, those stories of borders, both human and natural, can inform and illuminate each other. Consider, for instance, the border between the sea and the land. In the case of the Columbia bar, where a chain of sandbars created a terrifying place of passage, this is a point of intersection that makes the human encounters of the region look remarkably peaceful.

The Columbia River is, of course, not unique in having sandbars. The Platte, the not-so-great river of the plains, also has sandbars, but they are dull and inconsequential compared to the dramatic sandbars at the mouth of the Columbia. There are a few tales of the Platte sandbars obstructing attempts to use the South Platte as a shipping tie to connect Denver to the Midwest, but those tales do more to amuse than to disturb.

In scale and power, the Columbia River is to the Platte what Superman is to Walter Mitty. And yet, thanks to its association with the Overland Trail, the Platte has been more intensely studied than the Columbia.

We have books upon books about...
the people who traveled across the continent to reach the Pacific Coast. Bewitched by tales of the Overland Trail, historians of the American West made an odd choice to pay little attention to the Pacific Ocean as a route of approach to the West. Plenty of people went to the California goldfields by ship, yet the term “California gold rush” uniformly brings to mind images of people traveling by wagon and pack train. Everyone recognizes the names Lewis and Clark, but the maritime equivalents of those explorers—Gray, Vancouver, Broughton, Slacum, Wilkes, Howison—hover on the distant, shrinking edges of name recognition.

I am not standing at a distance, condemning others for a limited historical vision from which I am immune. I have pondered Lewis and Clark’s journals many times, but only recently did I read the logs and journals from the Broughton, Slacum, Wilkes and Howison expeditions. Why did I submit to a moratorium on maritime curiosity? Without any conscious thought, I had acted on the accurate understanding that if I had not read the journals of Lewis and Clark, I would be universally recognized as a dummy in western American circles. If I had not read Slacum or Wilkes, nobody would notice or care.

For the latter-day reader an Overland Trail narrative of exploration or settlement has a bearable level of tension and suspense. There are steep hills to climb and descend, there are sometimes alarming variations of weather, and there is the ongoing anxiety about finding grass and water for the animals. And, indeed, there is a chance that the person whose fate the reader is following might die, but the chances are much better that she or he will survive.

The narratives from the other direction, told by explorers trying to enter present-day Oregon from the sea, offer no such comfort. Even when one is reading a narrative 200 years old, the tension can be unbearably high. One cannot dismiss the odds of sudden and agonizing death. The conditions of shipboard society add to the tension. Parties of overland travelers could get on each other’s nerves and tear into one another psychologically in riveting ways. Still, there is something about life confined to a small ship, with all the frictions of command, hierarchy and class, that can make a shipboard society into something dangerous as psychological fuel and tinder. No wonder, then, that we have kept our attention focused on the land.

At the Columbia bar, between Cape Disappointment and Point Adams, a huge and powerful river meets a vast and agitated ocean. The river has continually deposited sediment at its mouth, forming a shifting and changeable line of sandbars. Waves, tides, currents, winds, and the pouring force of the river have created a navigational puzzle beyond the mastery of many navigators.

Consider the report of Lieutenant Neil M. Howison, who entered the Columbia on July 1, 1846, explored the river, and then tried to depart on September 10. Howison had with him a description of the bar and a guide to its navigation written by American explorer Charles Wilkes, who had crossed the bar in 1841. But those instructions were of mixed value. These sandbars were under no contract to hold still, and five years had passed since Wilkes had written his description. “[T]he sands about the mouth of the Columbia,” Howison reported, “had undergone great changes within a short time past...which made it impossible to enter the river by the old marks, or those laid down on Wilkes’s chart.” These new formations, Howison said, “greatly obstructed this already embarrassing navigation, and those most experienced undertook to cross the bar with apprehension and dread.”

Why was Howison so careful to report on the problems of the bar? On September 10, 1846, when he tried to leave the Columbia, “the attempt was made and resulted in the shipwreck of the schooner.” Howison and his party...
found themselves “cast on shore…with nothing besides the clothes we stood in, and those thoroughly saturated.”

Howison’s accident reminds us of the curious patterns of fortune in western history. A number of early mariners “failed” in discovery by missing the mouth of the Columbia as they sailed along the coast. While this may have been unlucky in terms of reducing their future fame as explorers, there was also considerable luck in their escape from Howison’s fate. Finding the Columbia River required a mariner to challenge the bar, both coming and going. On that count, missing the perilous mouth of this river could easily be counted as good fortune, not bad.

In 1792 British explorer George Vancouver, heading north along the coast, had also missed the Columbia’s mouth. In May, after Vancouver had passed, Captain Robert Gray discovered the river and successfully crossed the bar. In October, having encountered Gray, heard his news, and gotten some advice, Vancouver headed back south. He was going to give the Columbia another try.

But the Broughton party was lucky. Although Broughton tried to follow Captain Gray’s sketch, he soon found it unreliable: “Following the track of the Soundings laid down in the Sketch we shoal’d our water considerably in a few Casts of the Lead, and before we could wear round, the Vessel struck on a Sand Bank.” They freed themselves from that sandbar and proceeded with great caution, with “the Navigation of this River being found so intricate and the Sketch of Mr. Grey’s so little to be depended upon.”

In November, when the Broughton party tried to leave the river and return to the sea, the terrors of the bar proved to be just as great as when they had approached from the sea. As they contemplated their departure, “the late bad weather had caused such a dreadful Swell over the Shoals at the entrance that we could observe no Channel free from Breakers.” They waited several days, and then, with the channel appearing “tolerably smooth,” they set out. The passage seemed to go well, “but we had scarce pass’d the bar, when a tremendous Surf appeared rolling towards us, and broke over the Vessel with great violence, the Spray of it when it struck us, wetted the Foresail as high as the upper reef, the Main Deck was filled with Water fore and aft.” Their escape was, again, a narrow one.

For one man, the terror of the passage must have exceeded anything we can imagine. As it crossed the bar, the Chatham was towing a cutter, a 20-foot-long open boat, which successfully “rose to the Seas.” The cutter, in turn, was towing a launch with one man in it. “[B]y the sudden violent motion of the

This painting from the December 1882 Harper’s New Monthly portrays a ship sheltering in the safe waters of Baker’s Bay near Cape Disappointment, just as the Tonquin did 70 years earlier.
William Slacum, who entered the Columbia River in 1836, suggested that a channel be dug across Cape Disappointment, from Baker’s Bay to the Pacific Ocean, in order to create a safe, deep passage past the treacherous bar.

Vessel and the force of the Sea, [the launch] broke her Tow rope, which was a stout Hawser of four Inches, and instantly fill’d.” The others could do nothing to help: “we were in the greatest anxiety for a while about the poor fellow... for we could not yet venture to send the Cutter to [the launch’s] assistance, till we were ourselves clear of all dangers.” When the rescuers could finally act, the launch’s solitary passenger, miraculously, proved to be safe, though “everything belonging” to the boat, “Oars, Masts, Sails, was lost and her side was stove in.”

For people like me, these Columbia bar stories are close to unbearable. I do not read suspense novels, and I do not watch suspense movies. At a certain level of desperate, vicarious tension, I feel more agonized than entertained. I do not want to begin to imagine the experience of the fellow alone in that little launch, on his own in huge and clashing seas, while his boat disintegrated around him. At least in this case there is the heartening and consoling ending of a happy ending is by no means assured.

Consider the arrival of the maritime half of the Astoria party in 1811. The people on board the Tonquin, commanded by the cruel Captain Jonathan Thorn, were happy to see land. “The sight filled every heart with gladness,” Alexander Ross wrote. Omens to interrupt that gladness appeared instantly as “the cloudy and stormy state of the weather prevented us seeing clearly the mouth of the river.” The party could see clearly that the aspect of “the coast was wild and dangerous.”

Captain Thorn sent out an exploratory party to examine the channel. In the party were the officer Mr. Fox, with “one sailor, a very old Frenchman, and three Canadian lads, unacquainted with sea service—two of them being carters from La Chine, and the other a Montreal barber.” Fox was reluctant to go. He declared “the impossibility of performing the business in such weather, and on such a rough sea, even with the best seamen, adding, that the waves were too high for any boat to live in.”

Alexander Ross described Thorn’s response to Fox’s protest: “The captain, turning sharply round, said—‘Mr. Fox, if you are afraid of water, you should have remained at Boston.’” Thus challenged, Fox departed with a melancholy farewell to his friends. “The weather was boisterous, and the sea rough,” but Fox’s fellow sailors could see enough to know that before his boat had gone far “she became utterly unmanageable.... At last she hoisted the [white] flag; the meaning could not be mistaken; we knew it was a signal of distress.” It was a signal to which Captain Thorn chose not to respond. That was the last heard of Mr. Fox, the sailor, the old Frenchman, the two carters, and the Montreal barber.

