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COLUMBIA
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From the Editor 2

History Commentary 3
The vote at Station Camp.
By Dayton Duncan

Uprover by Steamer to Idaho 9
Steamboat pioneers helped bring commerce to the interior of the Pacific Northwest.
By Carlos A. Schwantes

Making a New Home 17
Washington rolls out the welcome mat for the first wave of South Vietnamese refugees.
By Mary L. Hanneman and Minh-Anh Thi Hodge

Inquiry in Action 23
The Washington State Historical Society's new History Lab teaches the concepts and tools of historical study.
By Stephanie Lile

From the Collection 31
A ticket to utopia.

Ten Dollars a Song 32
The Bonneville Power Administration hired Woody Guthrie to sing the praises of public power to the masses.
By Robert C. Carriker

A Lasting Legacy, Part I 37
First in a four-part series that examines the place names handed down by Lewis and Clark in the Pacific Northwest.
By Allen "Doc" Wessells

Columbia Reviews 44

Additional Reading 46

FRONT COVER: Woody Guthrie achieved his greatest productivity as a songwriter in 1941 when he worked for a month as an "information consultant" for the Bonneville Power Administration. Included among the 26 songs he wrote that spring was "Roll On, Columbia," the official Washington State folk song.
(Courtesy Bonneville Power Administration)
IF THERE IS one theme that predominates in this issue it is unmistakably the Great River of the West—the Columbia. Let's start with the opening commentary by Dayton Duncan on the "vote" conducted by Lewis and Clark at their terminal westward campsite, "Station Camp," to establish the party's winter quarters for 1805-06. More than any other individual, Duncan has promoted and popularized this episode which was virtually unknown as late as the mid 1990s and which he now, with the approbation of many Washingtonians, terms a chapter of "transcendent" significance in American history. Also not so long ago, the notion of Station Camp being the "end of the Lewis and Clark trail" was considered apostasy, especially by folks in Oregon. Now, as Duncan reinforces in his essay, Fort Clatsop—the previous claimant to this honor—is best thought of as the first stop on the way home for the Corps of Discovery. Whatever one's views on this debate, it is a great compliment to COLUMBIA to have an article by a writer of Dayton Duncan's skill and renown appear in our pages.

Also in the Lewis and Clark vein, with this issue we begin a four-part essay on Lewis and Clark place names along the Snake and Columbia rivers, written by A. G. "Doc" Wesselius, a veterinarian from Lewis County (appropriately enough) but also one of the leading figures in this state's chapter of the Lewis and Clark Heritage Trail Foundation. This serial article is a first for COLUMBIA, and we hope you enjoy and endorse the experiment.

It is a pleasure to welcome back to these pages my old friend Carlos Schwantes, who brings the story of the Columbia into the latter part of the 19th century with an essay on the river's steamboat era. Our bookend piece, so to speak, on the Great River of the West is Robert Carriker's essay on Woody Guthrie, whose life and work is featured in a major traveling exhibition from the Smithsonian that will be at the Washington State History Museum from March through September. As Carriker tells the tale, Woody became the poet laureate of the Columbia when he went to work for the Bonneville Power Administration in 1941. (This, by the way, was a role that Meriwether Lewis defaulted on in 1805 when he stopped keeping his journal at a most inopportune time!)

This spring the Society also opens its long-awaited and innovative "History Lab" learning center in the State History Museum. Having already launched the History Lab's web site, and with a companion book and CD in the works, the installation of the learning center's exhibitry becomes the pivotal part of this project. Our contributor, Stephanie Lile, is also the originator and project director for the History Lab, and I would like to take this opportunity to commend her vision and energy.

In closing, let me encourage you to read Dayton Duncan's essay in conjunction with that of Mary L. Hanneman and Minh-Anh Thi Hodge on the adaptation of Washington's Vietnamese refugees to life in the United States to most fully appreciate the correlation and continuity of this nation's ideals.

-David L. Nicandri, Executive Editor
THE VOTE: “Station Camp,” Washington

By Dayton Duncan

On November 2, 1805, the Corps of Discovery completed its descent through the last of the great cataracts of the mighty Columbia River—a harrowing series of waterfalls, gorges and rapids that had begun with Celilo Falls nine days before.

Early that morning the expedition’s dugout canoes were prepared for the final mile and a half of rapids. Hallowed out from Ponderosa pines only a month earlier when they were back with the Nez Perce, these dugouts were big and bulky, hardly designed for quick maneuvering in white water. Nevertheless, the expedition’s best boatmen put them onto the current and then steered madly as these floating tree trunks shot through the foaming chaos of water and rock. One of the canoes, Clark noted in his journal, struck a rock and split a little; three others took in water during the wild ride.

All in all, this final hazard, roughly four miles of boiling rapids and falls that William Clark called “the Great Shute,” was surmounted safely. Clark had taken the precaution to order most of the baggage removed from the canoes earlier in the day and portaged around the rapids. And for this job, he says, he “dispatched all the men who could not swim.” That’s a prudent commander for you—always getting the most out of his men, whatever their shortcomings. But it does beg a question about their recruitment back on the far side of the Mississippi nearly two years earlier. If you were about to set off on an expedition across the continent to find an all-water route to the sea, wouldn’t one of the top requirements be the ability to swim?

It must have been a great relief—for swimmers and non-swimmers alike—to load up the canoes below the final rapids and ease onto the broad Columbia. Relief, followed by excitement, because each mile they traveled now gave them new evidence that they were at last nearing the ocean. They noticed a tidal rise of 9 inches on the river’s shore and, a day later, an 18-inch rise and fall. On November 3 they passed the point where Lieutenant William Broughton, sailing upriver from the sea during Vancouver’s expedition of 1792, had turned his ship around and headed back to the Pacific; they had finally emerged from a blank map to reach previously explored territory.

Better yet was news from the people Clark called “our Indian friends.” “Towards evening,” Joseph Whitehouse wrote in his journal, “we met several Indians in a canoe who were going up the River. They signed to us that in two sleeps we should see the ocean vessels and white people.” According to Clark, that same day a large group of Indians in two canoes, coming upstream from the Columbia’s mouth, “informed us they saw 3 vessels below.”

Imagine the talk in camp that night. Three ships with white people only “two sleeps” away! To fully understand how electrifying that news must have been, consider what they had just been through. When they left Fort Mandan in North Dakota back in April, they had expected to find the fabled Northwest Passage, follow it through the single line of mountains conjectured on their maps, reach the ocean in late summer, and then head back east, perhaps return to Fort Mandan before winter. That was the theory. Instead, they encountered one unexpected obstacle after another, time-consuming delay after time-consuming delay:

- A week deciding whether the Marias River was actually the Missouri.
- Nearly a month, instead of half a day, portaging around the Great Falls, which turned out to be five waterfalls instead of one.
- The agonizingly slow ascent of the Jefferson and Beaverhead rivers, taking them parallel to the mountains instead of through them.
- And then, at Lemhi Pass, the unexpected obstacle to trump all others—mountains, where mountains were not supposed to exist. No Northwest Passage. No short portage. Instead, weeks of stum­bling through the Bitterroots—cold, wet, starving, and as close to lost as the Corps of Discovery ever found itself.

And let’s not forget what emotional toll was exacted each time their canoes picked up speed and headed toward the thunder of yet another Columbia River chute and cataract. Even the swimmers must have come to dread that sound.

But now came the promise of a reward for all that toil and trouble: three ships only “two sleeps” away—ships that could replenish their increasingly short supply of trade goods; ships that could provide them with news from home and, more importantly, take back news of their great achievement; ships that could provide them with the first whiskey they had tasted since they drained their last barrel on the Fourth of July at the Great Falls. All of that, only “two sleeps” away.

On November 4, at a large Indian village where the men feasted on wapato, Clark noted “utopian” goods everywhere he looked: guns, powder flasks, copper and brass trinkets, some tailored clothes. Farther downriver, Sergeant John Ordway says, they met an Indian who “could talk & speak some words of English such as cursing and blackguard.”

On November 6, according to Clark, they met another English­speaking Indian. This man told them a “Mr. Haley” traded regularly with them at the river’s mouth not far away. That night the men recorded a tidal rise and fall of three feet.

By the following morning they must have been bursting to put
their paddles in the water. The anticipation was as palpable as the morning fog, so thick they couldn’t see across the river. But on they went, piloted through the dense mist by an Indian wearing a sailor’s jacket. They stopped at another village, and once again, according to Whitehouse, Indians “made signs to us that there were vessels lying at the Mouth of this River.”

“We proceeded on,” Ordway wrote, and for the first time since the morning they had left Fort Mandan in April, that phrase had more expectancy than resigned perseverance embedded in it. At last the fog lifted—and the Corps of Discovery was treated to a breathtaking, heartstopping vista. For the first time in a long time, the western horizon offered them something other than a discouraging surprise.

“Ocean in view!” Clark wrote in his notebook, cracking open exclamation points like champagne corks. “Ocean in view! O! The joy.”

They encamped that evening opposite Pillar Rock, and though the journals make passing mention of dampness and difficulty finding a suitable place for the night, there’s no mistaking the emotion of the day. “Great joy in camp,” Clark wrote, “we are in view of the Ocean, this great Pacific Ocean which we [have] been so long anxious to see.”

Those familiar with this story already know that Pillar Rock is hardly on the Pacific shore. It wasn’t the ocean that Clark was so excitedly describing—it was Gray’s Bay, I imagine that Clark himself quickly realized this. But after traveling more than 4,000 grueling miles up the entire length of the Missouri, across those tremendous mountains, and down the treacherous rapids of the Clearwater, Snake and Columbia—and given the anticipation that had been building steadily for five days—he can be forgiven for jumping the gun by a few miles.

Let’s give him and the rest of the Corps of Discovery this moment of jubilation. Let them savor it: “Ocean in view! O! The joy.” Let them bask in their joy. They earned it.

There’s another reason to give them that moment, because on the next day, November 8, they received their official early-winter welcome to the Pacific Northwest, and they realized once more that nothing ever came easily for the Corps of Discovery.

A typical November coastal storm engulfed them as they inched along the shore of Gray’s Bay, restricting them to only eight miles that day. Some Indians bearing salmon for trade blithely passed them in their elegant canoes, but the swells rolling in from the ocean storm rocked the expedition’s lumbering dugouts so badly that several men got seasick. So did Sacagawea, who had been longing like the rest of them to see further into the ocean. “They are on their way to trade those fish with white people,” Whitehouse wrote that during the day they could watch porpoises, sea otters, ducks and sea gulls in great abundance, but all they had to eat that night was pounded fish purchased farther up the river.

With “every man as wet as water could make them,” Clark reported, “every exertion and the strictest attention by the party was scarcely sufficient to defend our canoes from being crushed to pieces.”

Some of the men had been drinking the brackish water of the estuary, and it had a laxative effect on them like a dose of Rush’s Thunderbolts. Patrick Gass tells us the only fresh water to be had was found in the rainwater collecting in the canoe bottoms. For obvious reasons, they did not “proceed on” that day; they camped again in the same spot, at a place Clark called “Dismal Point.”

But they were, to borrow a phrase, “undaunted.” “Not withstanding the disagreeable time of the party for several days past,” Clark wrote that night of his crew, “they are all cheerful and full of anxiety to see further into the ocean.” They had been through violent storms before out on the Great Plains, and they must have assumed that this one would pass just as those had.

They couldn’t have been more wrong. On the morning of November 10, the storm still raging. During a lull they loaded their dugouts and left Dismal Point, hoping to round Point Ellice and reach the coast. But as they approached the point, the wind and waves returned, forcing them to do the thing the Corps of Discovery hated more than anything else: retreat and give back two hard-earned miles.

They unloaded their canoes, waited for the low tide, loaded up again, and tried once more to round Point Ellice. Furious waves defeated them again, forced them into another begrudging retreat to find a spot to camp for the night.

This one was even worse than the previous campsite. They stowed their baggage on high rocks but searched in vain for an adequate place to sleep. “Here we scarcely had room to lie between the rocks and water,” Patrick Gass wrote, “but we made shift to do it among some drift wood that had been beat up by the tide.”

Whitehouse wrote that during the day they could watch porpoises, sea otters, ducks and sea gulls in great abundance, but all they had to eat that night was pounded fish purchased farther up the river. “They are on their way to trade those fish with white people,” Whitehouse wrote that night of his crew, “they are all cheerful and full of anxiety to see further into the ocean.”

Three days later, on November 12, the wind and waves returned yet again, forcing them to abandon Point Ellice. The men watched them depart, envying both their seaworthy canoe and their nimble skill in such rough waters. “They are on their way to trade those fish with white people,” Clark noted, “which they make signs live below, round a point.”

The captains then dispatched three men to attempt another
passing of Point Distress—to see if they could find those white men, or at least a better bay for a decent campsite. The point defeated them once more.

They tried again the next day. This time Colter, Willard and Shannon made it around Point Distress and disappeared. Back at camp there was nothing to eat again but pounded fish. Whitehouse wrote that his buffalo robes were falling apart. Ordway reported that the storm continued raging. Gass summarized it as “another disagreeable rainy day.”

Something about this situation seems to have brought out the best in William Clark’s journal writing. Meriwether Lewis was in the midst of one of his long gaps in record-keeping—more than three months in this case—but Clark rose to the literary occasion.

From the moment he wrote “O! The joy,” his journal entries seem to be more descriptive than usual and filled with empathy for the plight of his men, reflecting what must have been going on in both captains’ minds. On the 12th he wrote:

It would be distressing to a feeling person to see our situation at this time, all wet and cold with our bedding &c also wet, in a cove scarcely large enough to contain us, our baggage in a small holler about 1/2 a mile from us, and canoes at the mercy of the waves & drift wood… Our party has been wet for 8 days and is truly disagreeable, their robes & leather clothes are rotten from being continually wet, and they are not in a situation to get others, and we are not in a situation to restore them.

By November 14 his concern had deepened. The robes and half of the few clothes the men still had were now rotted away. He could see snow on the high mountaintops to the south. “If we have cold weather before we can kill & dress skins for clothing” he wrote, “the bulk of the party will suffer very much.” Earlier he had called their situation disagreeable. Now, he said, “Our situation is dangerous.”

That afternoon, Colter arrived back in camp by land with his report from the scouting mission. The news was discouraging: No sign of white men. But, said Colter, if they could manage to get beyond Point Distress, there was a sandy beach for a better campsite.

Lewis decided to set off on foot with four men to scout farther up the coast for trading vessels. Clark was to lead the rest of the party on one more attempt to round the point.

That night, I think, was one of the low points for the Corps of Discovery. Patrick Gass wrote that this weather was “the most disagreeable I had ever seen.” That’s a telling statement from someone who had gone through a North Dakota winter of 45 degrees below zero and howling winds; blistering hot days in Montana punctuated by hail storms that had knocked men to the ground and the constant presence of mosquitoes that made every day a slow torture; and then snow squalls in the Bitterroot Mountains where some of the men had walked with rags wrapped around their feet. But the storm at Point Distress, according to Gass, was worse than all that—"the most disagreeable I had ever seen."

Anyone who’s done any camping knows how miserable it can be during a rainstorm. Hot weather can be uncomfortable; cold weather and snow can be uncomfortable—even dangerous. And yet there can be an exhilaration about meeting the challenge of those extremes. Rain, on the other hand, is dispiriting even with the best of camping equipment to keep you moderately dry. Imagine camping in the rain without tents. Imagine that rain going on day after day, night after night, for two weeks, rotting your clothes away.

Gass’s statement tells us as much about psychology as the weather. It tells us the expedition’s state of mind. Clark shows us even more. This was, he wrote, “the most disagreeable time I have experienced, confined on a tempestuous coast, wet, where I can neither get out to hunt, return to a better situation, or proceed on.” Unable to “proceed on”—can you imagine a worse feeling for the Corps of Discovery?

