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University of Washington Press P.O. Box 50096, Seattle, WA 98115 www.washington.edu/uwpress/
From the Editor 2

History Commentary 3

George Vancouver 6

The renowned explorer helped a Hawaiian king effect a reconciliation with his estranged wife.

By J. Richard Nikes

Knowing Your “Place” 12

The Lewis and Clark expedition began the process of identifying and defining the Pacific Northwest as a region.

By James P. Ronda

McClellan & Tinkham 17

Why do we so repeatedly slap the names of “heroic men” on our toponomastic features?

By Judith Bentley

From the Collection 23

“Being considered highly favorable for the rearing of Flocks and Herds.....”

Carving Out a Place 24

A look at the lives of the Japanese Americans who called Eatonville home between 1904 and 1942.

By Joseph R. Smith

History Album 29

Era Meeker’s best friend...

Capitol Hill 30

A short history of Seattle’s Capitol Hill district (and how it got its name).

By Jacqueline Williams

Captured Time 36

Photography in the Northwest, as elsewhere, is the single, universally understood language.

By Richard Frederick & Rod Slemmons

Columbia Reviews 44

Correspondence/Additional Reading 48
February 4, 2002

The Honorable George Radanovich, Chairman
Subcommittee on National Parks, Recreation, and Public Lands
1333 Longworth Building, U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515-6207

RE: HR 2643

Dear Mr. Chairman:

I write this letter on behalf of the Washington State Historical Society, our state’s Lewis and Clark Bicentennial Advisory Committee, and the team of state agencies, led by our Society, planning the bicentennial in Washington. We in Washington are delighted you are conducting a hearing on HR 2643, authorizing the expansion of Fort Clatsop National Memorial and, of more particular interest in this state, the authorization of a study on the inclusion of Station Camp and adjacent areas in said Memorial.

“Station Camp” was Lewis and Clark’s terminal westward camp on the north bank of the Columbia River. The importance of this place has been demonstrated at length by Ken Burns, Dayton Duncan, and Stephen Ambrose in their documentary film and literary work. However, for emphasis here, let me briefly cite the words of Sergeant Patrick Gass who at Station Camp penned: “We are now at the end of our voyage, which has been completely accomplished according to the intention of the expedition.” Those intentions, of course, were President Jefferson’s.

Of late, the most celebrated aspect of Station Camp has been the story of the “vote” to establish the location of the party’s campsite for the winter of 1805-06. Indeed, this turned out to be Fort Clatsop, to which we trust Station Camp might be attached administratively. Dayton Duncan best described this epic event when elaborating on the participation of Sacagawea and York in the tally, he said this “was the most powerful, meaningful single moment of an expedition filled with powerful, meaningful moments. This moment was beyond meaningful—it was transcendent.” Surely this site of great drama, the Megler Rest Area, is deserving of consideration for inclusion in the pantheon of heroic settings that the National Park Service administers.

A few days before the famed vote at Station Camp, Captain Clark asked his compatriots if any “wished to see more of the Ocean.” Ten volunteered to join Clark on a ten-mile westward excursion to the headlands at the mouth of the Columbia River, Cape Disappointment. Dayton Duncan has characterized their motivation as a need to satisfy themselves by reaching the continent’s edge, “where the horizon’s edge is filled only with water.” Clark’s party set out a few miles on a sandy stretch of the Long Beach peninsula before returning to Station Camp. This was the northwesternmost point of exploration for what was originally called “The Corps of Volunteers for Northwestern Discovery.”

Thank you for taking the time to consider these historical arguments in favor of HR 2643, with particular emphasis on Section 4.

Sincerely,
David L. Nicandri, Director
Washington State Historical Society

COLUMBIA 2  SPRING 2002
The Hanford Site: Washington's Largest Battlefield and Its Lessons

By Michele S. Gerber

EDITOR'S NOTE
The text of this essay was presented as the Curtiss Hill Lecture at the Washington State Historical Society's Annual Meeting in June 2001.