In another reconnaissance, following the loss of Mr. Fox and his party, Ross traveled in a longboat to explore the channel. He described the bar vividly:

On approaching the bar, the terrific chain of breakers, which kept rolling one after another in awful succession, completely overpowered us with dread; and the fearful suction or current became so irresistibly great, that, before we were aware of it, the boat was drawn into them, and became unmanageable.

The party strained to retreat, “for twelve minutes struggling in this perilous situation, between hope and despair, before we got clear.”

This, of course, was only a preliminary try at the channel. On the morning of March 25 a party went out in the longboat to “discover if possible the proper channel.” With the longboat traveling ahead, Captain Thorn followed, taking the Tonquin itself into the passage. When the waves became wilder, Thorn refused to retrieve the men in the longboat, telling those who protested that he would “not endanger the ship” to rescue the longboat party. As the channel became more and more shallow, the people on board the Tonquin had their own dose of terror: “the surges breaking over her stern overwhelmed everything on deck. Everyone who could, sprang aloft, and clung for life to the rigging.”

The waves at times broke ten feet high over her, and at other times she was in danger of foundering; she struck again and again, and, regardless of her helm, was tossed and whirled in every direction, and became completely unmanageable.... Our anxiety was still further increased by the wind dying away, and the tide still ebbing. At this instance, some one called out, “We are all lost, the ship is among the rocks.”
By throwing out the anchors, the men were able to slow down the drift of the ship toward the rocks and to arrive “in safety” at Baker’s Bay. This was safety, of course, only for those on board the Tonquin. It was something quite different for those in the abandoned longboat. During the next days the men from the Tonquin found only two survivors. Ross reported that “eight men in all lost their lives in entering this fatal river.”

When one ponders what one would say to William Slacum, another early crosser of the Columbia bar, it is hard to get beyond, “Good heavens.” Slacum’s encounter with the bar seems at first to have been a tranquil one, though on reflection it may have been the most violent of all. In 1836 President Andrew Jackson asked Slacum “to obtain some specific and authentic information in regard to the inhabitants of the country in the neighborhood of the Oregon or Columbia River.” Slacum, like Gray, was not an expressive fellow. Even when the federal government declined to repay him for many of his traveling expenses, he seemed more calm than crazed. He recorded his crossing of the Columbia bar with little excitement. “We attempted the passage at twelve M.,” he reported, “and crossed the bar safely, in not less than five fathoms, and anchored, at two o’clock, in Baker’s bay.”

For all the apparent uneventfulness of his crossing, Slacum was aware of the problem that the bar posed for American commerce: “At present, vessels are kept outside for several days, waiting for clear weather to run in, having neither beacon, buoys, nor lights to guide them when close in with the shore.” But Slacum was an optimistic and confident man. “This delay,” he wrote, “would soon be made by the action of the tide... as it sweeps around the bay, bringing with it the whole volume of water of the Columbia and its tributaries.

Maybe in 1836 the technology of explosives was further advanced than I realize. Maybe blasting a cut three-quarters of a mile long, 70 or 80 feet deep, through solid earth, was easily within the grasp of the engineers and artisans of the day. Maybe I am doing Slacum a disservice by seeing a flaw in his thinking. If sediment deposited by the Columbia River formed the sandbars that made the present mouth such a navigational nightmare, what would stop the sediment from accumulating in this new, engineered channel?

Even if I am misunderstanding or underestimating Slacum here, his thoughts are nonetheless astonishing. Solve the problem of the Columbia bar by blasting through Cape Disappointment! This sounds exactly like the fevered dreams proposed in the 1950s by Operation Plowshare and by advocates of atomic energy such as Edward Teller. This seems to be a match for the Plowshare plans to use atomic bombs to remove poorly placed mountains, to blast shipping channels to remote Alaskan ports, to pulverize oil shale in Colorado. There was William Slacum, in 1836, sounding like an employee of the Atomic Energy Commission or the Department of Energy, telling us that there really is a strong streak in American culture of boundless faith in technology to tidy up a messy and ill-designed physical world.

Slacum did not get his Cape Disappointment canal, although two enormous jetties and occasional bouts of channel-dredging have reduced some of the terror of the Columbia bar. In his fine book on the Columbia River, Sam McKinney remarked that the bar has, over the course of two centuries, “claimed over two thousand boats and ships, and at least fifteen hundred lives.” In a compelling chapter in Reach of Tide, Ring of History, McKinney visited the headquarters of the Columbia River Bar Pilots Association. There he found specialists in guiding ships over the bar, men who had learned to take a terrifying leap of faith when they cross, in high seas, from a tugboat to a ship in need of guidance. McKinney also profiles people at the United States Coast Guard Station, set up in 1880 to save lives along the bar. In the winter months, when mostly commercial boats are in operation, the station averages “150 requests for assistance.” In the summer, as recreational sportfishing boats head out to sea, the requests for...
help increase. In one 30-day period in the summer, the station recorded “three hundred distress calls,” one every 2.4 hours by McKinney’s calculations. When conditions are rough, the Coast Guard asks boaters to wait before crossing the bar. Some boaters, McKinney writes, “interpret the closure as a curtailment of their liberties” and attempt to cross anyway, always to their peril and sometimes to their death. This border, where river meets ocean and humans meet the strongest forces of the planet, remains untamed.

The American West is a borderland, and one definition of that borderland appears at the Columbia bar, where land meets ocean, where the Great River of the West meets the Great Ocean of the West. The challenge facing western American historians in the new millennium is to put those borderlands—the natural and the human—into some relationship to each other. What I am referring to here is the well-established separation between environmental history and ethnic history. Many historians write about the encounter of diverse groups in the American West, and many historians write about the encounter between humans and the physical environment. With few exceptions, these are two different groups of historians, two groups who do not often talk to each other.

Then, in more practical and contemporary terms, some activists work on the question of how to achieve social justice, how we will ever arrive at a social system of equality, fairness and tolerance. Others work on the question of how we will achieve environmental balance and repair, how we will ever arrive at an environmental system of permanence, stability and long-range health. While there are a few instances where these concerns are tied together, these efforts are still very separate and social justice and environmental justice often seem unrelated or, worse, actively opposed.

We do something helpful every time we try to bring these matters together. These stories had better connect or the peril for future generations is enormous. Every time we try to keep the story of the relations between humans and nature in the same picture as the story of the relations between and among humans themselves, we are doing something useful. For the Columbia country, the sources make this easy.

In William Broughton’s experience the ties between the Columbia bar as natural border and the Indian/white encounter as a cultural border are instantly in place. Broughton had barely moved into the river when he encountered natives. His party soon reached the site of a deserted village—whether deserted by choice or by depopulation from European-introduced diseases, it does not seem possible to tell. Just three days after Broughton crossed the bar, one very large Canoe with about five and twenty Indians in her...came along side and brought some Salmon which we eagerly bought of them on reasonable terms; they also brought two or 3 Otter Skins for sale and seem’d to know the value of them very well.

From that point on the Broughton party was in constant contact with Indians. The sailors were, it is important to note, jumpy about this, trying to keep the Indians at some distance at night, guarding their onshore camp, and constantly staying alert to occasions of theft. In their efforts to keep the Indians at a distance, the Broughton party made this business of borders very concrete and literal. On one evening, with 250 Indians in the area, one member of Broughton’s party reported: “When we landed we drew a line on the beach, at the same time giving them to understand that we did not wish them to come within it, which they punctually observed.”
For all this line-drawing, the spirit of the encounter seems to have been more amiable than hostile. After a visit from Indian men who "behaved very civilly," the party "found one of our drinking Potts had been march'd off with, but of this we took no notice, willing to keep peace with them, even at the expense of a trifling theft." When a group of Indian men in "war Garments" approached, the situation had the potential to be explosive. The English regulated everything in the best manner for our defense, the Swivel was primed, and a Match kept burning, all the Muskets and Pistols in the two boats were loaded with Ball, and every man had his Cartouch Box buckled on him, with his musket by his side, together with a Cutlass, Pistols, &c.

The Indians had a good set of bows and arrows, and it looked as if all the pieces were in place for a 1792 version of "Mutually Assured Destruction." Yet, the outcome proved to be quite different. "Soon after this," the report continued, "perceiving that our intentions were as peaceable as their own, they took off all their War Garments and every man seem'd eager to dispose of his Bows and Arrows for old Buttons, Beads, &c." Trade with the Indians kept the Broughton party from hunger throughout their time on the river: "What with Venison, Wild Fowl & Salmon which the natives brought us in abundance" along with "large quantities of excellent Cranberries, we contrived to live tolerably well."

There is no question here, or in any other record of exploration, that the ties between the European encounter with nature and the European encounter with Indian people were very close. People of the past did not separate these experiences into two intact categories—natural and human. It is distinctly odd that academic historians have chosen to divide a historical topic that came to us whole. During the 19th century, when Europeans and Euro-Americans tried to cross the bar, they often turned to Indian pilots, to the people who had the best knowledge of the shifting currents and sands. As noted earlier, professional pilots still assist ships in making the transition from sea to river.