On November 15 everyone was itching to move. The wind stopped them once more, but during a brief pause in the afternoon they were finally able to round Point Distress, go past an empty Chinook village of 36 houses, and reach what came to be called Station Camp. George Shannon joined them from his scouting mission with five Indians. The only white men he had seen were Lewis and his party, heading on their own reconnaissance.
The high tide and big waves convinced Clark to set up camp. There was no use in trying to go any farther, he noted. From here they could survey the entire mouth of the Columbia. He called this bay Haley's Bay, after the man they had heard so much about but never met. Station Camp would be their home for ten days. “Here we formed a comfortable camp,” Gass wrote, “and remained in full view of the ocean, at this time more raging than pacific.”

Their first full day, the 16th, got off to a good start. The weather cleared enough for them to put out articles to dry, and the hunters were dispatched. They returned with two deer, a crane and two ducks. York, Clark’s slave, added to the larder with two geese and eight brants he had shot. That night’s meal must have seemed like a feast.

From the journals it seems clear that everyone assumed this was as far as they would go. They could hear the surf, according to Whitehouse, and Gass noted that in the distance they could see “waves, like small mountains”—waves, I might add, that had just crossed the widest stretch of the Pacific between Asia and North America. Barring some discovery by Lewis (maybe he would return with news of a trading post or ship), there apparently was no talk of wintering on the coast.

Whitehouse wrote: “We are now of the opinion that we cannot go any further with our Canoes, & think that we are at an end of our voyage to the Pacific Ocean, and as soon as discoveries necessary are made, that we shall return a short distance up the river & provide our selves with winter quarters.”

Gass noted: “We are now at the end of our voyage, which has been completely accomplished according to the intention of the expedition, the object of which was to discover a passage by the way of the Missouri and Columbia rivers to the Pacific Ocean; notwithstanding the difficulties, privations and dangers, which we had to encounter, endure and surmount.”

This is a moment every parent who has traveled with his or her family immediately understands. It’s that moment when “Are we there yet?” is replaced by a different question: “Can we go now?”

This map from the first published version of the Lewis and Clark journals shows the mouth of the Columbia River. The north/south directional arrow points to the location of Station Camp. The land protuberance below “Chinook old Village” is Point Distress.

On November 17 the hunters brought in three deer, two ducks and four brant geese. The men measured the rising tide at eight-and-a-half feet. After conferring with the chief of the local tribe, Clark recorded that their name was Chinook and that they numbered 400 souls. In the evening Lewis and his scouting party returned after searching the coast for 30 miles, according to Whitehouse, who quickly summarized Lewis’s answer to the question on everyone’s mind: “They had seen,” he wrote, “no white people or vessels.”

A day later Whitehouse would write that the captains named the farthest point Cape Disappointment, “on account of not finding vessels there.” He was wrong, of course. English sea captain John Meares had given it that name in 1788 during his fruitless search for the mouth of the Columbia—and so it appeared on the maps the captains had brought along. But Whitehouse’s misperception only further proves the explorers’ state of mind—in an expedition that often gave descriptive and suggestive names to every landmark, Cape Disappointment made perfect sense.

By now, it seems, all hope of finding a trading settlement or a harbor full of boats or meeting the renowned “Mr. Haley” had pretty much vanished, and you can sense the men’s minds turning back upriver.

Remember, their mission had been to reach the ocean, not remain there. And their original plan had been to touch the sea, turn around, and get as far back east as possible. Clark himself had noted in his journal on the way downriver that the mouth of the Sandy River would make a good wintering spot. But now he asked if anyone else wanted to hike to the ocean shore with him—perhaps to make one last attempt at spotting a ship, perhaps simply to satisfy himself by reaching the continent’s edge, where the horizon is filled only by water.

Only 11 said yes, they wanted to come—and two of those, the Field brothers, had just returned from the coast with Lewis. Think about that—out of an expedition of 33 intrepid explorers, nearly half—16 to be exact—didn’t see any need to go the extra few miles. In their mind, they had reached the ocean. “All others,” Clark wrote of them, were “well contented with what part of the ocean & its curiosities which could be seen from the vicinity of the our camp.”

You can almost see them rolling their eyes in the universal sign language that says, “Can we go now?”

But Clark and 11 others set off on November 18. Over the course of two and a half days they went past the place the Indians had told them the trading ships often anchored, shot down a California condor whose wingspan they measured at 9 feet and whose head would eventually be displayed in Peale’s museum in Philadelphia, climbed the headlands of Cape Disappointment, hiked along the sandy shore of Long Beach, and turned back to Station Camp.

“The men appear much satisfied with their trip beholding with astonishment the high waves dashing against the rocks & this emence ocean . . . Men all cheerfull,” their captain wrote, and then added that they “express a desire to winter near the falls this winter.”

This is a little different from the standard “can we go now” moment. But we can still recognize it. It may have been the first (but certainly not the last) time that American male tourists, after racing over every possible obstacle to reach a historic and scenic spot in the West, looked out at the sweeping vista for a few minutes, then looked at their watches, and said, “Okay, let’s get going.”

Back at Station Camp, both before and after Clark’s return, a steady stream of Indians—Chinooks and occasional Clatsops from across the river—came to trade and visit. From those visits, several things were becoming clearer.

First, if they wanted success in trading, the explorers needed more
blue beads than they had brought along. Sacagawea had to sacrifice a belt of blue beads to purchase a robe of two sea otter pelts desired by the captains. By implication, they could not hope to purchase a winter's worth of food with what few trade goods they had left; they would need to hunt to survive.

Second, although the rain had let up a little, this was obviously a place where blue skies were the exception, not the rule. Several of the men noted the extraordinary hats the natives made of white cedar and bear grass—"very handsomely wrought and waterproof," according to Gass—and one explorer purchased one in exchange for an old razor. By implication, people don't make finely wrought waterproof hats in places where it doesn't rain a lot.

Third, the traffic of trading vessels was certainly both common and heavy here. In addition to all the previous evidence, one Indian woman was seen with the name J. Bowman tattooed on her left arm; many Indians showed the ravages of venereal disease; and a Clatsop showed up with red hair, light skin and freckles. But the main trading season seemed to be over.

All those delays that had brought the Corps of Discovery to this area in November instead of in the summer, as they had originally planned, had probably cost them their most likely opportunity to contact a vessel. What seaworthy captain in his right mind would try to approach an already treacherous coast during November storms like these?

The men's journals suggest that the consensus to head back east had hardened. "The wind blew so violent today," Gass wrote on November 21, "and the waves ran so high, that we could not set out on our return which it is our intention to do as soon as the weather and water will permit."

Whitehouse is more specific. "The Swell in the River," he wrote, "ran so high that it detain'd us at our Camp from going up the River again, to look out for winter quarters."

The storm worsened on the 22nd. The wind blew "with violence," according to Clark, throwing the river out of its bank in waves that once again overwhelmed the camp and split one of the canoes. The Chinooks who were visiting crowded with the explorers into the crude shelters the men had made. Gass thought the river was the roughest he had yet seen. Clark deployed another exclamation point to write, "O! how horriable is the day."

"Can we go now?"

On the 23rd, the storm abated a little, but rain fell at intervals. Sometime during the day, Lewis got out his branding iron—the special one that said "U.S. Capt. M. Lewis"—and somewhere near this spot blazed his name and the date on the side of a tree. Clark pulled out a knife to carve his name, the date, and "by land" on an alder tree.

"The party," Clark added, "all cut the first letters of their names on different trees in the bottom." I doubt that there was a tree in the immediate vicinity that escaped their knife blades.

This was not part of the United States at the time. Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase had doubled the size of his country, but the legal boundary extended only to the Rocky Mountains. Because their vessels had been the first to enter the mouth of the Columbia in 1792, both the United States and Britain had staked claims to the Northwest, but both recognized those claims were weak ones.

With each cut into each tree, the Corps of Discovery was strengthening the American claim. "We came by land," was their message. "And we came in numbers." They were planting the flag. They were marking new territory. This was also the most tangible way they could think of to commemorate their remarkable achievement.

With each cut, they seemed to be boasting, "I was here. I made it."

Yet there also may have been something less boastful and more pleading in each stroke of their blades—something of a prayer that asked, "Remember me." Some of them—the captains in particular—had carved their names into trees and landmarks at other places. But this is the only instance in which the entire Corps of Discovery participated. I sense a bit of ceremony, ritual, and solemn finality to it. They were consecrating this spot. And they were preparing to leave it.

That night the stars came out, and the morning of November 24 dawned clear and cold, with a white frost on the ground. The men were eager to push toward the rising sun. But the captains delayed them—first to send out hunters; then to air out their sodden clothes and bedding in the rare sunlight; then to take astronomical observations to fix this spot as precisely as they could on Clark's map. Come evening, after some Chinooks stopped by for a smoke and some trading, the Corps of Discovery was still there.

They occurred what to me was the most powerfully meaningful single moment of an expedition filled with powerful, meaningful moments. This moment was beyond meaningful—it was transcendent. The captains gathered the party together and, in a move that broke with all the rules of military command and protocol, announced that everyone would participate in the decision of what to do next.

"Out here, on the continent's farthest shore, beyond what was then the boundary of the United States, the nation's first citizens came to travel from sea to sea would do the very thing that defines our democracy—they would conduct a vote."

There is much we simply don't know about this magnificent moment. Why, for instance, did the captains call for a vote in the first place? As military captains they simply could have issued an order. But in this case they didn't. Why?

Personally, I think that while the rest of the party was firmly set on moving upriver, Lewis and Clark had begun to question whether that was the best option. We only know their thinking from the reasons Clark recorded in his vote tally, but it's fair to assume the captains had been talking it over in the few days since Clark's return to camp from his excursion to Long Beach.

If game could be found on the other side of the river—and everyone understood that without game to hunt, no place would support them for the winter—Lewis now wanted to stay as close to the ocean as possible. It held out the possibility of seeing a ship by springtime, he said, and it provided the opportunity to make salt for their food. Besides, he argued, going upriver and wintering closer to the Rocky Mountains would not speed their return home; they would still have to wait for the snows to melt before attempting any crossing next year.

Salt was not a consideration for Clark; he was indifferent to its uses and considered saltwater, in his words, "evil in as much as it is not healthy." But he, too, now preferred wintering near the coast if, as the Clatsops promised, enough elk could be found in the neighborhood. The chance of getting resupplied by a ship with trade goods was worth waiting for, he thought.

The other advantage in Clark's mind was the prospect of a milder climate closer to the sea. The Indians claimed that winters here brought little snow, he noted, and the unusually warm November had convinced him they might be right. "If this should be the case," he wrote, always concerned for the welfare of his men, "it will most certainly be the best situation of our naked party dressed as they are altogether in leather."

I believe the captains had not previously shared these thoughts.

The captains gathered the party together and, in a move that broke with all the rules of military command and protocol, announced that everyone would participate in the decision of what to do next.
with the other. The “can we go now” sense of the enlisted men’s journals is too strong and too certain to suggest otherwise. But what’s apparent in those journals must have been even more apparent to the captains: their men were fully expecting to evacuate the coast at the earliest chance. Imposing an order contrary to that expectation—even if it ultimately was the best option—would have done more damage to their morale than the storms and waves and Point Disappointment combined.

And so, perhaps more out of the tactics of leadership than pure democratic principles, the captains called for a vote. This was a stunning—and surprising—act of leadership. I’m sure the captains had already decided what they hoped the outcome would be. But there was no guarantee. They were betting that, left to their own devices and allowed to hear the arguments, the group could be trusted to make the correct decision; and they knew that, regardless of the outcome, the very act of inclusion strengthens the result. That, my friends, is the gamble—and the promise—of democracy.

But how was the vote taken? What was the scene around the campfire on the night of November 24, 1805? Were there speeches by the captains, questions and counter-arguments from the men? Was there a show of hands, a standing division, a ballot, a roll call answered in turn by each person’s voiced opinion? When York’s vote was solicited, did anyone grumble or sulk that a black man—a slave—had just been accorded as much authority as anyone else?

Were any eyebrows raised when Sacagawea—an Indian and a woman—had her opinion recorded? Why wasn’t her husband’s? Was it an oversight or a deliberate omission, some sort of decision the Charbonneau family should have a single vote; and that Sacagawea’s was the one that should count?

Were York and Sacagawea and the men surprised to be asked their opinion in the first place? Or by this point in their long journey did it seem matter-of-fact, the natural result of a process that had steadily bound them together with each mile and each surmounted obstacle, a process that most certainly had not stripped them of their individuality but had steadily forced them to see their survival and their success in terms of community, rather than individually?

We don’t know. The journals don’t tell us. What we do know is the result of the tally, dutifully set down in Clark’s journal. When the vote was concluded, only Joseph Shields still wanted to leave immediately and winter upstream at the Sandy River. All the others were willing to cross the Columbia to what is now Oregon and investigate whether elk and a suitable site for a fort and a place to make salt could be found. If not, then they would “proceed on” upriver.

In that case, seven of them—including Clark—were in favor of going all the way to The Dalles for the winter. Nine—including all three sergeants and Lewis—favored the Sandy River as the back-up option. Thirty had no preference, as long as it was upriver. Sacagawea’s concern was that, wherever they wintered, there be plenty of wapato. The journals also tell us something else—something as important as the decision itself, perhaps even more important: They tell us the enlisted men’s perception of what had just happened. Listen carefully to their words.

Patrick Gass: “At night the party were consulted by the commanding officers, as to the place most proper for winter quarters.”

Joseph Whitehouse: “In the evening our officers had the whole party assembled in order to consult which place would be the best for us to take up our winter quarters at.”

John Ordway: “Our officers conclude with the opinion of the party to cross the river and look out a place for winter quarters.”

It’s worth noting that each of them found the event important enough to mention—and therefore it’s safe to say that they were speaking on behalf of all the others who weren’t keeping journals. But also consider the words they chose. The captains had “consulted” with them, and then concluded with their opinion. The decision had been made by “us” not “them.”

Whatever had prompted the captains to use this extraordinary method, it had worked. The decision was the one the captains themselves, I believe, would have ordered. But the process itself had created an even stronger bond within the expedition; 33 individuals merging into a single Corps of Discovery. That’s leadership of the highest order. And that’s democracy at its best.

We’re gathered here on the Fourth of July, Independence Day—a day that commemorates and celebrates a radical premise: “We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by the creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.”

Thomas Jefferson, the man who conceived the Lewis and Clark expedition and who was with them, in spirit at least, all the way across the continent, penned the celebrated Declaration of Independence.

Many of the corps’ members had been alive when that radical premise had first been proclaimed. All of them had considered Independence Day of such significance that they made sure to celebrate it each year, wherever they were on their extraordinary journey.

But at Station Camp, on November 24, 1805, they didn’t say those words—they lived those words and, if only momentarily, breathed new life into them. When York voted, they were pushing the promise that “all men are created equal” into new territory. When Sacagawea voted, they took those words and crossed yet another boundary. A day earlier, when they had emblazoned their names and initials on the windswept trees near camp, they had stretched the literal boundaries of their nation. They had touched the future, because the nation itself would follow them toward this shore and encompass it in less than 50 years.

But on November 24, 1805, when this important decision was reached by the full participation of every member of the expedition—men and woman, black and white, foreign-born and native born and Native American—at that exquisite moment they also touched the future, a future that would take our nation more than a hundred years to reach.

Nearly two centuries later, as we remember the Corps of Discovery, let’s also remember that we must always be pursuing that horizon. Because the moment we do not “proceed on” toward it, is the moment that the vital, insistent heartbeat in Thomas Jefferson’s words stops. And if that ever happens, we will become a nation defined only by geographic boundaries, not by an enduring promise. Here, on this spot, the Corps of Discovery stretched those boundaries and gave new life to that enduring promise. This is hallowed ground.

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Dayton Duncan is an award-winning writer and documentary filmmaker. Author of Lewis & Clark: The Journey of the Corps of Discovery, he also wrote and co-produced with Ken Burns a four-hour PBS documentary by the same name.
Since October 1991 I have made a dozen journeys by boat along the more than 400 miles of waterways that extend inland from the Pacific Ocean to the port of Lewiston, Idaho. Ostensibly, I traveled along as a "naturalist" to help tourists retrace the route paddled by Lewis and Clark, but the process of "locking through" eight huge dams invariably underscores for me just how significantly the Columbia and Snake rivers have changed in 200 years. Nonetheless, the two waterways continue to function as highways of history. In the Pacific Northwest, in fact, it would be hard to trace two more significant corridors of history—whether that history is written in terms of exploration in the early 1800s or of endangered salmon populations today and the proposed breaching of several dams on the lower Snake River. Time and again, these two rivers have showcased the important issues of an era.