TWELVE YEARS transpired between my first lecture at the Washington State Historical Society's Annual Meeting in Pullman in the spring of 1989 and my presentation as the Curtiss Hill lecturer at the Society's 2001 Annual Meeting in Tacoma. At the time of the first lecture, I was just beginning my research into the history of the Hanford Site. Now my research is well along, but there is still much to be discovered and debated in the field of Hanford's history. In 1989 the Hanford Site and its historical records were still largely secret. By 2001 the site was quite open. Over 2 million pages of Hanford historical records were declassified in the intervening years, so that there is now more information available to the public about Hanford than about any other nuclear defense facility in the world. In 1989 Hanford's waste was a topic of shame—and outright denial in some circles—as the facts about the waste legacy came to light. In 2001 the vast quantities of nuclear and chemical wastes that lie at Hanford are openly admitted and discussed, and waste cleanup dollars are a vital part of eastern Washington's economy.

Hanford's Enduring Significance

HOWEVER, MANY THINGS have not changed since 1989. Hanford remains one of the most important stories of the 20th century. In a poll of journalists and scholars taken as the 20th century ended, the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were voted as the most significant events of that century. That finding, conducted by the Newsweek, a news and history museum in Arlington, Virginia, clearly placed the Hanford Site at the epicenter, or “ground zero,” of 20th-century history because it is where the plutonium core of the Nagasaki weapon was manufactured. For this reason and many others, Hanford, the first, most productive, and most costly plutonium production site in the world, can be expected to retain its regional, national, and international significance for as long as it is practical for humans to imagine.

At Hanford the bellicose speeches of the Cold War were made real in concrete, steel, lead, uranium, and men's and women's daily lives. I maintain that one cannot understand the 20th-century unless one understands the Cold War, and one cannot understand the Cold War without knowing the Hanford Site. The battle that was fought at the Hanford Engineer Works (HEW—the World War II name for the Hanford Site) caused the world to turn upside down and ushered in change as fundamental in American life as that which occurred on another battlefield when "the world turned upside down"—the battlefield at Yorktown, Virginia, where Lord Cornwallis surrendered to General George Washington.

Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist Charles Krauthammer of the Washington Post described a fundamental enigma of the Cold War in his essay, “The End of Heroism.” The Cold War, he said, was “Our war, the war we hardly recognize ... the long twilight struggle that ended as no other great war in history—with utter silence.” But Hanford, America's front line in the Cold War, is not silent. Echoes of the Cold War can be heard in the busy machinery of cleanup, and in the voices of the region's people debating its heritage.

In Washington real human beings with no choice but to live their lives today must do something with Hanford. For one thing, we must find practical ways to isolate, contain, repackage, repossession, and keep track of the enormous load of nuclear waste and special nuclear materials at the site today. Presently, noisy and contentious public dialogues engage over how to conduct the largest waste “cleanup” (containment) project ever undertaken by mankind, how to prioritize and spend the available dollars, and how to provide long-term gain with a seat at a bargaining table dominated by short-term interests and incremental funding.

All of us rejoice that the pall of fear of nuclear holocaust and the crushing burden of debt caused by heavy arms production throughout the lifetime of a majority of living Americans have been lifted. At the same time, Americans working at, studying, funding, or visiting Hanford struggle to make sense of its history.

At this place of dumbfounding contrasts, most of the real threats are silent and invisible, and the only sounds heard for hundreds of square miles are bird songs, the rustle of dry desert...
grasses, and the whooshing flow of a huge and rapid river. Yet the immediacy of history, the demand to participate and be heard, the fears and hopes expressed, and the constant press of those coming to hear the Hanford story bring a cacophony of voices and visitors to this remote place. A silent war in a silent place? Hanford is isolated and deceptively quiet, but it stands at the very center of who we are as Americans, who we want to be, and how we want the world to know us.

End of the Cold War

When the Cold War ended in 1991, it left the Hanford Site temporarily confused and reeling. Missions central to the site's identity ended in rapid succession. The Department of Energy (DOE), Hanford's controlling federal agency, issued formal deactivation orders to the mighty PUREX (plutonium-uranium extraction) Plant in 1992 and to N-Reactor in 1995.

Other key Hanford defense production facilities, standing as stark, gray reminders of past defense imperatives, also closed. The passage of these old workhorse facilities into obsolescence was met with a wide range of emotions, depending on one's perspective. Workers saluted and cried at ceremonies marking the end of the PUREX Deactivation Project in June 1997, recalling a lifetime of camaraderie and proud service to the "Gray Lady." At the end of the B-Plant Deactivation Project, Portland's Oregonian wrote: "Although it [B-Plant] fulfilled its purpose of recovering plutonium from reactor fuel, it wreaked havoc with the environment at Hanford, releasing radioactive gases into the air and flushing contaminated process water directly onto the ground, creating open atomic ponds."