Neil Howison wrote in 1846, "The constant alterations, which this bar, in common with most others, is undergoing, go to prove the necessity of frequent surveys and the establishment of resident pilots, who can be constantly exploring the channel, and keep pace with the shifting of sands, and the consequent change in the direction of the tides." This quotation virtually demands that we take it as an analogy and a metaphor. Without much effort from the interpreter, Howison's words translate directly from the Columbia bar to the complicated human and environmental relations of our time. In race relations and in environmental conflicts and dilemmas we are today as much in need of the services of "resident pilots" as seamen like Howison were in the 1840s. Indeed, this seems to be the happiest and most productive way of defining the role of teachers and writers of history in the American West today. The situation of urgency in these matters matches the urgency that still confronts people crossing from the sea into the Columbia River. In "this perilous situation, between hope and despair," resident pilots still have lives to save.

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Douglas A. Munro
A World War II Hero from Cle Elum

The United States entered World War II immediately after the bombing of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Douglas Munro of South Cle Elum, Washington, had volunteered for duty with the United States Coast Guard in September 1939 and was well trained and on hand to help with an amphibious landing of marines on Guadalcanal. In the early stages of the war the United States had been unprepared and things had gone badly. But by midsummer 1942 the United States had begun the counterattack and the island of Guadalcanal became the setting of some of the fiercest fighting in the South Pacific. On September 27, 1942, three companies of the Seventh Marine Division set out aboard landing craft in an attempt to land, drive out the Japanese, and establish a patrol base on the west side of the Matanikau River on Guadalcanal. The unopposed marines pushed inland more than 500 hundred yards before being confronted by an overwhelming Japanese force. The marines, under intense fire, were driven back to the beach and, unless rescued, would have been wiped out. Signalman First Class Douglas Munro, who was in charge of the original landing,
volunteered to lead a small armada of landing craft to evacuate the troops. As the marines on the beach boarded, the Japanese began firing from the ridges overlooking the beach. Munro, realizing that the men were in extreme danger, maneuvered his boat between the enemy and the heavily laden landing craft leaving the beach. All 500 hundred marines, including 25 wounded, managed to escape. Nine of the ten landing craft made it off the beach safely, but one got hung up on a sandbar. Munro directed another craft to pull it off. Soon the landing craft was free and heading out to sea.

While the guardsman continued to cover the withdrawal by firing on the enemy, he was hit by machine gun fire and fatally wounded. For Munro's leadership and heroism, President Franklin D. Roosevelt awarded him the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest commendation that can be conferred by the United States government. But Doug Munro's story should be told from the beginning.

OUGLAS ALBERT MUNRO was born October 11, 1919, and raised in South Cle Elum, Washington, where his father, James Munro, served as manager of an electrical substation operated by the Milwaukee Railroad. The substation was crucial in the process as it essentially downloaded high voltage and converted it to lower and safer voltage levels to drive the Milwaukee engines.

Doug, as his friends called him, graduated from Cle Elum High School in June 1937. A captain in the Coast Guard Reserve, Doug's father was active in Cle Elum Post 166 of the American Legion. The legion sponsored the "Sons of the American Legion" Drum and Bugle Corps. The corps had about 20 snare drummers, a bass drummer, and about 30 buglers. The participants ranged in age from five through fifteen, with James Munro as their director. Young Doug Munro had an excellent background in music, playing in the band and orchestra throughout his high school years and in his college band. Because of Doug's interest and experience in music, he became music director and march leader for the corps.

The corps practiced its music and close-order drill twice weekly, except when there was too much snow on the ground. The practices were held on the parade ground adjacent to the Milwaukee substation in South Cle Elum. The Drum and Bugle Corps marched and played in the late spring and early summer in civic events throughout the state, such as the Spokane Lilac Festival, Puyallup Daffodil Festival and Ellensburg Rodeo parade. My brother Tom and I played snare drums, and because I was one of the smallest boys in the corps, I always marched in the front row. My drum was about as big as I was; after marching and playing for five or six city blocks, I would grow tired and begin to lag behind. Doug Munro would come up behind me, lift my drum with his left hand, and place his right hand in the small of my back, nudging me back in line with the formation.

After graduating from high school, Doug attended Central Washington College of Education (CWCE) in Ellensburg from the fall of 1938 through spring quarter of 1939. Doug chose CWCE—being only about 30 miles from home—so that he could continue his leadership responsibilities with the Drum and Bugle Corps. Doug's work with the corps throughout his high school and college years gave an early indication of his leadership potential.

In the late summer of 1939, with war looming, Munro did some research into the responsibilities of the various branches of military service and decided that the Coast Guard was his cup of tea. He told his sister that he chose the Coast Guard because it was dedicated to saving lives. Just 20 years old and a man of small stature, Doug spent a week stuffing himself with enormous amounts of food in order to gain the extra pounds needed to bring him up to the Coast Guard's minimum weight standard. That accomplished, he headed for his physical, passed it, was inducted, and reported to his first duty station at Port Angeles. At enlistment he weighed 136 pounds and stood 5'8 1/2" tall. Following training Doug volunteered for duty aboard the Coast Guard cutter Spencer, where he served until 1941. While aboard the Spencer he earned his signalman third class rating.

In June 1941, with war looming, President Roosevelt directed the Coast Guard to man four large transports and or-
ordered guardsmen to serve, along with navy personnel, aboard other navy vessels. When the call went out for signalmen, Munro was given permission to transfer to the Hunter Liggett. The Hunter Liggett carried nearly 700 officers and enlisted men, in addition to 35 landing craft personnel (LCPs), or Higgins boats, and two landing craft tanks (LCTs).

In early August 1942 the United States embarked on its first major amphibious assault of the war in the Pacific. After initial battle successes at Coral Sea and Midway, the United States decided to counter the Japanese advances in the Solomon Islands. These islands form two parallel lines that run southeast approximately 600 miles east of New Guinea. Tulagi and Guadalcanal, both at the end of the chain, were picked for assault. Guadalcanal was strategically important because the Japanese were building an airfield there and, if finished, it would interfere with the Pacific campaign. Eighteen of the naval troop-carrying ships that were attached to the campaign’s task force carried Coast Guard personnel aboard. The Coast Guardsmen were assigned an important task in the amphibious landings—the operation of the landing craft. Many of the guardsmen had come from life-saving stations, and their Coast Guard experience made them the most seasoned small-boat handlers available to the navy. Hence, Doug Munro’s assignment to temporary duty on the staff of the commander of Transport Division 17.

During preparations for the invasion of Guadalcanal, Munro was transferred from ship to ship as his talents were needed. The task force rendezvoused at sea near the end of July, and on August 7 the Hunter Liggett led the other transports to their anchorage off Guadalcanal. The ship then served as the command post until the marines secured the beaches. At the time of the invasion, Munro was attached to the staff of Rear Admiral Richmond K. Turner on board the USS McCawley. He made the landing on Tulagi Island, where fierce fighting lasted for several days. On September 20 he volunteered to lead a search and rescue mission after a navy divebomber was forced down off the coast of Savo Island. Munro and several crewmen set out in a small powerboat in search of the downed pilot and his gunner. Unaware (due to radio silence) that the aviators had been picked up by a flying patrol boat, Munro and his companions braved intense enemy fire in their efforts to save the airmen. As their boat maneuvered to within 300 yards of the beach, Munro and his small crew heard the angry buzzing of

Drum and Bugle Corps, 1938, sponsored by American Legion Post 166, Cle Elum. Doug Munro, wearing a white hat, stands in the back row, left; his father, James Munro, also in a white hat, is in the back row, right.
THE PRESIDENT of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the MEDAL OF HONOR posthumously to DOUGLAS ALBERT MUNRO, SIGNALMAN FIRST CLASS UNITED STATES COAST GUARD for service as set forth in the following CITATION:

"For extraordinary heroism and conspicuous gallantry in action above and beyond the call of duty as Officer in Charge of a group of twenty-four Higgins boats engaged in the evacuation of a battalion of Marines trapped by enemy Japanese forces at Point Cruz, Guadalcanal, on September 27, 1942. After making preliminary plans for the evacuation of nearly five hundred beleaguered Marines, MUNRO, under constant strafing by enemy machine guns on the island and at great risk of his life, daringly led five of his small craft toward the shore. As he closed the beach, he signaled the others to land and then in order to draw the enemy's fire and protect the heavily loaded boats, he valiantly placed his craft, with its two small guns, as a shield between the beachhead and the Japanese.

When the perilous task of evacuation was nearly completed, MUNRO was instantly killed by enemy fire, but his crew, two of whom were wounded, carried on until the last boat had cleared the beach. By his outstanding leadership, expert planning and dauntless devotion to duty, he and his courageous comrades undoubtedly saved the lives of many who otherwise would have perished. He gallantly gave up his life in defense of his country."

/s/ FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

COLUMBIA 30 FALL 2000
Douglas A. Munro's gravestone, centerpiece of the Munro Memorial in the Laurel Hill Memorial Gardens Cemetery at Cle Elum.