Among the many decades that comprise Pacific Northwest history, perhaps the one that ranks first in terms of human drama is the 1860s, when numerous gold and silver discoveries in the northern Rocky Mountains inspired steamboaters to probe the farthest navigable reaches of the Columbia and Snake rivers. When the mineral bonanzas first burst into newspaper headlines in 1861, steamboats had

ABOVE: Steamboats docked at Ainsworth, Washington, c. 1900, when it was a link to the Northern Pacific Railroad. Half a mile from the mouth of the Snake River, the original townsite of Ainsworth now lies within the boundaries of Sacajawea State Park.
Considering that Portland had only 2,874 inhabitants in 1860, compared to 56,802 for San Francisco and 160,773 for St. Louis, the confidence of its early merchants seemed based almost entirely on fantasy.

One steamboat pioneer whose life effectively mirrored a half-century of transportation evolution was Captain Ephraim Baughman. On July 11, 1860, the United States government awarded him the first federal pilot's license for Pacific Northwest waters. All along the upper Columbia and lower Snake rivers, Baughman became a familiar figure to two generations of travelers. He displayed his treasured pilot's license in the wheelhouse of every steamboat he commanded until he retired in 1915 (ironically as an employee of the Union Pacific Railroad, which owned his last vessel).

In March 1861 the Portland-based Oregon Steam Navigation Company dispatched Baughman (then 26-years old), together with Captain Leonard White, into the sparsely settled interior of Washington Territory to build a small boat at Colville and explore down several hundred miles of the Columbia River to The Dalles. Their assignment was to determine how far inland a steamboat might safely travel with a heavy load of freight and passengers. The pair completed their reconnaissance in two months and delivered their findings to company officers in Portland. Within days the boatmen-explorers received a new assignment. This time they were to sail a steamboat east from the Columbia River to the base of the Rocky Mountains where promising new finds of gold had been reported.

On May 1, less than a week before Arkansas and Tennessee sided with the Southern Confederacy in the widening national crisis, the indefatigable Baughman and White steered the unpretentious little steamer Colonel Wright up the Columbia above Celilo Falls and through the swift, turbid waters of its major tributary, the Snake River. Members of the Lewis and Clark expedition had paddled five dugout canoes along the same route in 1805, and countless fur trappers and traders had followed in their wake, but until then the staccato beat of steam power had never reverberated from the walls of these remote canyons.

On its historic voyage to the Rocky Mountain gold country, the diminutive Colonel Wright carried a crew of 14 men in addition to its officers, White and Baughman. Their navigation of the lower Snake River would be mainly a matter of trial and error. There were no government charts or maps to aid navigation, and Indians living near the Snake's confluence with the Columbia, when asked for information, would only say "Oh, hias skookum chuck" (very strong water). There were, of course, the journals and maps of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, although by then those documents were already almost 60 years old.

One of the three names commonly given to the river in the early 1860s honored Captain Lewis. The other two,
Pohogava and Snake, were descriptive of the waterway's forbidding character. Early fur trappers claimed that Pohogava was an Indian word that meant "Sage Brush River." Freighter and packers insisted on using the name Snake, "since a more snake-infested stream than this does not perhaps exist this side of the tropics." They told tales of huge rattlesnakes that would crawl upon travelers resting along the river's banks or into their bedrolls at night. Other pioneers, reminiscing a writer in Boise's Idaho Daily Statesman in 1924, claimed the river's name described its own tortuous course—always crooked and bending—or recalled the local Indians, the Snakes. Which appellation was most appropriate was something the crewmen of the Colonel Wright would soon learn for themselves. In any case, in the forbidding Snake River country it was their good fortune to serve under two of the most experienced steamboaters in the far Northwest.

Perhaps White and Baughman prepared themselves for the voyage by reviewing published accounts of early exploration or by seeking out experienced voyageurs from the fur-trade era who had retired to the French Prairie settlement on the Willamette River above Portland. White does seem to have used a skiff for some preliminary exploration (and some accounts claim he had earlier guided the Colonel Wright 60 miles up the Snake, as far as the mouth of the Palouse River), but neither boatman left much of an account of their historic 1861 voyage. Only this much is certain: White and Baughman already knew that any surprises awaiting them on the Snake River would not alter the fact that navigating a single steamboat from Portland through to the gold fields was physically impossible. A series of natural obstacles called the Cascades, the Grand Dalles, and Celilo Falls narrowed the Columbia River in three separate places and seemed to turn its waters on edge. It thus would require at least three separate steamboats and two difficult portages along the Snake River.

Constructing portage roads or railroads around the Columbia River's major obstacles to navigation was a tactical consideration. Extending Portland's economic hegemony over the interior Pacific Northwest and northern Rocky Mountains was an intriguing strategic challenge that energized directors of the newly formed Oregon Steam Navigation Company who envisioned nothing less than a Portland-based commercial empire of the Columbia. Not without a good fight would they permit San Francisco to establish a competing line of freight wagons and stagecoaches running overland to the interior mines of what would become southern Idaho. The Portlanders were willing even to compete with the long-established St. Louis merchants who ran steamboats up the Missouri River to Fort Benton to serve the mining-camp trade of the northern Rocky Mountains.

Considering that Portland had only 2,874 inhabitants in 1860 (though it was still the largest population center in the northern West), compared to 56,802 for San Francisco and 160,773 for St. Louis, the confidence of its early merchants seems to have been based almost entirely on fantasy. Yet the Oregon Steam Navigation Company's desire to probe the navigable reaches of the vast Columbia River system derived from an entrepreneurial vision that encompassed the entire northern West, and assessed the money-making potential of freight wagons and stagecoaches no less carefully than that of steamboats.

Corporate strategy was probably not uppermost in the minds of White and Baughman as they methodically threaded the Colonel Wright along the twisting canyons of the Snake River. So intent they did study the unknown waters before them that neither man apparently took time to reflect on how steam power came to this remote part of the West in the first place, although both almost certainly knew the story well from firsthand experience. The brief history of their own Colonel Wright perhaps summed it up best.

Prior to 1859 only Indian canoes, the bateaux of the Hudson's Bay Company, and, most recently, a few flat-bottomed sailing craft called schooners had navigated the Columbia River above The Dalles. Boatsmen used these vessels to haul freight inland to Wallula, the first white settlement along the banks of the Columbia above Celilo Falls. At Wallula in the late 1850s an army quartermaster used an old adobe fur-trading fort originally built by the Hudson's Bay Company as a military warehouse. This landing became the main jumping-off point for the army's newly established Fort Walla Walla, an outpost situated 30 miles farther inland in the shadow of the Blue Mountains and the forward base of operations during a series of Indian wars that convulsed the Columbia Plateau during the late 1850s. Some military freight reached Fort Walla Walla via pack animals that plodded inland from the portage around Celilo Falls, a stretch of white water located on the Columbia River near Dalles City (The Dalles).

When Lawrence W. Coe and R. R. Thompson, two frontier entrepreneurs, won a federal contract to supply Fort Walla Walla, they hauled their military cargoes in bateaux or schooners like everyone else. Soon, however, their
had yet appeared on waters above The Dalles. Mindful that their freight business depended heavily on carrying supplies for the army, Coe and Thompson wisely named their new craft for George Wright, colonel of the Ninth Regiment, United States Infantry, in command at Fort Dalles.

On October 24, 1858, Coe and Thompson launched the Colonel Wright. It was a homely vessel about 125 feet long. The pioneer steamer made her maiden upriver trip the following April and quickly settled into regular service between Celilo and the mouth of the Walla Walla River at Wallula. As was typical of all early steamboats, the Colonel Wright burned wood—enormous quantities of it—but that presented a challenge to boatmen along a hundred-mile stretch of desert river where even driftwood was scarce. To keep up a head of steam they had to haul along enough firewood for a round-trip from Celilo, and thus fuel often comprised the bulk of their cargo. Perhaps Coe and Thompson had that predicament in mind when they ingeniously rigged the Colonel Wright with a mast that carried a huge square, or lug, sail to provide extra power during those seasons when prevailing winds blew up the Columbia.

Without the added power the lug sail provided, White and Baughman could never have ascended the Snake River in the Colonel Wright in May 1861. Captain Baughman (for the Oregon Steam Navigation soon rewarded him with that title) recalled the historic trip in An Illustrated History of North Idaho (1903), "As pilot, I directed that we travel very slowly and only during the day time, for rocky reefs and shoals were numerous and the waters were not deep. Each stream which we thought had not theretofore been named we took it upon ourselves to christen; likewise every other natural feature, and even today many of the landmarks and creeks bear the names which we gave them."

A reporter for the Oregon Weekly Times who happened to be in Wallula the day the Colonel Wright commenced its "voyage of experiment" up the Snake River supplied some of the details Baughman left out. Lawrence Coe, having become the local agent of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, invited him along for the ride. The Colonel Wright cast off from the Wallula landing at three o'clock. During the next two hours it paddled up the Columbia as far as its confluence with the Snake River, a distance of about 11 miles. The little steamer continued another six miles before tying up along the bank for the night. Starting out early the next morning, the Colonel Wright paddled slowly up the Snake River as far as the Colville Road ferry. There the operator tried to dissuade Captain White from attempting to proceed any farther upstream.

White persisted, and the operator thereupon lowered the cable his tiny ferry used to traverse the river. However, he did not drop it deep enough below the surface; when the steamer attempted to pass over, the cable snagged and damaged the paddlewheel. This forced the boatmen to remain at the landing overnight to make repairs.

By sunrise on the morning of May 3 the Colonel Wright had churned upriver as far as Palouse Rapids, one of several challenges on a waterway that stair-stepped its way down from the Rocky Mountains by means of foaming cascades alternating with long, relatively tranquil stretches of water. Using its full 135 pounds of steam, the vessel walked up the Palouse Rapids without difficulty, but at Tucannon Rapids the boatman needed to extend a rope and tie one end to a large rock and set their lug sail. Before White or Baughman could take advantage of the strong wind blowing upriver, the rope broke loose and tangled in the paddlewheel. Fortunately, the lug sail held the steamer steady against the current while its wheel was stopped to permit crewmen to cut the rope away.

The humble lug sail proved a lifesaver on more than one occasion, and by this union of wind and steam power the Colonel Wright worked its way in-
land as far as the Clearwater River, about 150 miles from Wallula and 375 miles from Portland. At the confluence the bank was much gentler than in the canyons downriver, and large numbers of horses and cattle belonging to Nez Perce Indians grazed there. In a few weeks a new town arose on the site and was named for Captain Meriwether Lewis—today's Lewiston, Idaho.

In the normal course of events Baughman should have been back in Illinois piloting a plow through the dark soil of the corn-country farm where he grew up, but here he was on the uncharted waters of the Snake and Clearwater rivers in the far Northwest, attempting to thread the Colonel Wright past obstacles where no steamboat had gone before. Reflecting on his early years, Baughman recalled that life was never the same after he attended a Fourth of July celebration back home in Fulton and heard Senator Stephen A. Douglas extol the golden opportunities awaiting ambitious young men out west in California. Fifteen-year-old Ephraim saved $91 during the next nine months, bought an ox team, and headed for the gold fields with two other teenagers. The three reached San Francisco after three months of hard traveling but soon split up to seek their individual fortunes.

Eph tried placer mining around Hangtown in the mother lode country but quickly discovered that earlier arrivals had claimed all the most promising sites. Discouraged but still willing to pursue other opportunities out west, he headed north to Oregon aboard a sailing ship where after a month at sea he reached the village of Portland. There the teenager worked at a number of odd jobs. He even farmed for a year in the fertile Willamette Valley before discovering the real love of his life. That was when he hired aboard the steamboat Lot Whitcomb as a fireman. A decade later, in the early 1860s, Baughman became a pioneer participant in yet another of the Pacific slope's great gold rushes, but the claims he staked this time around would be to navigable waters, not to mineral-rich mining lands.

Baughman's own recollections, as preserved in An Illustrated History of North Idaho, fail to mention the difficulties of the historic 1861 voyage but dwell at length on the ordinary pleasures of the task assigned to him.

In due time, we swept around the big bend in the Snake just below where Lewiston now stands and were met by the rushing waters of a stream clear as crystal and broad enough to be classed as a river. Before us spread out a beautiful bunchgrass valley, or rather a series of plateaus, reaching away to a high prairie to the southward: This Indian paradise was occupied here and there by a teepee. Several Nez Perce Indians loitered about and a few bands of ponies grazed contentedly upon the luxuriant grass. The picture was indeed a pretty one.

Baughman noticed that "the sound of the steam whistle and the pounding of the engines naturally attracted the attention of the Indians, who flocked to the water's edge to gaze on the wonderful fire boat." He steered the vessel's prow into the crystal-clear waters of the Clearwater River.

Slowly the little steamer propelled itself onward in the direction of the Oro Fino mines. We had to line the vessel over the Lawyer and several other rapids, and
“Gentlemen seated on the forward guard view the scenery, smoke Havana cigars, and quaff Champagne cocktails. The daily papers penetrate here, and St. Louis news is read here in seventeen days after date.”

About thirty miles up the Clearwater we found an obstruction which we could not pass. This was what has since come to be named Big Eddy. Throughout our entire journey on the Clearwater thus far we were accompanied by Indians riding along the shore on horseback. By many little acts and signs did these children of nature manifest their friendliness, no one of their number, so far as I can now remember, giving the slightest evidence of other than kindly sentiments.

At Big Eddy on May 6, 1861, the Colonel Wright could make no headway through the foaming rapids. “Twice we lined her and moved slowly up stream but the vessel did not have power enough to keep herself in the channel, so finally we gave it up for the time being, came on shore and began making explorations. The result was not favorable.” The steamboatmen had climbed to within 45 miles of the mines but were unable to surmount these rapids. “There was therefore nothing to do but to unload the freight.”

Most goods carried aboard the Colonel Wright belonged to Seth Slater, one of several businessmen who tagged along as passengers. Slater had been so confident of reaching a landing within easy distance of the Oro Fino diggings that he brought along 10 to 15 tons of merchandise to sell to the miners. “Slater thought the site a good one as it was the apparent head of navigation so he and a few others remained there establishing Slaterville.” The village of five tents and 50 inhabitants lasted only a few weeks, until Slater relocated to Lewiston.

Having accomplished its mission, the Colonel Wright turned around for the trip back to its home base above Celilo Falls. Along the way the vessel paused briefly at the mouth of Lapwai Creek and most of the crew went ashore to visit Chief Lawyer, whose lodge was on benchland overlooking the Clearwater River. From the steamboat, recalled Baughman,

We could see his tepee and before it a tall pole on whose top the Stars and Stripes floated in the breeze. This display of patriotism by the brave and friendly old chief touched a responsive chord in our hearts and we never forgot it. Lawyer, who had been educated in the East and could talk good English, received us most cordially and we chatted with him a long time. His hospitality was especially praiseworthy when it is remembered that we were invading his territory and opening the way for thousands to follow.

Indeed, thousands of miners, merchants and eventually settlers did follow in the steamer’s wake. They traveled aboard the Colonel Wright as well as on the Okanagan, Tenino, and other vessels built in rapid succession to profit from the largest gold rush to agitate the Pacific slope since California’s in 1849. As the officers of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company had hoped, Portland served as the newcomers’ main West Coast gateway to the mines.

Despite its historic consequences, the voyage of the Colonel Wright went almost unnoted outside the far Northwest. With the Union in crisis, most Americans cared little that a steamboat had opened a distant waterway to passengers and freight. In any event, even after the Pony Express shortened the time between Missouri and California to ten days in 1860, news from remote corners of the northern West still required almost a month to reach the East Coast, and passengers and freight took even longer.