Spent Fuel Project

On December 7, 2000, the Hanford Site again made history when the first container of spent (irradiated) nuclear fuel was removed from the K-West Basin less than a quarter mile from the Columbia River. Workers, dignitaries, and media gathered in the chill darkness applauded and cheered as the huge steel container emerged from the old basin where the dangerous fuel had stewed and languished for a quarter century.

The event was hailed as a down payment to the stakeholders, taxpayers, residents, and environment of the magnificent region on the debt incurred when the Manhattan Project seized the land and river for nuclear production nearly 60 years ago.

Although spent fuel is dried and stored at nuclear power plants in many parts of the world, the work being done in Hanford's Spent Nuclear Fuel (SNF) Project had never been attempted anywhere before. Fuel configuration, condition, and location made this job one of the toughest and riskiest in the cleanup universe. However, since the start of fuel removal in the SNF Project, many additional containers have been removed. Although the goal of loading and removing all 400 containers won't be reached until mid 2004, the unique and daring project demonstrates that some endeavors at Hanford are executed with excellence.

Storage Tank Issues Loom

Other big cleanup projects, such as Hanford's high-level waste tanks program has drawn the ire of many. As recently as October 2000, Washington's attorney general, Christine Gregoire, stated: "Unless we get a judge involved, we're not getting the kind of cooperation we need .... You [DOE] spend a lot of money. You spend a lot of time. You don't clean up squat."

The facts were that by mid 2001 a cleanup division aimed at remediating Hanford's underground, high-level tank waste had existed for ten years, it had spent approximately $3.5 billion over that time period, it had employed nearly 2,000 people per year, and yet no tank waste curies had left the Hanford Site by any other mechanism than natural radioactive decay.

The "baby-sitting" aspect of tank waste work was frustrating to all involved, including Hanford workers and Hanford watchers. Just keeping the tanks safe each day, monitoring, repairing, ventilating, and sampling were not enough for most people concerned because these activities followed a path that led nowhere.
Viable plans for dealing with tank waste had been produced at Hanford since 1958. In all that time, the site had generated file drawers full of plans that ended up being underfunded, scrapped due to policy changes, lost in the shuffle of contractor and personnel changes, bypassed because a more technological solution beckoned just over the horizon, or stillborn for other reasons.

Today, work is underway on a ten-year, $4 billion contract signed in late 2000 to construct and operate an initial tank waste vitrification facility at Hanford. The effort, soon to enter the construction phase, requires that the first wastes be vitrified in 2007. Treating the entire tank waste inventory, obviously, will require a very long time.

Self-Portrait of Hanford's World War II Builders

As Washingtonians and others debated Hanford's cleanup and Hanford's history in the late 20th century, the old arsenal site proved once again that its extensive yet elusive historical record is capable of yielding new information. In a discovery of major importance, a nearly two-hour silent film depicting the original World War II construction of HEW was found in a personal collection on the East Coast.

Entitled War Construction in the Desert, the film was dated by historians as having been completed about January/February 1945. As such, it portrayed an unabashed pride in the hectic pace of accomplishments during the time when HEW was engaged almost wholly in construction activities, and none of the ambivalence that would come to some participants later, after the site's fruits had been deployed at Alamogordo and Nagasaki.

To historians, however, the style and sequence of presentation in the old film are as important as the content—they tell us what the HEW builders thought of themselves and how they wished to be seen by posterity.

In fact, close-up views of the workers and machinery shown in the film do inspire admiration for the hard work and high level of skill deployed at HEW. Without computers to guide their tools, it is beyond remarkable that Hanford's builders achieved such precise standards. But it is the optimism, pride, sureness of purpose, and sweeping, "go for the goal post" energy that provide the most important aspects of the knowledge we gain from this film. To Hanford's early government workers, this home front of science, secrecy, and battle was not unlike the battlefield challenges of World War II with its stark necessities, risk mentality, and vast unknowns.

