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Front Cover: Detail from Gustav Sohon's sketch, "May, 1855. Walla Walla Council, Governor Stevens with Indians." Present at this first round of treaty negotiations in the Walla Walla Valley were thousands of men from the Nez Perce, Yakama, Cayuse, Walla Walla and Palouse tribes. (Special Collections, Washington State Historical Society)
TWO NATIONALLY recognized scholars of the American West at the University of Colorado, Boulder—historian Patricia Nelson Limerick and geographer William Riebsame—are attempting to document how Westerners are thinking about life in the West. This documentation will be incorporated in a new publication, A Handbook for the New West. In their research mode, Limerick and Riebsame held a host of public meetings, and in an effort to encourage dialogue among Westerners, they posed several questions. I was not able to participate in any of their forums, but their questions were provocative and I have been itching to respond to them. So, as an "appetizer" prior to your reading this issue of COLUMBIA, herewith are the questions and one person's response to them:

Q: What should every Westerner know about the region to be a good regional citizen?
A: That there are actually many “Wests.” The West is hardly a monolithic region. In fact, it is culturally and topographically the most diverse section of the country.

Q: What five things would you like non-Westerners to understand about life in the West?
A: What it’s like to deal with the distances out here; how “new” the country is in terms of its “American” period; the ubiquity and vitality of Native American peoples in the region; how precarious the rural economies of the region are; how dependent it is upon visualizations from elsewhere for establishing its identity.

Q: What makes Westerners different? How does someone become a Westerner?
A: Westerners are more friendly, have a better sense of humor, and live in a more commodious and visually pleasing environment. Some Westerners become Westerners simply by being born here—the Western world to them is normative. Others become Westerners by living here and developing a consciousness about the distinctiveness of “Western place.” While some people born in the West but not being terribly conscious of “place” are objectively “Westerners,” it is possible to be born elsewhere and live in the West and not be a Westerner. However, it is not possible to have never lived in the West and be a Westerner.

Q: How does the physical setting of the West affect your daily life?
A: It is possible to live the apparent contradiction of residing within a concentration of other people yet finding proximate wide open spaces.

Q: What are the five most challenging changes that Westerners face?
A: Reconciling with or understanding the constitutional basis for tribal sovereignty; the limits of natural resources in low or unpopulated districts; urban congestion and social dislocations in western “oases”; cyclical climate changes; water issues.

Q: What Western traditions would you like to see maintained?
A: Informality in life-style and architecture.

Q: What should newcomers to the region understand about life here?
A: That there is greater economic opportunity and social mobility and less tolerance for prejudicial behavior (though it still exists, of course).

—David L. Nicandri, Executive Editor
By Gerry L. Alexander

This year Olympia marks its 150th year as a city. It is significant that during all that time, save for three years, Olympia has been Washington's only capital city. But the crown that Olympia has worn over the 147 years since it was proclaimed the provisional territorial capital has not always rested easily, for through the years there have been attempts, both overt and covert, to wrest the seat of government away from Olympia. Many of these efforts cannot be described as serious and were more in the nature of political posturing. However, several were legitimate threats to Olympia's claim to the capital, two of which are particularly interesting to me as a judge who happens to have been raised in Olympia. Both incidents ended up in court and each resulted in a judgment in Olympia's favor. The first of these decisions was handed down in December 1861 by the Supreme Court of the Territory of Washington. The other decision, issued almost 100 years later, was by the Washington State Supreme Court, on which I now have the honor to sit.

The elder of the two cases is called, appropriately, the Seat of Government case, and it is reported in volume one of Washington Territorial Reports. Before describing the issues that were presented in that case, a bit of background will be helpful. When Isaac Stevens arrived in Olympia on that drizzly day in November 1853, bearing his appointment from President Franklin Pierce as the first governor of Washington Territory, he designated Olympia as the provisional capital and the place for the first legislative assembly to meet. This made good sense because Olympia was the metropolis of Washington Territory, containing 200 to 300 of the 4,000 nonnative Americans then living in the territory. Olympia was also centrally situated in western Washington and was the closest port on Puget Sound to the territory's older settlement at Vancouver. Stevens, who by all accounts was an energetic person, began asserting his gubernatorial prerogatives from his headquarters in Olympia immediately upon his arrival. He quickly divided the territory into legislative and judicial districts, and he called for an election of a territorial legislative assembly to meet in Olympia in February 1854. Importantly, Congress had given this about-to-be-constituted legislative assembly the power to select the territory's permanent seat of government.

The elected legislature did assemble in Olympia that year in cramped quarters it rented from Olympia's founder, Edmund Sylvester, on Main Street (now Capitol Way) in downtown Olympia. Although it did not pass a statute relating to the capital in the 1854 session, Olympians undoubtedly took heart from the 1855 session because the legislative assembly adopted an act establishing the seat of government on ten acres of land in Olympia that had been deeded to the territory by Edmund Sylvester. There was more good news for Olympia's citizens in the legislative session of 1858 when the assembly passed a bill that set up a commission "to superintend the erection of the capitol building at Olympia, the seat of government of the Washington Territory." It even appropriated the princely sum of $20,000 for the building of the capitol on the Sylvester land grant.

The construction of the territorial capitol building did not, however, deter efforts by legislators from other areas of the state to move the capital out of Olympia. In 1860 lawmakers from Vancouver, working with legislators from Jefferson County who wanted the penitentiary for Port Townsend, and others from Seattle who coveted the territorial university for that city, managed to get a bill through the legislative assembly that made Vancouver the capital city. Inexplicably, another statute relating to the location of the capital was passed in that same legislative session. It provided that the voters of the territory were to choose the seat of state government at the next annual election. That bill did not, however, say what effect this election was to have, and it made no reference to the act that purported to move the capital to Vancouver. Significantly, after the legislative session ended it was discovered that both statutes were minus an enacting clause and an indication of the date of passage.

The upshot of all of this was that the issue of the validity of the statute moving the seat of government to Vancouver was squarely presented to the territorial supreme court in the December term of 1861, only the 30th case heard by that court since it was organized in 1854. Now, lest you think these justices had just been sitting around twiddling their thumbs for six years with this puny case load, you should know that the territorial supreme court was comprised of only three justices, a chief justice and two associate justices, all of whom served at the pleasure of the president of the United States. These justices were also the trial judges for the territory and, thus, they had to ride circuit around this huge territory to hear trials. Only in December of each year did they assemble in Olympia as a supreme court to hear appeals. An obvious defect in this process was that in most of the cases the court had to consider, one of the justices would be called upon to render a decision on the propriety of his ruling as a trial judge. This problem was not remedied until 1884 when a
fourth justice was added to the territorial judiciary and the justices were relieved of the obligation to review their own decisions.

The Seat of Government case reached the court in a somewhat unusual manner. It had not been before any of the justices in their capacity as trial judges; instead, the question was presented directly to the justices in their capacity as the supreme court of the territory in a pleading entitled a "plea of abatement of a writ of error." In essence, this was a challenge to the court's jurisdiction to hear any of the cases that it had docketed for the December 1861 term in Olympia, on grounds that Olympia was not then the seat of government. After considering the matter and taking note that the territorial legislature was assembled in Olympia in "an unorganized quorum awaiting the action of the supreme court" and that "the controversy had been passed in review before the court, and occupied more than three entire days in the discussion," the court rendered its decision. In a well-crafted opinion, a two-member majority discussed the flaws in the challenged statute that purported to move the capital to Vancouver, and rendered a decision that the statute should be struck down. In an obvious effort not to appear arbitrary, the majority prefaced its conclusion by saying that "a conflict of opinion between the legislature and judicial branches is always to be regretted." It went on to observe, however, that if an act is unconstitutional or wanting in the "requisite elements," the court is "bound to declare it void and of no binding effect."

The court indicated in its decision that it was not unmindful of the Organic Act that Congress had passed in order to establish Washington Territory, which allowed the legislature to establish the territory's seat of government. Nevertheless, it quickly added that the enactment in question had to be struck down because it had no enacting clause, which is basically the words "be it enacted" and it contained no date of passage. In reaching its decision, the majority relied to some extent on the fact that the other act passed by that same legislature, which put the question of the location of the seat of government to a vote of the people, had to be read hand in hand, with the Vancouver act. After doing so the court said that both could not survive. That being the case, it favored a decision that was consonant with the will of the voting public, the court taking note of the fact that the election had already been held and that Olympia had won the vote over Vancouver hands down, 1,239 to 639. Seattle, which was then smaller than Olympia, received a paltry 23 votes. For good measure, perhaps looking eastward to the nation's capital, the court pointed out that a lot of public money, $30,000 to be exact, had been appropriated by Congress to build a capitol building in Olympia and that $20,000 of that appropriation had already been expended.

In a final rhetorical flourish the majority justices said, as courts often do today when an act of the legislature is struck down for a technical failing—"if we have erred in refusing to give binding force and effect to this act, the court, consolation remains that it is in the power of Congress, the territorial legislature, or the Supreme Court of the United States to correct the error, and the disappointed are not without remedy."

The majority opinion was written by Associate Justice Ethelbert Oliphant, an appointee of President Abraham Lincoln. He was joined by Chief Justice C. C. Hewitt, another Lincoln appointee, who was the great-grandfather of my former colleague on the

This dilapidated-looking structure, photographed here in the early 1880s, has the distinction of being the site of the first session of Washington's territorial legislative assembly some 30 years earlier.

Thurston/Mason County Superior Court, Judge Hewitt A. Henry. Justice James Wyche, also an appointee of Lincoln, filed a lengthy dissent in which he chided the majority for its adherence to form over substance and urged the court to carry out the intention of the legislature to move the capital to Vancouver.

In sum, Olympia's claim as the home of the territorial capital was upheld by the slimmest of margins thanks to the fortuity of a missing enacting clause and the absence of a date of enactment. In his book, Rogues, Buffoons and Statesmen, Gordon Newell, a noted Olympia historian, speculated that the flaws in the statute might have been the result of an intentional act of some legislative clerk at the instance of Olympia boosters. History does not record whether that was the case, but if it did happen that way, that unknown person deserves Olympia's undying gratitude.

After the smoke had settled from the lawsuit, Olympia hung onto the capital through the rest of Washington's territorial days. Undoubtedly, the residents of Olympia took additional solace from the fact that at the election of which the citizens of the territory voted to adopt the state constitution, they again voted that Olympia should be the state capital. The newly enacted state constitution also made it very difficult to change the state's capital, requiring submission of the issue to the people and a two-thirds vote of all qualified electors.

When the Wilder and White architectural plan for the capitol campus was adopted early in the 20th century and our beautiful west campus became a reality a few years later, it looked as if Olympia's claim to the capital was unimpeachable. That, however, was not the case, and that leads me to the second of the two capital location cases to reach Washington's highest court, State ex rel. Lemon et al. v. Langlie et al. That case is reported at page 82 of volume 45 of Washington Reports Second, 247 volumes after the Seat of Government case. Unlike the earlier case, it was not the passage of a statute that led to the litigation but rather what can best be described as a gradual erosion of Olympia's position as the capital of Washington. This was manifested in the fact that by the early 1950s 13 state agencies, some of them small commissions like the state boards of pharmacy and accounting and other not-so-small agencies like the Game Commission and the Health and Fisheries department, simply did not have a significant presence in Olympia. Rather, they were headquartered up the highway in Seattle. This de facto relocation of significant part of state government did not go unnoticed by Olympia's business leaders, and it led four of them—Gerry Lemon, James Frederick "Fritz" Mottman, George Ekland and George Draham—to consult with an attorney and, ultimately, commence an action in Thurston County Superior Court in January 1954 against the then-governor, Arthur B. Langlie, and the directors and members of the various departments, boards and commissions that had moved their offices to Seattle.
The petitioners claimed in their suit that the respondents were not complying with the state constitution and the Organic Act, as well as the Enabling Act in which Congress granted statehood to Washington. Consequently, they sought an order of mandate from the superior court compelling the respondents to “return to and maintain at the capital city of Olympia, the principal offices of, together with books and records of the respective state agencies which they constitute....”

One of the attorneys for the petitioners was legendary Thurston County attorney Smith Troy, a native Olympian and the son of pioneer Olympia lawyer Preston Troy. Troy, who as a young lawyer in the 1930s had served as the prosecuting attorney of Thurston County, was our state’s attorney general in the 1940s and early 1950s. He capped his distinguished public career by returning as Thurston County prosecutor in the 1970s. Not coincidentally, Smith Troy was the brother-in-law of Gerry Lemon, one of the petitioners. Troy’s co-counsel was John Spiller, an attorney from Seattle who had once served as an assistant attorney general under Smith Troy. The State of Washington was represented by Assistant Attorney General Ralph Davis, who later became president of Puget Sound Power and Light Company. The case was initially heard at the Thurston County Superior Court by Judge Charles T. Wright, a veteran trial judge who had succeeded his father, D. F. Wright, as a superior court judge. In later years Judge Wright served on the state supreme court.

After a hearing in March 1954 that lasted less than a full day, Judge Wright issued the requested writ of mandamus. Not surprisingly, the respondents appealed the decision to the state supreme court and the case was heard not long afterward in Olympia at the supreme court’s home since 1913, the Temple of Justice. The State’s principal argument for overturning Judge Wright’s decision was that the seat of government provision in the state constitution, article XIV, only requires the offices of executive departments that existed at the time of the adoption of the state constitution to be in Olympia. Those departments, it pointed out, are enumerated elsewhere in the constitution. Its secondary argument was that the four Olympia businessmen had no standing to maintain their suit.

In a decision authored by Justice Charles Donworth, a Seattle native, a bare majority of the nine-member court swept aside the State’s arguments. They concluded that the petitioners had standing as taxpayers and that the intention of the framers and the citizens who adopted the constitution was that all executive offices of the state should be maintained at the seat of state government. Justice Matthew Hill, who also hailed from Seattle, wrote a dissent that was joined by three of his colleagues. The result, though, was that by one vote the Olympia businessmen prevailed and the 13 agencies were required to move back to the seat of government, Olympia. Significantly, the Thurston County Superior Court maintained continuing jurisdiction over the agency’s compliance with the supreme court’s ruling, and under Judge Wright’s supervision the offices began moving back to Olympia one by one. Upon doing so each agency filed a certificate of compliance with the superior court.

The dispute was not, however, completely resolved by the filing of required certificates. The petitioners challenged the Game Department’s compliance with the court’s mandate, contending that the department had not established a bona fide headquarters in Olympia. Consequently, they asked Judge Wright to hold the Game Department’s director and the members of the Game Commission in contempt. Judge Wright held a hearing on this motion in 1958 and, indeed, found the commission members in contempt of court, concluding that the Game Department’s office in Olympia was a “sham, a fraud upon the court, and a calculated attempt to circumvent the lawful order of this court as affirmed by the Supreme Court of the State....” Despite this strong judicial language, the judge allowed the Game Department commissioners to purge the contempt by moving the department’s headquarters to Olympia within four months. The department did so, thus ending the suit and the move of a portion of the state’s executive offices from the state capital.

I doubt that Smith Troy and John Spiller ever got sufficient credit for what they accomplished for the citizens of Olympia. I suspect that the same can be said of the four businessmen in whose name the suit was brought. From a purely Olympia perspective, these persons can be viewed as Olympia heroes because the suit undoubtedly contributed to the economic well-being of the Olympia area. More importantly, though, they made certain that the intention of our state’s founders, as embodied in the state constitution, was upheld.

In my view, it is unlikely that the future will see similar efforts to move the capital. That is not, however, a certainty because undoubtedly there are some who would prefer to see the capital situated in some other Washington city. Whether such an effort could succeed would depend, in large part, on the resolve of Olympia’s citizens to make certain, as did their forebears, that the provisions in the state constitution relating to the location of our state’s government are not altered or subverted.

The territorial capitol building, on the site of the present legislative building, served the needs of the territory and state until 1903.

After serving for 20 years as a trial and appellate court judge, Gerry L. Alexander became a Washington State Supreme Court justice in 1994, and was recently elected to the position of chief justice. Growing up in Thurston County, he developed an abiding interest in its history and has served on the boards of several local historical organizations. The Olympia City Council recently named him Olympia Historian of the Year.
For 60 years Puyallup Indian School provided the native peoples of Puget Sound, western Washington, and the Pacific Northwest with singular opportunities in education. During that period, American attempts to assimilate the nation’s Indian population reached their bare-knuckled zenith. The school thus experienced a shifting identity but an unshakable purpose. Situated on the Puyallup Indian Reservation in Tacoma and operated under the paternal hand of the United States government, the institution opened as a day school in 1860. Subsequent expansions, the first in 1873 and another in 1898, reflected ongoing changes in the school’s status to reservation boarding school and then off-reservation boarding school. Through each manifestation, however, the objective remained the same: to saturate Indian children in the culture and ideals of the dominant American society.

Puyallup Indian School embodied a six-decade experiment in American policies of forced assimilation. Henry Sicade (1866-1938) knew those policies intimately. A great-nephew of Chief Leschi of the Nisqually tribe and a grandson of Chief Stem of the Puyallup tribe, he enrolled in Puyallup Day School in January 1873, just a month shy of his seventh birthday. He continued as a student for over seven years—until February 1880—before transferring to a new off-reservation boarding school in Forest Grove, Oregon. A year at Forest Grove Indian School (now Chemawa Indian School in Salem) preceded another three at adjacent Pacific University, academic experiences that he later applied to optimal effect. Sicade served on both the Puyallup Tribal Council (for 46 years) and the Fife City Council, and he helped found the Fife Public School System, holding the position of director.

The deficiencies and problems that plagued Puyallup Indian School throughout so much of its history eventually prompted Sicade and other Puyallup leaders to turn elsewhere in looking for education for their children. In 1903 Sicade and his friend William Wilton played a key role in establishing, on their reservation at Fife, a public school that became heavily populated by Puyallup tribal members. That success—swelling enrollments soon expanded the facility from a one-room schoolhouse to a large two-story building—conspired to the detriment of Puyallup Indian School, and in June 1908 the Office of Indian Affairs decided to terminate operations. Only the spirited intervention of Francis W. Cushman, a Republican congressman from Tacoma, staved off closure. Acting on the premise that the school returned considerable economic benefits to the region, he proposed that it be made viable, a mandate that resulted in a name change in his honor; from 1910 forward, the facility was known as Cushman Indian School. Meanwhile, the federal government responded by significantly upgrading the school’s physical plant to accommodate a heavier emphasis on industrial training. However, in an era punctuated by an increasing emphasis on public school attendance, that measure proved inadequate. Following several years of intermittent stoppages, the BIA permanently closed Puyallup Indian School at the conclusion of the 1920 academic year.