The arrival of any East Coast news in remote pockets of the northern Rocky Mountains was hailed as one of the marvels wrought by steamboats. Prior to the 1861 mining rush, messages, people and goods all crossed the northern Rockies no faster than a horse or canoe. The advent of steamboats changed that by

Boarding the Tahoma at Collins, Washington, on the Columbia River about 1914. From the shore, a person had only to wave a white flag to signal the captain of a steamboat to stop for a load of freight or a passenger.
The area's first orchards dated from the early 1870s when growers planted millions of trees along the river's edge. They would bear apples, peaches, pears and other fruit for nearly a century until dam building on the lower Snake flooded the benchlands. By the late 1870s steamboats like the Spokane and Harvest Queen brought settlers, agricultural implements and soldiers upriver and returned heavily loaded with cargoes of wheat and fruit. At one time as many as 16 steamboats plied the lower Snake River, and all of them contributed to the growing wealth of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, which monopolized the river's commerce.

Because harvest season in August and September occurred when low water on the Snake River often prevented steamboats from reaching the landings, the task of hauling grain by water was never simple. Yet nothing changed the region's basic transportation geography until a network of railroad lines reached into eastern Washington during the 1880s. Completion of a direct railroad line over the Cascades to Puget Sound in 1887 finally made it easy to ship carloads of wheat from the inland Northwest to the upstart ports of Tacoma and Seattle.

During the heyday of the grain and fruit trade, Captain Baughman became a near-legendary figure along the lower Snake River, and soon joining him as a steamboatman was his son Harry. Just as railroading ran in families, so too did a love of steamboating. The occupation often passed from father to son. That included sharing the dangers of the trade. One of the region's more spectacular steamboat explosions occurred on August 14, 1893, as the Annie Faxon made her regular trip downriver from Lewiston to pick up loads of fruit and passengers waiting at various landings in the canyon. In the pilothouse Captain Harry Baughman rang for the engines to stop for a landing below Almota. Almost at the same instant a blast of steam pressed up from the lower deck, buckling the vessel first in and then out as the boilers let go. Baughman watched in horror as flying wreckage beheaded his companion in the pilothouse. The next thing the captain recalled was lying on shore, dazed and lamed.

Captain Eph Baughman was in Pierce, Idaho, inspecting some mining claims when word of the tragedy reached him. He immediately secured a horse and dashed almost 60 miles back to Lewiston, where he reportedly secured a rowboat to continue another 40 miles downriver to check on his son. "Heads were cut open and legs and arms smashed, and scalds and blisters were plentiful," reported the Lewiston Teller. The explosion killed eight people and injured nearly every member of the crew: "To look at the wreck as it lays, the wonder is how any person escaped alive."
As an increasing number of rail lines reached Lewiston around the turn of the century, the mainstays of steamboating in the area became freight and a growing traffic in excursion passengers. Steamboat excursions were organized for all kinds of special occasions—from Sunday school picnics to political rallies. Lewiston residents from the 1880s until the 1920s enjoyed picnic outings by steamboat to Grand Ronde, Asotin, Lapwai and even Kamiah, far up the Clearwater. There was always an Independence Day excursion. Children would race up and down the long decks of the Almota or some other steamer, descend into the engine room, or climb a ladder into the pilot house “where we received a warm welcome from the genial, smiling” Eph Baughman.

In the middle of May 1897 a writer from the Grangeville, Idaho, Free Press described a typical excursion party that left Lewiston aboard the handsome new steamer Lewiston for a day’s voyage. Chartered by the local Presbyterian Church for a leisurely trip up the Clearwater, the boat had a band aboard to play popular music, sometimes to the deep-throated accompaniment of the steamer’s immense chime whistle. “Everybody had been filled with good things to eat and drink when they arrived at Big Eddy.” With Captain Eph Baughman at the wheel “we all felt safe,” unless a passenger wandered onto the bow of the upper deck in search of a better view of the scenery and obstructed Baughman’s view of the narrow channel. Then a man was liable to have an ear shot off (verbally) by the captain. He crossed the famous eddy, tied up and allowed everybody to go ashore to gather flowers and stroll in the woods until the whistle called them to return. The day “was perfect and everybody returned happy and well pleased with the trip.”

The captain in those days was “a tall, broad-shouldered man, a bit on the heavy side,” recalled a writer in the Lewiston Tribune in 1941. “His almost bald head was surrounded by a fringe of snow-white hair, and his ruddy complexioned face from which peered bright blue, far-seeing eyes, which required no glasses, was adorned with a long white beard.”

The end of scheduled steamboat service in the 1920s by no means eliminated all river traffic between Portland and Lewiston, nor did it end the quest for better waterways, although the popular demand for inexpensive hydroelectric power and irrigation water was far louder than the old cry for government aid to river transportation. Bonneville, the first of the great Columbia dams, was completed in 1937. Ten years later work began on another major dam, McNary. It created slack water from Umatilla Rapids all the way to Pascoc to form an impressive river highway for tugs and barges. River transportation, even so, remained in the shadow of the railroads until the Army Corps of Engineers completed a total of eight dams and locks on the Columbia and Snake rivers in the 1960s and 1970s that rejuvenated the water route. After the last one opened in 1975, railroads actually found themselves at a rate disadvantage with barge lines for grain traffic from the interior Northwest as far east as Montana, where grain traveled by truck across the Bitterroot Mountains to Snake River ports.

Portland today remains the hub of the Columbia, Snake and Willamette river transportation system, a total of 534 miles of certified navigable waterways. In Oregon’s largest city, barges meet the ocean-going ships that still transport grain coming from the fields of the inland Northwest to distant markets. Approximately 60 percent of the grain reaches Portland by train; the rest arrives by barges and towboats, some of which have threaded the 14-foot-deep channel that extends down from Lewiston, Idaho. Whereas each lock on the Mississippi River typically provides 10 to 25 feet of lift, the John Day Lock alone lifts barges 113 feet and is reputed to be the highest lift lock in the world. The locks at Ice Harbor and Lower Monumental dams on the Snake River each lift over a hundred feet.

As of the mid 1990s about 600 people worked aboard the Snake and Columbia rivers’ fleet of 40 towboats and 175 barges. Every year they collectively transported nearly 3 million tons of grain, 3.7 million tons of forest products, and sizable additional quantities of petroleum, fertilizer and intermodal containers. Barge traffic normally navigates the Snake and Columbia rivers a full 12 months each year. In 1995 a large diesel-powered paddleboat, the Queen of the West, began carrying as many as 149 overnight passengers on tours along the Columbia and Snake rivers. Like several smaller motor vessels operated by other companies, the Queen of the West is part of a noticeable revival of tourism between Lewiston and the sea that began in the early 1990s.

In one sense the Columbia River is more fortunate than the upper Missouri River with whose steamboats it once competed. On the Missouri, barge lines are able to reach only as far inland from St. Louis as Sioux City. The romance and adventure of Missouri River steamboats remains a part of the American consciousness, but a series of massive earthen dams—all without locks—prevents a revival of steamboat navigation along the upper Missouri.

As for Captain Baughman, during the summer of 1943 the Oregon Shipbuilding Corporation christened its 199th Liberty ship the Ephraim W. Baughman to honor a transportation pioneer of the steamboat era. Yet, just 20 years after his death, few people could recall Captain Baughman or tell of his significance. He belonged to another time, only dimly recalled as the pre-railroad era—and yet what an era it was on the Columbia and Snake rivers.

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Vietnamese Refugees Arrive in Washington, 1975

"Everything was a blur. My heart was dead and frozen," recalled Chuong Nguyen of his family's escape from South Vietnam at the end of April 1975. "We left with nothing except what we were wearing. There was no time to salvage anything from our home." The 35-year-old Chuong, whose intelligence unit had consulted with the United States military, left Vietnam on April 25, 1975, with his wife, Xuan Hoa Pham—executive assistant to the mayor of Binh Duong City and five months pregnant—and their five children. They arrived at Camp Pendleton, California, about a week later. By mid May the Nguyen family had decided to resettle in Washington as a result of the efforts of Governor Daniel J. Evans and a staff dedicated to finding a solution to the humanitarian crisis created by the fall of Saigon. The Nguyen family is representative of thousands of other Vietnamese families who have made their homes in Washington in the aftermath of the Vietnam War.

As the American Embassy in Saigon closed its doors for good on April 29, 1975, Operation Frequent Wind airlifted desperate groups of American and Vietnamese evacuees from its roof. That same day Camp Pendleton, California, opened its doors to almost 1,000 South Vietnamese refugees who were among the tens of thousands facing the prospect of death and persecution at the hands of the conquering North Vietnamese Army (NVA). The government of South Vietnam collapsed on April 30 when NVA tanks rolled into the Presidential Palace in Saigon, forcing the South's surrender after years of devastating warfare. In the fear and chaos that followed, thousands of South Vietnamese, primarily those who had been associated with the United States during its involvement in Vietnam, made hasty but life-altering decisions to leave their homeland. Most made their way to the United States, and by the fall of 1975 some 130,000 Vietnamese refugees had relocated in this country.

Throughout the spring of 1975, American headlines tracked the inexorable progress of the NVA: "South Viets Let Go 3 Inland Provinces," blared the Tacoma News Tribune on March 17. Two days later the North took another province, and by March 24 nine provinces were under communist control, bringing the NVA within 30 miles of Saigon.

As the situation for the South worsened, President Ford called for "serious study... of how we meet the new circumstances there." As early as April 4 Governor Evans indicated that Washington was "ready and eager" to take in the Vietnamese orphans who constituted the first trickle of refugees to be airlifted out of Vietnam. Just days later, Bruce K. Chapman, Washington's secretary of state, began the task of shaping a coherent policy for dealing with the Vietnamese refugees heading for Washington. "It is very possible," he wrote in a memorandum to Governor Evans, "that large numbers of Vietnamese refugees will arrive soon in the United States. Perhaps a good many will come to Washington State. Several questions arise: Do we want to positively encourage immigration of South Vietnamese here, either on humanitarian grounds or because we feel that they will make valued citizens (or both)?" Chapman's memo went on to suggest that the state create a Vietnamese refugees task force to consider the problems and the possibilities.

As Washington's leaders explored the issues surrounding the anticipated refugee influx, prospects for Vietnamese refugees looked considerably darker elsewhere around the United

By Mary L. Hanneman and Minh-Anh Thi Hodge
States. When the Pentagon announced in mid April 1975 that Camp Pendleton; Eglin Air Force Base, Florida; and Fort Chafee, Arkansas, would be used to provide temporary housing for a large number of refugees, an Associated Press article in the *Tacoma News Tribune* reported, “The welcome awaiting thousands of Vietnamese refugees being brought to the United States apparently will be a generally chilly one.” In Florida a female caller to a local radio talk show complained, “We should be at the airport and not let those refugees off the plane because we’re going to have to feed them.”

Closer to home, it was the words of California Governor Jerry Brown that galvanized Dan Evans into action. In the newspaper on a Sunday in early May, Evans read Brown’s criticisms of what the California governor called the federal government’s “haphazard” plans for relocating the refugees. Brown, reported the *Tacoma News Tribune* on April 29, declared that “California cannot afford more unemployment which the refugee influx would spur” and indicated that California would not welcome housing the refugees on even a temporary basis. California legislator Burt L. Talcott echoed Brown’s attitude, stating, “there is another feeling that, damn it, we have too many Orientals.”

Incensed by Governor Brown’s attitude, and reportedly “astounded by public comments critical of accepting the refugees,” Governor Evans telephoned his special assistant, Ralph Munro, at his home that Sunday morning. Both the call to his home and the governor’s angry tone were rare, Munro later recalled. By the end of their conversation, both had agreed that Munro would go to Camp Pendleton and investigate the situation there. Within the week, Munro was on a flight to California. The *Seattle Times* recorded Evans’s opinion that “Vietnamese refugees are welcome in Washington State and should be welcome across the entire nation.” “Except for the Indians,” Evans declared, “this whole country is made up of people who came here as refugees in the first place. To close the door now would be the worst kind of hypocrisy.”

On May 8 Evans received a telegram from Ambassador L. Dean Brown, President Ford’s director of the Indochina Interagency Task Force, an organization within the State Department assigned to handle the Vietnamese refugee crisis. Ambassador Brown thanked the governor for Washington’s offer of assistance “in the program of resettlement of Vietnamese refugees. This is most encouraging to all of us here.” After outlining the procedures in the resettlement process, Brown closed the letter by writing, “I want you to know how much I appreciate your willingness to play such a key role in the resettlement of these victims of the Viet-Nam tragedy. What you will do is in the finest tradition of our country.” Evans’s reply the same day confirmed the state’s offer of assistance and indicated his commitment to the issue. “If I can be of personal assistance, please feel free to call me directly,” he wrote.

The next day Ralph Munro and Tom Pryor, director of the Department of Emergency Services, prepared for their trip to
Mr. and Mrs. Chuong Nguyen named their youngest son Evans to honor Governor Dan Evans for his efforts to bring Vietnamese refugees to Washington. The Evanses stayed in contact with the Nguyen family. In 1984 Senator Evans visited Evans Nguyen’s fourth grade class at Briarwood Elementary School in Renton.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Within a year and a half of arriving in the United States, Mr. and Mrs. Nguyen purchased a house for themselves and their six children in Seattle’s Rainier Valley.

California. As the pair departed, Governor Evans said to Munro, “If you see that S.O.B. [Governor Brown], tell him to reread what it says on the base of the Statue of Liberty!” After he returned Munro recounted details of what he found at Camp Pendleton in a written memorandum to Governor Evans. The refugees, he reported, “are getting used to camp life and it appears that most people are happy. At least they are happy with the fact that they are safe here, they are receiving meals and clothing here, and they are away from the hysteria and problems of those last few weeks in Vietnam.” But, he continued, “Most people here are colder than hell, and I imagine that will be the biggest problem in resettlement of any of these people into Washington State. Our climate is just plain too cold for them to get used to right away.”

Munro suggested that the state set up an office at Camp Pendleton to recruit refugees for resettlement in Washington. “We are the first state to become involved in the refugee program and the only state that has stepped forward with a willingness to help,” Munro pointed out.

The governor’s special assistant also suggested that a letter be drafted in Vietnamese, outlining for the Camp Pendleton refugees “the type of climate in Washington State and other problems they might have with relocation in our state and explaining what kind of a program we have to offer.” The letter, distributed at Camp Pendleton beginning on May 13, read, “Greetings: The people of the State of Washington wish to extend to you the opportunity of making your ‘new home’ with us here in Washington. Governor Dan Evans has extended a warm welcome to make your transition into the American way of life as smooth and easy as possible.” The letter continued, indicating the state government’s willingness to assist the refugees in the transition process. It also reported that 450 Vietnamese individuals already resided in Washington, that Vietnamese foodstuffs were available, growing conditions favorable, and that the “climate here is very pleasant and mild.”

After a review of the letter, Evans appended a handwritten comment saying, “The attached letter is hardly accurate—especially as to weather.” The Vietnamese version of the letter included a phrase stating, “Thong-Doc Dan Evans, rat nong nhiet duoc don qui don bao ve chia-se doi song theo nguoi My duoc de dang va suong se.” Tom Pryor, in an attached note to Evans and Munro wrote, “Our Vietnamese interpreters who composed the letter assure me there is no hidden meaning…where it says, ‘…Dan Evans, rat…’” Considering the mood and political climate of the day, it was clearly no small decision to open the state to Vietnamese immigration.

Two state officials, Ed Burke, chief of the Office of Veterans Services for the Department of Social and Health Services, and Joel Aggergaard, refugee coordinator for the Department of Emergency Services, traveled to Camp Pendleton in mid May to set up Washington’s “recruitment” office. Dan O’Leary, spokesman for the Department of Emergency Services, explained, “What we’re going to try and do is get people who want to volunteer to come up here. Basically, they’re just going to give them a short geography rundown on the state and try to encourage as many as they can to come here on their own volition.”