Watching this film today is almost like having the chance to watch a Renaissance builder or artist at work on a cathedral. One is struck by how very old the Hanford Site really is. The printed titles and sentences interspersed between segments of film convey a 1920s vaudevillian aura. The personalities of the HEW also come alive in War Construction in the Desert, in contrast to their sometimes wooden looks in World War II still photos. Customs of the era, now relics of a bygone culture, are evident in the film, including segregated work crews and an all-black tavern, men in Fedora hats, references to women workers as "girls," a total absence of seat belts, ever-present cigarettes, and before-meal prayer in the day nursery.

The final scenes of the film, however, are the most astonishing in their power to evoke the profound change in world history that occurred as a result of HEW's pioneering work. The last minutes of the film deal with the final construction and preparations for operating B-Reactor and T-Plant, the two facilities that actually produced the plutonium core of the Trinity and Nagasaki weapons. Huge equipment that would form the "guts" of T-Plant, mocked up and built in a nearby construction shop, is draped in heavy black material by workers and guided onto a flatbed railcar for the journey of less than a half mile to T-Plant.

As the tall, top-secret load inches along the track, present-day watchers are awed by the knowledge that these Hanford workers were about to change the world. Nine months later, the plutonium they produced was deployed at Nagasaki and ended World War II, a war that had lasted 15 years in some parts of the globe, involved approximately 50 nations, and cost over 50 million lives. Were these Americans egocentric? Bullying? Good? Bad? Right? Wrong? Whatever the spectrum of answers, it is clear that Hanford still has the power to engage the 21st century in daunting debates.

Why Every American Should Study Hanford

In my opinion, every American, and certainly every Washingtonian, should see Hanford. First, all Americans (even Americans born this morning) will pay a portion of their tax dollars to "clean up" and contain Hanford's wastes and special nuclear materials and then to safeguard and monitor these materials for as long as they live. Second, the safety of the Columbia River may be threatened if Hanford's cleanup programs are not executed well and in a timely manner. Third, the Hanford story is rich in lessons for the 21st century. Lessons abound about information management, public involvement, inclusion (or exclusion) of lay persons in debates about new technologies, and the roles of local, state, and federal authority. These lessons were lived and learned at Hanford, but they are applicable to debates about genetic engineering, privacy in the electronic age, and other key 21st-century issues. For these reasons, and since it is not feasible for every American to visit the Hanford Site, I call for expanded study, research, teaching, and writing about Hanford by every educational institution in our state.

Michele Gerber holds a Ph.D. with highest honors in history from the State University of New York, Albany. She served on the National Academy of Sciences' Committee on Declassification, and has consulted to the U.S. Centers for Disease Control. She is now a member of the Hanford Reach National Monument Federal Advisory Committee and works in information and communication for Fluor Hanford, Inc. Portions of this commentary were excerpted from the new epilogue in the third edition of Gerber's book, On the Home Front, The Cold War Legacy of the Hanford Nuclear Site (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2001).
About the time American and British sailing vessels began trading and exploring in the Pacific Northwest in the late 18th century, a stout young chief on the island of Hawaii began to flex his muscles in a long campaign that led to his eventual triumph over rival chiefs and his conquest over all the islands.

Captain James Cook, the famous British navigator, sailing in search of a northwest passage between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, first came upon the islands he named for the Earl of Sandwich, first lord of the British Admiralty, in January 1778. At what is known today as Waimea Village on the island of Kauai, then “Atooi,” Cook met the natives ashore and obtained supplies. He then sailed away to the Pacific Northwest to begin his search for a northwest passage at the 45th parallel of latitude, reaching what is known today as the coast of the state of Oregon on March 17, 1778. Here he named a landmark Cape Foulweather for the storms that beset him. Cook sailed north through the summer, spending a month repairing his ships at Nootka Sound on Vancouver Island, then continued on without finding any passage.

By late October, Cook had reached the 70th parallel of north latitude, in the Arctic Ocean, where ice blocked his way. He decided to return to the Sandwich Islands for the winter and resume his search the following spring. Such was not to be his fate.