In 1927 Sicade wrote a history of Puyallup Indian School. Staring in its revelations, his brief personal account describes an institution deeply flawed in virtually every detail. By no means a doleful story—indeed, his narrative is framed around positive observations—Sicade’s history poignantly contrasts the hopes embodied in the treaty the Puyallups signed with the American government in December 1854 with the basic truth of a nation only grudgingly willing to honor the promises made in those negotiations.

For many tribal members, Sicade included, the wide gulf that separated expectations from reality fomented disappointment, frustration and, ultimately, disillusionment. That which had been bargained for simply had not been received. What had been realized, among other shortcomings, included an insidious mixture of political and religious bickering among officials, tumble-down facilities, incompetent teachers (if any at all), arbitrary corporal punishments, inadequate nutrition, deficient clothing and pernicious disease. Such problems have long been recognized as defining aspects of the Indian school experience, but Sicade’s vivid firsthand testimony starkly exposes the scale on which the government school system at Puyallup failed, particularly early on, to meet even the most basic needs of its students.

What follows is Henry Sicade’s history of Puyallup Indian School. It has been edited for clarity and readability. The original manuscript is housed in the Eells Collection, Special Collections Division, at the Washington State Historical Society Research Center.
The Puyallup Indian School, what is now known as the Cushman School, was first established somewhere at or about East 27th Street, near Portland Avenue, Tacoma, Washington, in 1860. The one-room shack, built of rough lumber about 16 feet square, with one window and a door, contained a few rough benches, and to this primitive school five volunteer students, young men, came to attend each day. There was but one book for this pioneer class, no doubt some sort of a primer, and when the ambitious student had recited, he stepped out to the trail and returned to his primitive home. Each took his turn likewise. The teacher's name or where he had lived, legend does not tell, but he was a white man. This government day school was the result of the treaty, entered into by the Puyallups before the Indian war of 1855 and 1856, whereby this tribe insisted on two things; first, that an Indian school be established within the bounds of their land to educate their young, and second, that the tribe be left where they had always lived. The Puyallups flatly refused to receive or accept gifts of calico or beads, blankets and whatnot [during the negotiations], although Governor Isaac I. Stevens did once give a "potlatch," promising many gifts, but in reality each aborigine received but very little or none at all.

The Indians held a council among themselves after this first schoolhouse was built, and to show their good faith in their demand for the education of their youth, set aside over 600 acres of their common land for the use and benefit of their school. The government, seeing the Indians determined to have a real school, built several buildings along the river bank where the Interurban crosses the Puyallup River—mostly employees quarters—in about 1863.

The most conspicuous buildings were the agent's home, the day schoolhouse, the blacksmith shop, the carpenter shop and, in the midst of this group of buildings, white-washed, stood a jail made of logs, popularly called "Skookum House." With very little excuse, for minor offenses, natives were jailed with iron balls and chains [attached] to their legs and made to sleep on the floor on straw and to live on bread and water for diet.

A young Indian, Jack by name, volunteered to go to school but was so handy with tools that he was put in the blacksmith shop and became famed as a blacksmith, and pioneers from everywhere came to have their work done free of charge. Jack never saw the inside of the schoolroom and was known as "Chickman Jack," Iron Jack. Thus the shop made for the Indians became a shop for the white settlers.

After the Civil War of 1861 to 1865, General R. H. Milroy was sent west to take charge of the Indians, with headquarters at Olympia, Washington. Byron Barlow was the [Puyallup] subagent and resided on the school grounds. A dozen and possibly 15 students attended the day school; their hours were quite short and they had long recesses. There are now but three living who attended this school.

Owing to the low nature of the school grounds—the river often overflowing its banks—the school usually could not be reached for a long period. About 1873 Reverend George W. Sloan came to build up a permanent school at the present site among the tall timbers and gullies, where deer, bear and all kinds of game roamed at will. Chief Thomas Stolyer had cleared and cultivated what is now the school garden tract, established a growing orchard where the superintendent's house stands, and built a lumber one-and-one-half-story house with a large fireplace and a large barn made of logs, well stocked. He decided to give up his home and give to the struggling school his land so that this school could have its own garden land.

The first building, made of rough lumber, was two stories high. The first floor was used for a schoolroom, with benches to study on; to the rear was the washroom for the boys and upstairs were their sleeping quarters. To the rear, connected
by a covered porch, was the main building, built in an "L" shape. To the rear were the kitchen and storeroom; in the center was the dining room; the "L" was the headquarters of the teacher and his family; and upstairs, the girls' dormitory, which was comfortably built.

The boys' quarters were very ill-built; during the cold winter seasons the boys often crawled into the straw beds to keep warm. Usually the winter seasons were so cold that it was with great difficulty that we managed to comb our hair.... The Puyallup River often froze up so teams were able to cross on the ice, and snow lay deep for weeks.

EARTHQUAKES were of frequent occurrence and once, in the fall of 1872, about nine o'clock in the evening, severe shocks occurred and nearly all thought the world's end had come. The river swayed north and south; and the ferry, with many on it, was forced over on the opposite side and landed high and dry. All leaning and old trees fell down suddenly. The great roaring and crashing of the forests from every direction, rocking of huts and houses, tumbling of articles, and sudden lurching of footing brought terror to the hearts of the natives. Those of the Catholic faith, with scant clothing on, hurried to their little church and prayed in the dark aloud and sang with pauses as the earth rocked back and forth. The following day the earth quivered and none dared to talk aloud.

Under Reverend Sloan's management, the little school with about twelve students, including three of his children, was quite popular, and he and his family were kind and attentive to the natives. The children learned to read and write and work. Immense trees were cut down for wood on these school grounds and gullies were filled with rocks and dirt; stumps were grubbed out and burned before there was room for a playground. The good teacher worked with the boys and ruled with kindness and goodwill. Owing to Mrs. Sloan's death, the good man who never used harsh measures and was beloved by all, moved east, leaving a school of about twenty, including six or seven girls.

About 1874 Major [H. D.] Gibson succeeded General Milroy as general agent; he sent his son to succeed Mr. Sloan. Young Gibson, a refined, well-educated young man, made a great success, and the little school was forging ahead. After six months' service his father died, our teacher was forced to return east, and the school came to a standstill. But there was much work to be done, wood to cut, lands to be cleared, and other work. After a long wait for school to open, a Mr. Hill, he of the long beard and clarion voice, appeared and took charge. Spelling bee was the main study, and in time the boys delighted to beat the teacher in spelling. Flashes of bad feeling occurred, and the teacher often used switches with much exertion for trivial offenses; sometimes he would never let up until the offender cried, but he did not know the older boys were inured to hardships and some would not cry or give in until their clothing would rip and tear up.... it's needless to say their backs were black and blue and cut up. One day the teacher was
taken by the beard, violently floored, and warned to desist with such punishment or he would get his own medicine. School was again suspended, but there was much work to do.

Doctor [C. H.] Spinning was the first physician put to work for the Puyallups; he took charge in 1871. The good doctor lived up the Stuck Valley but rode down nearly every day and visited the Indians from place to place looking for the sick. The changing of our way of living to the whites' was very fatal, and Dr. Spinning did much to save the young. No other doctor had done such noble, conscientious work—going out in all kinds of weather and nothing but trails to follow, and sometimes making his own trails, fording streams, and often afoot—always hailing with that cheery voice.

One day a very large, stocky man arrived with a young wife and baby and announced that school must resume. As we filed in the schoolroom we noticed a large switch about six feet long. When that big switch came down on the table with a whack, that meant order. Everybody got a touch of that switch, and the blue marks on backs and legs told of the iron rule of the new teacher. He was a good teacher and we learned by force.

One day a whisper among the boys and various implements were gathered together. When the teacher happened to step out, the doors were quickly locked. Iron rods and old picks were thrust into a big heater; ax handles and whatnot were brought out. When the teacher tried to enter by the window, hot irons were applied to his hands, ax handles were wielded over his head; everybody had some missile to use. The leader told him the Indian chief had sanctioned their request for him to leave and he must leave right away.

Vacation again came but there was work for all. In time Mr. [Charles A.] Hartsuck came and the school had grown until there were 30 or 35 students. For days and sometimes for weeks there was no school as the employees may have had other business elsewhere—they would go at will and return at their own pleasure.

Once Willie Wilton, a pupil, who was the most advanced, presided over the school for days and weeks, relieved by other students at times. School was orderly and the sub-teachers had no trouble. One day a strange man walked into the schoolroom and was astonished to see an Indian boy in charge. After many questions he told the school he was the government inspector, and I believe he was the first inspector ever sent out. He bade us good-bye and went the way of the rest of the government Indian employees.

Half a day school and half a day work was the system, and sometimes it was all work and no school. The children were always short of clothing; their parents furnished some clothing and shoes. Provisions were always short and we often went home to stock up. Those who could not stock up fished the streams and cooked in the woods.

When caught in the dreadful act of cooking trout or salmon, we were punished or put into jail, this useful, ill-ventilated institution being again revived to house the offenders. When the employees' stock of wood ran low, some pretenses were found to jail a few to cut wood. The older Indians were continually after the government employees for better quarters, more clothing and more food.

A bowl of cornmeal with black molasses to sweeten it and a slice of bread or sometimes two was the usual breakfast, with plenty of water to wash it down. Stew with potatoes only at
times and bread and more molasses for dinner. Two slices of bread with molasses and sometimes hardtack [was provided] for lunch at night, after wrestling with those big stumps or cutting wood. Once we had an Indian woman for a cook, and we enjoyed steaks and roasts and meat soups. But the cook, for some cause or other, was fired and we went back to stews again.

The apples from the orchard presented by Chief Stolyer were harvested each fall and put away. So was the corn and other garden stuff. We never saw the apples or corn unless we had the courage to crawl under the fence and pick the windfalls, and woe unto us if caught.

In 1875, the school having dwindled down to a handful of students, it was announced that the last of the provisions had been cooked and the school must close indefinitely. A year later the little school again was opened, but there were only three students who came—William Wilton, Joe Young, and this writer. For months we chored and worked, and by and by a few more came before school took up again.

About 1876, when the Northern Pacific Railway built its branch up to Puyallup town near a village known as New Tacoma,—Dr. [Stacy] Hemenway was appointed physician for the Indians. He lived in the new berg and we seldom saw him. His son, a bright boy about 16 years old, volunteered to teach school. The schoolwork forged ahead and all were happy. School was again suspended when our new teacher had to go to school elsewhere.

Most of our early teachers were not very learned and did not care whether we made any headway or not. Once a lady—our first lady teacher—took sick, and when she returned to her work the class had passed her standing and she resigned. Around this time Reverend M. G. Mann, who for two years previous had acted as missionary among the Indians, was appointed subagent. He brought all his wife’s relations to fill other positions, and those too young to work went to school with us. Singing religious songs and writing lessons were the main features of our education.

An epidemic of itch and measles swept the school. Some died, and many of us lay rotting with no care of any sort, not even food. But for the timely arrival of our parents, the school might have closed for want of scholars. Once in a while someone would show up and look at our tongues and then quietly go away with no comment.

In the late summer of 1878 a steamer came up the river and landed Dr. [J. A. C.] McCoy and family. Dr. McCoy was the first resident physician. A great change came as these new people put new life and goodwill into the school; things began to hum. A total enrollment of about 50 gave the little school a dignified appearance. New studies were introduced, a little drugstore was started, and the older boys learned to roll pills and whatnot.

There was much bad feeling engendered by numerous whippings that had occurred on trivial pretenses—especially the cruel punishments given the girls for small offenses or mischief, which had forced the boys to protect their sisters or the very little ones. Those soon disappeared and there was no more trouble.

Great athletic contests took place, with the Puyallups meeting all comers. Once we beat ten tribes, each tribe taking a turn each day. The best of feelings prevailed.

In December 1879 an army officer came and announced that a great Indian school was being built at Forest Grove, Oregon, to give the Indians higher education. On February 24, 1880, four girls and fourteen boys left with Captain M. C. Wilkinson to be the nucleus of the new school. Thus Puyallup School had the honor, being the most advanced, to start what is now the famous Chemawa Indian School. We,
The first graduating class from Puyallup Indian School, 1891. Although not identified, students in the image included Eddie Spott, Allan Bobb, John Itwis, Laura Gard, Jennie Sahn, and Matthew Seattle. Spott continued his education at Carlisle Indian School in Carlisle, Pennsylvania; Seattle attended Kansas State University in Manhattan, Kansas.

The most advanced, had reached about the sixth grade. A Miss [Georgiana] Thompson, our second lady teacher, was made principal of the depleted school, which struggled on with success under this very kind and good lady who later married and moved away. Mr. [T. R.] Wilson, a kindly disposed and conscientious teacher, came in 1881. He allotted lands to old and young, but his successor took away from the young the lands allotted to them.

In [1883] Major [Edwin] Eells came as resident agent and Mr. [George W.] Bell, who had married Miss Thompson, came as principal. Mrs. Bell taught again and her husband became chief clerk. In 1886 a new political party came into power and there were many changes, but Major Eells held out. New teachers and employees came and the old ones were let out. There was much dissension; Mr. [Samuel] Motzer, the new principal, had but a handful of students. Even the older Indians were affected and much bad blood prevailed. One day the ring leader of the new party was given an hour to leave the grounds, and he disappeared. Major Eells was given full control and E. L. Chalcraft came as principal, but he was soon promoted to be assistant superintendent and Mr. H. J. Phillips, a college man of unusual talents, came as principal.

The school grew up by leaps and bounds, new buildings were added, and soon the school had about 125 pupils.

The school had about 200 pupils in 1890. The first graduates, in 1891, having completed the eighth grade, were given diplomas. The Indians had reached their zenith of education. The old and cruel system of beating boys and girls with clubs and whips again came into vogue and flourished until the parents took a hand and lawyers came to intervene.

In the year 1893 an Indian commission came in to sell off the school lands. About 1895 Dr. R. E. L. Newberne took charge, and the school assumed a different aspect. Boys and girls from all over the Northwest and Alaska came to the school. The children learned to dance the white man's dances, and an era of good feeling prevailed.

Major [Frank] Terry came in 1898, and during 1899 new buildings were put up—dining room, schoolroom and the boys' quarters. Major Terry, a good friend of the Indians, went out, and in the summer of 1900, when Mr. [Joseph C.] Hart came to take charge, all Indian employees were either let out or cut in pay. A year later Major Terry returned and the Indian employees returned. The school suffered much, owing to the quarrels of the officials. The attendance was quite small and there was talk of closing the school for good. We older Indians threatened to bring suit to get possession of money received for the sale of school lands. We sought to enlarge the school so as to educate any Indian desirous of education or of learning any trade.

During [1906] Mr. [Harry F.] Liston came to succeed Major Terry. His five-year term was noted as very slack in rule, and he was very much given to sporting proclivities; he finally absconded and disappeared, very much to the relief of the school.

A gradual building-up followed, and the school found its highest mark after Mr. H. H. Johnson came in control in 1908. A capacity attendance of 350 was the order, and various trades were taught. The school had never been in better shape, and higher education was given to the more ambitious. In short, this time the school reached its highest standard. A former students association was formed and banquets were in order from year to year.

In 1913 a new political party changed the complexion of the school and, as usual, there was much dissension. Mr. Johnson was summarily removed, and a year later Mr. T. B. Wilson came to take charge.

Conditions were such that a downward tendency prevailed, and in the spring of 1917 Cushman School was closed for want of funds for the second time. In 1875 it had closed its doors because there was nothing to eat; in 1917 the storehouse had plenty of food and clothing.

Cushman School closed its doors for good in June 1920. No Puyallups were then attending the school—all were going to public schools. Since that date the United States Veterans Bureau has been in possession of the property and is now paying rentals to the Puyallup Tribe.
A Pacific Northwest Connection to the First Great Sea Battle of World War II

The SS TACOMA

By Robert F. Peters

Recently, a new vessel bearing the name Tacoma was added to Washington's fleet of Puget Sound ferries, but this is not the first vessel to bear that name. One such earlier Tacoma was a German freighter that played a role in the first major sea battle of World War II.

In 1928 the Hamburg-America Line was paying regular calls on the Port of Tacoma. Captain W. Walther brought the German merchant ship San Francisco to Tacoma and mentioned that the company was planning to increase its West Coast fleet. Tacoma's mayor heard about the proposed new ships and suggested to Walther that Tacoma would make a fine name for one of them.

And so it happened. The Tacoma's keel was laid in 1929 at the Deutsche Werft shipyards in Hamburg. A large ship for her time (8,268 gross tons), the ship was 477.7 feet long, 63 feet wide, and used a 2,000 horsepower Blohm & Voss diesel engine. She was designed to carry 25 passengers and a crew of 61.

Registered in Hamburg, the Tacoma was launched on February 8, 1930, and delivered on April 17. She left the same day on her maiden voyage to the Port of Tacoma. The ship arrived in Tacoma at 5:15 in the morning on Monday, June 2, to take on a cargo of lumber and veneer logs. And what a reception she received!

The outgoing mayor, James Newbegin, headed a delegation that included mayor-elect M. G. Tennant, port commissioners and chamber of commerce officials, all of whom called on the ship at 8:30 that morning to extend a formal welcome. A number of representatives of the Hamburg-America Line had accompanied the ship to Tacoma. Mayor Newbegin addressed the assembled crowd:

Two years ago we expressed the hope that the Hamburg-America Line might build a new ship and name it Tacoma and that you (Captain Walther) might be given charge of her, and we have seen both these things come to pass. In token of our

The Tacoma was first interned and later claimed by Uruguay in retaliation for the sinking of an Uruguayan freighter in the Caribbean by a German submarine.

OPPOSITE PAGE: The map shows the approximate scene of the Battle of the River Plate, near the coast of Uruguay, during which the Graf Spee was severely damaged.
appreciation, the City wishes to present to you this plaque representing the seal of the City.

He handed Walther a bronze medallion suspended from a huge key, representing the freedom of the city. Walther accepted the gift and gave the Tacoma delegation a tour of the ship. Later, a huge basket of flowers sent by the port commissioners visited "the" city hall and accepted the gift and gave the Tacoma delegation a tour of the ship's huge key, representing the freedom of the city. Walther were greeted by a delegation of local government representatives. At noon a complimentary luncheon for the Hamburg-America Line party and ship's officers was hosted by the chamber of commerce at the Tacoma Hotel. The Pacific Coast representative of the shipping line presented the city with a painting of the Tacoma, which hung in the city hall until at least 1939. That evening the captain and his officers, as guests of the German-American Society, were entertained with German songs. The captain was presented with a painting of Mount Rainier, which he hung in the ward room of the Tacoma.

The vessel called on Tacoma under the Hamburg-America Line flag regularly through the 1930s until her last visit before World War II, on April 18, 1939.

Tensions in Europe had increased steadily throughout the 1930s until Poland was invaded by Germany in September 1939 and war broke out. The United States and the Western Hemisphere (except Canada) remained neutral. No land action had occurred on the Western front by December—this was still the time of the "phony war" or "Sitzkrieg." However, at sea the war was very real. Americans read daily about allied ships being sunk by German submarines and surface raiders.