At Camp Pendleton a loudspeaker broadcast announced that Washington was prepared to sponsor 500 refugees for resettlement. In a matter of two hours, 800 people applied. In his first memorandum to the governor, Munro had given an outline of the type of refugees he was seeing at the camp. Explaining that he had randomly picked out “forms filled out by individual refugees,” Munro reported that the top ten on the pile showed refugees whose occupations ranged from aircraft mechanic, physician and dentist to university professor.

“Believe it or not,” he wrote, “that is pretty typical of what we are seeing in the type of refugees at this time.” In light of a national political climate in which many Americans were wary of bringing in refugees who would swell the welfare rolls, this was an important consideration. And yet, in an attempt not to discriminate against any of the refugees, Burke and Aggergaard gathered up the applications and in Room 4 of the San Clemente Motor Lodge, selected 50 applicants who...
possessed solid English skills, 50 who had no English ability, and, placing the rest of the applications face down on the bed, randomly selected another 400. The list eventually swelled to 518.

The Chuong Nguyen family was among those who decided to come to Washington. Chuong, who later adopted the name "Colin," recalled the demonstrators outside Camp Pendleton shouting their resentments against the Vietnamese refugees. Chuong remembered looking out from inside the barbed-wire tent city and thinking, "We are not welcome here. What is going to happen to us? Will we be sent back [to Vietnam]? If so, we are surely dead." For Chuong, the contrast between the angry mob outside and the welcome delivered by the delegation from Washington was stark. Washington would be the new home for him and his family.

The 518 refugees were housed temporarily at Camp Murray, the National Guard base north of Fort Lewis. On Tuesday, May 20, the first seven Vietnamese families, including the Chuong Nguyen family, arrived at Camp Murray. The 34 refugees had left Camp Pendleton just hours earlier and arrived at Sea-Tac International Airport by commercial jetliner. Governor Evans was on hand to greet the group at Camp Murray. He spoke a few words of welcome in Vietnamese and received an enthusiastic response. Continuing in English, he said, "I would like to welcome you all to Washington state. I'm sure you will find our people warm and friendly and eager to help you make a new home here."

Turning to the two young Vietnamese women interpreting for him, Evans discovered they had not been paying attention to his words but instead were eagerly scanning the crowd for familiar faces. Evans repeated his greeting, but again the interpreters demurred, saying, "Oh, you speak too long. I can't remember what you say at first." Evans tried again, suggesting that "those of you who understand can translate for the others." "That's all right sir," called out a Vietnamese man in the crowd, "most of us understand English anyway." Evans continued his address, saying, "Perhaps the weather here is a little colder than you are accustomed to. But I know the people of Washington have a very warm feeling toward you and welcome you here as new citizens."

Following Evans's welcome, workers from the Red Cross handed out juice, candy and cookies, and the refugees were bussed to their accommodations—refurbished bunkhouses. The refugees' first day at Camp Murray ended with a dinner menu suggested by the chefs at Camp Pendleton: rice; chicken marinated in garlic, soy sauce and green onions; bread and butter; and ice cream. Showing a particular sensitivity to Vietnamese dietary preferences, the mess hall also provided fish sauce, and "the dinner," reported The Seattle Times, "was regarded as a success."

There was little doubt as to the refugees' reaction to Governor Evans's resettlement program. Most were very pleased to be in Washington. Tony Le, a former military supply specialist in Vietnam, reported, "I like it from the time I step out from the plane." Binh Duong, a former interpreter, added, "It is beautiful country."

The kindest words, however, were reserved for Governor Evans who, according to Ha Ton That, was the friendliest man in America. Phan Van Phuoc added, "I like to go to Washington because Mr. Dan Evans makes us so welcome."

Though the average stay for each refugee at Camp Murray was only six days, they were active ones, filled with a variety of entertainments, including rock music and dancing. Watching young Vietnamese men dance the "bump," Jonathan Nesvig, staff writer for the Tacoma News Tribune, observed, "Clearly, the Vietnamese refugees here were getting into the swing of American life." Steve Ray, also with the News Tribune, reported on efforts to initiate the refugee children into the pleasures of America's favorite pastime—baseball. "One Vietnamese boy," he wrote, "looked stunned after he hit the ball into left field. He finally began to run, carrying the bat to first base. 'Tell him he's out,' said one of the team mothers. He laughed, embarrassed when the rule was explained. 'I like the game, baseball,' he said."

Although the reaction to Evans's refugee resettlement efforts around the state was mixed, most lived up to his
Terrace wrote:

Alabama, is preserved in the Washington State Archives.

serve on the newly created President's Advisory Committee

ernment was provided with $500 per refugee from the $455

ern Washington State College in Cheney. Once the refugees

child of the state's policy toward refugees. In a representative

chairman of the advisory committee, sent letters to state

governors around the country, asking them to consider

processing 738 individuals at Camp Murray and 105 at East­

rim of the state's policy toward refugees. In a representative

prospect, in editorials around the state, was generally supportive

promise that Washington citizens were eager to help. Evans

later attributed the positive attitude to the efforts of his
caring and creative staff who set the humanitarian tone.

Reflecting on these events recently, Evans recalled that the

press, in editorials around the state, was generally supportive

Honorabl.e Sir:

Having thrown a lot of bricks at you in the past, and will
probably be throwing more at you in the future, I feel that it is
only fair that I now toss you a bouquet, well-earned.

I was thrilled at your response to President Ford's humane
action towards the Viets fleeing their own homes. Such atti­
dutes show Americanism at its best, and makes me glad to be a
citizen of this land.

I hereby promise to refrain from throwing any more bricks
for at least one week.

On May 19, one day before the first group of refugees
arrived at Camp Murray, President Ford appointed Evans to
serve on the newly created President's Advisory Committee
on Refugees. This 17-member group included business,
religious and political leaders from around the country. On May
21 Ralph Munro flew to Washington, D.C., to represent
Evans at the meeting. On June 27 John D. Eisenhower,
chairman of the advisory committee, sent letters to state
governors around the country, asking them to consider
starting resettlement programs in their own states. He en­
closed "the details of the resettlement program undertaken
by Governor Dan Evans of Washington."

Two weeks later Dan Evans followed this up, writing
letters to governors about the need for other states to take up
the refugee cause and outlining Washington's efforts. The
letter to The Honorable George C. Wallace, governor of
Alabama, is preserved in the Washington State Archives.
Evans urges Wallace to begin a similar program in Alabama,
"confident," writes Evans, "that you would find similar posi­
tive results in your state."

In 1975 Washington ultimately sponsored 843 refugees,
processing 738 individuals at Camp Murray and 105 at Eastern
Washington State College in Cheney. Once the refugees
were in Washington, it was necessary to find sponsors to
assist them in the process of resettlement in communities
around the state. As soon as Washington delegates opened
the recruitment office at Camp Pendleton, the state was
asking "community groups, church groups, labor organiza­
tions, service clubs and other groups to sponsor a family or a
number of families."

Sponsors had no legal responsibility for the refugee
individual or family but were expected to assist in integrating
the refugees into the community by providing housing as­
sistance, help in securing employment, contributing goods
such as food or clothing, and moral support. The state gov­
ernment was provided with $500 per refugee from the $455

million appropriated by Congress to help with the refugee
resettlement project.

By the end of May, Dan O'Leary, spokesman for the De­
partment of Emergency Services, indicated that approxi­
mately 300 "groups or individuals have volunteered so far to
sponsor refugees, and offers are coming in at a rate of about 35
a day." Camp Murray was closed on October 1, 1975. By the
end of October Camp Pendleton, too, closed its doors.

The Chuong Nguyen family's brief stay at Camp
Murray ended when Edward Stevens, an engi­
neer for Boeing, sponsored them. They settled in
the Rainier Valley area of Seattle. On September
12, 1975, about four months after their arrival in Washington,
Mrs. Nguyen gave birth to the family's sixth and last child, a
boy, at the University of Washington Medical Center. They
named him Evans. Chuong relates, because "I feel we owe him
[Dan Evans] a moral debt that can never be repaid. Naming
our youngest son after him is just a small way to express our
appreciation and gratitude. Every day when we call our son's
name, we'd be reminded of the selfless and noble act that the
governor conducted in the name of humanity."

All six of the Nguyen children graduated from Liberty
High School in Issaquah, and the four older children were
class valedictorians. The younger two, their father explained,
"only graduated with honors. They were not 4.0 students, but
3.8. I think they were involved in too many other extra­
curricular activities." Dan Evans and his wife Nancy have main­tained contact with the Nguyen family, attending all the
children's graduation ceremonies and other major family
events. In June 1998 Dan and Nancy Evans attended Evans
Nguyen's graduation from the University of Washington. All
of the Nguyen children have gone on to graduate school and
pursued professional careers. Asked to assess the success of
the refugee resettlement program he initiated in 1975, Dan
Evans points to the Nguyen family as one example of the
valuable contribution the Vietnamese refugee population
has made to Washington.

Since 1975 over 10,000 Vietnamese have made Washin­
gton their new home, arriving in the United States as part of
three successive "waves" of refugees. The first wave, those
who came immediately after the fall of Saigon in 1975, helped
pave the way for those who came as "boat people" in the
second wave, during the late 1970s and early 1980s, and the
third wave, those who came in the late 1980s after political
changes in Vietnam enabled more people to leave the coun­
try. The invitation to make Washington their "new home"
offered many refugees the opportunity to start a new life.

Mary L. Hanneman teaches Asian history at the University of Wash­
ington, Tacoma, where she is co-founder and assistant direc­tor of the
Pacific Rim Center. Originally from Vietnam, Minh-Anh Thi Hodge is
director of Foreign Language Acquisition for the Tacoma Public School
District. Hanneman and Hodge are currently working on a book about
the experiences of Vietnamese refugees in Washington.
Building the Washington State Historical Society's History Lab Learning Center

By Stephanie Lile

TWENTY-FIVE FIFTH-GRADERS sit on carpeted stairs in a small theater space on the fifth floor of the Washington State History Museum. A video program fizzes to life on the big screen in front of them. "How am I coming through?" asks a smart-sounding woman wearing a royal-blue bowling shirt and cat-eye glasses. She adjusts the camera focus. "I've been researching a new collection of artifacts, and I think we definitely have a history mystery on our hands."

The woman is Inspecta Detecta, the History Lab's virtual character. Appearing on video and in computer software, Inspecta Detecta encourages visitors to think like detectives and search for evidence. "In fact," she says, as if sharing a little-known secret, "when it comes to making sense out of the past, you have to look, you have to listen, you have to make connections." This inquiry approach lies at the very heart of the History Lab Project.

PAINTING THE BIG PICTURE

THE HISTORY LAB is a big-picture project. Designed to teach the concepts and tools of historical study, the History Lab Project encompasses a learning center in the Washington State History Museum, a dynamic web site (www.historylab.org), and teacher training programs based on historical thinking concepts. The project was inspired by art and science where "universal" elements and concepts are applied. But what exactly are the concepts and tools of historical study? This question was the topic of discussion for a group of history and education scholars convened in the summer of 1996 to help define the method behind the History Lab Project.

What was identified in this brainstorming session and refined over time were seven concepts and seven tools of historical study (see side bars for definitions). From there, we set out to build exhibits that used examples from Pacific Northwest history to teach...
Which way to “Time” and “Place?”
The History Lab gallery names reflect the main concepts identified by a group of history, anthropology and education scholars during a brainstorming session early in the project.

DETECTIVES IN TRAINING

Think of the History Lab learning center, scheduled to open in early June 2001, as a training ground for history detectives. Here, visitors young and old develop skills in historical inquiry while using the exhibits found in the learning center’s three galleries—the Time Gallery, the Place Gallery, and Tools of the History Trade. Based on the premise that each exhibit is both an inquiry activity and a model for student projects, the learning center aims to explain the concepts and tools of history in fun, challenging and interactive ways.

In the Time Gallery, where a life-sized chronology of bicycles illustrates change through the years, visitors will also find the “Decameter,” “Instant Replay,” “Transportation Time,” “Time Connector,” and the “Timeline of Timepieces.”

Using the “Decameter,” visitors test their skill at identifying and matching the styles of different decades. The goal of the Decameter is to teach users to make comparisons between decades based on their stylistic indicators. Users create composite images using chronological menus of clothing, vehicles, street scenes, and posters unique to each of the past ten decades. The program also allows the visitor to place his or her face in the decade collage and print a keepsake copy.

Resembling a mini editing studio, “Instant Replay” helps visitors discover the historic secrets held within moving images. Software for this exhibit includes ten different video clips relating to Northwest events. Users may select from ten options, each one posing a challenging question that can only be answered by viewing the historic clip. This method of question and discovery helps users learn to focus on various details in moving footage so as to collect information.

The “Time Connector” challenges users to either sequence images in chronological order or find links between a person, place, object and year. Visitors spin giant cylinders in order to match the images. When a successful match has been made, an audio program tells the story.

On the east and west walls of the learning center are 15-foot arches. Suggesting the cyclical nature of time and the spherical shape of the earth as a place, these arch walls will be home to the “Timeline of Timepieces” and “Products of Place,” both of which allow access to a specially designed “Artifact Finder” database. This resource lets users research various artifacts while also seeing them in real life.

The “Timeline of Timepieces” uses a variety of devices to explore three kinds of time: biological, geological and mechanical/physical. These aspects of time represent the primary ways humans have measured existence.

In the Place Gallery, “Products of Place” encourages visitors to make connections between various locales in Washington and the products used or manufactured there. Like the “Timeline of Timepieces,” each artifact in “Products of Place” has an electronic label that can be accessed through the database computer. The goal is to help users identify the origins and applications of various products that were important to the shaping of Washington.

For anyone who has ever wondered how places change over time, “Postcard Place” provides an answer. Here visitors try to match 20 historical postcards to their present-day scenes. It’s not as easy as it sounds—some places have changed drastically over time. Others seem almost unchanged.
Also in the Place Gallery is "Viewpoint." This exhibit presents the perspectives of six different people in relation to the Hanford B Reactor site. Included are a World War II Hanford construction worker, a historian, a Hanford farmer, a Nez Perce elder, a United States president, and a Japanese bombing survivor. Each person shares his or her unique view of the place and the memories it inspires.

Some of the questions posed in the "Exploration" exhibit in the Place Gallery include, "Why do we explore?" "What kinds of information do exploring expeditions collect and why?" "How does contemporary exploration differ from past exploring expeditions?" Depicting the 1838-1842 United States Exploring Expedition and the 1997 Mars Pathfinder mission, this exhibit offers an opportunity to compare and contrast the goals and discoveries of these two ventures.

"Mapomania" invites visitors to examine how the history museum's neighborhood has changed over time, as well as to find Washington within the world. Designed especially for visual and kinesthetic learners, these hands-on map puzzles provide a fun medium for comparing places and times.

The Tools of the History Trade stations are located in the "Electronic Schoolhouse." These stations encourage visitors to gather and apply information from the main sources of historical evidence—artifacts, ephemera, maps, books and periodicals, people, and images. Some stations use computer software to model methods of historical inquiry, while others use hands-on manipulatives. Learning to use these tools is essential to recognizing important clues about the past.

Near the Tools of the History Trade are the "Daily Planet Theater" and the "History Mystery" information stations. In the theater, carpeted risers provide casual seating for visitors as they examine the "Three Faces of Time." This eye-opening video program describes the three primary kinds of time and their cultural significance.

The "Daily Planet Theater" will also be used to orient school groups to the "History Mystery" program. Four "History Mystery" stations, located throughout the learning center, are accessed by special codes found on the identification tags issued to each student and general public visitor. Designed to help students learn and apply needed historical inquiry skills in the context of solving a mystery, the "History Mystery" program essentially replicates the inquiry actions historians practice every day.

The Method Behind the Mystery

The methodology of the History Lab Project grew out of past WSHS museum-school programs in which it was obvious that students needed training in historical inquiry. Students just didn't have the ability to research topics or conceptually exhibits without having solid methods to follow and examples on which to base their work. To help solve this problem, the software and print materials developed for the History Lab learning center will provide students with inquiry models that can be applied to a range of historical subjects. This approach is solidly based in educational theory, with the application of Howard Gardner's theory of multiple intelligences influencing the Lab's constructivist methodology.