RIGHT: Detail from a painting of Munro fighting off the enemy while the marines are rescued, under fire, from a Guadalcanal beach.

act as a shield between the advancing enemy and the withdrawing marines. The entire landing force, including 25 wounded, managed to escape.

Munro steered his LCP offshore. As he passed Point Cruz he spotted an LCT full of marines grounded on a sandbar. He guided his craft toward it and directed another LCT to help pull the craft off. Twenty minutes later both were heading out to sea with Munro's boat remaining behind to provide covering fire for the withdrawal. One of Munro's crewmen saw a line of waterspouts heading toward the boat. It was Japanese machine gun fire. The crewman shouted a warning to Munro, but the roar of the boat's engine prevented him from hearing, and a single bullet hit him at the base of the skull. When out of range and after momentarily regaining consciousness, he asked just one question: “Did we get them off?” Assured that the troops were out of harm's way, Munro smiled, and then he died. In recognition of his bravery and heroism, he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Purple Heart, and two of his crewmen won Navy Crosses.

On October 27, 1942, a month after Munro's death, his parents received an official letter from the Navy Department advising them of the Medal of Honor award. On May 27, 1943, they received their son's Medal of Honor from President Roosevelt in a ceremony at the White House.

Munro's commanding officer, Lieutenant Commander D. H. Dexter, sent a personal letter to Mr. and Mrs. Munro containing the following passages:

On Sunday the 27th of September an expedition was sent into an area where trouble was to be expected. Douglas was in charge of the ten boats which took the men down. In the latter part of the afternoon the situation had not developed as had been anticipated and in order to save the expedition it became necessary to send the boats back to evacuate the expedition. Volunteers were called for and true to the highest traditions of the Coast Guard and also to the traditions with which you had imbued your son, he was among the first to volunteer and was put in charge of the detail. The evacuation was as successful as could be hoped for under fire. But as always happens, the last men to leave the beach are the hardest pressed because they had been acting as the covering agents for the withdrawal of the

Munro skillfully maneuvered his boat to act as a shield between the advancing enemy and the withdrawing marines. The entire landing force, including 25 wounded, managed to escape.
Douglas Munro was buried on September 28 on Guadalcanal. After the war his remains were brought home and interred, with full military honors, at the Laurel Hill Memorial Gardens Cemetery in Cle Elum. His grave site includes a special monument honoring his life and heroism, and a flagpole from which the United States and Coast Guard flags fly daily. The grave is surrounded by concrete pillars supporting a large anchor chain taken from a Coast Guard ship. His parents, Edith and James Munro, are also buried within the enclosure.

The monument includes a bronze engraving with an abbreviated version of Munro’s Guadalcanal story and announces that the Coast Guard cutter Munro was named in his honor. But the Munro story does not end there.

In the fall of 1942 Congress established the Women’s Reserve of the Coast Guard. SPAR, the name given to the women volunteers, was an acronym of the Coast Guard slogan and its English translation: “Semper Paratus—Always Ready.” On November 23, 1942, just two months after her son’s heroic death, Edith Munro became one of the first of approximately 10,000 women who volunteered to serve their country as SPARs. On May 27, 1943, she completed her training at the Coast Guard Academy in New London, Connecticut, and was commissioned a lieutenant junior grade (LTJG).

At 48, older than most other women volunteers, LTJG Munro was assigned to the 13th Coast Guard District and took command of the SPAR barracks in Seattle. She also served as the Women’s Reserve personnel officer and had duties that took her to Long Beach, Houston, Washington, D.C., and Philadelphia. Promoted to lieutenant on July 1, 1944, she served until her retirement on November 1, 1945. Even in retirement Mrs. Munro continued to represent the Coast Guard at important military events and ceremonial functions, including the commissioning of the navy destroyer escort Munro in 1944, and the Coast Guard cutter Munro in 1972.

On September 27, 1999, 57 years after the heroic death of Douglas Munro, a ceremony to honor him was held at the cemetery in Cle Elum. The event, attended by over 1,500, featured the dedication of a new flagpole at the Munro Memorial, the unveiling of the new Veterans Memorial Wall constructed near Munro’s grave, and a proclamation by Governor Gary Locke. The Memorial Wall lists the names of over 700 local veterans, both living and dead, who served in the military. The new flagpole displays the American flag, the United States Coast Guard flag, and the Missing In Action/Prisoner Of War flag that honors the servicemen and women still missing in action or who were prisoners of war.

Munro’s heroism and self-sacrifice are now part of our nation’s history, the history that each new Coast Guard volunteer learns the first day he or she is in boot camp. His story is also recorded in an exhibit at the United States Coast Guard Academy’s museum in New London, Connecticut.
THE YEAR WAS 1956 and this Washington state delegation was ready to board the train that would transport them to Chicago and the Democratic National Convention. Some of them were supporting Averell Harriman, as indicated by the three Harriman posters in the forefront of the picture. At the convention Adlai Stevenson won the Democratic nomination. However, President Dwight Eisenhower, Republican, was elected to a second term.

—Juanita Walter Therrell
EMBODYING THE Radical Reformation that gave them birth, the Hutterite communities of North America, with their unique dress and culture, endure as enclaves of living history. The Hutterite communities, or brudershofs, remain quite apart from the mainstream of modern society, unseen and unheard by most people.

In 1960 a group of Hutterites, whose roots date back to early 16th-century Switzerland, moved to the outskirts of Spokane, Washington, where today they work, dress and play much as their ancestors did over 400 years ago.

Living in communes of usually not more than 150 people, the Hutterites typically practice dryland agriculture on a large scale. Hutterite communities, or “colonies,” strive for complete self-sufficiency; they raise virtually everything they need for their sustenance, buying only what they cannot produce on their own land (notably coffee, tea, sugar, salt, light bulbs, chemicals, etc.). Though dressing and living by guidelines hundreds of years old, the Hutterites, paradoxically, engage in the acquisition of the most modern farming technology—a practice that allows them to conduct extremely successful agrarian operations.

Being astute business administrators, the Hutterites generally establish prosperous colonies. This success leads to the development of daughter colonies, a necessity that arises after a colony reaches a certain critical mass. When a colony “branches”—that is, divides to form a new colony—half of the population departs to a pre-selected site, taking its share of the assets with it. Continuous growth has given the Hutterites in North America an estimated population of 30,000 people living in some 300 colonies. These communities tend to double their population every 17 years.

Though attentive to business, the Hutterites remain devoted to religious principles. According to John Hostettler in his book, *Hutterite Society*:

“Hutterites sometimes compare the colony to the ark of Noah in the biblical account of the flood. Only those in the ark (the colony) are prepared to escape the judgment of God and to receive eternal life. In the Hutterite view, “You either are in the ark, or you are not in the ark.”

Baptism is fundamental, says Hostettler: “Baptized members are believed to have received the supernatural gift of the Holy Spirit through obedience and
submission and to have more power and responsibility over those who have not been baptized."

Order dominates the Hutterites' universe. The hierarchy in the community, thought to be divinely ordained, gives older people authority over younger, men over women, and the colony over all individual members. God's word stands as the ultimate authority over the community, and compromise has no place.

A council of elders comprises the governing authority of the community. Ministers, managers and vocational bosses all have supervisory positions over the other men and boys who make up the male work force. In the female subculture there is only one official post, that of head cook. All of the other women and older girls comprise the work force assigned to perform traditional women's work.

The Hutterites do not undergo change as rapidly as the rest of modern society. Any type of change must be formally proposed and must be approved by the council. Modifications that improve the community economically, such as a fully loaded Big Bud tractor, are eagerly sought; but personal conveniences such as dishwashers are considered "worldly" items and therefore shunned.

The Hutterites' clothing distinguishes them from the rest of society. Their uniformity in dress is thought to reduce individual pride and advance the idea of a unified community. Hutterian men generally wear dark denim trousers held up by suspenders. They almost always wear hats, especially while working. Beards are mandatory after marriage, especially after the first child is born. Unlike the Amish, Hutterian men keep their hair and beards relatively short.

Women always wear ankle-length dresses and long aprons, reminiscent of their central European heritage. Patterns are allowed, either plaids or floral prints. The prescribed head covering is almost always a black kerchief with white polka dots. Infants often wear bright clothes, but when they become toddlers they are dressed as mirror images of the adults.

A group of these colorful people established a community on the outskirts of Spokane in 1960, already having farmed in the Big Bend area of Washington for four years. They came from Canada seeking suitable farmland on which to carry on their agrarian tradition. To understand how they came to inhabit the Pacific Northwest we must first go back to the beginning of their history.
The Hutterites trace their origin to the Protestant Reformation. Their spiritual forbears held that religious reforms should result in nothing less than communities of believers who practiced the literal tenets of the Bible. They rejected government in their spiritual lives, refused to bear arms or support coercion of any form, and would not swear allegiance to any political body.