One such German raider was the "pocket battleship," Admiral Graf Spee. Bigger than a cruiser, smaller than a battleship, this lightly armored "tiger of the sea" was designed as a fast, heavily gunned surface raider.

In late September 1939 the Graf Spee, supported by her supply ship, the Altmark, began operating in the South Atlantic in the rich shipping lanes between Africa and South America. The world read regular reports that a German surface raider had sunk the Clement, Newton Beach, Ashley, Huntsman, Trevanian, Africa Shell, Toric Star, Tairoa, and Stronskiulh for a total of 50,000 tons. All this was the work of the Graf Spee.

Remarkably, the Graf Spee, under command of Captain Hans Langsdorff, a German navy veteran of World War I, adhered strictly to the Hague Conventions. Langsdorff even put the Graf Spee at risk to pick up the crews of some of these ships or to radio the position of their lifeboats for rescue. Several of these ships—despite warnings from Langsdorff—sent the call, "RRR," which meant, "attacked by surface raider," thus disclosing his position to anyone listening. Still, Langsdorff spared the lives of even these crews.

Meanwhile, in September, the SS Tacoma had reached South America just as war broke out. When war was declared, her captain suddenly and abruptly dumped off all her passengers, and headed to Talcahuano, Chile. The Tacoma laid up in Talcahuano for two months. While there, she took on a cargo of diesel fuel. What the captain did not know is that he was buying diesel from the British!

The British admiralty advised the British-owned Chilean outlet to sell the ship all the fuel it wanted, speculating that it would lead them to German surface raiders. After the ship left Chile on November 9 it maintained radio silence and was even feared lost as it slipped south along the west coast of South America, through the Straits of Magellan, and finally showed up in Montevideo, Uruguay.

On December 13 the greatest sea drama of World War II began to unfold, for on that day the Graf Spee’s luck as a hunter ran out. At sunrise off the east coast of South America, near the mouth of the Rio de la Plata (River Plate), the Spee’s lookout spotted the masts of three British ships—the heavy cruiser Exeter and what he reported as two destroyers. Acting on the mistaken belief that the ships were screening a British convoy just over the horizon, Captain Langsdorff turned toward the three ships to engage them in battle. He did not realize that the “destroyers” were actually the light cruisers Ajax and Achilles, and that these three ships, under British Commodore Henry Harwood, made up a hunting party looking for the Graf Spee. Harwood had planned his strategy earlier, and his ships had rehearsed for days before the battle and again the morning of December 13.

The battle was joined at about seven in the morning. The Spee, with her eleven-inch guns, had the advantage in firepower over Exeter with her eight-inch guns and Ajax and Achilles with their six-inch guns. The Exeter’s second turret was hit early by a 670-pound shell. Sharpnel destroyed the wheelhouse and killed all but three men there. More hits threatened to tear Exeter apart. Achilles and Ajax realized the threat and moved in close to attack the Spee. Langsdorff believed the Exeter was finished and allowed her to escape. She limped away toward the British base in the Falklands. Achilles was damaged by a shell that landed in the water and sent fragments into the upper works of the ship.
Harwood ordered his light cruisers to change course so that all 16 guns could be trained on the Graf Spee. The cruisers were positioned to divide the enemy fire as the battle raged. At the close range of five miles, everything from torpedoes to antiaircraft guns was brought to bear. The British destroyers fired over 200 broadsides, and when ammunition could not be supplied fast enough, even practice rounds were grabbed and fired. The Ajax was hit by an 11-inch shell that knocked out both aft turrets. Ajax and Achilles laid down a smoke screen so that they could dart in and out of the smoke to fire. The Graf Spee's upper works were a shambles. Its Arraido reconnaissance float plane, suffering from mechanical failure since December 11, was destroyed, the pocket battleship's galley was knocked out, 36 crewmen were killed and 58 wounded. There was a six-foot diameter hole just above the water line, and many smaller holes perforated the lightly armored sides of the ship.

The injured Graf Spee ran toward Montevideo in neutral Uruguay with 62 British officers, prisoners from earlier defeated merchant ships, below decks. Her supply ship, the Altmark, with another 300 British seamen on board, had been standing by in the vicinity, low on supplies. After the battle the Spee released it, and the Altmark turned toward Germany.

For the remainder of the day Ajax and Achilles nipped at Spee's heels, firing at her and shadowing her as she ran for port. That night Langsdorff arrived in Montevideo, hoping that his ship could be made seaworthy quickly enough to break out and make the return voyage to Germany before other Allied ships arrived at the mouth of the Rio de la Plate to intercept him. His galley had been destroyed and there was no way to feed his crew.

On December 15, Langsdorff released the 62 British prisoners in accordance with the Hague Convention. The prisoners were brought on deck where—as sailors—many of them were saddened by the condition of what had been a magnificent ship. Respectfully, they saluted the coffins of the 36 dead German sailors. As they disembarked a cheer rose up from the crowd that had gathered to see the battered warship arrive.

British diplomats met the seamen, who reported that they were in good shape and had been treated well but that 300 others were on their way to Germany in the hold of the Altmark, where conditions for prisoners were much worse.

An urgent message about the Altmark and her cargo of British sailors was sent to the British Admiralty.

Also on December 15, the 36 German casualties were buried at funeral services in Montevideo. The coffins were carried through the city streets to the cemetery. Montevideans were surprised to see British seamen in the procession, including Captain Patrick Dove of the Africa Shell who presented a wreath on behalf of his fellow British officers. Dove had been a prisoner on the Spee since September 30, and in that time he and Langsdorff had developed a rapport, if not a friendship.

Langsdorff requested two weeks to patch his ship, but under British pressure the authorities initially told him that he could have only 24 hours. However, the British soon realized that if the Graf Spee ran for the open ocean with only two Allied cruisers waiting off the coast, the pocket battleship could escape. So, on September 16, to stall the Graf Spee's departure until other Allied ships could arrive from Rio de Janeiro, the British sent a freighter out of port. Under neutrality law, a merchant ship must be given a 24-hour head start over an enemy warship. The Spee was therefore forced to remain in port another day.

Then the British requested that the Uruguayan government prepare to provide extra security for the December 19 arrival of the aircraft carrier Ark Royal and battleship Renown. They knew that this would get back to the Germans, and the Germans swallowed the bait. They believed that a vast Allied armada was lying in wait at the mouth of the river.

Langsdorff faced a dilemma. If he remained in port, his ship would be interned. If he ran for the sea, he believed he faced certain destruction. A fighting exit was ruled out because the ship was low on ammunition—it had only six shells left per gun. If the Graf Spee was grounded in the shallow river he could not be able to defend the ship or destroy it. And even if he would reach the sea, the ship was not seaworthy. Much of her battle damage had been hidden from the crowds by canvas and paint.

Meanwhile, the aircraft carrier Ark Royal and the battleship Renown reached Rio de Janeiro at dawn on the 17th. They swiftly refueled and left by six o'clock that evening, sailing for the Rio de la Plate at 25 knots to join the blockade. That same day the Tacoma pulled alongside the Graf Spee. The British knew something was up.

The Tacoma, under Captain Hans Konow, had arrived in Montevideo on November 22, listing her cargo as 450,000 kg of diesel and 5,000 kg of "gas oil." Captain Konow sought permission to procure another 1.6 million kg of diesel. This large quantity raised eyebrows at the Uruguayan National
The wounded pocket battleship Graf Spee limps into Montevideo after the Battle of the River Plate.

BELOW: The Graf Spee’s crew was transferred from the Tacoma to chartered tugs and barges of neutral but friendlier Argentina and escaped to nearby Buenos Aires.

Administration for Fuel, Alcohol and Portland (cement), but the German legation assured Uruguay that the Tacoma would take her cargo directly to Hamburg. The fuel was taken on board on December 14.

By now Langsdorff had radioed German Naval Operations in Berlin for instructions. Should he try for Buenos Aires in neutral but friendlier Argentina, 135 miles upriver? If he proceeded upriver, mud in the shallows could plug his cooling inlets and the ship could be grounded. If he could not escape, what should he do? He was told only that he must not allow the ship to be interned. The main issue was apparently political: concern for the German image of invincibility, which would be tarnished if the ship were destroyed by enemy action.

It appeared that diesel fuel was being transferred from the Tacoma to the Spee. In reality, this was not the case, although it may have been the original intent. Awnings were raised over the Tacoma to hide the transfer of all but a few of the Spee’s 1,000-man crew to the freighter. However, there were British observers in the crowd on the riverbank, and Commodore Harwood was informed of the crew’s removal. The crew members remaining on board comprised a demolition team that began to burn secret papers, destroy sensitive equipment and anything of value, and to suspend torpedoes by ropes, “nose down” over the magazines five decks below. All remaining gunpowder and one torpedo head were packed into each of the two main turrets and four engine rooms. Fuel and explosives were scattered throughout the ship. By 5:20 on the evening of December 17, Harwood suspected that the Spee’s crew might be planning to scuttle her. At 6:15 the Spee, with all her battle flags flying, weighed anchor and proceeded slowly westward, followed by the Tacoma, still carrying all but about 40 of the Spee’s crew.

By now all of Montevideo knew that the Graf Spee was leaving port. Crowds estimated at over a million had gathered on the banks of the river, while all over the world people stood by their radios to hear live reports of the dramatic events unfolding in Montevideo.

Beyond the three-mile limit the two large ships stopped and were met by smaller Argentine boats. At exactly sunset those watching from the riverbanks and those on the British cruisers lying in wait saw the Admiral Graf Spee spout flames and heard a double explosion. The blast was synchronized to a split second with a timing device. Continuing explosions and fire rocked the ship. Harwood on Ajax radioed to Achilles and to the cruiser Cumberland, which had joined them, “Many a life has been saved this day.” The Graf Spee, its back broken, burned for at least 24 hours.

Langsdorff transferred his entire crew from the Tacoma to a pair of tugs from Argentina, one of which was pulling a barge. He was concerned that the British ships could seize the Tacoma and capture his entire crew. As Langsdorff was preparing to disembark from the Tacoma to the tug boats, an Uruguayan gunboat pulled alongside the ship and port authorities boarded her. With them was Captain Dove, who came to assure himself that Langsdorff had not died with his ship. The two shook hands, and Dove expressed his regrets at the turn of events for Langsdorff and the Graf Spee. Langsdorff and his crew were not detained. They traveled upriver to Buenos Aires where all 1,039 crew members were interned. There were no casualties.

That evening, at the Immigration Hotel where he was staying, Langsdorff called his men together one last time, shook hands with each, and gave them the old naval salute—rather
than the Nazi version—distributed some of his personal effects to friends, and wrote a letter to the German ambassador taking full responsibility for the loss of the ship. His crew was safe—he could do no more for them. Retiring to his room, later that night he unfurled the battle flag of the Graf Spee, cloaked himself in it, and ended his life with a pistol shot to the head. Langsdorff was buried in Argentina, his funeral attended by some of the captains of the British ships he had sunk.

As Langsdorff and his crew headed toward Buenos Aires, the Tacoma was forced back to Montevideo and kept under guard. That same evening her captain, Hans Konow, was arrested for violating a port closing order—no merchant ships were to have left at the same time as the Graf Spee. Then by decree of December 30, 1939, the Tacoma was notified that by 6:30 the next morning, as a belligerent naval auxiliary, she was to leave within 24 hours or be interned. The German legation denied that the ship was a naval auxiliary, arguing that her mission had been of a humanitarian nature. Nonetheless, the ship failed to sail and on January 1, was interned by the Uruguayan authorities with a sarcastic rejection of the German protest.

A short time later, when the Almark reached then-neutral Norway, the British ignored that neutrality, sailed into Norwegian waters to intercept the ship, and forcibly removed the British prisoners captured by the Graf Spee. The “Almark Incident” caused Hitler to realize that neutral Norway was a key to protecting iron shipments to Germany and could not be allowed to fall into Allied hands. As a result, he initiated plans to occupy Norway.

Back in Montevideo in late January 1942, out of concern that the ship’s crew would scuttle the Tacoma and block the harbor, the port authority ordered her to a harbor anchorage. Hesitation gave the crew the chance to wreck the Tacoma’s turbines. At about this time the Maldonado, an Uruguayan freighter, was sunk by a German submarine. As a result, the Tacoma was seized by Uruguay on March 17, 1942. At about this time Uruguay joined the Allies and, later that year, the Tacoma was proudly charted to the United States. A technical mission headed by Knute Augustsson of the Moore-McCormack Line was sent to assess damage. General Electric was making submarine turbines similar to those used on the ship, so GE was commissioned to make replacements, which were then shipped to Uruguay and installed.

In June 1944 the Tacoma, with Augustsson as first mate, sailed to Boston with a cargo of Uruguayan fruit and an American crew. There, she was turned over by the War Shipping Administration. The vessel was leased to the Matson Navigation Company in New York in November. The Tacoma made regular runs between Hawaii and the United States mainland as part of the American merchant fleet for the duration of the war. She later carried occupation troops and supplies to Japan. On October 15, 1946, the Tacoma was returned by Matson to the United States government.

In November 1946 the United States returned the ship to Administracion Nacional de Puertos in Montevideo. When the ship returned to Uruguay it carried a cargo of wheat as an expression of American appreciation for Uruguay’s support. Many Uruguayan sailors learned their trade on the Tacoma, which was used in world commerce until June 1969. At that time the Tacoma was deactivated and used as prison ship in Montevideo harbor until at least 1980. In its continuing decline, freezers were subsequently installed on the ship and rented out to hold the local fishing catch.

The Tacoma lay derelict in Montevideo in 1984 and was scrapped there in 1986. The painting of the Tacoma that hung in the city hall of her Washington namesake has been lost. Today only a marker buoy identifies the site of the Graf Spee, a decaying hulk in the channel of the Rio de la Plate. The simple graves of the young sailors killed on the Graf Spee are still tended by the German population in Uruguay. Many of the Graf Spee’s sailors interned in Argentina stayed to become Argentine citizens. But fate was unkind and unfair to Captain Hans Langsdorff, a man of great honor.

Robert F. Peters, of Puyallup, is a senior real estate specialist with Tacoma Public Utilities. He is also a history buff interested in hearing from anyone with further information about the SS Tacoma. Contact him at: torx@nwrain.com

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The Short and Turbulent Career of Isaac I. Stevens

By Sherburne F. Cook, Jr.

The role of Isaac Ingalls Stevens in the establishment of territorial policy in Washington is well-documented, and most references to him are critical of his judgment. Best remembered as Washington’s first territorial governor, his influence, especially with regard to Indian policy, and his political tactics remain the subject of controversy to this day.

The first biography of Isaac Stevens was written by his son Hazard in 1900. A lengthy two-volume, 1,010-page account, The Life of General Isaac Ingalls Stevens, despite an expected bias, provides some interesting insight into this complex man’s life, especially when one reads between the lines.

In general, history has not been very kind to this little man with a big ego. Although his stern dealings with the Indian uprisings in the 1850s were supported by many settlers at the time, his tactics and arrogance were strongly opposed by others. Being a West Point graduate and a veteran of the Mexican War, he handled his territorial affairs as a commanding military officer and expected immediate and obedient execution of orders by the native people and civilian residents. Neither group accepted these tactics willingly, if at all. As a civilian, Stevens had no standing or influence over the United States military, which opposed his intervention in what the army considered its domain.

Isaac Stevens was born in Andover, Massachusetts, in 1818, a seventh generation New Englander. As a young man he entered West Point, where he graduated first in his class in 1839 as a second lieutenant, engineer. After various assignments on the East Coast and his marriage to Margaret Lyman Hazard, he was called to duty in December 1846 as a company lieutenant of engineers in the war with Mexico.

Although Hazard Stevens speaks highly and in detail of his father’s role in the Mexican War, it was during this time that his inflated self-esteem began to influence his military judgment. Even though Lieutenant Stevens’s judgment in military tactics may have in some cases been sound, the questioning and criticism of orders or tactics did not endear him to some of his superiors and fellow warriors.

After the war Stevens, now a brevet major, forced his way into high military and political circles, advocating brevet officer pay increases for the military and the “reorganization of the army.” Failing in this, he accepted a position with the United States Coastal Survey only after he became convinced that the “Coast Survey needs me to overhaul it.” Also during this time, spent primarily in Washington, D.C., he even managed to embarrass and alienate himself with his old commander-in-chief of the army, General Winfield Scott. He was a brash young junior officer, brimming with self-importance and an unyielding confidence in his own opinion.

Early in 1853 Stevens resigned his commission to accept an appointment as governor of the new territory of Washington, a position under the State Department and answerable only to Congress and the president. This appointment also included the ex-officio superintendency for Territorial Indian
Affairs under Interior Secretary Robert McClelland. And since he was headed in that direction, he assumed the role of chief in the exploration of a northern route for the newly authorized Pacific Railroad Survey. The railroad surveys were headed by Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, who protested the use of military personnel to assist in the project. To make the inducement juicier, not only was Stevens given his own commands, he was also given carte blanche to carry them out. In view of his political activism in Washington, D.C., his departure for the remotest part of the country was probably welcomed in higher political and military circles.

Isaac Stevens was a determined man with boundless energy. Given the authority he now enjoyed, nothing could come between his ego and an impatient obsession to excel. During his initial phase as a “pathfinder,” he far exceeded budgetary allotments and what was expected of him in the exploration for a northern railroad route between the Mississippi River and Puget Sound. During this western reconnaissance he also met with the Indians, starting with the Blackfeet in Montana, and arranged for future treaty conferences. When budgetary allotments for exploration ran out, he proceeded largely on borrowed or transferred funds.

Upon his arrival in Olympia, Governor Stevens immediately arranged for treaty councils to be set up with the Indians of western Washington. He impatiently and naively sought to resolve all the many problems inherent in the Euro-American usurpation of Indian lands with the wave of a pen or, as it turned out, a hangman’s noose. His primary objective was to consolidate all the Indians on one or a few reservations in exchange for their land and the assurance of protection and guidance of the “Great White Father” in Washington, D.C. At first the Indians did not realize or could not understand the significance of “signing” a white man’s treaty. Upon reflection, they wanted no part of Stevens’s treaties and they eventually rebelled.

One of the governor’s aides in treaty negotiations was the highly respected pioneer from Shoalwater Bay, James G. Swan. Although he generally supported Stevens, in his book, *The Northwest Coast, 1857*, Swan states: “The Governor certainly erred in judgment in attempting to place these five different tribes on the same reservation...they well knew that they never could agree to live together. They were willing to concentrate at a given place on their own lands, and it is a pity the governor did not see the benefit that would arise to them by so doing.”