In his book, Frames of Mind (1983), Gardner, a renowned Harvard educational psychologist, challenged the idea that humans have a single, quantifiable intelligence. He originally identified seven different intelligences and explained that, "Intelligence refers to the human ability to solve problems or to make something that is valued in one or more cultures."

Gardner now recognizes eight intelligences and identifies them as linguistic, logical-mathematical, visual-spatial, bodily-kinesthetic, musical, interpersonal, intrapersonal and naturalist. (continued on page 27)
Historical Thinking Concepts

TIME—In the History Lab learning center we examine time in its biological, geological, and mechanical/physical forms. Other aspects of time, such as change, chronology, perceptual vocabulary and dimensions can be applied to all three of these “faces” of time.

PLACE—In history, the significance of place is found in geographical characteristics and location, historic happenings, and physical change over time. These three aspects of place are all factors essential to revealing the story of a particular location and its significance.

VIEWPOINT—A person’s viewpoint is the product of many things, including education, experience, cultural background, age and spiritual beliefs. Essential to the complete understanding of a historical event, the study of viewpoint leads to a more personal and relevant path of historical interpretation.

BIOGRAPHY—The biography concept is based on seeing and investigating the past through the eyes of a historic person. Working in league with the other historical thinking concepts, biography allows a researcher to see the past from another’s point of view, examine places important to the life and time of the individual, and determine the influences on the individual in terms of causation and precedent.

EXPLORATION—We are all explorers, but our experiences and observations vary. The exploration concept relates to both the act of going to a place where history happened (personal exploration) and developing a greater understanding of the motivations and observations of past exploring expeditions (historic exploration).

CAUSATION—To study causation is to build a series of connections between actions and reactions, causes and effects. For any historical event there are multiple causes leading to multiple effects. Investigating these connections is essential to understanding situations in the past.

PRECEDENT—When you investigate the concept of precedent, you identify what came before—or in some cases, “set the stage” for—a particular object, event or idea. By investigating precedent we can discover the ideas behind present technologies, activities and cultural beliefs.
In the book, *Unschooled Minds* (1993), Howard Gardner quoted Frank Oppenheimer, founder of San Francisco's Exploratorium, who said, "No one flunks museum." In fact, although we frequently describe museums as educational institutions, educators often fail to utilize museums and their resources to fullest advantage. Gardner paints this scene:

Imagine an educational environment in which youngsters at the age of seven or eight, in addition to—or perhaps instead of—attending a formal school, have the opportunity to enroll in a children's museum, a science museum, or some kind of discovery center or exploratorium. As part of this educational scene, adults are present who actually practice the disciplines or crafts represented by the various exhibitions. A reader's first thought on the possibility of youngsters attending such an intensive museum program rather than or in addition to the public school may be disbelief. The connotations of the two types of institution could scarcely be more different. "Museum" means an occasional, casual, entertaining, enjoyable outing. "School," in contrast, connotes a serious, regular, formal, deliberately decontextualized institution. Would we not be consigning students to ruination if we enrolled them in museums instead of schools?

I believe we would be doing precisely the opposite.

Gardner goes on to state that:

Certainly there are exemplary schools, and just as certainly there are poorly designed and run museums. Yet as institutions, schools have become increasingly anachronistic, while museums have retained the potential to engage students, to teach them, to stimulate their understanding, and, most important, to help them assume responsibility for their own future learning.

If we are to configure an education for understanding, suited for the students of today and for the world of tomorrow, we need to take the lessons of the museum and the apprenticeship extremely seriously. Not, perhaps, to convert each school into a museum, nor each teacher into a master, but rather to think of the ways in which the strengths of a museum atmosphere, of apprenticeship learning, and of engaging projects can pervade all educational environments from home to school to workplace. The evocativeness and open-endedness of the children's museum needs to be wedded to the structure, rigor, and discipline of an apprenticeship.

Gardner is suggesting something museum educators have observed for years—students learn more about a historical subject if they do the research and conceptualize an exhibit rather than simply look at one. The learning models provided by the History Lab help teachers and students infuse the classroom with the methodology of the museum. These learning models are delivered in a variety of forms—from three-dimensional exhibits to outreach mediums such as CD-ROM, print and Internet.

**From Idea to Reality**

It has taken many people several years to move the History Lab Project from idea to reality. Scholar and teacher advisory groups, representing universities and schools throughout the state, have helped shape the Lab's educational goals. The project is also indebted to WSHS board members, community representatives and staff who helped raise the capital funds to build the learning center and create its corresponding outreach kit. In addition to these individuals, a number of talented contractors have been hard at work on the History Lab learning center exhibit, video and software components.

**Exhibit Design:** Building upon a schematic design plan developed by Herb Rosenthal and Associates, West Office Exhibition Design, based in Oakland, California, is...
overseeing the History Lab’s final design and fabrication phases. Familiar with the goals and layout of the Washington State History Museum through their work on the “Great Hall of Washington History,” West Office specializes in the design of interactive museums, cultural centers and corporate exhibits. West Office’s clients have included the California Science Center in Los Angeles, the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago, the Plains Indian Museum in Wyoming and Seattle’s Odyssey: The Maritime Discovery Center.

**EXHIBIT FABRICATION:** Academy Studios of Novato, California, was selected to construct the exhibits for the learning center. With work underway since October 2000, actual installation begins in March. Academy Studios is known for designing and fabricating high-quality exhibit experiences that engage and educate audiences worldwide. This company created the human sculptures and dioramas in the “Great Hall of Washington History” and works with museums, aquariums, zoos, visitor centers and corporations. Their client list includes the Smithsonian Institution’s Museum of Natural History, the Burke Museum at the University of Washington, and the Monterey Bay Aquarium in California.

**VIDEO PRODUCTION:** (in)corporated, of Seattle, is noted for its Emmy award-winning writing for the Bill Nye the Science Guy television show. Innovative in their approach to script writing and video production, (in)corporated is producing the History Lab’s main video feature, “The Three Faces of Time.” They are also creating the video introduction for the learning center’s “History Mystery” program, featuring the virtual History Lab character Inspecta Detecta. (in)corporated’s prior clients include the American Museum of Natural History, PBS and ABC television, the Discovery Health Channel, the Carnegie Science Center and Disney’s EPCOT Center.

**SOFTWARE DESIGN AND PRODUCTION:** Chedd-Angier Production Company, based in Watertown, Massachusetts, has produced more than 1,000 multimedia exhibits for museums. Their clients have included the American Museum of Natural History, the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago, the Tech Museum of Innovation in San Jose and Odyssey: The Maritime Discovery Center in Seattle.

**ILLUSTRATION:** Tony Morse, of Oakland, California, has drawn a series of images for the History Lab learning center that range from maps to landscapes to bicycles. Bicycles are a great example of how things change over time. These illustrations represent bicycles of the 1900s and 1950s. Both will be mounted with two other bicycle illustrations (1960s and 1990s) on top of the Time Gallery arch.
Inspired by Washington's early one-room schoolhouses, the Tools of the History Trade area helps visitors learn to use artifacts, ephemera, images, books and periodicals, maps and people when investigating the past.

**Tools of the History Trade**

The tools of the History Trade are sources of historical evidence. Each artifact, image, map, book or periodical, personal account, recording and ephemeral item is a piece to the puzzle of the past. Learning to use these puzzle pieces and to find the relationships between them is the essence of historical inquiry. In short, the tools are as follows:

**Artifacts**—three-dimensional objects made or used by humans. They can be handmade or manufactured; representative of a place, a people, or a particular industry.

**Ephemera**—printed items, usually made of paper, that are only used for a short period of time. Concert posters, movie tickets, ferry schedules, catalogs and even junk mail all fit the ephemera category.

**Images**—drawings, paintings, photographs. Images provide visual insight to past events. When using images as historical evidence, one must evaluate the artist's intent, cultural and educational background, and medium. Prior to the invention of photography, drawings and paintings provided the only visual record of past events. Today, photography is the most popular choice for recording events as they happen.

**Maps**—an important means of evaluating change over time of places across the globe. Maps reflect human knowledge of a place—its resources and characteristics as they have been known in different time periods. Maps come in many forms: political boundary maps, aeronautical charts, and topographical maps are a few. The kinds of maps used and developed in different time periods can provide clues to determining the trends, technologies and beliefs of the past.

**People**—oral histories, letters, memoirs, diaries, journals and expert advice all fall within the People tool. Many times, the initial investigation of an object, event, person or time period begins by asking someone you know who might have special knowledge about a particular subject.

**Books & Periodicals**—Perhaps one of the most commonly used sources of historical evidence, books and periodicals lead us on a journey through the printed word. As bibliography bloodhounds, we can follow a trail from a book's list of resources to magazine and newspaper articles and on to primary source documents such as letters or journals. While a book may cover a topic in a more permanent and definitive way, magazines and newspapers provide immediate and focused glimpses of current and historic issues and events.

**Electronic Media**—Encompassing audio recordings, film, video and the Internet, electronic media provides a unique view into the past. Film, video and audio recordings allow "instant replays" of past events, the viewing of which would otherwise be impossible. The Internet has become an important research tool for investigating everything from manufacturers to trademarks and place names.

Photography: Rod Slemmons, from Seattle, has worked with the Washington State History Museum on a number of projects, including the recent exhibit “Sunrise to Paradise: The Story of Mount Rainier National Park.” His photographs of History Lab artifacts and ephemera will be used in a variety of ways—on exhibit panels, in the Artifact Finder database, and in the History Lab outreach kit. Revealing the beauty and history of even the simplest artifacts, Slemmons’s photographs have appeared in such exhibit-related publications as Through The Eyes of Chief Seattle and Sunrise to Paradise: The Story of Mount Rainier National Park. Previously the curator of photography for the Seattle Art Museum, Slemmons now teaches in the museum studies program at the University of Washington.

Hardware Integration: BBI Engineering, of San Francisco, is an electronics integration and audio services company that designs hardware and software for audio-visual systems. The mastermind behind the automation of the Washington State History Museum’s “Great Hall of Washington History,” BBI has done work for numerous museums, theaters, architectural firms, professional audio and theatrical equipment manufacturers and schools throughout the country.

Reaching Beyond the Walls

The History Lab Project reaches beyond the boundaries of the physical learning center via a dynamic web site, a book/CD-ROM outreach kit, inquiry-based curriculum units, and professional development programs for teachers. Distributed to schools throughout the state, the outreach kit is essentially the two-dimensional, traveling version of the History Lab learning center. Intended to help students identify and build an understanding of the concepts of history, the kit contains descriptions and examples of each historical thinking concept and tool as well as suggested activities that help students apply skills learned through software and print to objects and subjects of their own interest.

The software and book content of the kit originates in the History Lab learning center. Many of the complex software components developed for the learning center will be slightly reversioned and placed on a CD-ROM or DVD for classroom outreach. Packaged with a book that explains the seven historical thinking concepts and seven “Tools of the History Trade,” the outreach kit will allow students and at-home learners to develop skills in historical thinking even if they are unable to travel to the museum.

The History Lab’s web site (www.historylab.org) features activities for students and classroom groups as well as curricula for teachers. The pilot individual challenge, “What is that Thing?” models the inquiry process used to identify a mystery artifact. More inquiries, such as “What Happened Where?” and “Who is That Person?” are scheduled to be added in late 2001. Accessible to all via the Internet, these challenges are designed to be used both as homework assignments for third through tenth grade students and as a fun, thinking activity for anyone who may be surfing the net.

With the generosity of our campaign contributors and the operating support of the state legislature, the History Lab Project is helping to move history education away from what Washington State Superintendent of Public Instruction Terry Bergeson calls “content a mile wide and an inch deep.” The History Lab Project aims to produce thinking people who have the depth of knowledge to apply processes of historical inquiry to everyday life and decision-making for the future.

Stephanie Lile has been a WSHS education curator since 1993. Serving as the History Lab project manager, she has been a driving force in every phase of the History Lab Project, from conceptualization and content development to construction and installation.
"A Fre Tiket"

The Puget Sound Co-operative Colony was the first modern communitarian experiment in Washington. When it was launched in Port Angeles in 1887, its founders held lofty ideals and great expectations. They promoted the colony around the country, establishing an office in St. Louis. This ticket entitled the bearer to visit the colony's reading room and library. One of the colony's utopian goals was the use of a phonetic spelling system. A statement on the obverse of the ticket, which was recently added to the Society's Special Collections, explains, "We spel by sound. Tru nu wa—az we speak—omit som silent leters." This communal effort failed after only a few years. By the mid 1890s the colony's assets were being liquidated and the area was incorporated into the city of Port Angeles.
Woody Guthrie Sells His Talent to the Bonneville Power Administration

By Robert C. Carriker

The director of the Bonneville Power Administration (BPA) did not usually audition songwriters in his office, but this was a special situation.

For a solid hour Woody Guthrie, a 28-year-old writer and singer who desperately needed a job, strummed the guitar, sang folk songs, and generally entertained the BPA’s director, Dr. Paul Raver. What Raver heard that May morning in 1941 impressed him, so he rewarded the awkward young man from Los Angeles with a one-month contract worth $266.66 to work as an “information consultant.” Guthrie, in return, obligated himself to write songs that would make people in the Pacific Northwest appreciate the work of the BPA and value the concept of public power.

Not everyone in the Pacific Northwest thought the BPA, or even its second giant dam on the Columbia River, the Grand Coulee, was a good idea. For 15 years prior to 1933, when President Franklin D. Roosevelt finally approved construction of Bonneville Dam as part of the New Deal, a bitter debate had raged in central and eastern Washington over the best location for a dam that would, first, back up water for irrigation and, second, produce electricity. Even after President Roosevelt settled the issue with his decision to place the dam at the head of a large coulee in the scablands of central Washington, few welcomed the prospect of a high dam on the middle Columbia River. The Spokane Chamber of Commerce and local press, both decidedly influenced by Washington Water Power, still favored private rather than public power.

Four years later President Roosevelt dedicated Bonneville Dam in the Columbia River Gorge, but many citizens of Washington and Oregon still gave only grudging acknowledgment to the advantages of public power: cheap electricity, irrigation of desert land, navigation and flood control.
Undeterred, Roosevelt created the Bonneville Power Administration to market what was projected to be the near limitless electricity that would flow from any and all Columbia River dams. After Germany invaded Poland in 1939, the federal government declared Grand Coulee Dam a national defense project, and its primary purpose became one of electricity, not irrigation. That patriotic designation, however, still did not change many minds, and in March 1941, as Grand Coulee Dam neared completion, voters in Spokane, Portland, Eugene and Tacoma rejected the idea of switching to electrical lines connected to BPA. Some people used terms like “Socialist boondoggle” to describe the public power concept. Clearly, BPA needed to illuminate the advantages of public power to the people of Washington and Oregon. Woody Guthrie had his work cut out for him.

FOllOWING THE administration of his oath of office on May 13, Woody embarked upon the most productive month of songwriting in his life. From outward appearances, it did not look to Stephen Kahn, BPA’s acting chief of the information division, as if his new employee was capable of anything, much less swaying peoples’ minds. Smallish in build, the wiry young man with the tipped-up nose and thin lips looked delicate, an impression accentuated by his tiny hands and feet. Rumpled clothes and unkempt black hair were Woody’s only likeness to the rugged men who worked for the BPA building mammoth concrete structures. But songwriting did not take muscle; it required brains and profound life experiences, something Guthrie had in abundance, and Kahn soon revised his first impression. In his single month of employment Guthrie wrote 26 songs for the BPA (Guthrie enthusiasts like to say he wrote 26 songs in 26 days, but there is a good deal of hyperbole associated with everything Woody did), including anthems, talking blues, and ballads. A half century later, Kahn told a New York Times reporter, “In retrospect, I don’t think the government has ever gotten a better investment on its money.”

The original description of the job Woody filled in Portland called for a homespun, folksy singer-narrator who could do voice-overs in a BPA documentary film called The Columbia. Kahn’s first film production for the agency, Hydro, had come out the year before to lukewarm public reaction. It was, after all, thinly disguised government propaganda. The new film needed to appeal more to the proverbial little guy, thus Kahn’s decision to include folk songs. Kahn intended that the sound-track songs later could be played from huge speakers at public power rallies.