On this occasion he anchored at the island of Maui (Mowee) where one of the first nobles he encountered was “Mailua Maiha,” later called “Kamehameha the Great.” Kamehameha is known to have come aboard Cook’s flagship, possibly with other chiefs, and sailed overnight on the British vessel. Aboard one of Cook’s ships was a young midshipman of the Royal Navy, George Vancouver, who later was to play an important role not only in the history of the Northwest Coast, which he explored and charted,

George Vancouver, one of England’s great maritime explorers, visited the Sandwich Islands in 1792-94 while he also explored the Northwest Coast.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Kealakekua Bay on the island of Hawaii was the anchorage for western sailing ships such as those of George Vancouver. The bay is surrounded by tall cliffs.
but also in Hawaii where he became a confidant of Kamehameha's during his battles for supremacy in the islands. Vancouver proposed to Kamehameha that the Island of Hawaii become a protectorate of Britain. Vancouver even acted as Cupid for the eventual king and his favorite wife. Kamehameha was a chief in the court of Kalaniopuu, known to Cook as Terreebou, ruler of the island of Hawaii. Kamehameha was, in fact, a nephew of the aged king. Although only about 20 years old, Kamehameha already was a skilled and trusted warrior in the king's court and would soon aspire to greater glory. Vancouver and Kamehameha met on this occasion. They both played roles in the tragedy in Kealakekua Bay, on the west coast of the island of Hawaii, where Cook was killed by natives in what historians believe was a terrible misunderstanding.

Leading up to Cook's demise was an incident in which British sailors, including Midshipman Vancouver, went ashore to recover stolen property. By mistake they tried to seize a canoe belonging to a friendly native named Parea. A squabble ensued when Vancouver interceded on behalf of a shipmate who was about to be struck and was himself knocked to his knees by a Hawaiian. When that was settled, Parea proceeded to Cook's ship where, in a gesture of conciliation, he returned Vancouver's hat.

On February 13, 1789, Cook became incensed after a longboat from his escort ship, Discovery, was stolen, and he marched ashore with a marine guard to persuade the king to come aboard his flagship, Resolution, where Cook intended to hold him hostage until the boat was returned. But Kalaniopuu's chief, fearing the king was in danger, attacked Cook and his guard. Hundreds of natives joined in the attack. Cook was struck from behind and fired his own pistol, which did no harm because one barrel was loaded only with buckshot. He fired the second barrel loaded with ball and killed one native, then was stabbed by a dagger, possibly made from metal acquired from the white men. He fell across a rock at bayside, then was stabbed again and mauled by the enraged mob.

In the melee Cook and four marines were killed, as were an estimated 20 natives. In accordance with their custom, the Hawaiians seized Cook's corpse and treated it as though he were a noble, stripping and burning the flesh and distributing the bones among high chiefs. Kamehameha acquired a clump of hair, which he returned to the ship.

Kamehameha, as a warrior chief, undoubtedly played a part in the assault and is believed to have been wounded by a flying rock splintered from the bluff by British cannon fire. He also is mentioned in the journal of the expedition as having been responsible for the return of certain portions of Cook's body to his ship.

Vancouver, as a young midshipman, witnessed the brief but furious battle from his position on shipboard and may have been one of five midshipmen who tried unsuccessfully to recover the bodies of the four dead marines.

Cook's fate was especially surprising because the Hawaiians had welcomed and befriended the Britons both on Maui (where Kalaniopuu and his warriors were fighting that island's ruler), and at Kealakekua Bay, Kalaniopuu's headquarters, where Cook had taken his two
ships next. The king and all his people had provided huge supplies of food, from pigs to breadfruit, plantains, sugarcane and taro for the hungry seamen. Cook himself had been treated as royalty, and possibly was considered the embodiment of a native god, Lono or Orono.

After Cook's demise Charles Clerke, the ailing captain of the Discovery, assumed overall command of the expedition, and such of Cook's remains as could be obtained from the natives were buried in a solemn ritual in Kealakekua Bay. A monument today marks the spot. John Gore, an American, assumed command of the Discovery, and the two ships sailed again for the Northwest Coast. Clerke's search for a northwest passage was no more successful than Cook's had been, but the sailors traded with natives for sea otter pelts. When Clerke died of consumption, command passed to Lieutenant John Gore who brought the ships home to England in 1780. When the journals of the expedition were published by the British Admiralty in 1784, the world learned of the potential trade value of sea otter pelts in China. This information aroused great interest in both America and England, and several merchant vessels set sail in the 1780s for the Northwest Coast, this time with profit in mind, to establish a sea otter commerce between there and China via Hawaii.