Meanwhile, Stevens was arranging treaty councils with those Indian tribes east of the Cascades that he had approached the previous year on his way west. By the time he

This J. M. Stanley sketch from the Pacific Railroad Survey reports depicts Governor Stevens parleying with a Nez Perce hunting party in October 1853.
got there, clouds of war and dissatisfaction with the treaty plans were very evident. When he returned to the Columbia Basin from his council with the Blackfoot east of the Rockies, he ran into full-scale war being waged by several of the major tribes, primarily as a result of white intrusions on promised Indian lands and dissatisfaction with treaty specifications. Also, since treaty ratification was on hold in Washington, D.C., the Indians had received none of their promised benefits and suspected subterfuge. It was with difficulty and no little risk that Stevens returned to Olympia.

Although he had been forewarned, Stevens found Indian problems west of the Cascades even worse than those he had just experienced east of the mountains. In the Puget Sound region the major problem, aside from treaty dissatisfaction, was white settlers laying claim to their homestead acres promised them by the Donation Land Act of 1850. In view of the number of settlers in this region, friction between them and the Indians became a serious matter, resulting in many conflicts and deaths.

With reluctant and confused military participation, Governor Stevens was forced to form his own militia or army of volunteers, a move strongly opposed by the United States army and its regional commander, Major General John Wool, who ordered his officers “not to recognize the volunteer forces in any way.” With or without the help of the military, 11 companies of volunteers were raised, “taking to the field within three weeks.” With this army of volunteers, “General” Stevens waged war on the hostile Indians in an effort to protect the settlers and bring the Indians into line.

Stevens’s problems with Wool, aside from serious and irreconcilable personal differences, involved policy in dealing with the Indians. Stevens strongly advocated all-out war on both sides of the Cascades. Wool and others considered Stevens’s tactics “premature and ill-advised” and blamed Indian troubles on the intrusion of whites, including Stevens.

Perhaps most controversial of Stevens’s acts during this time were his dealings with Leschi, the Nisqually chief, and others associated with him. At issue was the killing of settlers in the Puget Sound region by Chief Leschi and other “hostiles.” The Indians at this time had rejected treaty conditions and were increasingly concerned over the continued influx of white settlers on what the Indians still considered their land; hence, they considered themselves at war with the whites. This was the army’s position. Stevens, on the other hand, considered Leschi and his group murderers who were bound by treaty. He was unrelenting in his demands for “justice.”

With the military’s assurance of safe conduct, Leschi and his group of “outlaws” soon gave themselves up. Although they had been assured by the military that their crimes were pardonable as acts of war, they were promptly arrested by Stevens’s order and indicted for murder over the protests of the army and many concerned citizens. “Leschi was tried in due time, but the jury disagreed. He was convicted at a subsequent trial, and expiated his crimes on the gallows,” wrote Hazard.

During this time the governor declared martial law in order to circumvent a legal challenge to his authority to evict some settlers from claims legally given to them in by Congress in the Donation Land Act. These settlers were suspected of giving aid to the “enemy.” His son opined that the governor “was not the man to suffer a few political tricksters to frustrate his necessary military measures.” When called upon to account for his actions by the United States Circuit Court, he arrested presiding Judge Edward Lander, who was also territorial chief justice and a captain in the militia. As soon as martial law was rescinded, Judge Lander convicted Governor Stevens of contempt of court and fined him a token $50. Whereupon Stevens gave himself an executive pardon and “friends paid the fine.” Ultimately he was censured for this and various of his actions by the territorial legislature, Congress and both Presidents Pierce and Buchanan. Although Hazard Stevens makes light of these rebukes, Congress did not, as nearly 100 pages of the Congressional Record for 1856 and 1857 will attest.

Stevens’s judgment in dealings with the Indians was seriously questioned during his time as territorial governor. He was, in fact, accused by some as contributing more to the problem than to its solution. This view was held by George Gibbs, a learned and highly respected scientist and ethnologist who had served with Stevens during treaty negotiations. In a letter published by James Swan, dated January 7, 1857, Gibbs observed:

“That the governor’s treaties had a great deal to do in fomenting this war there is no doubt. Those on the Sound were too much hurried, and the reservations allowed them were insufficient; but his grand blunder was in bringing together the Nez Perces, Walla Walla, Yakima, and others
into one council, and cramming a treaty down their throats in a hurry.”

Otherwise, Gibbs, who was “manifestly not friendly to Stevens,” laid the blame for the war on a combination of “the Indians’ unwillingness to have their lands intruded on,” the United States military, missionaries, the Donation Land Act, and the lack of treaty ratification.

Despite his growing unpopularity among many of the state’s leading citizens, Stevens was nominated and subsequently elected as territorial representative to Congress, whereupon he resigned as governor in August 1857. When he arrived back in Washington, D.C., for the 1858 session, he found his reception cool; his every move had been conveyed and publicized back east by a fairly strong contingent of personal and political opponents. It did not take him long, however, to once again establish himself as a political force to be reckoned with. During his first session he “introduced 19 bills and resolutions and offered 4 amendments”; and throughout his brief congressional career was successful in many of his appropriation demands relative to Washington Territory.

Immediately following the inauguration of Lincoln in 1860, Stevens returned to Washington Territory, where he was acclaimed by some as the “leading man in the Northwest.” Others did not think so and, under severe opposition, he withdrew his name as a Democratic candidate for renomination as territorial representative.

With the news of the firing on Fort Sumter, Stevens returned to the nation’s capital resolved to “tender his services” to the Union Army. His reception on his return was still “cold and discouraging.” But still he cast about in high political and military circles seeking a generalship. Finally he had to settle for a colonelcy with the 79th New York Highlanders. Convinced, however, of his strength as a military leader, he prophetically expressed his disappointment by exclaiming, “I will show those men in Washington that I am worthy of something better than a regiment, or I will lay my bones on the battlefield.”

Stevens’s experiences in the Civil War followed a course reminiscent of his entire career. The “Little Napoleon,” as he had become known, as usual did not endear himself to the higher brass and many of his men. He was ignored and passed over for promotion to general until his son, Hazard, personally delivered a letter of disappointment to President Lincoln, whereupon Colonel Stevens was promoted to brigadier general. Even so, during his short tenure in the war he complained of being “surrounded by incompetents.”

The fiery career of Isaac Ingalls Stevens ended with a bullet through his brain in the Battle of Chantilly on September 1, 1862. With the respect one would expect from the son of the fallen man, Hazard Stevens concludes his biography: “The closest study of the situation strengthens the conviction that General Stevens that day saved the army and the country from an appalling disaster.” Be that as it may, the little man with the big ego “fell while rallying his command with the flag of the Republic in his dying grasp.”
ALTHOUGH NONE of the people in this photo taken at the Seattle Brewing and Malting Company around 1895 are identified by name, we can assume that brewmaster Andrew Hemrich is among them. Hemrich left his home in Wisconsin at age 14 after an apprenticeship in his father’s brewery. For 12 years he led a life of adventure west of the Mississippi where he prospected in the mine fields of Colorado, Nevada and Montana, worked as a cowboy in Texas, and started two breweries in Montana. Hemrich came to Seattle in 1878 and, with $1,500 in capital, established the Bay View Brewery on what is now Airport Way. In 1893 the brewery merged with others to become the Seattle Brewing and Malting Company. With their premier label, Rainier, the Seattle Brewing and Malting Company became the largest brewery on the West Coast and sixth largest in the nation before its doors closed when Washington went dry in 1916. After the repeal of prohibition in 1933, the brewery was reopened by Emil Sick, and the rest is history. The building has become a Seattle landmark, and the Rainier brand name is known worldwide.

The Historical Society gladly accepts donations of prints or negatives of regional historical interest to add to its photograph collection. (Please contact the Society before making donations.) Readers are invited to submit historical photographs for History Album. If a photograph is to be returned, it must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
San Juan is a fertile and beautiful island, with a large extent of open prairie land; but were it barren and rocky, and intrinsically worthless, it is of the utmost value to Great Britain, commanding as it does the channel of communications between Vancouver Island and British Columbia... in my opinion, it matters not if all the other islands between San Juan and the Continent pass to the United States, but San Juan is invaluable to our possession; it clearly is ours, both in right and in equity, and to yield it to the United States would be to depreciate our contiguous territory to an extent that some day might prove fatal to Her Majesty's possessions in this quarter of the globe.

—James Prevost (July 23, 1859)

If there was anything James Douglas hated more than low-grade beaver pelts, rot-gut whisky and whining British colonists, it was American settlers. They were the spawn from hell, with their wagons full of quilts, stoves, plows and spinning wheels, and their dirty children who were certain to beget more Americans. They had driven his beloved Hudson's Bay Company from its Columbia River empire, and if he was not vigilant they would do it again above the 49th parallel.

That was the boundary line Great Britain and the United States agreed upon with the Treaty of Oregon on June 15, 1846; along the 49th parallel from the Rocky Mountains to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver Island; and thence southerly through the middle of the said channel, and of Fuca's Straits to the Pacific Ocean; provided however, that the navigation of the whole of said channel and Straits south of the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude remain free and open to both parties.

Unfortunately, the people who drafted the treaty had lousy maps—maps that did not reveal a significant archipelago of 173 named islands and islets lying square in the middle of the Georgia Strait, the "channel" mentioned in the document. The Georgia Strait splits into two channels: Haro Strait to the west and Rosario Strait to the east. The British insisted that Rosario was the proper boundary because it ran true south and had been charted by George Vancouver. As early as 1846 British warships regularly used the Rosario Strait over the Haro Strait as a matter of policy, hoping to reinforce the British claim. The Americans countered with Haro, which they contended was directly south of the boundary line at the 49th parallel.

The view among the powerful was that the confusion over a few little lands on the other side of the world would work itself out. Business had never been better between Great Britain and her former colonies. That same year Britain's Corn Laws had been repealed while the United States lowered duties on manufactured goods. Why should the Americans care? They were stomping Mexico and would soon take possession of the entire American southwest.

The key word in the epigram above is "equity." Royal Navy Captain James Prevost, commander of the steam corvette HMS Satellite, never wavered on the San Juan question in his role as water boundary commissioner for the British government. Set geographical arguments aside and he would still believe that the San Juans were unquestionably British because that is what James Douglas believed.

With the brief exception of the crisis period in mid 1859 when the Royal Navy intervened, James Douglas was the British government north of the 49th parallel from 1843, when Fort Victoria was founded, until he retired in 1864. Vancouver Island had been conveyed to the Hudson's Bay Company (HBC) by royal grant on January 13, 1849, which put the "Company of Adventurers" in the colony business. Hoping to match the tide of American immigration, parliament told the HBC...
to provide a suitable climate for British settlers. This required a major change in thinking.

Heretofore, the company had discouraged settlers because they were bad for business. They moved to the hinterlands, got sick, went broke, or were slaughtered by Indians. That meant the company had to spend good money to heal them, bail them out, buy them boat tickets home, or hire soldiers to protect the survivors.

If Douglas wasn’t miffed enough by this prospect, the British government tweaked him further by sending someone else to be governor—someone who might figure he could tell Douglas what to do. That lasted less than a year. On September 1, 1851, James Douglas was chief factor of Fort Victoria and governor of the Crown colony.

Born August 15, 1803, in British Guinea of a Scottish father and a “native” mother (his biographies are mysterious on this score), Douglas left home to make his fortune at age 16, catching on first with the old North West Company in 1819. When the North West Company merged with the HBC in 1821, Douglas stayed on. He arrived at Fort Vancouver in 1830, where he was made clerk, but in a few years he rose to become John McLoughlin’s assistant, acting in his stead when McLoughlin went to England for a year in 1838.

Douglas became chief factor at Fort Vancouver in 1846 and then moved to become chief factor at Fort Victoria, a post he’d founded in 1843. He was appointed agent of the HBC’s Puget Sound Agricultural Company in 1849. From the beginning he considered the San Juans “a dependency of Vancouver’s Island.” In 1851, on authorization of his predecessor, Governor James Blanshard, he established seasonal fish salting stations on the southern end of San Juan Island and took formal possession of all the islands for the British Crown.

By late 1853, with the formation of Washington Territory and the expected arrival of the aggressive young governor and Mexican War hero, Isaac Stevens, Douglas knew that more Americans would move north of the Columbia and snap up new lands in the Puget Sound basin. Stevens already was on record with his belief that while American settlers, focusing on agriculture, represented civilization and progress, the HBC’s preoccupation with trade made its employees little different from Indians. Stevens had not been in the territory a month before he sent letters to Peter Skene Ogden, who...
ran what remained of Fort Vancouver, and Dr. William Tolmie, head of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company at Fort Nisqually. The letters essentially contained the United States’ blueprint for jettisoning the HBC from the mainland south of the 49th parallel. The companies, wrote Stevens, had to stop trading with the Indians and get ready to be “bought out” at a fair price.

The prospects looked familiar to Douglas. The Americans would push up to the 49th parallel, and those who knew anything about agriculture would grab the islands barren of trees but rich in topsoil. The American customs collector, Isaac Neff Ebey, already had claimed a prime homestead on Whidbey Island. The San Juans, with their acres of virgin prairie, beckoned. Douglas pointed out to the colonial office that the San Juans could “maintain a large population because of the extent of timber, arable farmland, and fisheries.”

In November 1853 Douglas decided to act. He wrote the Duke of Newcastle that he intended to “assert the sovereignty of her majesty the Queen to all the islands of the Argo Archipelago lying west of Cypress Island. If Washington and London were not prepared to settle on Rosario as the boundary, Douglas would do it unilaterally. To support his action Douglas went on to observe, erroneously, that Rosario Strait was the only navigable channel for sailing ships from the Strait of Juan de Fuca to the Georgia Strait. This was the channel to which the Americans had grudgingly agreed in the 1846 treaty, as the document also guaranteed British navigation rights. Douglas magnanimously proposed that the channel be open to both nations and free from collection of duties. Duties required on either shore would be paid on Vancouver Island or in Olympia.

Captain James Alden of the American surveying steamer Active commented in a report dated October 31, 1853, that Douglas’s choice of Rosario as the preferred channel was putrid in that there was a channel much nearer home, better in almost every respect and, to them, far more convenient—Har. Alden probably knew the San Juan waters better than any American naval officer on the coast since he had been a junior lieutenant on Charles Wilkes’s survey of the islands in 1841. It was Wilkes’s charts that in 1846 had spurred Secretary of State James Buchanan to balk at agreeing with the British on Rosario Strait.

Newcastle did not reply to Douglas’s missive; therefore, Douglas took it upon himself to enforce Britain’s claims while discouraging American activity. He was soon able to write:

I have succeeded in defeating every attempt made to pre-occupy the Argo Archipelago through the agency of American squatters, so that those islands will still remain a de facto dependency of Vancouver Island unoccupied by any whites except a fishing station which was established several years ago by HBC on the island of San Juan.

This was not entirely truthful. For even as he was penning the above dispatch, Douglas finally decided to take the Crown’s colony mandate seriously and open San Juan Island to British settlement. There was a problem, however. He had been so successful at discouraging colonists that there were none around to take advantage of his change of heart. But Douglas refused to take the blame. Instead, he wrote another dispatch lamenting that British settlers were scarce because he was not authorized to grant free land as the Americans were doing.

Douglas’s settlement plans were not to be denied. After all, he was also chief factor of Fort Victoria. With a stroke of his pen he cemented British presence in the San Juans by establishing a branch of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company on the island’s southern end. On December 15, 1853, a group of Kanaka (Hawaiian) herdsmen, led by a freshly appointed chief agent, Charles John Griffin, turned loose 1,350 sheep to graze on the sweeping prairies that gave onto the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Griffin also brought along seed for crops and farmyard animals, including several Berkshire boars.

Gazing at the magnificent Olympic Mountains directly across the Strait of Juan de Fuca, Griffin appropriately called his prairie home Belle Vue Farm. Sheep stations also were established at three other points on the island, including Oak Prairie (today’s San Juan Valley), another valley just south of Roche Harbor, and a clearing above a lovely sheltered bay on the island’s east side (Friday Harbor). Douglas did not bother to advise his government that a corporation—and not British subjects—had settled the island.

In April 1854 Douglas’s worst fears were realized when he heard through the grapevine that Isaac Ebey, in his capacity as United States customs collector based at Port Townsend, had, without advising Governor Stevens, threatened seizure of British property on San Juan Island to collect duties. In Ebey’s view the San Juans were American possessions and not a duty-free zone. In a swiftly written dispatch, Douglas told his home government that he had no military forces at his disposal, but even if he did he would not use them. Instead, he appointed Belle Vue Farm agent Griffin justice of the peace for the District of San Juan Island, at no pay. The American tax collector would be treated as a common offender if he attempted to enforce his jurisdiction. Thus commenced the first standoff on San Juan Island.

Ebey twice visited the island, the first time on April 21, when he handed Griffin the duties bill and told the agent that he should pay it because the sheep “were liable to seizure” for being smuggled into the territory. On the evening of May 3 Ebey returned in an open boat to collect. He dispatched an Indian to Griffin with an invitation to visit him in a tent he was sharing with Henry Webber, his assistant. Griffin paid the call and “after several minutes spent in conversing on common-place subjects, I at once put the question to Colonel Ebey, ‘What is the purpose of your visit?’” Before Ebey could answer, Griffin warned the American of the
penalties for molesting property or disturbing the peace. Ebey replied, "I have done nothing."

Griffin returned to his cabin and noted in his journal, "I paid them a visit without gleaning anything of importance from them." He next dispatched a messenger aboard the Otter, another HBC steamer, to advise Douglas.

Douglas steamed to the island the following morning, accompanied by British customs inspector James Sangster. Standing offshore, Douglas could see through his spyglass that Ebey's modest party hardly constituted an invasion force and decided not to land. Instead, he called Griffin to the ship and was told that Ebey had encamped and seemed intent on remaining; probably to collect duties. Douglas must have considered this an empty gesture on Ebey's part because he decided to return to Victoria. Sangster was ordered ashore with a Union Jack flag, which he was directed to run up the Belle Vue flagpole.

Sangster then approached Ebey, who was again asked to state his intentions. The American replied, "I am thinking of putting an inspector on this island [Webber]." Sangster warned Ebey that if he did so Webber would be arrested. Ebey's attitude was cavalier. If and when he formally commissioned Webber and the British did arrest him, he hoped that Webber would be treated well when he was hauled off to Victoria.

The gauntlet was thrown the next day when Ebey and Webber banged on Griffin's cabin door. When Griffin appeared, Ebey read a proclamation naming Webber assistant collector of customs on San Juan Island. Ebey left soon thereafter and Webber pitched his tent "immediately" behind Griffin's cabin, garnishing the act by running up an American flag. That did it for Griffin. The following morning he issued a warrant for Webber's arrest and directed Constable Holland (likely a Kanaka herdsman) to serve the warrant and bring back the prisoner. Sangster went along to observe.