Living, not working, was Woody Guthrie’s great talent. Born in Okemah, Oklahoma, in 1912, he resided in Pampa, Texas, during the Dust Bowl years. A never-ending search for jobs took him from Ohio to California during the 1930s. Years of riding the rails gave him no specific work skills, but it did make him a songwriter and a singer. He always traveled with his guitar, and inevitably someone in the boxcar or the hobo jungle would urge him to sing a song he remembered from the days when families still had farms. He could learn it from them and then sing it better than his teachers. Three things happened to Woody. He learned a variety of folk song styles, from the Appalachians to the Ozarks. Second, he began to make up his own lyrics, improvising to make his message more appropriate to his location and audience. Finally, Woody realized that music has a profound impact on the way men think. People concentrate on lyrics to a much greater degree than the words in speeches or books.

Woody had arrived in Hollywood in 1937 a displaced Okie, a vagrant, but he left three years later a radio personality. It was the heyday of the singing cowboy. Once he persuaded station
Five of Woody’s songs for the BPA were never recorded, so matching his words to his intended tunes remained a guessing game until 1986 when singer Pete Seeger solved the riddles.

KFVD to give him some air time, Guthrie fit in almost as easily as Gene Autry and Roy Rogers. Although Guthrie received no pay, he made the most of the opportunity to promote not only his singing talent and Will Rogers-like wit but also his liberal political views. Though Woody never enrolled as a member, the Communist Party became one of his biggest supporters, especially after the publication of John Steinbeck’s *Grapes of Wrath* called attention to the same kind of injustices that Woody sang about on the radio. In 1939 Woody, on a lark, invited himself to be the Los Angeles columnist for the party’s San Francisco newspaper, *The Daily People’s World*. New York beckoned soon thereafter, and for a year Woody, now reunited with his family, enjoyed the luxury of celebrity status as the star of Model Tobacco’s show, “Pipe Smoking Time.” Impulsively, the morning after New Year’s Day, 1941, Woody got himself fired. Probably, he just wanted to return to California. Perhaps he also did not like what he had become: a highly paid performer who sang militant songs about social injustice.

California had changed. The Okies who had come West with him in 1937 were now happily employed in wartime industries. His old job on KFVD was not waiting for him, a finance company threatened to repossess his family’s new Pontiac, and Mary Guthrie contemplated divorce. Heavy drinking lessened Woody’s daily pain. It is easy to see why film director Gunther Von Fritsch wanted to consider others for the position of singer-narrator for the BPA film. Woody, however, needed the work, so he piled Mary and the children into the Pontiac...
and drove to Portland. Funding for the film had been temporarily delayed, as Woody found out when he arrived, but Dr. Raver liked him, so he got the job anyway. Obviously, no one at the BPA was familiar with his column in The People's Daily World; otherwise Woody's journey would have been in vain.

When the repo man looking for Woody's Pontiac found him in Portland, Von Fritsch arranged for Elmer Buehler to drive Guthrie around Washington in a 1940 Hudson. Woody himself said he viewed the "Columbia River and the big Grand Coulee Dam from just about every cliff, mountain, tree and post from which it could be seen." He also visited logging camps, farms, skid rows and granges. "The poor guy had SO bad you could hardly stand it," Buehler remembered, adding that "a lot of people just couldn't." But when he unlimbered his voice and guitar, the Professional Okie, as Woody often referred to himself, touched the hearts of working people in the Pacific Northwest. He made up songs about powder monkeys, lumberjacks, jackhammer men, hoboes, farmers, and migrants—the people who made up the work force in rural Washington.

Information chief Kahn demanded that Woody produce three pages of songs each day. "Like in Hollywood," he said, "where they require a script writer to turn out three pages a day, or something you know, no matter how good or bad it is." As a result, Woody sometimes threw in songs he had written before, or he just changed a few lines. Sometimes he just scribbled down lyrics, neglecting to supply a tune. (Not until the 1980s did folk singer Pete Seeger match all of Woody's lyrics to tunes.) At other times, he attached new words to old, familiar folk baselines, which allowed Woody's listeners to concentrate on his new stanzas, because they already knew the tune.

Woody's signature song in the Pacific Northwest became "Roll on, Columbia," and it, for example, uses a chorus from "Irene Goodnight," the classic authored by Huddie Ledbetter, or Leadbelly as he is known to the ages. Similarly, Woody borrowed from "Old Smokey," "Pretty Polly," "Muleskinner's Blues," and others. Folksinging is, after all, a process. But when he felt completely original, Woody said he liked to "knock off two or three pretty fair songs a week and a pretty darn good one over the weekend." Music, he volunteered, "is some kind of electricity that makes a radio out of a man and the dial is in his head and he just sings according to how he's a-feeling."

THERE IS NO doubt that Woody deeply loved what he called the mineral mountains, chemical deserts, rough canyons and sawblade snowcaps of the Pacific Northwest. Moreover, he believed in what he wrote and sang about Grand Coulee Dam, considering it a "necessary humanitarian experiment." Consider this verse from "Biggest Thing That Man Has Ever Done":

I climb the rocky canyons where the Columbia River rolls,
Seen the salmon leaping the rapids and the falls,
The big Grand Coulee Dam in the state of Washington
Is just about the biggest thing that man has ever done.
During the 1930s Woody Guthrie, like thousands of other Okies, traveled to California seeking work and a better life. His Dust Bowl Ballad album of songs gave him his first taste of fame.

In 1987 the legislature named “Roll On, Columbia” Washington’s official state folk song. A whole generation of folksingers, including but not limited to Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Pete Seeger and Bruce Springsteen, consider Woody Guthrie its special inspiration. Many of these singers gathered in New York’s Central Park in 1992 for a celebratory concert on what would have been Guthrie’s 80th birthday. Political scientists have also taken to Woody Guthrie, or at least that seems to be the case if one can understand quotes like this from Wayne Hampton in his book, Guerrilla Minstrels (1986): “The Guthrie mythos has thus contributed to the corruption of the communal ideal and the utopian values of altruistic love, which have been replaced by a more banal Dionysian lust for an ego-based ecstasy.”

Joe Klein’s superb 1980 biography argues that Guthrie’s stature derives from the fact that he had something to say and he said it in songs that could be sung by anyone. A mediocre guitarist and a technically limited singer, Woody used the typewriter as his most effective instrument, Klein writes. Rolling Stone magazine agrees, speculating that, had Woody not died in 1967 he would be heavily into rap today because he always loved words better than music. And what words would he be singing? Spokane native Bill Murlin, the BPA officer who assembled all 26 of Guthrie’s 1941 song sheets and records, told Timothy Egan of The New York Times on the BPA’s 50th anniversary, “If we hired Woody Guthrie today, we’d have him singing about saving salmon and conserving energy instead of using him to sell power.” Can’t you just hear it?

Robert C. Carriker is a professor of history at Gonzaga University, where he has taught frontier and Pacific Northwest history for 34 years, and author of numerous books and articles on the American West.
A Lasting Legacy

The Lewis and Clark Place Names of the Pacific Northwest—PART I

By Allen "Doc" Wesselius

We shall not cease from exploring
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.

—T. S. Eliot

At the close of the 18th century, most of the world's seas had been explored and roughly mapped. However, middle North America was unknown to the scientific community of Europe and America. Human history in the Pacific Northwest began thousands of years before the first Euro-American explorers entered into the vast wilderness between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast, but an accurate record of its geographic composition did not exist.

EDITOR’S NOTE
In a first for COLUMBIA Magazine, with this issue we start a serial article on Lewis and Clark place names. Proceeding generally in an east-to-west direction, Lewis and Clark historian "Doc" Wesselius discusses the history of the expedition and the explorers' attempts, some successful and some not, to literally put their stamp upon the Northwest landscape.
Aboriginal cultures flourished in the unknown “Far West,” where the inhabitants fished the streams and hunted in the plains and forests. Nineteenth-century explorers knew they were not “discovering” new lands but were acquiring, for the first time, knowledge to be recorded and shared with the scientific community. International claims for sovereignty resulted from this quest to acquire knowledge of the unknown territory. After two centuries of traditional coastline surveys of the Pacific Northwest, there ensued a political rush to map the interior. Among other consequences, this mix of cultures resulted in a colorful blend of names that were applied to geographical features encountered and recorded for the first time by the explorers.

Jefferson was also a visionary. Before most of the public and a majority of those in government realized the importance of the West, Jefferson sought to gain knowledge of it. The Lewis and Clark expedition, as it is known today, was not a consequence of the Louisiana Purchase; preparations for the exploration were complete before the public knew that the government had finalized negotiations for that transaction. While the Louisiana Purchase was of vital importance to the final boundaries of the United States, the expedition was instrumental in eventually establishing American sovereignty over the Pacific Northwest.

The Lewis and Clark expedition of 1804-06 left St. Louis and began its journey across the continent to the Pacific Ocean by traveling up the Missouri River. Once the military unit crossed the Rocky Mountains, the co-captains, both army officers, led the corps of twenty-six enlisted men, two civilian interpreters, the wife and son of one of the interpreters, and the personal servant of Captain
Clark into unknown and unclaimed territory. Upon reaching what is now known as the Snake River, the corps entered the present state of Washington on October 10, 1805.

By the time the expedition left the confines of Washington, on May 5, 1806, the captains had created a lasting legacy for future place names in the region. A conventional expectation is that original place names have a perpetual right to retention. In reality, place names are constantly changing. Unfortunately, if a name is changed, it loses its connection to a certain time in the past. Donald Jackson, a leading authority on Lewis and Clark, summarized correctly, "It is the flux, the fragility, the role of happenstance, and the waywardness of human nature in the handing down of place-names that make their study so worthy a subject."

The Lewis and Clark nomenclature of Pacific Northwest place names can be managed with four categories. First are the places named for persons, both members of the corps and friends. The captains honored every member of the expedition with a name along the 1805 westbound route. While only five Pacific Northwest rivers were bestowed names for members from the corps, none of these commemorations has lasted. Probably the most grievous loss was the change of two main Columbia River tributaries honoring the two captains who first mapped the basin's confinements.

Known native and Euro-American names, the second category, were applied when the captains had or could obtain this information. The custom of Pacific Northwest tribes—naming a specific point on a river rather than the river itself—was foreign to the captains. Though the captains tried through interpreters to obtain Indian names for these features, it was difficult to settle on any single nomenclature as different tribes would often have different names for the same specific location. The various geographical linguistics of the Indian tribes along the route of exploration also tended to confuse the captains when they tried to give native place names to specific drainages.

The captains had information from Captain George Vancouver's Voyages of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean and scrupulously used the known place names instead of engaging in wholesale renaming of the British toponyms in the spirit of American patriotism. Lewis took tracings from Vancouver's Voyages and included this topographical information on a large inclusive map to be used during the expedition. This working map was not complete. It located Mount Hood, Mount St. Helens and Mount Rainier, but did not include other British place names. Lewis and Clark names that duplicated British honorifics did not survive the British dominance of the fur-trade era in the Pacific Northwest, which lasted until the mid 19th century.

The third place-name category consists of descriptive names that Lewis and Clark applied to geographical features. Generally, these names were contrived to describe the characteristics of the geographical feature under consideration. Often these descriptive names were not intended to be used as specific place-names—i.e., "Broad Brook," "Knob," and "High Humped Mountain." In some cases descriptive place names were replaced later in the journey with names that can be assigned to the first or second category of place names. The captains' journals and maps contain many examples of changes from the original first impressions.

The fourth place-name category, manufactured names, has no direct relationship to the geographic feature named and no direct association can be positively drawn as to why the name was chosen. In rare cases, only conjecture exists when trying to determine why the captains chose a name, though journal entries provide some clues. It is interesting to note that Lewis and Clark did not shift names—that is, name a place after a well-known place name—a common practice among other explorers and settlers.

Eighty percent of the Lewis and Clark exploration between St. Louis and the Pacific Ocean took place on waterways; therefore, the names applied by the captains were predominantly to tributary streams, islands, terrain abounding drainages, and the occasional striking geographic feature encountered along the way. The members of the expedition were voyageurs, river boatmen, not mariners or mountain men. Lewis and Clark's place names reflect this orientation in their naming of landscape features along the watercourses they followed. Other than in descriptive terms, the captains did not bother, except in one instance, to apply their colorful names to the mountains they observed.

A study of Pacific Northwest history during the 19th century reveals why so few Lewis and Clark place names survived to be included in today's geographical nomenclature. By the time of Nicholas Biddle's 1814 publication, History of the Expedition under the Command of Lewis and Clark, the erosion had already begun. Biddle, the first editor of the journals, wrote the earliest narrative of the expedition for public record; but the
Post-expeditionary maps were not readily available to the nationalistic fur-trading enterprises that were then being established. British dominance in the Pacific Northwest fur trade influenced the usage of place names established along the coast by Vancouver and up the Columbia. British fur traders—North West Company and Hudson's Bay Company (HBC) employees—nurtured these names and contributed their own colloquialisms to the topographical nomenclature, solidifying England's contribution to Pacific Northwest place names and lending legitimacy to England's claim of sovereignty to the region.

No such reinforcement was applied to Lewis and Clark's efforts. The Pacific Northwest was not visited again by any member of the corps after the expedition returned to the United States in 1806. Thus, unlike Montana, where former expedition members engaged in the fur trade and perpetuated names familiar to them, few Washington and Oregon names given by Lewis and Clark survived. The failures of American fur traders on the Pacific slope, such as John Jacob Astor, the Winship brothers and Nathaniel Wyeth, aided the dominance of British place name usage. Without the benefit of Lewis and Clark's topographical information, the mutations of time replaced the captains' names with the nomenclature of trappers, westering Americans and British. Their constant contact with the land gave them the opportunity to devise new and more enduring place names.

Certainly, the name changers having the biggest influence on the acceptance of their designated place names were the Oregon Trail emigrants. The pioneers often gave places names with no concern for previous or existing identities, either out of ignorance or with knowing disregard. Naming rivers, streams, mountains and, eventually, inhabited places was accelerated with the development of the Oregon Country and reflected the change in culture of the population.

The influx of American citizens into the Pacific Northwest not only determined the eventual sovereignty of the region but also stimulated the federal government's role in defining the region. Lieutenant Charles Wilkes of the United States Navy Exploring Expedition showed little regard for British place names or even those given by Lewis and Clark. Many of his names for geographic features were not consistent with past designations, but his atlas helped to standardize some Pacific Northwest place names. The Pacific Railroad Survey, directed by Isaac Stevens and aided by the Army Corps of Topographical Engineers, conducted explorations to determine a practical railroad route from the Midwest to the Pacific. Stevens had trouble assigning Lewis and Clark place names to his maps when he determined that many had been replaced with more traditional names that were common to the populace of the region.

By the mid 19th century, federal government surveys and maps finally provided the public with cartographic information about the Pacific Northwest; unfortunately, this was the final demise for many Lewis and Clark names. Distortions and omissions from Biddle's information appeared in commercial maps, and Lewis and Clark's names were lost, except among a few historians.

The United States Board of Geographic Names was finally established at the end of the 19th century to monitor...
the naming of geographic features and localities to avoid confusion and duplication. The government's intervention could not save Lewis and Clark names from natural extinction; most of the expedition's names had already been replaced. Active community involvement has since resulted in four local names being changed, reverting to the captains' name for the geographic feature, to reflect the importance of the Lewis and Clark expedition in their locality. Only one small stream, Lewis and Clark River, in Clatsop County, Oregon, was designated to honor the two men who led the expedition that helped establish the Pacific Northwest as United States sovereign territory.

FIELD NOTES AND revised manuscript materials provide the necessary information to study Lewis and Clark place names used in the Pacific Northwest. Route maps and draft maps, compiled by Clark, give more detail on the actual geography encountered by the corps than the final refined map of 1810 or the engraver's copy for the published version of the journals in 1814. Of 88 names the captains used in the two western states we now call Washington and Oregon, only 13 of those introduced by Lewis and Clark have survived to be included in today's nomenclature of place names.