One group of these reformers was called the “Anabaptists.” This essentially derogatory term literally means “rebaptiser.” Learned men in the Anabaptist movement, after careful scrutiny of the Scriptures, reached the conclusion that infant baptism had no biblical basis. Baptism, therefore, was limited to adults who understood the Christian religion and made a “confession of faith.” This position was considered heretical by the established church. Since the church and state were virtually synonymous, the other nonconformist views held by the Anabaptists were seen as threatening the established social order. So the Anabaptists were persecuted: thousands were imprisoned, tortured and executed for their faith. In the ensuing years of the early 16th century, many fled their homelands to the outer reaches of the Holy Roman Empire, where religious toleration existed in varying degrees. In 1528 a group of Anabaptists embarked on a journey from Nickolsburg, in Moravia, to escape the persecutions. On this journey the leaders spread a cloak on the ground and all of the people deposited their personal possessions on it. The goods were then distributed as the need arose, thus beginning the practice of “community of goods.” This group settled in Austerlitz, also in Moravia, and developed their system of Christian communal living.

These were the original founders of the Hutterian Brethren. Through the efforts of their bishop, Jacob Hutter, and his assistants, a well-defined communal pattern of living was established that remains virtually unchanged to this day.

In Austerlitz the Hutterites were left largely to themselves, and the “bruderhofs” (“houses of the brethren”) prospered. By 1620, however, the Thirty Years War had disrupted central Europe and the Hutterites were forced to flee. They migrated to Hungary and then to Transylvania and Wallachia (both in modern Romania). They were forced to migrate again during the war between Russia and the Ottoman Empire.

In 1770 a decimated group of Hutterites accepted a Russian count’s offer to settle on his estate in the Ukraine; here they were assured religious freedom and exemption from military service. The tolerant regime of Catherine the Great, however, gave way to more militaristic rule, and in 1871 the Hutterites lost their right to freedom from military conscription. Rather than give up this privilege, and thus compromise their principles, they decided once again to emigrate, this time to the United States. Immigration came in three waves; the first Hutterites arrived in the Dakota Territory in 1874, the last in 1879. On the Dakota prairie the Hutterian Brethren had, seemingly, found peace at last. They prospered greatly and evolved into three interrelated groups, each of which developed subtle differences in its respective approach to the world. In religious matters, however, they remained identical.

The Hutterian Brethren grew in numbers and branched out in various directions. Some moved to Canada during World War I. The sequence of one clan’s migrations, the Gross family’s, led them to Pincher Creek, Alberta. Pincher Creek Colony prospered and effectively weathered the storm of the Great Depression. Over time, however, the colony grew to such a size that it was forced to undergo a formal split.

Under the leadership of their minister, Reverend Paul S. Gross, the Pincher Creek Hutterites looked for land in Mexico, Saskatchewan, Alberta
and Montana. Then a crooked grain dealer entered the picture and would forever change the lives of the Pincher Creek Hutterites. Paul Gross recalled:

He must have sold over half a million dollars worth of hybrid wheat to our people in Alberta—dry land grain that yielded a good harvest, you know—and everybody bought it, everybody. Well, he couldn't deliver, so we looked for him and found him in Washington.

Telephone contacts were made, and the man disclosed that he had neither the grain nor the money. The Hutterites immediately went to their attorney, who contacted a lawyer in Montana. Then a crooked grain dealer had a home in Sunnyside, who owned a twin-engine airplane, offered to show the Hutterites land throughout south-central Washington.

"Well, we got into his plane and we looked at land, but you don't see much from the air," noted Paul Gross. "We did see lots of land—grass-covered hills—but it didn't suit us. So we went home and decided to return with a car."

At some point during their search for a new home, Paul Gross set his sights firmly on the state of Washington. Apparently the view from the air provided at least some measure of clarity, for Gross recalls: "In the back of my mind I had it; since we couldn't buy land in Alberta where we wanted, this could be our future home." Washington was already attractive to Gross because he had heard good things about the state:

In the late 1800s when the railroad was being built out here, my great-uncle left his home in South Dakota and came west. During that time, the railroad was constructed in the daytime and the Indians would tear it up at nighttime—so the going was slow. Well, the end of the line for my great-uncle was right here in Washington. He loved it so much that he didn't want to go back to Dakota; they had to come get him.

The stories that Gross's great-uncle told him about Washington always remained lodged in his memory. "He told me Washington was a paradise. Good land, good water, good climate. When we were looking for those things, I remembered what he had said."

The Pincher Creek Hutterites made three trips to Washington looking for farmland. The last journey proved fruitful, though it did not seem so at first. They were actually on their way back to Canada when they stopped for a night's rest in Ritzville.

We couldn't find anything that was suitable. I stayed up in the hotel lobby and read a paper—almost went to sleep. A man came up to me and said, "Do you know the Mennonites?" I replied, "We're cousins to the Mennonites. We're Hutterians, and we're looking for land."

The man with whom Gross spoke knew of a ranch that was for sale. He gave Gross directions, and the next day the little band of Hutterian men drove west into "Mennonite territory," and located the home of Clarence Hagen.

We had on big coats; you know; it was cold. Big coats, caps and beards. He was in his orchard pruning his trees. I said, "Mr. Hagen? Hagen Ranch? Clarence Hagen?" He looked at us and said, "Are you from Mars? What do you want?" I said, "A land agent by the name of Smith said your ranch was for sale." Hagen said to us, "I'll sell or rent to you, either way you want." He had two kids there; they were afraid of us, you know.

With this introductory phase behind them, the Hutterites and Clarence Hagen were ready to proceed.

Before a deal could be made, Paul Gross had to defend his decision before his brethren in Alberta. Migration to Washington was seen as almost a rebellious move by other Hutterites in Alberta. This move, if it went through, meant actually crossing the Rocky Mountains—something the Hutterites had never attempted before. Most of the Hutterites were in favor of remaining on the prairie; to the majority, Washington was out of the question.

For this transaction, the matter had to be brought before our bishop and elders in Alberta. However, the bishop was a good friend of mine and it wasn't hard to persuade him. But his assistant elders were hard to persuade. They said: "Paul Gross will become a renegade. For the sheep that strays from the flock becomes prey to the wolves."

Gross successfully defended his position, however, and gained approval for the move.

As the Hutterites were planning to relocate permanently in Washington, it was necessary to hire a local lawyer. With the assistance of Clarence Hagen, they located a lawyer in Ritzville by the name of Leonard F. Jansen who had practiced law there since 1951. He recalls his first introduction to the Hutterites in the following account:

One day in the summer of 1955 I was in my office in Ritzville when suddenly the door opened and in walked about ten or twelve bearded men with black hats and black suits, accompanied by Clarence Hagen. I said to myself "My God! What hath God wrought." [1] I come to find out, they were the Hutterian Brethren of Pincher Creek, Alberta, Canada. Clarence said to me, "I'm going to lease the John L. Fox farm to these people, and you've got to become their lawyer."

Jansen agreed, and thus began a business relationship that would last for over 35 years. With their lawyer's assistance, the Hutterites purchased 800 acres of the Fox estate as well as 3,800 acres leased from Mrs. Hagen. Their new home was situated near Lind.

The Hutterites immediately faced the challenge of switching from dryland to irrigation farming. But they had...
always been able to adapt. As one of the migrants noted:

The farmer will have to be adaptable to crops and methods that can get the price and not what he wants to grow or thinks he can only grow. . . . We learned to use it the hard way, but it's important to have good timing and efficiency with an irrigation system, and I think the communal colony can handle that very well.

They launched into their wheat-growing operation, and by early August they were bringing in their first grain harvest. That autumn they also enjoyed the bounty of their vegetable and fruit harvests.

The Hutterites' experimental enterprise in Washington initially involved only two families. Elias Wollman, Paul Gross's brother-in-law, was the patriarch of the group. A reporter noted:

The eight members of his family and the five in the family of his son, Jacob, are its nucleus. Two nephews, Mike and Sammy Gross, and two girls from the parent colony in Pincher Creek are with them to help get the community organized and aid with the wheat harvest. All seventeen live in the former Hagen home and an adjacent bunkhouse.

The Hutterites were well-received in the area, a phenomenon they had not always enjoyed during their history. The conviction that Washington was indeed a good choice for their relocation was affirmed by the productive agriculture: "Here, it's a longer and better season, a milder winter." Paul Gross noted, "We can grow much more than we could at home. That's the advantage we have."

Though the move from Canada was relatively smooth, it was not without opposition. The Immigration and Naturalization Service stubbornly fought the repatriation of the Hutterites. They had, however, a competent legal mediator in Leonard Jansen, who successfully engineered their migration: "I'm the reason they are here now; I enabled them to return to the United States because they were either born in the United States or were born of American parents. We had many a battle with the immigration service over this...."

The Hutterian experiment in the Big Bend region proved a success. Seasonal work partners came and went, and, consequently, the Pincher Creek Hutterites decided to support a fully established Bruderhof. Between 1956 and 1959 the group had continued to look for a large dryland farm they could buy. With their sights set firmly on Washington, the Hutterites persisted in their search throughout the Big Bend; they looked farther east, even as far as the Palouse. Meanwhile, they continued their farming operation near Lind, during which time they bought and sold machinery in their efforts to keep abreast of the latest technology.