They found Webber armed and belligerent. On the constable reading the warrant, and when in the act of raising his hand to arrest Mr. Webber, this gentleman instantaneously presented a revolver pistol at the breast of the constable, telling him if he touched him he would most certainly fire, giving as reason at the time that he did not consider the constable's office legal, as he was given to understand he, the constable, had not been sworn in before a bench of magistrates, and if he or any other man or men attempted to arrest him he should fire, and otherwise protect himself as long as a ball remained in any one of his pistols; he had two brace of pistols hung about his waist and breast, and a knife thrust in his boot at the knee.

Sangster and the constable ran and got six men, but Webber was as determined as ever to resist. The constable returned to Griffin and asked if he could arm himself, but Griffin, abhorring violence, said no and ordered his men, Sangster included, to leave Webber alone with his knife and pistols. Griffin was disgusted. "Such a farce! If this is what is called law, then it plainly is rum law."

After all that, Webber and Sangster left the next day—Webber to purchase supplies and report to Ebey, Sangster presumably to tell all to Douglas.

Webber returned, apparently to stay, on May 10. Opting for the high road, Douglas advised Griffin to leave the American alone so long as he minded his own business and did not attempt to confiscate or molest property. Additionally, Webber was to be treated not as a United States government agent but a private person "entitled to protection by Her Majesty's Government and subject to those same laws." If the American attempted to carry out customs duties he was to be arrested. If he resisted arrest he would be held accountable in the queen's courts.

Webber was likewise directed by Ebey not to collect duties but to peacefully keep tabs on HBC property, for which he would be paid a rate of five dollars a day. Webber was only too happy to comply and remained encamped at Belle Vue Farm where, in what was to become a tradition among contending government officials on San Juan Island, he soon became fast friends with Charles Griffin.

While friendship blossomed, letters were quickly being penned (but delivered too slowly for the pace of events) between Ebey and Douglas and their respective governments. Douglas com-
plained about American effrontery while Ebev, in a dispatch to his boss, Secretary of the Treasury James Guthrie, accused the HBC of violating United States revenue laws. His position that the San Juans belonged to the United States was shared but, for diplomatic reasons, not enforced by Governor Stevens. If Webber was detained, Ebev stated, he would simply replace him with another agent and appeal to the territorial government for help in obtaining Webber's release.

The British Foreign Office was neither amused by Ebev's international boundary interpretation nor Webber's sourdough antics. In July they asked the United States government in Washington, D.C., to make inquiries and order local officials to cease and desist.

Secretary of State William Marcy first wrote to Guthrie, advising him that a commission would soon meet to decide the boundary. But he did not disabuse Ebev's opinion on American title. Far from it. In fact, he told Guthrie that United States authorities should continue to "hold possession" of the islands.

The colonial office was sending the same message to Douglas concerning the disputed isles: "In conveying to the approval of HM Govt. of your proceedings with respect to the sovereignty of the islands in the Canal de Arro, I have to authorize you to continue to treat those islands as part of the British Dominions."

This was a dispatch that would be ingrained in Douglas's mind for the next five years. Yet he believed the reaction of his government had not been strong enough. Crampton, the British minister in Washington, cautioned Douglas not to "push matters to extremities, unless we are compelled to do so...." The governor found this advisory "an unfortunate admission, showing a lamentable want of information on the question at issue, and yet it is a fact that may greatly embarrass her Majesty's Government."

Ever the peacemaker, Secretary Marcy in late July wrote a soothing semi-apology to the British, stating that Governor Stevens (then in Washington, D.C., on business) told him he had no reason to collect customs duties from the HBC. Displaying a sure grasp of the pulse of his territory and the character of his officials, Stevens told Marcy that while Ebev had probably posted an agent on the island, the agent likely had not been directed to make collections. In almost the same breath the governor suggested that the United States Army garrison at Fort Steilacoom be moved to Port Townsend, about 20 miles across the strait from San Juan Island.

By early 1855 the issue seemed academic as northern Indian raids drove the Americans, including Webber, away from the islands. But the Webber incident had aggravated Douglas and...
made him sensitive to any American action, no matter the grounds. In October 1854, for example, he reported that a United States revenue cutter armed with six cannon and commanded by American naval officers was lurking in the area. “They appear resolved to gain forcible possession of the disputed territory, and I hardly know how to prevent them,” he wrote.

The cutter undoubtedly was nearby, but more with an eye to thwarting northern Indian raids, which had hit Whatcom, Whidbey and points south throughout the year. The Northerners had been raiding into the Strait of Georgia and Puget Sound basin since Fort Victoria opened. They came in swift high-prowed canoes, hitting Coast Salish and white communities alike without warning, taking slaves from the Indians, and from the whites firearms, pots and anything else they could carry away. They were not averse to lopping off heads and carting them home as trophies, too. They spooked white settlers so badly that military posts would soon be established at Bellingham Bay, just east of the islands, as well as at Port Townsend. However, the Northerners never attacked HBC posts for fear of immediate reprisal.

It was Americans who troubled Douglas most. In January 1855 the governor wrote that he had never been free from alarms. He complained about American newspapers and also about acting United States Territorial Governor Charles H. Mason for landing on San Juan Island with troops from Fort Steilacoom in pursuit of northern Indians. These officials had with them “a large train of lawless followers.” If that wasn’t bad enough, United States revenue cutters were continually threatening to enforce duties, and now the fledgling government of Whatcom County was attempting to collect so-called “back taxes” on the HBC’s operation at Belle Vue Farm. Whatcom County then embraced most of northwestern Washington, from the Cascades to the San Juans. But its few white settlers lived in two small villages lying on either side of a water-fall giving onto Bellingham Bay, about 20 miles east of San Juan Island. No matter that the two communities tallied barely 40 citizens—a complete county government had been elected, appointed and hired, which accounted for just about all of its citizenry. One of these was County Commissioner William Cullen, an Irish-born agent of the Puget Sound Mining Company, the San Francisco-based coal mining operation on the bay. Cullen had decided that San Juan Island was rightfully in the orbit of the county and that the HBC operation must therefore pay its due. Being an Irishman full of cradle-spawned hatred for the English, he approached the issue with relish.

Beginning in October 1854, Sheriff Ellis Barnes four times visited the island and ordered Griffin to pay $80.33 in back taxes or face a sheriff’s sale. The sale would be conducted on the beach under his very nose. Griffin told him to get lost. Barnes went away, and Griffin felt confident that he had seen the last of the sheriff. He was wrong.

An “armed party” composed of Cullen, Barnes, coal company manager (and county judge) Edmund Fitzhugh, and five other prospective “bidders” in three rowboats dipped through unseasonably calm waters and landed on the beach on March 30, 1855. By some accounts it took them the better part of two nights and one day to reach the island. Again Barnes ordered Griffin to pay, and when he refused the party left. But they sailed off only a short distance and returned just after midnight. They spent several hours rounding up sheep, then built a makeshift pen on the beach and held a starlight auction. This time more than 40 breeding rams were “sold,” Cullen, the instigator, buying ten or twelve for his personal use at 50 cents to one dollar a head. Unfortunately, the Americans did not bring boats as large as their ambitions. In desperation they commandeered an Indian canoe and tried to coax the rams into it. The result was predictable. Deputies were butted, the canoe likely foundered, and several rams galloped across the black prairie with Americans in stumbling pursuit. Somehow Griffin missed the racket.
He got up as usual at dawn and left his cabin to check on one of the herds. He hadn’t been out long when he was approached by an Indian boy bearing a hastily scrawled note from one of his herdsmen. The Americans had penned and sold 49 breeding rams, 34 of which had already been driven down to the beach. Another 24 sheep also were sold, sight unseen, he was advised, presumably to be snatched later, “I imagine by stealth.”

Griffin rounded up several Kanakas and ran to the makeshift pen. After releasing the remaining 15 animals, he scrambled down the bluff to the beach to stop the Americans. The boats already were pulling away with the 34 rams aboard. Griffin and one man beat through the surf to the gunwales and attempted to untie the cords securing the animals. Three of the frustrated Americans, all armed, turned and pushed the HBC men away. Griffin and his assistant made another attempt, whereupon “one of them drew from his belt a Revolver Pistol, which the moment I saw I expostulated with them, telling them I could not possibly contend against such a force…. Seeing no other recourse I immediately left the spot. They as quickly left in two boats and one canoe.”

An account in the American Sumas Vidette saw it differently. In its version, culled from firsthand reports, the sheep buyers were leading the rams to the beach when “Griffin charged down the hill accompanied by about twenty Kanakas, who were armed with knives, and ordered that the sheep be cut loose. Dramatically, Sheriff Barnes ordered his men to protect the property ‘in the name of the United States.’ Since Barnes’s men were armed with revolvers, the Kanakas retired and shortly afterward six of them in a canoe started across the channel for Victoria.”

One of the Americans spotted what he thought to be the Beaver, clearing the harbor at Victoria seven miles off.

We did not wish to be taken prisoners and lie in jail until the boundary question could be settled by the two governments; we loaded about one-half of the sheep into our boats and “let out.” We were all worn out from loss of sleep and hard work; the tide was running very strong against us, our boats were heavily loaded, but we bent to the oars and, like Wellington at Waterloo, prayed for night or Blucher to come to our relief….

Griffin bent to the oars himself to report in Victoria the “theft” of 34 breeding rams.

Douglas immediately sent a complaint to Governor Stevens, who once again learned of a San Juan action after the fact. Stevens disapproved of the ram auction but felt compelled to back Americans in asserting their rights south of the 49th parallel, disputed islands or not. Douglas next reported the incident to the Foreign Office. Again, he neglected to define “British property” as, in fact, HBC property. The wronged party in Douglas’s report was Charles Griffin, a British subject, not the HBC. Douglas wrote that while Griffin’s herdsmen were away the Americans cut out the rams and put them in boats and then were approached by Griffin, whereupon the agent was “menaced with violence and put in danger of his life.”

All in all, Douglas termed it “an exceedingly annoying affair” and expressed regret that the HBC could not muster the wherewithal to apprehend the Americans, even though the Beaver, the Hudson’s Bay Company’s legendary steamer, gave chase. While the Americans were armed with six-shooter revolvers, the HBC men had single-shot, smoothbore Northwest Trade guns. Douglas reported 45 rams stolen, although 11 “escaped” during the loading carnival.

It was July before British Foreign Minister Crampton made a claim on the United States on behalf of the HBC. According to his figures the Americans owed: £650 for 34 rams; £650:13 for 267 ewes and 142 lambs; £500 for the hire of the Beaver; and £1,000 for incidental losses for a grand total of £2,990:13—altogether about £15,000.

All items of claim, aside from the rams, were attacked as “fraudulent” or “unfounded” by the writer of the account in the House documents.

Douglas was not satisfied and wrote yet another letter of complaint to Lord John Russell, again neglecting to say that the wronged party was the HBC. This time he was called on it. Russell pointed out that in November 1853 Douglas had stated that the San Juans should remain a “de facto” dependency of Vancouver Island, unoccupied by any whites except those at the fishing station. But in his report Griffin spoke of a major agricultural operation on the island. The two statements did not add up. Russell then chided Douglas and the HBC for masking their activities and asking for compensation as private citizens rather than as a corporation with a charter for colonization. Douglas apologized in his next correspondence, admitting that he had “omitted to give information on certain points.”

On the American side, Secretary of State Marcy responded to the affair by instructing Isaac Stevens to lay off, to wit:

The President has instructed me to say to you that the officers of the territory should abstain from all acts, on the disputed grounds, which are calculated to provoke any conflict, so far as it can be done without implying the concession to the authorities of Great Britain of an exclusive right over the premises. The title ought to be settled before either party should attempt to exclude the other by force or exercise complete and exclusive sovereign rights with the fairly disputed limits. Application will be made to the British government to interpose with its local authorities on the Northern borders of our territory to abstain from like acts of exclusive ownership, with an explicit understanding that any forbearance on either side to assert the rights respectively claimed shall not be to any concession to the adverse party.

He followed this with a letter to British Foreign Minister Crampton on July 17, in which he confessed “some apprehension that collision may take
place between our citizens and British subjects in regard to the occupation of the disputed points along the line between Washington Territory and the British Possession on the north of it."

He assured the ambassador that he would notify Stevens to use discretion, adding that he hoped the British would write a similar missive to Douglas. Crampton agreed and said he had dispatched copies of the letter to the governor general of British North America, to George Simpson of the HBC and, by October, to Douglas.

The so-called "Marcy letter" was thenceforth carried in the vest pocket of every British official in the old Oregon Country to be used as a club against any overreaching Yankee. However, while this "hands-off" message was recognized as the United States' continuing policy, Douglas did not feel bound to it, insisting to the end that the San Juans were British possessions and the United States had no rights nor legal claims to them. The Royal Navy agreed in spirit with Douglas. The Pacific Station commander in 1855 was Rear Admiral H. W. Bruce. In his view the "serious difficulty" in the Northwest was "owing to the grasping spirit and habits of the neighboring Americans...." The Admiralty urged caution, primarily because the United States, at least in spirit, supported the Russians in the Crimea. Nevertheless, Bruce was advised in 1856 to move his ships from Central America to Vancouver Island in order to secure British interests in case American filibusters made a move on British possessions.

If it accomplished anything other than satisfying County Commissioner Cullen's blood lust, the Barnes incident prompted Congress to appropriate money to pay for a boundary commission, which the British had proposed as far back as 1848. The money was allocated on August 11, 1856, whereupon Archibald Campbell was appointed commissioner, with a chief astronomer and surveyor to assist him in marking the boundary between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific. The respective commissioners by agreement were supposed to exchange their instructions. However, British Commissioner Prevost's orders included a caveat not intended for Campbell's eyes. He had been directed by his government to press for Rosario Strait, and failing that, to seek another channel within the archipelago that might conform to the language of the treaty.

Prevost was advised that possession of the islands by the British Crown "must contribute very much to the quiet possession of Vancouver's Island, and her Majesty's Government therefore desire that you should use your utmost efforts to induce the American commissioner to assent to the view which Her Majesty's Government have taken of the case."

The Englishman's position had been spelled out for him by his government before a single measurement had been taken. Marcy's marching orders to Campbell were hardly less partisan, but they were not withheld from the British. When Campbell finally saw the secret verbiage two years later, he realized that the water boundary proceedings had been prejudiced from the start.

Britain's primary argument for Rosario Strait was that it ran directly south from the 49th parallel through the

Esquimalt Bay in 1857. This excellent harbor became a regular anchorage for the Royal Navy during the Crimean War (1853-56) and in the face of American incursions into the Georgia Strait in the late 1850s.
Strait of Georgia, thus satisfying the language if not the spirit of the Treaty of Oregon. As early as 1846 British warships made a policy of using Rosario Strait over Haro Strait to reinforce the British claim. The American position, as postulated by Campbell, was that if one drew a line directly south from the middle of the Strait of Georgia at the 49th parallel, it would run directly through Haro Strait.

Prevost also was told to push for an accommodation on Point Roberts, that strange comma of land that dips below accommodation on Point Roberts, that Vancouver's Island was to be maintained, as postulated by Campbell, was that if the 49th parallel, it would run directly south from the British Columbia mainland into United States territorial waters. Most importantly for the British, "quiet possession" of Vancouver's Island was to be maintained, which Prevost interpreted as keeping the Americans away from Victoria's back porch—i.e., San Juan Island. That aim was reflected in all that passed from his lips or flowed from his pen over the next three years. San Juan would form a "wall of defense," he wrote, protecting Vancouver Island and the Royal Navy anchorage at Esquimalt.

The United States Board of Engineers in 1858 likewise concluded that "by establishing a military and naval station at Griffin Bay, on the southeastern shore of San Juan Island, she shall be able to overlook those inner waters equally with Great Britain from Esquimalt Harbor, on the southeastern shore of Vancouver Island, and thus counterbalance the preponderance she is seeking to establish."

Prevost and Campbell met six times between June and December 1857 and, not surprisingly, failed to agree on a water boundary. Looking for a way to end the dispute and continue to guard Victoria's flank, Prevost in November 1857 proposed President's and San Juan channels—soon to be called the "Middle Channel"—which divide San Juan Island and its satellites from Orcas and Shaw islands. This would award all the islands except San Juan to the United States. Campbell declined.

Those who knew anything about the dynamics of Douglas, Isaac Stevens, and the land-hungry American miners trickling down from the diggings up the Fraser River Valley knew that the climate was ripe for major trouble. While letters were being written and surveys taken, the United States revenue agents continued keeping book on the goings-on at Belle Vue Farm. Between 1855 and 1859 taxes were assessed on the HBC (but not collected). As of May 20, 1859, the HBC had 4,500 sheep, 40 cattle, 5 yoke of oxen, 35 horses and 40 hogs, plus 80 fenced acres under cultivation with oats, peas and potatoes. Griffin had 19 employees, 3 of whom were naturalized American citizens who actually voted in the territorial election. There were 29 settlers altogether.

No Americans settled on the island until several frustrated miners drifted over from the Fraser River diggings between the summer of 1858 and January 1859. Fear of Indians had heretofore kept them away. Then, in late February 1859, Griffin wrote Douglas that a party of Americans from Victoria had been there over a ten-day period, surveying and laying out land in hope of establishing preemption claims pending a United States takeover of the islands. The surveying was directed by a Messrs. Denman and Gelette. Griffin reported that he had heard Denman talking about bringing lumber because he wanted to buy "Webber's house" and furnish it.

Douglas already knew of the enterprise and wrote the colonial office that he was continuing to regard San Juan Island as a dependency of Vancouver Island as per his instructions of September 21, 1854, and that he had appointed Griffin justice of the peace. Griffin's occupation until recently had been "general and complete" as well as undisturbed by Americans. However, Douglas now feared that as a result of the surveys the "whole island will soon be occupied by a squatter population of American citizens if they do not receive an immediate check."

This movement has, I have no doubt, been commenced by some designing person exciting and working upon the minds of the ignorant masses with the view of hastening the settlement of the Boundary Question and fortifying the claims of the United States Government. The course is one full of danger, and I fear that HM Govt. would not approve of my adopting measures for the summary and forcible ejection of squatters, while the sovereignty remains avowedly in dispute; at the same time circumstances may call for decisive action.

Douglas had no hope that the governor of Washington Territory would help. Even so, he proposed that Americans and British join together in ejecting squatters until the boundary was settled. But in the end he was prepared to protect British interests. Two months later Douglas opened his dispatches from the Crown and discovered that Foreign Secretary Lord Lytton shared his views. Not only that, Lytton restated the British view that possession of the San Juan Islands was "essential to British interests." The governor was ordered to "warn off" squatters attempting to settle on British dominions on San Juan Island and maintain British rights by exercise of "civil power."