Onomastics, the physiological and social process of naming, will be included in this toponymy of Lewis and Clark place names in the Pacific Northwest. The names will be discussed as they were applied chronologically, as the corps explored both westbound and eastbound. This presentation is intended to provide the historian and students of the Lewis and Clark expedition an opportunity to follow the geographic features as the captains identified them and devised their names. For the sake of the modern reader, place names of geographic features will be identified in boldface and spelled in the accepted form. Lewis and Clark's name and a discussion of its origin will follow. A brief history of the geographical feature and its present place name will complete the discussion of the subject.

PEND OREILLE RIVER

"Clark's River," also called "Clark's Fork," was recognized by Lewis and Clark as a major branch of the Columbia River. In the captains' image of western rivers, as they appear on Clark's master map, the two large drainages they explored in the Northwest were honored by naming the tributary rivers of the Columbia after the leaders of the expedition. They visualized the names for the drainage systems to carry throughout their course to their confluence with the Columbia. "Clark's Fork of the Columbia" was the implied full name for the main river of the watershed.

After crossing the Rocky Mountains and passing over the Bitterroots, the corps resumed their journey down a "handsome stream" (Bitterroot River) and derived from their Shoshoni guide its course and learned of a large lake (Lake Pend Oreille) in the northward drainage. Although the captains did not explore the entire course of this drainage, they rightly assumed that it was a tributary of the Columbia. Route maps and journal entries show the confusion that existed in trying to name the watercourse. Lewis's decision to make name changes, settling the issue, did not occur until the spring of 1806 when a southern tributary of the Columbia (Deschutes River) was finally assigned a place name. On the return journey, Lewis separated from Clark and explored the main branch of the drainage system named for his co-captain. Lewis and Clark had as much difficulty naming the main branch and its tributary streams in this drainage system as did future Americans.

The lengthy implied place-name was difficult to apply to modern topographical maps. The Bitterroot-Clark Fork-Pend Oreille river system has undergone many name changes as trappers, miners and pioneers named and renamed the tributaries and sections of...
the main river. Officially, the Clark Fork is the proper name for the main stream, in Montana, formed by the Flathead River from the north and the Bitterroot River from the south, that flows northerly into Lake Pend Oreille. Downstream from the lake, to its junction with the Columbia, it is called the Pend Oreille River. The Pend Oreille River joins the Columbia above the 49th parallel, in Canada, after passing through Washington's Pend Oreille County. French Canadian fur traders named the river after Indians who originally inhabited the area and wore shell ornaments in their ears. They used a perverse form of the French term "pendant d'oreille" for their colloquial version to describe the natives and the river they inhabited.

The map, "State of Oregon and the Washington Territory, 1859," named the entire river drainage as "Clark's Fork," but by 1865 a "Washington Territory" map listed it as "Clark Fork or Pend Oreille River." Some older maps identified the drainage from "Lake Pend Oreille" to the Columbia as the "Pend Oreille River." The present place name spelling has been standardized; however, the name Pend Oreille continues to elicit some interesting pronunciations.

**Snake River**

"Lewis's River" was named by Clark to honor his friend and fellow leader of the expedition on August 21, 1805. He named the "Westerly fork of the Columbia" (Lemhi and Salmon river conjunction) to honor "the first white man ever on this fork of the Columbia." On October 10, 1805, the waterborne expedition in five dugout canoes reached the confluence of the "Koos koos ke River" (Clearwater River) and "Kimooenem River" (Snake River) and made a geographic deduction that the "large southerly fork" was "the same one we were on with the Snake or So-so-nee nation."

Exactly when the captains made the name-change from "Kimooenem River" to "Lewis's River" cannot be determined. Erasures and scratched out words have changed the maps and journal entries to indicate their final intentions. "Lewis's River" was intended to designate the place name for the largest tributary of the Columbia, but the captains did not realize until the next spring that the "Westerly fork of the Columbia" was only a branch of "Lewis's River." Indian informants indicated that "Lewis's River" had a much larger and longer drainage system to the south.

The Clearwater River meets the Snake River at the present Washington-Idaho border between Lewiston, Idaho, and Clarkston, Washington. The river's present name gradually replaced the name bestowed by the captains for the largest tributary of the Columbia and the British fur traders' name, "Nez Perces River." Snake, or Shoshoni, Indians occupied the mountainous region between the plains and Columbia Plateau. They were familiar to the early trappers and explorers of the region, and the tribal name eventually replaced Lewis's honorific on early maps of the region. The name "Snake" Indians was a misnomer; fur traders mistook the hand gesture used in sign language to represent the movement of a snake instead of the Indians' meaning—salmon migrating upstream against the current.

The Nez Perce Indians named the river in this region "Swappatain," "Sahaptain," or "Saptain," as spoken in several dialects. The difficulty in translating Native American languages to English becomes apparent in the naming of this watercourse. In addition to the misinterpretation of sign language, perhaps a distortion of the Indian name resulted in another charting for the place name. Wilkes in 1841 showed the main stream of the river as "Satin or Lewis River" on the government's maps. The 1859 map, "Oregon State and Washington Territory," listed the drainage as "Lewis Fork or Snake River," but by 1865 the Washington Territory map had dropped all indications of the Lewis and Clark name for
the river and established its present place name.

**ALPOWA CREEK**

On October 11, 1805, the course and distance log notes, “Passed a large camp of Alpowa C. Indians.” The creek was not named on the route map or journal entries, either westbound or eastbound. Clark explained in the journals that in taking Indian vocabularies, “great object was to make every letter sound.” “Alpowa” must have been one of the easier native names for Clark, who spelled phonetically and derived some interesting spellings, occasionally using several forms for the same word.

Alpowa Creek in Asotin County enters the Snake River in the vicinity of the former Alpowa City, later renamed Silcott. The townsite was inundated by Lower Granite Reservoir in 1975. Chief Timothy State Park and Alpowa Interpretive Center are now located on an island created by the dam's backwater.

Gary Moulton, the most recent editor of the Lewis and Clark journals, reports that the village was known as “Alpoweyma,” from which came the modern place name. An anecdotal explanation of the meaning, “a spring forming a creek,” is not consistent with local native place naming. Many of the native names in common usage today are not the original native pronunciations and the exact meanings have been lost, despite creative attempts to explain them.

**TUCANNON RIVER**

The captains’ use of the name “Kimooenem” for a large river (Snake) and one of its tributaries (Tucannon) is confusing. Conjectural and secondhand information obtained from natives helped the captains select the original place names. Perhaps there was a misunderstanding in the interpretation of native information for the two drainages; however, they may have intentionally intended to use the name for the small stream after the decision was made to honor Lewis by giving his name to the large river. Eastbound in 1806, the expedition crossed this stream while on an overland trail and recognized the drainage as the stream they had passed while waterborne in the fall of 1805, although they did not quite spell it the same. The Nez Perce term “Qemuyenem” referred to the Walla Walla Indians’ tribal areas and may have been analogous to “Kimooenem,” used and variously spelled by the captains.

“Tukanin,” also a Nez Perce term, meant “abundance of bread root.” Lomatium cus, pronounced “kouse” or “couse” in the native language, was an important early spring food source that grew in the sandy soil. The present place name, Tucannon, derived from this native word, but various spellings of the name have plagued the drainage: “Two-cannon,” “Tuchannon,” “Tucanon,” “Tokanin,” “Tookanan,” and “Tukanin.” Railroad surveyors once spelled it “Two Cannon,” and the map artist drew two cannons on the charts.

**PALOUSE RIVER**

“Drewyers R,” as Clark usually spelled George Drouillard’s name, honored a river with the name of one member of the expedition. Arlen Large, a noted Lewis and Clark historian, surmised that Lewis and Clark did not try to rank the esteem for various subordinates according to the size or importance of the geographic feature named for them. George Drouillard, a half Shawnee civilian interpreter for the expedition, was the group’s main hunter and woodsman. Lewis regarded him as a valuable member of the corps and recommended him for a bonus at the end of the mission.

Drouillard was one of the last members of the expedition to be commemorated on the westbound route; the captains bestowed his name to a drainage that Clark described only as “a large Creek.” The largest tributary of the Snake River below the Clearwater River, and largest from the north, was named “La Pelouse” (translates to “grassland country” in French) by French Canadian fur trappers. The Indian village at the mouth of the river was called “Palus,” occupied by what is now known as the Palouse tribe. The most common Indian name for the river was “Moh-ha-na-shé.” Later, the drainage was known as “Pavilion,” “Pavion,” “Peluse,” and “Flag” river by various surveyors of the region. Today the established name of the river, Palouse, commemorates the Indian tribe of that region in eastern Washington.

**MONUMENTAL ROCK**

“Ship Rock,” so named because it resembled the hull of a ship, was plotted on the expedition’s route map. The Lewis and Clark name did not survive, replaced with a new name during the steamboat era on the Northwest rivers. Monumental Rock, the large basalt rock formation near the Monumental Rapids in the Snake River, inspired the name for one of the four dams on the lower section of the Snake River, Lower Monumental Dam.

Centralia veterinarian Allen “Doc” Wesselius is a member of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation, a board member of the foundation’s Washington chapter, and a longtime enthusiast of the Corps of Discovery and Pacific Northwest history.
The only methods of travel available to Lewis and Clark were their feet, their boats, and their horses. Benjamin Long used the first two methods whenever possible and resorted to modern "horsepower" to retrace the most rugged terrain covered by the original explorers. Along the way he found some dangers. Grizzly bears still roam the wilderness, although nowadays they wear yellow ear tags for easier identification. There are also isolated stretches of the Missouri River that demand expert planning, as practiced by Meriwether Lewis.

Backtracking is an interesting book for the traveler. It includes the author's anecdotes for fellow travelers as well as his interpretations of events from the Lewis and Clark journals. It does not go into tedious detail, as some historians might prefer, but is a gentle book that allows for dreaming about the journey the reader may want to take for himself. However, if the reader cannot make the trip in person, this book will provide a vicarious alternative.

Gary Lenz manages the Lewis and Clark Trail State Park in Dayton, Washington. He is widely published and recently received the David Douglas Fellowship from the Washington State Historical Society.

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Portland filmmaker Lawrence Johnson's new documentary about the bone game, or stick game, opened in November 2000 at the American Indian Film Festival in San Francisco and made its regional debut in January 2001 at the Spokane International Film Festival. The story, narrated by Richard Mullens of the Coeur d'Alene Tribe, takes shape as Coyote, the mythical creature of Columbia Plateau oral history, tells the Owl how the stick game came to be. Seven years in production, the film begins on the scenic Flathead Reservation of Montana and continues to seven more locations in the western United States.

In general, the hand game is made up of four bones, two white and two black. A player, or a team, is allowed to guess in which hand his opponent holds the white bones. Failure means the winning team or individual receives a stick. All of this takes place amidst taunting, much drumming, and the singing of traditional songs—all of which are intended to confuse or take power away from the person doing the choosing. It is a hard game to describe. You have to see it. Or see the movie, Hand Game.

The contests usually take place at powwows during the summer months. Wagering is commonplace. There are variations from tribe to tribe. At the Walker River Reservation in Nevada, for example, elders begin the game by hiding the bones in their hands under large handkerchiefs. At the Makah Reservation in Washington, liquor has been prohibited because it had become destructive to the social aspects of the game. On the Yakama Reservation during the 1940s, the game took place on Sunday because agricultural work does not allow for much free time. Opposing teams often traveled from British Columbia, contributing an international flavor.

On-camera personalities explain how the game makes everyone playing or attending feel equal, or how as children they were introduced to the intricacies of the deceptions. On the Coeur d'Alene Reservation, Catholic priests attempted to stamp out the stick games because of the gambling that accompanied it. On at least three other occasions federal officials entered the reservation—and private homes—to halt the games. The irony of the success of today's Coeur d'Alene tribal casino is not lost on at least one commentator.

One of the most poignant moments of the film occurs when legendary Blackfeet elder Earl Old Person, using old photographs, describes the history of the game in days so far in the past that only he can remember them. Certainly the most colorful episode in the
film takes place on the Crow Reservation where six teams assemble, each representing a district and led by a medicine man. Teams wear color-coordinated outfits, and their every move is watched by a large group of women sporting brightly colored dresses who sing songs and shake pompons from bleachers behind the action. The final segment of the film is set in Wellpinit, Washington, home of the Spokane Indian Tribe and sometimes referred to as the "Stick Game Capital of the World." Seeing it played there, where games can continue on through the night, reveals the intensity of the experience for the people who play and watch. This is tradition and community, not merely recreation. Johnson has done a masterful job of combining the personal words and stories with carefully angled action sequences to make this a film that stays in your memory.

Thomas Caswell is the media critic for the Spokane Inland Register and movie reviewer for the Cheney Free Press.

Clarence C. Dill
The Life of a Western Politician

Clarence C. Dill
The Life of a Western Politician

Clarence C. Dill moved to the Pacific Northwest as a young man in search of opportunity, landing in Spokane in 1908. By 1914 he had been elected to Congress. During his 20-year Capitol Hill career he emerged as a leading progressive and quintessential Westerner, fighting to build his region by using direct federal assistance. Kerry E. Irish rescues from obscurity this early architect of Pacific Northwest prosperity.

Dill, a Democrat, served in a risky seat for two terms before he was defeated in 1918 after opposing America’s entry into World War I. Following a four-year hiatus he returned to public life in 1922. Elected to the first of two terms in the United States Senate, he was the last Washington senator to hail from the East Side. He is remembered for a Senate career that focused on two issues: regulation of the radio airwaves, and the development of public power. To these he brought political acumen and tenacity that resulted in two monuments that still stand—the Federal Communications Commission and Grand Coulee Dam.

The construction of Grand Coulee Dam was the successful culmination of years of local agitation to tap the hydroelectric and irrigation potential of the Columbia River. Dill’s role was to grease the political skids and make the construction of dams a federal priority. In this he was aided by his personal friendship with President Franklin Roosevelt as well as FDR’s enthusiasm for public power.

In 1934 Dill chose to retire, possibly fearing potential scandal involving a messy public divorce and the hint of corrupt profits from construction of the dam. He later tried unsuccessfully to return to public life by running for governor and Congress. The rest of his career was spent representing public power companies and encouraging further development of the Columbia watershed.

Irish’s book is too short but nevertheless provides very good analysis of Dill’s political races and his activities on behalf of radio regulation and dam construction. It concludes with a polemical epilogue by Dill defending Pacific Northwest development, the dams in particular. The value of this book is enhanced by the inclusion of 30 pages of endnotes and a lengthy bibliography.

Buck Sterling is the reference librarian at the Gonzaga University School of Law. He is also a traveler, a commentator, and an acute observer of the Pacific Northwest political scene.

Captain Cook’s World
Maps of the Life and Voyages of James Cook, R.N.

The three voyages made by Captain James Cook of the British Royal Navy into and around the Pacific Ocean between 1768 and 1780 made him famous in his own lifetime as well as ours. Cook and his crews charted waters and lands unknown to Europeans; he wrote fact and fiction about distant people; and he altered cultures. In the process, Cook ascended from common man to national hero. The book under review is a tribute to James Cook in the form of 128 new maps and accompanying text.

Library bookshelves around the world are given over to Captain Cook. J. C. Beaglehole’s Life of Captain James Cook was called definitive by some in 1974. It remains an excellent starting point, as do Cook’s published journals, charts and art. Missing from the package, however, was a series of maps showing Cook’s location at each step of his life. Robson’s book fills that void handsomely, though the utility of the maps is slightly modified by the exclusion of indicators of north and of scale.

Snippets of biography, as well as ships’ courses, identification of key sites in Cook’s life, and the locations of trails, museums, statues and burials associated with Captain Cook accompany the maps. This is not a book from which to learn about other explorers, or the people who lived in the places explored, or the empires established in Cook’s wake. Still, anyone following the life of Captain James Cook will do well to get and use Captain Cook’s World as a reference tool.

Garry Schalliol is director of Outreach Services for the Washington State Historical Society and an advanced student of maritime exploration.

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