It was a farm machinery salesman who notified the Hutterites of a place that was for sale near Deep Creek, outside of Spokane. The Hutterian Brethren entered into negotiations with Alvin P. Brende, owner of the Brende Machinery Company of Spokane. Brende began selling tracts of land to them in May 1960. Within a month they had bought six tracts of land and had leased several others, totaling approximately 3,000 acres.

Prior to the land negotiations, the board of trustees for the group filed their articles of incorporation in January 1960. These articles, signed by Paul Gross, Jacob Wollman, and Elias Wollman, and notarized by attorney Leonard Jansen, organized the Hutterian Brethren of Spokane as a full religious corporation under sanction of Chapter 24.08 of the Revised Code of Washington. By legally incorporating themselves, the Hutterites were recognized as a body politic and corporate, with perpetual succession; they shall be capable, in law, of suing and being sued, pleading and being impleaded, answering and being answered in all the courts of the state; they may have a common seal, alter and change the same at pleasure; acquire, mortgage and sell property, personal and real, for the purpose of carrying out the objects of the corporation, and make bylaws, rules and regulations, as they may deem proper and best for the welfare and good order of the corporation; and may amend the articles of incorporation by supplemental articles, executed and filed the same as the original articles:
Provided, that such bylaws, rules and regulations be not contrary to the Constitution and laws of the United States, and the existing laws of the state.

With the security of these legal provisions, the Hutterites proceeded to buy more land in Spokane County. They began plans for the construction of the colony's buildings and obtained the necessary permits from the county that summer; work on the property, however, did not begin until the late autumn of 1960. From November 1960 through January 1961 the Wollman families moved to the site from the farm near Lind, and Pincher Creek colony formally split—completing the process begun with the initial migration to Washington—with approximately half of the families moving to the newly acquired property. “At Pincher Creek [a] new manager was elected together with his board, as the management had chosen to move to Washington.”

There were now 60 Hutterites permanently residing in Washington. During the construction of the buildings, the members of the community lived in temporary quarters; it would not be long, however, before they moved into their completed living units. After the building permits were secured and the families moved to the site, the Hutterites contracted Bestway Building Supply in Spokane, a subsidiary of Boise Cascade, to build prefabricated structures, which were then moved to the colony for assembly. The contractor in charge of the operation was Stan Sloan, a recent graduate of Washington State College. Noted Sloan, “I built that colony; I was, for the most part, the main contractor for that whole project. Eli Wollman said to my boss, ‘I never put as much trust in anyone as I have in that young man. When he said this he was pointing to me.’”

Sloan, his work crew, and the Hutterite men assembled three duplexes, “each suitable for two or three families.” In addition to these they built a dining hall, with kitchen, bakery, large walk-in freezer and two dining rooms, as well as a chicken house and barn, poultry processing plant, machine shop, schoolhouse, laundry, and dairy barn—all erected by the summer of 1961. “The Hutterian characteristic of absolute orderliness was exemplified in the construction of the colony—all of the buildings were erected perpendicular to a north-south line.”

The estimated value of the buildings, as recorded in the permits, was given at roughly $72,000. Stan Sloan, however, puts the figure substantially higher. I can tell you right now that $72,000 doesn’t come close to the actual price tag for that colony. More than once Eli Wollman placed $10,000, in cash, into my hands to come into Spokane to buy equipment or supplies for the colony. After the place was as complete as it was going to be for a while, I’d have to say that the Hutterites spent over $300,000 on their community.

The Hutterian Brethren proceeded with their communal, pacifistic way of life, living, ironically, next to the air force missile sites of the Spokane Air Defense Sector. This did not bother them as the land for the missile sites had already been set aside for military purposes when the Hutterites bought their adjacent lands. Paul Gross echoed a perpetual Hutterian position when he said, “We are not concerned about things of the world.”

While the Hutterites received a cordial welcome when they arrived in the Big Bend, now they faced their first hostile reception from Washingtonians. The Spokesman-Review published an article that brought considerable attention to the Hutterites:

All is not well in the rolling Espanola country west of Spokane where a strangely somber Hutterite people formed a new American colony two years ago. The older families in the picturesque farm
country have been growing uneasy of late over the presence in their midst of a "different people" whose religion, customs and mode of dress are strangely removed from the American viewpoint.

This uneasiness was apparent among local farmers when the Hutterites first began buying land from Alvin Brende. Leonard Jansen recalls the early stages of the confrontation:

They were able to pay fifty dollars more per acre than what the land was selling for. This advantage gave the Hutterian Brethren considerable leverage over local farmers who may have wanted to negotiate with Brende for his land. They were, in the view of the people of the vicinity, "foreigners," "different," "not to be trusted." This misunderstanding in some people often led to hatred.

The Spokesman-Review summarized the reaction: "It is the outcropping of deep feelings of resentment on the part of Espanola farm families against what they consider an invasion by strangers."

The farming community elected to combat this "encroachment" by proposing to limit Hutterian expansion through restrictive legislation: "About 200 members of Spokane County Grange No. 4, meeting at Greenbluff Grange Hall, went on record unanimously in favor of a communal property law in the state of Washington."

The members of the Grange intended to present a formal petition for the cause at their statewide meeting in Bellingham, with the hope of introducing the measure to the state legislature. At this same time, locals who opposed the Hutterites printed derogatory literature and began to disseminate rumors about them.

The proposed measure by Grange members was potentially quite restrictive. The Spokesman-Review noted: "The purpose of the Grange petition is to put an end to the Hutterian practice of communal farms on which the land, crops and equipment are owned—not by an individual—but for the common use."

Paul Gross questioned the alleged threat of Hutterite expansion: "Does this seem outlandish? I know of many farm families who own much more. We are all American citizens.... It would seem that we have the right to farm as much land as we can acquire."

But the surrounding community was determined to keep the Hutterites from gaining additional lands. Often misconceptions about the Hutterian Brethren have tended to arise from the people who live closest to them, and during this incident the most vocal antagonist towards the colony was a Mrs. Ethel Peterson, "whose farm on Jacobs Road abuts the Hutterite property."

Peterson's agitation was a primary component of the previously mentioned newspaper article. In it she called the Hutterites, "the world's oldest communists," and followers of a system wherein all property is vested in the community and all labor practiced for the common good."

It was these elements of Hutterian practice, plus corporate purchasing power and virtually free labor from their members, that enabled them to buy good land in the region. Ethel Peterson complained:

They claim religion as their basis.... They have registered in the state as a church but have no affiliations or missions with any churches or sects other than their own.... Our main objection is that they operate a farm under the guise of religion.... They want to get many concessions taxwise that permit them to make more money. Then they turn around and try to pressure us into selling them our farms.

While it cannot be denied that the Hutterian Brethren were active in their land search, the charge that they put pressure on farmers to sell their land was unfounded. Nor was it correct to say that their faith was insincere or that they took advantage of tax laws. But considering the American fear of communism at the time, Ethel Peterson's labeling of the Hutterian Brethren as "the world's oldest communists" was powerful. She continued her verbal assault:

Mrs. Peterson, pointing to the Russian background of the ancient religious sect, calls attention to the fact that the Hutterite land virtually surrounds two air force missile sites which are vital components of the Spokane Air Defense Sector. "You wonder if they bought their land close to missile sites by accident or design...."

In the face of the inflamed opposition they encountered, the Hutterites remained characteristically calm. Paul Gross, as the spiritual leader and spokesman for the group, when referring to the measure proposed by the Grange, told the Spokesman-Review:

We will do nothing to fight them.... We do not care to become involved in matters such as this. We believe in the old saying, 'Live and let live....' We will let this matter take its own course, and in the meantime we will go about our business as usual.

Leonard Jansen, however, was not content to let the issue rest so easily:

This is outright religious persecution... of a group of fine people who want nothing more than to do their work and mind their own business. Somebody is going to get sued... unless all of this persecution is stopped immediately.

When the Spokesman-Review published the article on May 27, 1962, the Hutterites and their attorney, considering it defamatory, sued the newspaper. Jansen recalled:

We brought suit against the paper for publishing incorrect statements, chief of which was their [the Hutterites] being called communists. We won a modest sum of $3,000 as well as a public retraction and apology by the Spokesman-Review. I was never so pleased in my life as I was to see Bill Cowles and his editorial staff quake at the prospect of being sued.
The newspaper did not report on the litigation that took place between the Hutterian Brethren of Spokane and the Spokesman-Review, but it did formally apologize:

The Spokesman-Review holds no belief that the Hutterite colony are anything other than substantial, responsible and loyal citizens of the United States. If the article reported viewpoints tending to impugn the reputation of the members of the colony, it was not the intention of the newspaper to do so, and it expresses regret and apologizes in the circumstance.

The proposal for restrictive legislation never materialized. The Hutterian Brethren of Spokane were exonerated, and Paul Gross admonished his brethren to "never do anything without your lawyer." After this experience, life on the Hutterite farm proceeded with a regular schedule of hard work and much prayer.