By taking this position, the Crown was courting the very trouble it sought to avoid; for the territorial government in Olympia could likewise view the HBC as an "alien squatter." Even more critical, the foreign secretary's instructions ignored the Marcy agreement of 1855. Whose laws would be obeyed?

On May 12 Lord Lyons, the British foreign minister in Washington, D.C., contacted Secretary of State Lewis Cass. Pending the results of the ongoing boundary survey, United States citizens should be restrained from settling on San Juan Island, Lyons wrote. No mention was made of the HBC sheep farm nor of how Americans could cause a "collision." Charles Griffin's Berkshire boy had the answer to that.

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No Such River Exists

John Meares's Search for the Great River of the West

By J. Richard Nokes

At the end of the American Revolution, Lieutenant John Meares and other junior officers of the Royal Navy were placed on half-pay and permitted to rejoin civilian life. Being of adventurous spirit, Meares sailed to India to seek gold and glory by arranging for sponsors to obtain two ships to engage in the fur trade with China on the northwest coast of North America. His first try in 1786 ended in disaster when his consort ship, the Sea Otter, was lost at sea and his own vessel, the Nootka, lost half its crew to the terrible winter weather in Prince William Sound on the Alaska coast. He was rescued with the help of two other British fur traders, Nathaniel Portlock and George Dixon.

Undaunted, with two other ships, the Felice Adventurer and the Iphigenia Nubiana, Meares headed another expedition from China to the Northwest Coast in 1788. It was in his own vessel, the Felice, that Meares decided to explore south along the coast from his base in Nootka Sound on what is now known as Vancouver Island. One of his goals was to discover the legendary Great River of the West or an entrance to the fabled Northwest Passage through the continent. He feared that his illustrious predecessor, James Cook, had failed to explore all the possible entrances during his voyage of discovery along the Coast in 1778. Indeed, Cook had missed both the Columbia River (the Great River of the West) and the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

Being of the belief that the Northwest Passage really existed, Meares was determined during the summer of 1788 to make an exploratory voyage in the Felice south along the coast in search of any rivers or inlets that might lead into such a passage. In particular, he was curious about the report that the Spanish explorer Bruno de Hezeta had, in 1775, paused off the mouth of either a great river or a strait at 46°10' north latitude. Could this inlet be the entrance to an opening for a passage between the Pacific and the Atlantic, which mariners had sought, off and on, for two centuries?

On June 11 Meares bade adieu to the natives and the carpenters and crew members assigned to remain behind at Friendly Cove in Nootka Sound and sailed south on an excursion that almost brought him fame, and which did add to the cartographic knowledge of this portion of North America. While the Felice proceeded southeast along the Vancouver Island coast on June 13, several canoes approached, "in most of which there were upwards of twenty men, of a pleasing appearance and brawny form, chiefly clothed in otter skins of great beauty." Two chiefs, Hanna (Cleaskinah) and Detooche, "the handsomest men we had yet seen," came aboard to pay their respects.

Not long after these men left, the principal chief in this area, Wicananish,
appeared with a retinue and came aboard. He expertly guided the *Felice* into the vast sound that came to be known by the Indian name "Clayoquot," although Meares tried to name at least a part of it "Port Cox," for his sponsor in Macao, John Henry Cox. The *Felice* came to anchor off what is known today as Meares Island near a village that was "almost thrice as large" as Yuquot in Nootka Sound, and "from every part of which we now saw the people launching their canoes, and coming off in shoals to the ship, laden with fish, wild onions, and berries, which they disposed of to the sailors for small bits of iron, and other articles."

Invited ashore the next day, Meares was impressed by the "vast area" enclosed in Wicananish’s large plank-covered house. Huge carved and painted logs formed the rafters that were supported by great vertical posts, also embellished with strange images, which were set in the ground. A "most luxurious feast" was in progress, with an estimated 800 people in attendance.

Meares gave blankets, two copper teakettles, and other presents to the chief. The universally admired teakettles were placed "with great care in the royal coffers." Wicananish, in turn, sent about 50 sea otter pelts "of the most jetty blackness" to the *Felice*. On June 17 the chief produced another 30 fine otter pelts to trade. The Britons reciprocated with presents for the chief and the ladies.

While the *Felice* prepared to embark to nearby "Port Cox," the natives at Clayoquot captured a man from a rival village who was in a party attempting to visit the ship without Wicananish’s knowledge. They took the captive into the woods, apparently to be killed. Meares protested, to no avail. The captain had to admit that Wicananish was so powerful and controlled such an extensive territory, "that it was very much in our interest to conciliate his regard and cultivate his friendship."

When Wicananish concluded a lucrative and domineering agreement with other nearby villages regarding the trade with the Britons, he had to give up the much-treasured teakettles to the independent chiefs Hanna and Detooche. Meares, having no replacement aboard ship, compensated by providing the powerful chief with six brass-hilted swords, two pistols, and a musket. After trading for another 150 otter pelts, the captain sailed his two-masted snow south out of the sound, and continued meeting with Indians in canoes down the Vancouver Island coast.

On June 29, 1788, the *Felice* "arrived at the entrance of...[a] great inlet...which appeared to be twelve or fourteen leagues broad." This was the Strait of Juan de Fuca, which today forms the boundary between Vancouver Island in the province of British Columbia and the state of Washington. One of the great waterways of the West Coast, it was viewed in 1787 by the Charles William Barkley expedition in the *Imperial Eagle*, a Briton sailing under Austrian colors. Meares was the second British mariner to view the strait’s entrance. No mariner of any European nation had entered the strait as of yet. Later, in 1789, the Spaniard Esteban José Martínez claimed that he had viewed the strait’s entrance while serving as a mate on Juan Pérez’s ship in 1774, but he had made no notation of it at the time.

Meares noted that the "Straits of de Fuca" stretched east by north and extended "as far as the eye could see." At the south side of the entrance (Washington’s Cape Flattery), Meares "hove to off a small island [Tatoosh Island, on which stood a sizeable Makah Indian village]...near which we saw a very remarkable rock, that wore the form of an obelisk.... In a very short time we were surrounded by canoes filled with people of a much more savage appearance than any we had hitherto seen." The large canoes
were manned by 20 to 30 men, dressed in sea otter skins, faces painted red and black, and well armed with mussel-shell tipped spears, and bows and arrows with barbed bone points.

Meares identified the chief here as "Tatootche...so surly and forbidding a character we had not yet seen." His face was completely blackened and covered with glittering sand. Tatoosh "informed us that the power of Wiccanish ended here, and that we were now within the limits of his government, which extended a considerable way to the Southward." Since Meares's longboat was unable to find a good anchorage for the Felice and the natives appeared threatening, he did not pause here more than a few hours. "The strongest curiosity impelled us to enter this strait, which we shall call by the name of its original discoverer, John De Fuca....[W]e are persuaded, that if Captain Cook had seen this strait, he would have thought it worthy of farther examination." Actually, Meares was only reiterating the name "de Fuca" that Barkley had given to the strait a year earlier. Though Meares wanted to explore the strait, circumstances "put it out of our power." He did not fully explain what those circumstances were, but probably it was the fear of Tatoosh's warriors whom Wiccanish had warned Meares about, and the lack of a good "place of security" for an anchorage.

As Meares sailed south along the Olympic Peninsula, observing Indian villages on the rugged shoreline, he noted "the small river and island of Queenhithe," where six crewmen of the Imperial Eagle had perished in an ambush in 1787. At 47°10' north latitude, Meares sighted and named "Mount Olympus," the highest peak in the Olympic Mountains of northwest Washington. The mountain also had been seen in 1774 by Pérez, who had called it "Santa Rosalba."

Farther south the crew of the British ship sighted a large sound or bay where the water shoaled to six fathoms and "breakers were seen from the deck, right a-head..." Their eyes ran over every part of [the ship]...with a most rapid transition...as gave us every reason to conclude that this was the first time they had ever been gratified with the sight of such an object....[They] replied to us in a language which bore not the least resemblance...to any tongue that we had heard." The "fashion of their canoe" also differed from those of peoples to the north. On July 6 Meares made another approach and examined the countryside through his long glass. He could see no opening to the southward that promised a safe harbor from which to trade and to explore with the longboat. The failure to find safe anchorages was doggedly afflicting Meares's exploratory aspirations during the cruise down this south coast.

Later on the same day a "high bluff promontory" was sighted 12 miles to the southeast "for which we steered to double, with the hope that between it and Cape Shoal-water, we should find some sort of harbor. [This bluff must have been North Head, the northern part of Cape Disappointment.] We now discovered distant land beyond this promontory, and we pleased ourselves with the expectation of its being Cape Saint Roc of the Spaniards, near which they are said to have found a good port." Meares was sailing along the Long Beach Peninsula, approaching the salt cape standing at the north side of the Columbia River. Today two lighthouses, North Head and Cape Disappointment, guard the entrance to the Columbia River at this location.

Meares said he doubled the cape at three miles and had "a perfect view of the shore....[W]e did not discern a living creature, or the least trace of habitable life." Meanwhile, shallow soundings and "a prodigious Easterly swell" threatened the Felice. To continue his account of this important episode:

As we steered in, the water shoaled to nine, eight, and seven fathoms, when breakers were seen from the deck, right a-head...
The name of Cape Disappointment was given to the promontory, and the bay obtained the title of Deception Bay... It lies in the latitude of 46°10' North, and in the computed longitude of 235°34' East. We can now with safety assert, that there is no such river as that of Saint Roc exists, as laid down in the Spanish charts: to those of Maurelle (Francisco Antonio Mourelle, a Spanish explorer and cartographer) we made continual reference, but without deriving any information or assistance from them.

We now reached the opposite side of the bay, where disappointment continued to accompany us; and being almost certain that there we should obtain no place of shelter for the ship, we bore up for a distant head-land (probably Tillamook Head), keeping our course within two miles of the shore.

Meares certainly had sailed across the outer reaches of the mouth of the Great River of the West and, according to his own statements, in a period of excellent visibility. It is difficult to understand how he could have decided that no river existed here without having entered the bay to investigate. Obviously, the shallow soundings near North Head and the breakers caused him alarm. Possibly, wind, tide or storm at sea had made for severe breakers on the bar this day despite the good visibility that he noted. His "table" of the Felice's route does state that on July 6 as he approached the river entrance the Felice encountered strong northerly gales and "a great sea." It also is true that under any circumstances the river was difficult to see and hazardous to enter. Too, from river level, the extensive surrounding hills could cause an observer to believe that this was simply a landlocked bay. Meares was not the first mariner, nor would he be the last, to miss the mouth of the Columbia. His frustration at not finding a serviceable waterway here clearly is revealed in his assigning the names "Deception Bay" to what is actually the river's mouth and "Cape Disappointment" to the northern headland (the latter designation remains in use today).

Meares's decision to "haul out" would have serious ramifications. In April 1792, also during fair weather, Great Britain's George Vancouver sailed past the bay, having accepted Meares's word that no river existed here, contrary to Bruno de Hezeta's suspicions. This left the opportunity open for an American, Robert Gray of Boston in the Columbia Rediviva, to take the first sailing vessel into the Columbia's mouth on May 11, 1792. The Yankee's discovery became the basis of the United States claims to the great Pacific Northwest region.

Had Meares in the Felice entered and explored the long-sought river in 1788, he might have been entitled to the mantle of a maritime hero of Great Britain. Such a discovery could have given Britain additional strong grounds for claiming all of the Northwest Coast from San Francisco Bay to Alaska.

On July 6, the same day Meares met disappointment in failing to discover a large river or passage at the Entrada de Hezeta, he continued sailing south along the coast, hoping to find harbors and inlets that might have been overlooked by James Cook ten years earlier. Northwest historian T. C. Elliott, in appraising Meares in 1928, referred to him as an adventurer whose "reputation for truth and veracity is not considered very good." But there is no cause to doubt the accuracy of Meares's account of his voyage along the Oregon coastline. For example, his description of the scenery closely matches the observations of Robert Haswell, second mate of the Lady Washington, as he cruised north up the same coastline several weeks after Meares.

Both observed a beautiful shoreline, the finest verdure, distant mountains and white, sandy beaches—in all, a joy to behold. Wrote Meares, "The face of the country...assumed a very different appearance from that of the Northern coast.... Spacious lawns and hanging-woods everywhere met the delighted eye, but not an human being appeared to inhabit the fertile country of New Albion." On the other hand, Haswell and the men of the Lady Washington, passing by when weather conditions allowed them to see smoke from Indian villages, noted that the Oregon coast was well populated with natives. (Summarizing the weather along the coast in June and July 1788, Meares wrote: "We seldom enjoyed a succession of three days without either fog or rain.")

Meares, and other early mariners, identified the Washington, Oregon and northern California coast as "New Albion," or "Nova Albion." The name was given to an undefined region by Sir Francis Drake in 1579 when he sailed up the coast in the Golden Hind and landed at some undetermined place before proceeding west across the Pacific, homeward bound to England.

Meares next passed a promontory that must have been today's Tillamook Head. Farther south the Felice encountered strong winds and great westerly swells running onshore after Meares had sighted a promising opening—undoubtedly the entrance to Tillamook Bay—a harbor Robert Gray in the Lady Washington would enter six weeks later, on August 14, 1788. According to Meares, "By seven o'clock [on the evening of July 6] we were abreast of this opening, the mouth of which, to our great mortification, was entirely closed by a low sandy beach, nearly level with the sea, which appeared to flow over it, and form an extensive back-water—beyond it an open champaign country extended to a considerable distance, where it was confined by a boundary of lofty mountains." Meares believed the
entrance to the bay was too shallow for his ship to cross. He named the inlet "Quicksand Bay," the entrance "Quicksand Bar," and a headland on the north "Cape Grenville."

Meares continued sailing south with the intention of reaching latitude 45° north, where he thought Captain Cook had begun his voyage north along the coast in 1778. (Cook first caught sight of the Oregon Coast at 44°33' north. The first geographic point Cook named was Cape Foulweather at 44°44'43".)

Meares sighted another prominent headland just south of Tillamook Bay, which he named "Cape Look-out":

This cape is very high and bluff, and terminates abruptly in the sea. At about the distance of two miles from it there rose three large rocks, which were very remarkable, from the great resemblance they bore to each other.—The middle one has an arch-way, perforated, as it were, in its centre, through which we very plainly discovered the distant sea.—They more particularly attracted our notice, as we had not observed between King George's Sound and this place, any rocks so conspicuously situated from the land.—their distance from each other might be about a quarter of a mile, and we gave them the name of the Three Brothers.

Inserted close to this entry in Meares's Voyages is a two-page illustration entitled "The Country of New Albion. In the latitude of 45 N. when Cape Lookout & the 3 Brothers bore S.S.E. dis 8 leag." In this fine view, Meares's vessel, the Felice, is shown in the foreground with the cape, the three rocks, a stretch of the shore and the coastal mountains in the background. Meares accurately described this promontory, which, ironically, today is not called "Cape Look-out" but actually is named for him—Cape Meares.

The spectacular arched rocks that he described, the "Three Brothers," are now known as Three Arch Rocks and can easily be seen from the Cape Meares lighthouse. The name he gave to the point, "Cape Look-out," later was bestowed on another headland to the south. By accident, in the mid 19th century, the name Cape Lookout was affixed to the point ten miles south of the one Meares had named in 1788. As a result, George Davidson of the United States Coast Survey in 1857 renamed the original "Cape Look-out" nearer to Tillamook Bay in honor of its discoverer, John Meares.

Meares initially had planned to sail as far south as 45° or possibly 42°, which happens to be the boundary between Oregon and California, but he turned north after reaching 45°12' on July 7, somewhat short of his goal. He reasoned that by this time he had a good knowledge of the coast and, with the season so far advanced, he feared an "equinoctial" storm might strike ere he could return to Nootka Sound. Autumn, he said, was "a season to be dreaded on this coast." In this, Meares erred. Early fall on the Oregon-Washington coast often is the most benign time of the year. Meares may have been remembering his misadventure in Prince William Sound. Furthermore, "the real existence of the Strait of John de Fuca...now renewed its claim to our attention," and he wanted time to have it explored by the Felice's longboat. Also, Meares noted that "it was already agreed" a cargo of furs needed to be readied and sent to China on September 20, and he wanted to make certain the vessel being built at Nootka was launched by that date. He concluded, "Such were the reasons which determined us to return to the North."
It is apparent from Meares's Voyages that in the next three days he made little or no attempt to further explore the Oregon-Washington coast until he passed north of the Strait of Juan de Fuca to southern Vancouver Island on July 10. For this period, however, Meares made an interesting observation about the region's fauna:

In our passage . . . we saw numbers of sea otters playing in the water with their young ones; but at the ship's approach they quickly disappeared. Once or twice we passed within a few yards of some of them, as they were sleeping on their backs in the sea. At first we took them for pieces of driftwood, till, on being awakened by the noise of the ship, they instantly dived away. We also saw many whales of the spermaceti kind, and seals without number, besides other huge marine animals.

Thus, on the evening of July 10 lookouts espied a large bluff near “Port Cox” in the Barkley Sound vicinity. Meares said the bluff “obtained from us the name of Cape Beale,” apparently for his Macao business partner, Daniel Beale. Barkley, however, earlier had given the same name to this feature to honor his ship's purser, John Beale (who was killed in ambush along with five other crew members on the outer Olympic Coast in 1787). It could be that Meares conveniently was merely reinforcing the name given by Barkley, whose charts Meares eventually acquired.

Numerous historians have made much of the conjecture that Meares attempted to cheat Barkley of the credit for his discoveries in the Imperial Eagle in 1787. The allegations cannot be substantiated. Meares made it plain in his Voyages that he knew Barkley had made sightings in this area first. For instance, Meares's entry for July 12, 1788, in connection with Barkley Sound on the southwest coast of Vancouver Island, states: “This sound had been visited by Captain Barclay [sic], of the Imperial Eagle, in the year 1787, who named it Barkley Sound.” Meares did try to name part of it “Port Effingham” for a British Lord, but the name Barkley Sound has stood the test of time for the large bay. (The Felice anchored here, and in the days ahead, as the crew replenished supplies and went about other duties, many natives came with furs, fish, berries, shellfish and onions to trade.)

In recognition of Barkley’s other previous sightings in the area, including the Strait of Juan de Fuca, Meares also reported in the introduction to his Voyages:

The Imperial Eagle, Captain Barclay, we believe, sailed from Europe the beginning of the year 1787 [actually, November 24, 1786]; and not only arrived at Nootka Sound in August [mid June], but explored that part of the coast from Nootka to Wicananish, and so on to a Sound to which he gave his own name. The boat’s crew, however, was dispatched, and discovered the extraordinary straits of John de Fuca, and also the coast as far as Queenhythe;—when, after the fatal catastrophe which happened to some of them, this ship quitted the coast, and proceeded to China; having performed the whole of the voyage in twelve months, which employed the King George and Queen Charlotte [Portlock’s and Dixon’s ships] upwards of two years. The Nootka made no other discovery but that of distress and misfortune.

So far as is known, Barkley did not actually penetrate the strait, nor did he ceremonially claim it for England. Meares, however, did not miss the opportunity to do so: “It may not be improper to mention that we took possession of the Straits of John de Fuca, in the name of the King of Britain, with the
forms that had been adopted by preceding navigators on similar occasions." Regrettably, where and when this ceremony occurred is not revealed by Meares, but it apparently was done by his first officer, Robert Duffin, during an exploration of the strait ordered by Meares.

Now that fine summer weather had set in, Meares embraced the present favorable opportunity to dispatch the long-boat, not only to explore the straits of de Fuca, but to procure, if possible, some knowledge of the people of Shoalwater-Bay. She was, therefore, properly equipped for the occasion...and furnished with provisions for a month. The command of her was given to Mr. Robert Duffin, our first officer, to whom written instructions were delivered, by which he was to govern himself in the conduct of this little expedition.

The longboat, with mast and sail, "departed on its voyage of discovery" on July 13, with a crew of 13. These were unlucky numbers for those aboard—their numbers had never been missed. Duffin received a barbed arrow in the leg, and another near the heart, but his thick hat saved his life. Another man was wounded with an arrow in the breast, another in the calf of the leg, and another near the heart, but "the weapon...very fortunately fell short of the vital parts." A Chinese and an Italian were two of the wounded. The others were terribly bruised by clubs in the hand-to-hand fighting and by stones cast from the shore. "Even the boat itself was pierced in a thousand places by arrows, many of which remained in the awning that covered the back part of it." The natives had boarded the boat, with the design of taking her, in two canoes, containing between forty and fifty men, who were most probably some of their choicest warriors. Several other canoes also remained at a small distance, to assist in the attempt; and the shore was every where lined with people, who discharged at our vessel continual showers of stones and arrows.

A chief was shot in the head just as he threw an enormously long spear at the coxswain. This seemed to cause a lull, and then an eventual halt to the attack. The casualty total among the natives was unknown, but musket fire undoubtedly took a toll.

The boat had advanced a considerable way up the Straits of de Fuca, and had entered a bay or harbor; when, as our people were preparing to land for the purpose of examining it, they were attacked by the natives... From this station, however, they observed, that the straits to the East North East appeared to be of great extent, and to increase rather than diminish.

This could have been Haro Strait leading to the Strait of Georgia, which was explored in 1792 by Captain George Vancouver's ships and by the Spaniards, Galiano and Valdés. Despite the early termination of this exploratory effort, the Felice's longboat had been "able to communicate some knowledge" of the strait. They had "sailed near thirty leagues up the strait," Meares said, though that perhaps is a bit of exaggeration,

and at that distance from the sea it was about fifteen leagues broad, with a clear horizon to the East for 15 leagues more.—Such an extraordinary circumstance filled us with strange conjectures as to the extremity of this strait, which we concluded at all events, could not be at any great distance from Hudson's Bay.

Was this, then, the entrance to the Northwest Passage? Meares later expressed this belief, though the distance to Hudson Bay was far more than what he "conjectured." On one of Meares's maps of the Northwest Coast in Voyages, he shows the "River Oregan" entering the Strait of Juan de Fuca from the east. Could he have thought this would be the link through the continent to Hudson Bay? In this period neither he nor any other traders knew that a range of mountains (the Rockies) lay between.

In hindsight, the expedition to the south fell disappointingly short. It would be left to others to first enter the Great River of the West, or drop the first anchor in an Oregon or Washington harbor, or explore Puget Sound and the Strait of Georgia. But Meares's voyage along the shores of today's Washington and Oregon did add important knowledge concerning the Northwest Coast.

John Meares was heavily involved in 1790 in a squabble that almost led to war between England and Spain after a Spanish officer seized two of Meares's ships in Nootka Sound in 1789. The outcome provided that English ships would have equal rights with those of Spain. Meares spent most of his subsequent career at sea and in the Royal Navy and was promoted to the rank of commander. Records show that he was knighted in the rank of baronet. He died January 29, 1809, and is buried in Bath Abbey. According to the memorial slab, he was 45 years of age.

J. Richard Nokes is retired editor of the Portland Oregonian and author of two books on early maritime history in the Pacific Northwest—most recently, Almost a Hero: The Voyages of John Meares, R.N., to China, Hawaii and the Northwest Coast (Washington State University Press, 1998), from which this article is excerpted, with permission of the publisher.
The word "segregation" conjures up vivid images from old civics class lessons: whites-only drinking fountains in Alabama; white mobs jeering at black school children in Mississippi; Ku Klux Klan rallies in Georgia. Up here in the more tolerant Northwest, it's easy to be smug about the bigoted South. Easy, that is, after conveniently blanking out a few of this region's own historical images: the "No Colored Patronage Solicited" signs in Spokane restaurants; the whites-only swimming pool at Natatorium Park; the "Nigger, Read This Sign and Run" sign at the edge of Wallace, Idaho.

In fact, the northern states had their own brand of racial segregation, not always legally codified but often just as blatant. In Spokane, as African-American residents were constantly aware, a particularly northern brand of segregation thrived through the 1930s, 1940s, and 1950s and even into the 1960s. It made for a relatively peaceful era of race relations, but at a price. It depended on white people and black people "staying in their place," as more than one black resident has put it.

"Staying in their place" meant that black people were restricted to a relatively few restaurants, shops, hotels and jobs in Spokane, sometimes by policy, more often by social pressure. How intense was that social pressure? Listen to Jerrelene Williamson, now 68, tell about her experience breaking into the previously all-white occupation of grocery checker at a Spokane Safeway around 1965:

"This man came in, I guess he was middle-aged, and he said, 'I wish I had a baby that looked like you.' I was doing my work, and so far everybody had been kind of decent, so I wasn't thinking he meant anything. And he said, 'Yeah, I wish I had a baby like you. I'd take it out and drown it.'"

"You know something? Even today, talking about that kind of bothers me," said Williamson, getting up to search for a Kleenex. Today segregation exists mostly as history. Certainly there are more uplifting chapters of local history, but it's a history worth recounting today. For one thing, it has been mostly an untold story—many residents may not have been aware of its extent, or even of its existence. For another, if this story is going to be told at all, it needs to be told now. Those old enough to tell the story won't be around forever.

The history of segregation in Spokane goes back at least into the 1890s, when the Great Northern Railroad tried to bring in some black workers to live in Hillyard. According to local historian John Fahey, these workers were met at the

LEFT: Jerrelene Williamson, in front of a portrait of Martin Luther King, Jr., remembers the sting of discrimination while growing up in Spokane.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Spokane attorney Carl Maxey, a champion collegiate boxer, has fought discrimination throughout his entire career in Spokane.
train by white workers who would not allow them to disembark. However, a number of pioneering black families soon arrived. In the 1900 census Spokane had 376 black residents, somewhere around 1 percent of the population.

The percentage has remained right around 1 percent ever since—it was 1.9 percent, or 3,416 people in the city limits, in the 1990 census—which may help explain some of this region's contradictory racial history. On one hand, racial relations were more peaceful than in the South or the Midwest, where the black population was larger and, to some whites, more threatening. Not a single black person was lynched in Washington from 1889 to 1939, according to records of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP).

On the other hand, the black population was so small that for many decades it carried little economic or political clout, so the pressure to integrate was slight. Restaurateurs and storekeepers in places like Spokane had little economic incentive to welcome black customers, especially if doing so would drive off white customers. The result: black residents in Spokane had to know which places would welcome them and which would not. "Negro people, as we were called then, were always aware of that," said Williamson. "Even as a child."

Segregation of a most egregious kind played a part in the defining moment in the life of Carl Maxey, who died in 1997 at age 73, one of Spokane's most prominent lawyers. It took place in 1936, when he was 11 years old and living as an orphan in the Spokane Children's Home. The minutes of the Spokane Children's Home board meeting for October 8, 1936, tell the story:

It was moved and seconded that the two colored boys, Carl Maxey and Milton Burnes, be returned to the County, having been in the Home for years. Motion carried. It was moved and seconded that the Board go on record as voting to have no more colored children in the Home from this time forward. Motion carried—unanimous.

"They threw us out," said Maxey. "It sure as hell says that. And it was for something that had nothing whatsoever to do with us. So if you'd like to know where some of my fire comes from, it comes from a memory that includes this event."

Maxey went on to become Spokane's first black lawyer and, as far as he can tell, the first black professional of any kind, besides teachers. Through the 1950s and 1960s and even the 1970s, he played a huge part in ending a system of legal and de facto segregation in Spokane and the inland Northwest.

Following is a portrait of segregated Spokane, as told through contemporary newspaper accounts, historical studies, and the words of people who lived through it.

**Amusement Parks**

Natatorium Park was Spokane's premier amusement park and garden spot, as well as the place to see and be seen in the first half of the 20th century. It was also the first institution in the city to be sued for discrimination.

In November 1900 Emmett Holmes, a prominent member of Spokane's black community, tried to take his family to dinner at a Natatorium Park restaurant. The restaurant refused to serve him, and Holmes responded by filing a $5,000 lawsuit against Washington Water Power (WWP), which owned the park. Holmes lost.

The legal precedent was ambiguous. The WWP lawyer claimed that Holmes was turned away because the place was overcrowded. He said Holmes simply failed to prove otherwise. At the same time, the judge refused a WWP motion to instruct the jury that it was "reasonable" for a business to require "colored persons to occupy a different place from that occupied by white persons."

The Spokesman-Review reported that the jurors "appeared to treat the entire matter like a joke, and were overheard bandying back and forth jokes and remarks suggested by the restaurant bill of fare." The message sent to the community was clearly summed up in an indignant headline in the Spokane Daily Chronicle the next day: "HOLMES IS BEATEN - Natatorium Had Right to Refuse to Sell Him Food - JUST BECAUSE HE'S COLORED."

Natatorium Park continued to have a complicated (if unwritten) policy toward black customers, even through World
War II. "We used to go out there all the time and dance," said Alfonse Hill, 74, a black resident who moved to Spokane in 1934. "But The Plunge, the swimming part, I heard that was segregated." He heard right. In Spokane, as in other northern cities, the color line was drawn in the water.

Maxey said The Plunge was "totally off-limits." So was the YWCA pool in the 1920s and 1930s, although the YMCA pool was open to all. As for Natatorium Park's dance hall, black customers had to follow the unwritten rules. "The deal was this," said Maxey. "If you were black and a black band was playing, you could go. As a kid in high school I, like everybody else, would go out there to watch Louis Armstrong, Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, many of the great bands and musicians." But not when it was a white band. "I've been thrown out of Nat Park more times than...," said Maxey, finishing the sentence with only a laugh.

**Restaurants**

Here's what happened at Spokane's lunch counters when the all-black cast of Billy Rose's *Carmen Jones* played the Fox Theater in Spokane in 1945:

"These Negro thespians, many well-educated with fine musical backgrounds...," were denied cafes or completely ignored, so that after sitting endlessly at a table or counter had to betake themselves away foodless, and they didn't seek the better restaurants, but those on Main Avenue," wrote an outraged Spokesman-Review columnist. "One young man played the Saturday night performance without any dinner because he was refused entrance to every restaurant he entered."

In fact, such segregation had been entrenched for decades. One of the first acts of Spokane's Colored Businessmen's Improvement Club in 1911 was to protest the signs that were sometimes posted in restaurants and storefronts: "No Colored Patronage Solicited." A black minister, the Reverend Emmett Reed of Calvary Baptist Church, made a point of going around to all of those restaurants and asking them to take the signs down.

"Now maybe some did and some didn't," said Williamson. "But later they got smarter and the signs said, 'We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone.'" Even without signs, the black community knew which restaurants were welcoming and which were not. "Growing up, we went to the Fern, the Coney Island and the Desert Hotel Oasis Room," said Williamson. "The Chinese places downtown, you could go to."

But not all of them. Elmo Dalbert, 81, a black Spokane resident, remembers the day in 1935 or 1936 when the proprietors of a Chinese restaurant told him they didn't want his business anymore. His only option was to find somewhere else to eat. "What can you say to that?" he said.

Here's one thing you could say: See you in court. That's what Maxey began to say in the 1950s and 1960s. "I can name three or four restaurants I brought action against, but I..."
really don't need to," said Maxey. "They've changed their habits since then. But believe me, we started to open them up with litigation."

Meanwhile, there were a few—a very few—black-owned restaurants in town. One of them was Virgil's Chicken Dinner Shack, and the other was the Willow Inn. At least in these places the black community never had to worry about seeing a "No Colored Patronage Solicited" sign.

Restaurants weren't the only places with signs. Sometimes entire towns had them. Maxey remembers going to Wallace to play a high school football game and seeing a sign on the outskirts of town that said, "Nigger, Read This Sign and Run." Maxey had to spend the night in the sheriff's house for his own protection.

Hotels

One of the cherished memories of many Spokanites growing up in the 1920s, 1930s and 1940s is of meeting for lunch at the elegant Davenport Hotel. At least, it's a cherished memory for white residents.

"We didn't meet at the Davenport to have lunch," said Williamson, a Spokane resident since 1934. "Not until the later years, when the Davenport was ready to close. Then we would go in, but we always felt uncomfortable, because we knew we weren't wanted in there before."

The Ridpath Hotel was only slightly more hospitable. Through much of the era black people weren't welcome as guests, but at least they could work there. In those days it was not unusual for elegant hotels, even in big cities in the North, to refuse black patronage. Read the biographies of Louis Armstrong or Sammy Davis Jr., for instance, and you'll see that their tours often seemed to be one long search for hotel accommodations.

But there were several Spokane hotels that were welcoming. "The Spokane Hotel never discriminated," said Maxey. "Another one that deserves special accolades was the Desert Hotel, a first-class hotel!" And most of the railroad porters coming through town stayed at one of the Japanese hotels downtown, all of which were welcoming. After all, the Japanese felt the sting of segregation, too, in many of the same places that discriminated against black people. In the 1940s and 1950s the Davenport and the Ridpath became more tolerant. For instance, Marian Anderson, the great black opera singer, stayed at the Davenport in 1953.

But old customs die hard. When a group of Marycliff High School girls went to see Anderson, the management told them that she couldn't go into the lobby—she had to take the freight elevator. "So these girls all decide, oh, we'll all go on the freight elevator," said Williamson. "So they did, which, at the time, was pretty neat."

Theaters

Here's a bright spot in the story of Spokane segregation.

"There was no problem in movie theaters, no Jim Crow spot upstairs," said Elmo Dalbert. At least, there wasn't after 1919, when a black man named S. S. Moore sued the Pantages Theatre, a vaudeville and movie house in Spokane, for forcing him to sit in the balcony. A Spokane Superior Court jury awarded Moore $200 in damages and, more importantly, sent a message. "All of us were for damages from the start," a juror was quoted in the Spokane Daily Chronicle. "All declared that even if a man were black he had the right to sit where he wanted to."

The Chronicle said the judgment "is of widespread importance, for it means that negroes can not be segregated from whites in any place of public amusement in the state of Washington." The message didn't always penetrate into other institutions, but it opened up theaters for good.

Schools

Spokane never had segregated schools. What's more, since Spokane's black population was more scattered than in many cities, black students were spread out through many schools. When Ruth Richardson attended North Central High School in the 1930s, she was student body president, a member of the tennis and drama clubs, and she graduated fourth in her class, according to her oral history printed in the 1989 book, All Through the Night: The History of Spokane Black Americans, by Joseph Franklin.

But there were no black teachers in Spokane until 1936, when Helen Dundee, a distinguished young graduate of Lewis and Clark High School and Washington State College, was hired. She taught one year at North Central and then moved away. There was not to be another black teacher until 1951, when the district, encouraged by a threatened Maxey lawsuit, hired Eugene Breckenridge. Breckenridge later became head of the Washington Education Association.

Nightlife

Evening entertainment was restricted, to say the least. Elmo Dalbert summarized the situation like this, "As for most of the night spots in town, you didn't go to those places, because you didn't feel welcome. You're not looking for trouble."

The black community went to Virgil's Chicken Shack and the Willow Inn, two black-owned establishments. But a third establishment, the Club Harlem (originally called the Pirate's Den), is practically a metaphor for Spokane's complicated racial situation. The Club Harlem (or Harlem Club) was black-owned, black-operated, and all of the entertainers were black. As for the audience, it was all-white except on Sunday nights, and sometimes Mondays.

"The whole idea of the Harlem Club was to get the white crowd out there, because that's where the money was," said Alfonse Hill, who played the saxophone in many Spokane night spots. It was patterned after places like the Cotton Club in Harlem, where a white audience could enjoy black jazz and entertainment. "Swells and everything in Spokane went to the Harlem Club," said Williamson. "They (the owners) had a big family and they would dance and sing."

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Social Clubs

An Asian-American woman quoted in the Spokesman-Review in 1968 summed up the reason that social clubs were on the front line of the desegregation fight in Spokane. “This is a club town,” she said. “And most all bar members of minority groups.”

It was a club town, and private clubs and lodges such as the Elks, the Eagles, the Moose, the Athletic Roundtable and the Spokane Club provided a great deal of the city’s social life. According to Maxey, the majority of clubs in town were segregated. As late as 1971 a local Eagles lodge had the words “Caucasian only” printed on the application form, although the manager was quoted in the Chronicle as saying that was only because the forms were “printed in the past” and they hadn’t run out of them yet.

The only black lodge in town was the Prince Hall Masons, also known as the Black Masons. It was not in the Masonic Temple—it had its own building—and it was separate from the other Masonic lodges. Also, the black community of Spokane had many of its own social and cultural clubs, including the Wednesday Art Club, the Phyllis Wheatley Club, the Ashanti Club, the Crest Club and the Dunbar Literary Club, all dedicated to promoting culture and the arts.

“See how nice they were dressed?” said Williamson, looking at a picture of the Dunbar Literary Club, a poetry club. “We weren’t the little raggytags they show on the movies Hollywood puts out. We were not raggytaggy people.”

The Spokane Club had no black members, but it was one of the biggest employers of black people in town. “Just about every black that came here, they worked there,” said Williamson. “They did the maid service, the bartending, they did all of those things, but they did not belong there.” Even the USO

TWO INCIDENTS: Sammy Davis Jr. and Louis Armstrong

Two of America’s best-known black entertainers, Sammy Davis Jr. and Louis Armstrong, had well-publicized hotel dust-ups in Spokane.

In his autobiography, Yes I Can, Sammy Davis Jr. wrote about his fruitless search for a hotel room in Spokane early in his career (apparently during the mid to late 1940s). Davis was appearing in town as part of the Will Mastin Trio. In the book Davis writes that when the trio pulled into town, they couldn’t find a single place to stay:

“Will asked, ‘You mean there’s nothing in the whole city of Spokane?’