During these early years in Washington the Hutterites learned never, more effective methods of farming, "which included such practices as fertilizing, seed treatment, and different methods of planting and tilling the soil." Their total agrarian pursuit was time-consuming. They retained the dryland operation in Lind as well, and part of the work force from Espanola commuted back and forth every day. In the interest of productivity, the group sold the 400-acre irrigated farm in the late winter of 1963 and concentrated its efforts on the dryland farming of wheat, barley and hay. They added a commercial chicken raising department to the Espanola farm, an operation that had been a successful component of Pincher Creek Colony; however, this venture brought little profit for the colony in Washington, so they replaced the chickens with geese, ducks and turkeys. As Sarah Anne Gross pointed out, "The chickens didn't bring in much money, only chicken feed." The goose population fixed at over 1,000, and the Hutterites subsequently became the only commercial geese raisers in Washington. At any given time, "We have 300 geese in cold storage in Spokane, ready for the oven."

As the colony progressed, the dairy operation grew as well. The Hutterites began with a small number of cows and slowly increased their herd. As the productivity of dairy goods gained momentum, the colony modernized its operation with an automated milking carousel that made it possible to "milk eight cows in eight minutes." The Carnation Company in Spokane signed a contract with the Spokane Hutterian Brethren, agreeing to purchase all of their milk. "We had 80 cows, but after meeting with Carnation and the bank we doubled the number." The dairy operation grew to such productive levels that this component of the colony's farm alone was "a half million dollar deal."

**Image:** Hutterites in traditional dress seem anachronistic amidst the modern farm buildings of Spokane colony.
Raising their own feed for their own herds and flocks exemplified the Hutterian characteristic of seeking sufficiency.

At some point in the 1970s the group decided to raise commercial turf grass. As Jansen noted: “For several years, well into the 1980s, they raised this turf grass, but it was either not profitable or it simply did not suit them for one reason or another. In time this operation, too, was left by the wayside.”

The grass-growing operation was sold to a Portland, Oregon, firm, and the Hutterites then discussed what their next venture would be. They had always grown potatoes for their own larder. By the mid 1970s they had increased the potato operation to 60 acres; yielding 30 tons per acre, this looked to be a productive endeavor. They decided to perfect this important staple, eventually adopting the seed potato as their primary department of production.

The Hutterites discussed potatoes for quite some time. They researched every variant of potato tuber in the world, looking for the best class that would be the most profitable for them. It was discovered that the finest seed potato was found in Montana. After contacting some growers there, they sent several trucks to Montana and brought back enough seed to commence what would become a very substantial operation.

The agrarian life of the Hutterites has been their way of life, and they have adapted to the dictates of the land on which they live. The change to potato farming was perhaps the most profitable one that they have made in their years in Washington. Bill Gross remembers, “Diversification is regulated by geography. Depending on the region, a colony grows what’s best for that region. In our case, the best so far has been the seed potato. Idaho may be home of the famous potatoes, but Washington soil grows the finest....”

The growth of these various operations, combined with a modestly sized orchard, a five-acre garden, and the manufacture of numerous farm and shop implements, has served to establish the Hutterites in Washington.

The number of people of the colony has grown as well. Sixty people comprised the community’s membership when it was first formed. Normally, 15 to 20 years pass before a colony doubles its population. By 1972, however, the colony’s population was close to 100. Colony records show an approximate total of 30 babies born in Washington between 1956 and 1972. The addition of seven women through marriage brought the population to 97 by 1972. The growth rate of the Spokane Hutterian Brethren was countered by only one person’s death. On Sunday, April 1, 1967, Paul Gross’s wife, Sarah, died. She was the first person to be interred in the colony’s small, private cemetery.

The proliferation of the community was rapid. Though many Hutterian colonies do not branch until a maximum population has been accommodated, the Darius Leut group, to which Deep Creek Colony belongs, “are more willing to form new colonies sooner, and do not mind starting out with a small labor force and marginal resources.” For 12 years the Spokane group commuted to the land near Lind. In 1972 they decided on a formal division. Bill Gross commented,

We branched prematurely. We had a pretty big operation down there, and we tried to run it from here. It was a real hassle, though, so we branched early. If we had waited until the typical colony size of between 120 and 150 was reached, we’d be splitting about now.

The number of people was indeed smaller than usual, but the successes of the farm provided for substantial financial resources.

When they decided to split in the traditional manner, we spent many long hours poring over the assets. Finally we were able to reach an agreement which was satisfactory to all of the membership, and both parties came away from the split with a very comfortable amount of capital.

The Wollman families, accompanied by several Gross families, departed from Espanola and established the Warden Hutterian Brethren, Inc., “in Big Bend Electric Co-op territory, about 25 miles east of Moses Lake.” This left a relatively small group of Hutterians in Spokane County to work their 3,600-acre farm while the new colony at Warden took over the 10,000-acre operation.

The Espanola community, now known as Spokane Colony, rose to the challenge of farming their land with a diminished labor pool. The enclave prospered in the ensuing years and acquired more land—5,000 acres total. Half the acreage is irrigated and the rest is dryland farmed. The Hutterites continue to raise seed potatoes as their chief support, and their repeated bumper crops indicate that their traditional stewardship of the land is continuing successfully in Washington.

Paul Gross feels that moving to Washington has been one of the wisest decisions he has ever made in his long life:

I dearly love it here. The people are friendly and, on the average, spiritually minded. The land has been good to us and we’ve been good to the land. The climate is wonderful, too. When we get visitors from Alberta, I always ask them, “Has the wind stopped blowing yet?” Yes, Washington has been like a promised land for us.

Besides the Spokane and Warden colonies, Washington has subsequently become home to two other fully established colonies—Stahville, near Ritzville, and Marlin, near Ruff. Additionally, two much smaller communities have been attempting to establish themselves near Odessa. Only time will tell if they will be successful; perhaps they, like the Spokane settlers, will be able to call Washington their “promised land.”

Vance Youmans is a history instructor at Spokane Falls Community College and a scholar who specializes in cultural history. This article is derived from his award-winning book on the Hutterian Brethren, The Plough and the Pen.
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Additional Reading
Interested in learning more about the topics covered in this issue? The sources listed here will get you started.

Beyond Isaac Ebey


Equality Colony


This Perilous Situation, between Hope and Despair


Douglas A. Munro


The Promised Land


I wish to applaud William Lang's excellent article, "Great River of the West: Two Ways of Seeing the Columbia..." (Spring 2000 COLUMBIA), and I do not believe my quibbles with some of Professor Lang's "ways of seeing" Lewis and Clark will detract in any substantive way from his fine and very lucid contribution.

At times Lang seems to see in the Lewis and Clark expedition what he believes should be there, rather than getting the full picture. True enough, Lewis and Clark serve as decent symbols of the Enlightenment, especially considering that their sponsor (Jefferson) is perhaps the American embodiment of that period. But, in that vein, it must be considered that these men were sent on a very specific assignment, and an extremely hazardous one at that. Their behavior—along with that of the entire Corps of Discovery—was heavily influenced by precise directives from Monticello and Poplar Forest, and I'm not sure that we can extrapolate too much from their assigned "scientific methodologies" back to their general characters as men. The same point is observed when one undertakes a close examination of a student's assigned term papers. We might be tempted to extrapolate of her character that she was tidy, precise, and plodding—only to find out that the truth outside the classroom is far different. She was merely fulfilling the assigned task. This criticism asks that we take into account the whole picture of the explorers' character—including those very nonutilitarian babbles, such as "O! The Joy!" at the perceived first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean, or the various purely aesthetic expressions that both men make at the beauty of the upper Missouri country.

This holistic picture allows us to see the explorers in a truer light—and even to admit that they may have been more "enlightened" than first thought. Thus, Clark's "bewilderment and disgust" at a native woman's self-mutilation, criticized by Lang, is open to discussion and even approbation. What intelligent person today—if confronted with someone mutilating herself—would not be disgusted and would hopefully have her restrained by the authorities—whether she was "acting out of religiously informed behavior" or not? Some religions have ritualized female circumcision, spousal immolation, or so-called "honor killings." Surely, we are "enlightened" enough to say such practices are wrong—regardless of their religious character! One might even say that Clark's refusal to interfere with the woman's behavior exhibits more tolerance than we would tolerate today.

None of these criticisms detract much from what I see as Professor Lang's main point: that Lewis and Clark (and other whites) viewed the Columbia River (and much else) far differently than did the natives. Well and good. They were, as are we, people of their times. But they are not without moral links to us, and to those attitudes and dispositions of behavior that all societies rank highly.

—Dr. Michael C. McKenzie
Keuka Park, New York

Small World

I read the article in the Summer 2000 COLUMBIA about Harry Strong's great-grandfather ("T. F. McElroy: Pioneer Publisher of Washington's First Newspaper") with special interest, because my great-great-grandfather, Joseph Cushman, began his business activities in Olympia during the same year—1852.

Since Joseph Cushman lived in Olympia for 20 years (1852-1872), he must have known T. F. McElroy. They were both Whigs and both benefited from the political spoils system of that era. After 1860 Joseph Cushman and Arthur A. Denny worked together in the General Land Office, selling land to the pioneers. Joseph Cushman is credited with giving General M. M. McCarver the idea of establishing a townsite at Old Tacoma (based on a description in The Canoe and the Saddle by Theodore Winthrop).

—Roger Cushman Edwards, Tacoma
Lewis and Clark Trail Maps
A Cartographic Reconstruction, Volume I
Missouri River between Camp River Dubois (Illinois) and Fort Mandan (North Dakota)—Outbound 1804; Return 1806.
Martin Plamondon II

"As never before, we can now see clearly the explorers' trail. The course of the Missouri River is accurately laid down with overlays of its past and current path...We find our way with the Corps of Discovery because we now know exactly where they were. William Clark would love these maps."
—Gary E. Moulton, editor of The Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition

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Native American baskets, World War II-era French fashion mannequins, and a general assortment of European and American paintings. Tenser, an art historian, directed the museum from 1983 to 1992, before moving on to the Portland Art Museum. Her carefully written text enables readers to gain an in-depth understanding of the collections. In addition, Tenser provides a biographical chapter on the four founders and an epilogue detailing the history of the museum. Maryhill enthusiasts near and far can view the museum's holdings thanks to Reynolds's excellent photographs, 64 of which are in color. This is one of the finest, and most reasonably priced, art books presented about any museum.

Roland Terry says author Justin Henderson in his large-format appreciation of the architect, had "big picture" talent, meaning he had the ability to envision a complete design embracing site, building and interiors. As a result, Terry's 50-year body of work in residential and commercial assignments is significant. Most of us will never have the opportunity to visit the private residences designed by Terry, so the interior photographs included in this volume, most of them from the Special Collections Division of the University of Washington, are especially welcome.

Seattle's Canlis Restaurant, opened in 1951, was Terry's first commercial project. The building's success became a springboard for many other assignments. Even though some have been renovated beyond recognition, others, such as the original Nordstrom flagship store in downtown Seattle, are cherished landmarks. Resort hotels were a specialty of Terry's, allowing him to bring his Northwest vision to Montego Bay, Jamaica, and Honolulu, Hawaii. Its 164 illustrations make this a book with a substantial visual element.

Dr. Robert Smith is retired from university teaching and spends his days as a research associate at The Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery in San Marino, California.

Environmental policy is a form of social policy. By means of their social policy, governments legitimate and allocate resources. They also marginalize or empower one or another segment of the population. What is often especially important in determining environmental policy is technocracy, the role of and the prestige claimed by science and "the experts." Culture, history, race and class distinctions "go missing" as technocracy and claims for science attempt to justify remaking nature. Forgetfulness of the human record, of politics and of suffering is ever more encouraged by "the gleaming wings of science," as Churchill put it in 1946, which can promise great prosperity but also reap utter ruin. Our civilization's forgetfulness is devastating for those whose well-being can promise great prosperity but also reap utter ruin. Our civilization's forgetfulness is devastating for those whose well-being is directly tied to nature. Such is the social and environmental story of the Pacific Northwest's salmon crisis, wherein public ignorance, technocratic hubris, capitalist interest, and racism have combined to perpetrate and perpetuate an ecological and social disaster—the near elimination of the Columbia-Snake salmon runs and the Native American cultures centered around them.

Joseph Taylor and Roberta Ulrich recount the aggressive, mostly successful efforts to dominate and exploit the salmon fishery of the Pacific Northwest's rivers. Taylor examines the modern approach to "making salmon." Some 10,000 years of natural practice was to be "improved" by science and technology. Failure has been the one...
element common to all such experiments and policies. Notable, too, are the multiple efforts of public officials, various self-proclaimed experts on salmon, and capitalists small and great to rerer modern salmon policy toward their electoral or financial needs. The Indians' centuries of life with the salmon runs was repeatedly dismissed by the Euro-American conquerors and settlers.

Roberta Ulrich presents an account of the lower Columbia River native fishers and their fate at the hands of the federal bureaucracy as well as the Washington and Oregon state governments. Policy toward Native American fishers has been a combination of neglect, dishonesty, forgetfulness and racism. Private interests often are explicit in trivializing native fishers and their culture, and public agencies give durable effect to the region's anti-Indian sentiments. Government projects for the Columbia River, it seems, have sought to eliminate one social group—Native Americans—from the river, to materially benefit a variety of mostly white recreationists, industrialists and local economies.

Historian William Robbins has noted that Taylor's book will likely be seen as the definitive history of the Pacific Northwest salmon crisis; it is, indeed, a superb book. Ulrich's book will not please the champions of present policies, for her well-achieved aim is to relate the often brushed aside story of the betrayal, decade after decade, of Native American fishers of the Lower Columbia.

In both books, federal government bureaucracies, especially the Army Corps of Engineers in Ulrich's book, come in for criticism. Public agencies either really did not know much about salmon or did not care, and they tried, too, to forget about the native peoples. But it is United States Senator Slade Gorton who gains the most damning criticism leveled at any individual or agency in either of the two texts. The very measured, exhaustively documented Taylor and the highly focused Ulrich are emphatic as to Gorton's role in the social conflicts over salmon. Taylor describes Gorton's lawsuits against native fishers as combinations of "great vigor and incredible incompetence" and his subsequent political career as "a study in upward failure." Ulrich sees the Republican senator as "the career Indian fighter." Thus, while advocates of the lower Snake River dams rally to Gorton's current re-election bid, Native Americans in Washington state have said that they will seek his defeat in November 2000. The conflict between the memory of suffering and the gleaming, engineered domination of nature will go to the polls.

Michael Trekaven, S.J., is chair and assistant professor of Political Science at Gonzaga University. He has a special interest in the politics of the Pacific Northwest and western Canada.

Current & Noteworthy
By Robert C. Carriker

Recent books by Northwest authors are of the sort that serious students of our region's history will want to add to their personal collection, not merely check them out of a library. Robert H. Keller, recently retired from Fairhaven College, Western Washington University, where he taught federal Indian policy and law, collaborated with Michael F. Turek to write American Indians and National Parks (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1999; 319 pp.; $40 cloth, $19 paper). The book actually covers a variety of federal land holdings, not just national parks. Chief among the issues that resulted from the establishment and subsequent proliferation of federal land management is the policy dealing with native interests, especially with regard to hunting and fishing and the interpretation of native culture in national parks. Many of the examples given in the book will be familiar to readers of Northwest history: Olympic, Glacier and Yellowstone National Parks; the dam on the Elwha River; and the archaeological dig at Lake Ozette. This is a thoughtful enterprise by Keller and Turek.

Robert T. Boyd, a consulting anthropologist from Portland and author of People of The Dalles (1996), has written an equally provocative new book called The Coming of the Spirit of Pessimism: Introduced Infectious Diseases and Population Decline Among Northwest Coast Indians, 1774-1874 (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1999; 428 pp., $50). In the 100-year period covered in Boyd's study, Northwest Coast tribes experienced their first contact with Euro-Americans and their population plummeted from an estimated 180,000 persons to fewer than 35,000. Explaining the reason for that precipitous decline is Boyd's challenge. By examining a wealth of documents on the subject—ships' logs, diaries, missionary letters, doctors' records, Hudson's Bay Company census data, etc.—Boyd offers some conclusions about the rate of disease transfer in the Northwest and the progress of specific epidemics such as smallpox, malaria, measles and influenza. This is heavy reading but well worth the effort. Excellent maps and well-chosen illustrations help keep the reader focused.

Carlos Arnaldo Schwantes, the well-published director of the Institute for Pacific Northwest Studies at the University of Idaho, adds to his list of handsome coffee table-style publications with Long Day's Journey: The Steamboat and Stagecoach Era in the Northern West (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1999; 408 pp., $60). Schwantes' eye for locating outstanding photographs, advertisements and posters is simply flawless. It seems impossible that he could have located so many overlooked and underused photographs from the often-perused collections of the Oregon, Idaho, Washington and Montana historical societies, but he did. And the text—heavy on technology and economics rather than myths and folklore—is just as interesting as the illustrations. His story begins with miners heading for Idaho Territory and ends with the rise of Seattle as a shipping port. One of the best chapters is "Landscapes of the Steamboat and Stagecoach Era." In this section Schwantes expertly welds together his well-reasoned conclusions about the Northwest environment with expertly chosen illustrations that provide the reader with a truly unique perspective of the land. A series of five bird's-eye view maps by different artists is particularly revealing.

Eugene Hunn, William Layman and Henry Zenk, Northwest scholars whose previous publications are well known in this region, have written three chapters in Great River of the West: Essays on the Columbia River (edited by William L. Lang and Robert C. Carriker; Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1999; 181 pp., $18.95). Most of the original work prepared for this volume was first presented at a National Endowment for the Humanities-funded conference on the Columbia River that was held in Vancouver, Washington. The updated bibliography is current to the end of the 20th century.

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