‘There ain’t that many colored rooming houses to start with.’

‘What about a hotel?’

‘Ain’t a single colored hotel around.’

‘I’ll get us a room (said Davis). In the whitest goddamned hotel in town.’

So Davis saunters into a hotel (he doesn’t identify it by name) and asks for three rooms. He is told that the place is “swamped” and that there are no rooms. Here’s how he describes what happened next, beginning with the words of a bellboy:

“‘Nervy nigger wanted a room. Some crust.’ A bellboy was telling the story to the doorman and he didn’t care a bit that I heard him. ‘Go on,’ he said. ‘Get outta here. Go back where you belong.’

‘The face wasn’t grinning or leering or mocking, it just looked at me with the kind of contempt you have for something that you dispose of with a DDT spray gun. All of the strength in the world was in my body as I hurtled toward that face and hit it.”

The bellboy apparently hit back.

The next thing Davis remembered, he said, “I was sitting on the ground…. After all my big talk, all I could think was that my nose was broken and I had to keep the blood from staining my shirt.” Davis and his partners ended up sleeping on tarps on the floor of their dressing room.

That incident never made the Spokane news, probably because Davis was not yet a star. But Louis Armstrong was already a beloved international icon when an incident occurred at the Davenport Hotel in 1950. He and his band were booked to play the Armory on March 4, but when they arrived at the Davenport the day before, a desk clerk told them they had no rooms. Armstrong’s people said they had made advance reservations, but the Davenport manager said no reservations were on the books and no rooms were vacant.

In any case, Armstrong “left in a huff,” according to the Spokesman-Review. The Davenport manager said he tried to get him rooms at another hotel, but Armstrong headed for the railroad station.

“Armed with what he felt was righteous wrath, he boarded a train for Seattle,” said the Spokesman-Review. Jazz fans were in a frenzy; the next day’s big concert was in jeopardy. The promoters called Armstrong in Seattle and begged him to come back. Reservations were made at the Spokane Hotel, and Armstrong relented. He flew back the next day.

“Three shining new cars donated by the Utter Motor Company met him at the airport,” reported the Spokesman-Review. “A caravan of Washington State Patrol wagons and police cars screeched a siren escort into town for him. A line of photographers flashed their cameras when he strode into the Spokane Hotel lobby.”
clubs were segregated during World War II. Spokane had a white USO and a black USO.

Maxey's lawsuits in the 1960s and 1970s helped end much of the segregation in clubs. He argued in 1967 that private clubs had the right to “discriminate any way they please,” but not if they applied for a public right—the right to sell liquor.

**Jobs**

In 1957 James M. Sims, the president of the Spokane branch of the NAACP, took stock of the job opportunities for black residents—and was not impressed. “There are no regularly full-time employed Negro sales personnel or administrative or clerical personnel in Spokane, with the exception of the YWCA, the teachers in the county and city school systems, and the county welfare office,” Sims told the Chronicle.

*There are no regularly employed Negro mechanics in any major auto agency, no chefs in any major restaurant or hotel, no employees with any of the airlines, no repairmen, meter readers, collectors and so on. There are no tellers or clerical employees in the banks or savings and loan agencies. There is not a single regularly employed elevator operator in the Spokane area.*

What was left? Menial maintenance or laborer positions, noted Sims. According to census records, other common occupations were in domestic service and other service jobs, such as porter, waiter and bartender.

Early in Spokane's history, skilled black stonemasons helped build the city's tunnels and foundations. “They were stonemasons from Durham, North Carolina,” said Williamson. “They would never be able to learn to be stonemasons here because nobody would have taught them.”
Many skilled positions and union jobs were closed to black workers in the first half of the century. Black people were barred from certain jobs, mainly for the obvious economic reasons—taking higher-paying jobs away from white workers, for one—but sometimes the reasons were more convoluted. Williamson said a friend of hers who worked for WWP once said he could never be a meter reader because “it would not look good for a colored man to go into a white man’s home when his wife was there alone.” And a black mail sorter told Williamson that his boss once said, “As long as I am postmaster, a colored man will never deliver the mail on Spokane streets.”

He was wrong. After World War II, attitudes began to change in these fields and many others. “The first black man to deliver mail on Spokane streets was Maurice McFarlin, a veteran of World War II,” said Williamson. “The war was over, and there were veterans back, and I believe that was one of the reasons he got to be a mailman, because he was a veteran.”

Black professionals, however, were slower to arrive, slower even than in the more segregated South, where separate black institutions required a black professional class. Spokane had no black doctors, no black dentists, a black teacher only briefly and, until Maxey received his law degree in 1950, no black lawyers. Black patients went to white doctors and dentists in town who were known to be welcoming, and word got around quickly in the black community. Sometimes, however, the doctors were more tolerant than some of their white patients. Williamson tells this story about what happened after she had gone to a new dentist in the 1950s: “Two days later, a girl from the office called and said, ‘You can’t come here,’” said Williamson. “I said, ‘Why?’ and she said, ‘Because there was a lady in the waiting room, and she raised a whole bunch of heck about you being there.’”

To this day, Spokane has never had a black dentist.

**Housing**

By 1961 segregation had lost its hold on many aspects of Spokane life. But not in jobs and not in housing. Frank Hopkins, owner of the Ebony Café, told the *Spokesman-Review* in 1961 what happened when he bought a house on the north side, outside of an established black area. Just as he was about to move in someone broke out 28 windows in one night. “I just had to let it go,” he said.

That same year the Reverend J. C. Brooks of Bethel African Methodist Episcopal Church in Spokane told the *Spokesman-Review* that a black person looking for a house would be steered to the “area for Negroes,” which he said was bounded by Division on the west, Altamont on the east, Ninth on the south, and Sprague on the north. Today it is called the East Central neighborhood. This kind of “redlining,” as it was known, was especially ironic in Spokane.

“The funny thing is, the original 300 (the black pioneers), they lived all over Spokane,” said Maxey. “The dominant number lived in the East Side area, but, by far, it couldn’t be said that there was just one area. The original pioneers were spread all over, which was very much different from other cities.” The pioneer families were accepted in their neighborhoods, by most accounts. But when it came to new families, that was a different story.

“It was a gentleman’s agreement type of thing,” said Alfonse Hill. “There were a lot of places the realtors wouldn’t take you. You could go to the East Side. But as far as the (upper) South Hill? Forget it.”

Maxey debated James S. Black, president of the Washington Association of Realtors, four times on the issue of housing segregation in the 1950s. “We had tremendous arguments,” said Maxey. At issue was red-lining, which was sometimes subtle and sometimes not. One passage in a 1940s-era Spokane Valley real estate code of ethics read, “A realtor should never be instrumental in introducing into a neighborhood...any race or nationality or any persons whose presence will be detrimental to property values in that neighborhood.”

“Restrictive covenants didn’t go out until 1946 in a Supreme Court ruling,” said Maxey. “And that gave us a foothold to blast their legal foundations out from under them.”

In fact, Maxey believes that World War II was the turning point in the struggle against segregation. “Change was never explosive in Spokane,” he said. “It happened with the war more than anything else.”

For one thing, there were many black soldiers in uniform in Spokane, including hundreds stationed at Geiger Field in Spokane and Farragut Naval Base in northern Idaho, and “they didn’t dare try to enforce it (segregation),” said Maxey. Also, the country had just fought a war over the ideals of democracy and equality. The *Spokesman-Review* columnist, in his story about the treatment of the Carmen Rose cast, put it like this: “And now, in the flush of victory, democratic freedom supposedly won, a group of well-behaved Negroes comes to Spokane and is unable to eat, let alone be quartered.”

By the 1950s the NAACP had become a potent force and “we could actually fight back a bit,” said Maxey. Not just fight back, but as Maxey said, touch people’s humanity. A sense of fair play built steadily through the late 1940s and 1950s and then culminated in the great civil rights movement of the 1960s. The scenes of police dogs and fire hoses and little girls escorted to school were deeply shocking to many Northerners.

“People began to look at what they were capable of being, and they didn’t want to be associated with that,” said Williamson. “So it began to change. But now, with all the things you read about in the paper—is it going back the other way? But it will never go back. We’ve become too strong for it ever to go back to where we’ll just sit around and have our feelings hurt. It’ll never go back there.”

Jim Kershner has been a journalist in Wyoming and Washington for the past 25 years, and for the past 11 years has been a columnist, critic and history writer for the Spokane *Spokesman-Review*, in which this story first appeared.
CORRESPONDENCE

A Treat to Read

Your story about meeting Robert Bush in the Fall 2000 COLUMBIA was a real treat to read. Although I had read Tom Brokaw's book, your description of the circumstances of meeting Mr. Bush served to bring him and his accomplishments to the fore with a great deal of reality for me.

The story about Douglas Munro in the same issue was eloquently written and so poignant that I could not read it without wrenching feelings of pain for all of us who miss what this young man might have contributed to our culture and our world.

As a history buff, I always look forward to the next issue of COLUMBIA and wish the magazine was published more frequently.

—Kay Harlan, Tacoma

COLUMBIA Articles

Bring Back Memories

Your Fall 2000 COLUMBIA is outstanding, and three of the articles bring back vivid memories:

“Beyond Isaac Ebey”—I was on the Nature Conservancy national board when I first inspected the area and spoke to Whidbey Islanders about preservation. Senator Magnuson was the real force in establishing the National Historic Reserve.

“Douglas A. Munro”—In 1942 I was a merchant seaman aboard an old oil tanker. We had to maintain radio and light blackouts for weeks at sea. We didn’t know whether our forces could maintain the Guadalcanal foothold.

“This Perilous Situation ...”—Several times I was ship’s quartermaster at the wheel crossing the Columbia River’s treacherous bar. The bar pilot stood directly behind me, and then the captain. The tanker would surge forward, much like a surfboard, riding the waves over the bar to the still waters of Astoria where we picked up the river pilot to Portland. Needless to say, I agree with author Patricia Limerick’s statement: “The American West is a borderland, and one definition of that borderland appears at the Columbia River 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... is to put those borderlands—the natural and the human—into some relationship to each other.”

—Thornton Thomas, Bellevue

Additional Reading

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

Hard Lessons in America


The Little Napoleon


Segregation in Spokane


No Such River Exists


The SS Tacoma


The San Juan Sheep War


Traditions Through the Trees
Weyerhaeuser's First Hundred Years
Reviewed by H. Arthur Scott Trask.

In addition to marking the end of the “American Century,” the year 2000 marked the hundredth anniversary of the founding of Weyerhaeuser Timber Company in Washington. To both mark and celebrate this milestone, the company’s leadership decided to produce a written account of Weyerhaeuser’s history. The result is a splendidly illustrated, informative and fascinating story of one of America’s most successful and productive corporations. Washingtonians should be especially interested in this account of a company that has long been a vital part of the economic life of the Northwest and whose main work—harvesting timber—is as Northwestern as apple pie is, well, American. This reviewer found the pictures from turn-of-the-century logging camps especially interesting.

Revised and published under the auspices of Weyerhaeuser, Traditions Through the Trees is far from an impartial or critical account. The book both looks and reads like an expanded version of the annual report that is distributed to shareholders. For this reason environmentalists will no doubt dismiss this book as company propaganda, and historians may ignore it. That would be a mistake, for Traditions offers much that is valuable, particularly in its perspective that timber harvesting and wood-product manufacturing can be pursued in a way that does not exhaust precious natural resources, pollute the environment, or exploit its work force and surrounding communities. This perspective runs like a common theme through the book. The author claims and does her best to support her claim with evidence that Weyerhaeuser has not only supplied vital products for a growing and prosperous American economy and made a profit for its shareholders, but that it has done so in a socially and environmentally responsible manner. One does not have to accept the author’s claims at face value to acknowledge that Weyerhaeuser’s record in these areas is far better than that of its competitors. The author’s perspective is not only a model for the future, but also a challenge to other large corporations.

The 230-page narrative itself covers a three-year period, from Townsend’s Philadelphia departure, through an extended stay at the Wyeth expedition and Townsend’s scientific work within the wider context of the American western exploration stories. But John Kirk Townsend’s Narrative is as much a vivid, readable and entertaining account of his travels with Nathaniel Wyeth’s 1834 expedition (plus two years in Oregon and return to Philadelphia by sea) as it is an informative historical and scientific report. George A. Jobanek’s masterful annotation makes this edition of even greater scholarly value.

After its initial publication in 1839 and 1840, Townsend’s story reappeared only in abbreviated form. In 1905 Reuben Gold Thwaites offered an abridged edition that was subsequently reprinted by both Ye Galleon Press and University of Nebraska Press. This 1999 Oregon State University Press Northwest Reprint edition restores Townsend’s full narrative, including accounts of his encounters in Hawaii and Chile.

What scholars will find especially valuable in this edition are the 70-some pages of notes and supplementary material. The appendices include Townsend’s lists of the 270 species of bird and mammal life he encountered west of the Mississippi, nearly 40 of which were new to science and described in detail by Townsend. There might have been more, but one entire collection of serpents and lizards that Townsend had preserved in a jug of whiskey was lost when a member of the expedition consumed the ardent spirits.

Jobanek’s exhaustive endnotes cross-reference primary and secondary literature related to Townsend’s explorations. There are notes on Quaker beliefs in science and medicine; relevant correspondence to, from and about Townsend; and secondary sources on Townsend and/or the Wyeth expedition. Jobanek’s helpful introduction places Townsend’s journey within the wider context of the Wyeth expedition and Townsend’s scientific work within the wider context of 19th-century ornithology and science.

The 230-page narrative itself covers a three-year period, from Townsend’s Philadelphia departure, through an extended stay at
Fort Vancouver, to his return via Cape Horn. Naturalist Thomas Nutall, Wyeth, Jason Lee, the Spauldings, the Whitmans and John McLoughlin all appear within these pages. Townsend's highly readable, entertaining and somewhat chatty observations range from a prim analysis of lower Missouri settlers to engaging accounts of encounters with buffalo and grizzly bears.

Townsend's writings also reflect his ambivalent view of the Indians he encountered. He often dismisses them as "Savages" whom he describes as "needing civilization." Elsewhere he provides extensive ethnographical accounts of head flattening practices among Willamette-area natives and speculates on the ravages of white diseases among Columbia River Indians.

John Kirk Townsend has left us a readable, informative account of his journey along what later became the Oregon Trail. George A. Jobanek's exhaustive research helps place that account within its proper historical context and offers an inspiring example of the historian's craft.

Jon Nuxoll, a native of Colfax, holds a graduate degree in history from the University of Washington. He lives and teaches in Eugene, Oregon.

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**Henry M. Jackson**

**A Life in Politics**


Reviewed by George W. Scott.

By 1915, 20 percent of the population in six Washington counties was Scandinavian. This ethnic group predominated in the state's politics for most of the next 65 years. United States senators Henry M. Jackson (1953-1983) and Warren G. Magnuson (1944-1981) not only covered the waterfront (Boeing, Bremerton, the University of Washington Medical School), but the Columbia Basin (dams, and more dams), and the agriculture of the Inland Empire and the Palouse (price supports), bringing Washington a cornucopia of federal dollars. Congressman, senator, and governor Mon Wallgren (1933-1945), Governor Arthur Langlie (1941-1945; 1949-1957), Attorney General Don Eastvold, (1953-1957) and at least three more Nordic congressmen abetted them.

Peter Jackson's family arrived in Everett in 1888, when "Mill Town" was run by eastern lumber barons, lacked a middle class, and was choking in cedar smoke. Lutheran, prudent, and bent on assimilation, he voted Republican—until the Depression. Son "Scoop" got his nickname from a comic book character adept at getting others to do his chores for him. Waiting to join the bar in 1935, he worked for the Federal Emergency Relief Agency and met John Salter, his perfect lifelong political partner. Two years as Snohomish County prosecuting attorney and intense retail politicking catapulted Jackson into Wallgren's congressional seat in 1940. Despite the German invasion of Norway, Jackson was an isolationist—until the bombing of Pearl Harbor—voting against both Lend Lease and the (first) draft law (which the author fails to note). The three-month period Jackson spent in the army was as private was for political protection. Kaufman deplores the senator's vote to detain Japanese Americans without fully appreciating that because of Japan's bombing of Adak in the Aleutians, the West Coast was both fearful and blacked out.

The war "reinforced rather than transformed" Jackson's New Deal domestic politics: a strong federal government had "ended the Depression" (actually, the war did it), defeated Hitler, and now needed to blunt Communism. Jackson and Magnuson drew defense dollars to support Boeing's commercial side and sustained the state's military bases. This in turn "built the broad coalition that would make [Jackson] the most successful politician in the state's history." Jackson's virulent anti-Communism appealed to Republicans; his perfect labor voting reassured Democrats. Both rose from conviction, but the question remains: what would have become of the economy if 99 other senators had voted for virtually everything? Thus, Jackson did not "take a major risk" in running for Harry Cain's senate seat in 1952. Aided by Cain's incompetence, four years of endless campaigning by Jackson, and help from Magnuson's staff, Jackson exceeded Eisenhower by 30,000 votes. For the abstemious, systematic, hobblesless Jackson, politics was not everything, it was the only thing.

Jackson's statist, internationalist, anti-Communist wing prevailed in the Democratic Party until it was undone by Vietnam 20 years later. The atomic race was the Cold War's symptom, Soviet expansionism the cause, and maintaining the Unites States' technical lead the imperative. Jackson fought the detenile policies of four presidents. Unmasking the Soviets became a compulsion. There were never enough ICBM's, SLBM's, or B-52 bombers. Jackson refused to dismiss the "missile gap," even after it proved a myth, and he never saw an arms limitation treaty he liked. If SALT II put a limit on MIRVs, it was to be defeated despite the unanimous endorsement of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. We could afford to spend up to 15 percent of the gross national product on defense and add 500,00 public works jobs. It is yet to be proven that the race imploded the Soviet economy.

Jackson's lasting contributions as chair of the Interior Committee are underexposed by Kaufman. North Cascades National Park gets less than a page. Likewise with his Youth Conservation Corps and the carefully balanced National Environmental Policy Act, imitated by the states, that sadly brought clashes with unrealistic environmentalists. Authors tend to choose subjects they favor. Shelby Scates's Warren G. Magnuson and the Shaping of Twentieth Century America (University of Washington Press, 1997) made a pragmatist into a populist. Kaufman subscribes to Jackson's "moral realism" so completely that their identities merge. Still, the Jackson and Magnuson manuscript collections at the University of Washington may be the richest of their type in the West, and Kaufman's treatment has set the academic standard until an equally diligent researcher and succinct writer with a different take puts Henry Jackson in a more detached perspective.

George W. Scott writes on Pacific Northwest politics. He served Washington for 14 years in both houses of the state legislature and, later, as state archivist.
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