While several mariners provided Western weapons to Kamehameha and other chiefs, Vancouver counseled Kamehameha to follow a path of peace in seeking to rule over all the islands.

Aftter Cook's expedition, the first British captain in Pacific waters was James Hanna in 1785. He amassed pelts in the Northwest that proved worth a fortune in China and made a smaller profit on a second voyage. Hanna was soon followed by Nathaniel Portlock and George Dixon, in the King George and the Queen Charlotte, named for Britain's royal couple, in 1786 and 1787; and by John Meares in 1786 and 1788. All had an impact on the culture of the Hawaiian Islands as their ships passed through en route to Macao on the South China Coast to peddle their furs.

William Barkley, discoverer of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, carried not only provisions when he left the islands but also a teenage Hawaiian girl who was taken aboard by Mrs. Barkley as her maid. The unfortunate Winee died at sea in 1788 while being returned to Hawaii by John Meares. Meares also took on board a young noble, Kaiana, who sailed with him to China and then with Meares's subordinate commander, William Douglas, to the Northwest Coast and back to Hawaii. When Kaiana returned home he brought back with him many tools, weapons, plants, and a knowledge of the ways and language of the white men with whom he had sailed.
for nearly a year. He became a prominent chief in Kamehameha's war machine, which eventually conquered all the islands. He was known, not entirely favorably, by George Vancouver who believed Kaiana was disloyal to Kamehameha. Two Americans, John Kendrick and Robert Gray, were on both the Northwest Coast and in Hawaii in 1788-89 and a few years later. Kendrick died by accidental cannon fire in Honolulu harbor in 1795. Gray carried the first Hawaiians with him to America and around the world.

One of the worst tragedies perpetrated by a fur trader was the so-called Olowalu massacre on the coast of Maui in 1790. Captain Simon Metcalf (Metcalfe) of New York anchored and began trading. One night natives stole a ship's boat and killed the sailor who was guarding it. Reportedly, the theft was done by natives at the nearby village of Olowalu. Metcalf, pretending to be friendly, urged the Hawaiians to assemble with their canoes on one side of his ship. When they were duly assembled, he opened fire with all the ship's guns. The carnage was terrible, and the death toll among the natives may have been as high as 100.

A short time later Metcalf's son, Thomas, only a teenager, brought his own small vessel, Fair American, to a harbor on the coast of the island of Hawaii. His ship was attacked and the crew of five, including young Metcalf, was wiped out save for one British sailor who survived—Isaac Davis. Davis and another sailor, John Young, off the senior Metcalf's ship, became trusted advisers to Kamehameha, who also took the Fair American as his own.

Of all the pioneer mariners who came to Hawaii bringing guns, ammunition, metal tools, and such in trade for supplies and the companionship of lovely women, none had as great an impact for good on Kamehameha as George Vancouver, who first had been in the islands with Cook in 1778 and 1779. When the British Admiralty decided to send an expedition to chart and explore the Pacific Coast north of the Spanish claims in 1791, they selected Commander George Vancouver to head it.

En route to the coast in 1792 Vancouver, as had captains before him, headed for Hawaii to spend the winter. He formed a firm friendship with Kamehameha (even rubbing noses on occasion and exchanging names) that continued through two more sojourns on the islands in 1793 and 1794. That second winter he brought with him livestock (from New Albion—the northern Pacific Coast) including six cows (one cow died on arrival) and a bull. The animals gained royal protection and may have been the origin of the famous Parker Ranch, which exists today at Waimea on the Big Island. Vancouver brought additional livestock in 1794.

But more than the gifts, Vancouver also brought Western ideas and the offer
of friendship with Great Britain. Vancouver early became acquainted with Kamehameha's prowess as a warrior, especially when the island chief staged an exhibition in which he defended successfully against six spears thrown at him simultaneously. In response, Vancouver set off a great display of fireworks. While several mariners provided Western weapons to Kamehameha and other chiefs, sometimes even small cannons, Vancouver refused to supply any guns or ammunition. Instead, he counseled Kamehameha to follow a path of peace in seeking to rule over all the islands. He did provide skilled sailors to assist Kamehameha in constructing a British-type craft christened Britannia which the chief armed and used as the flagship of his fleet of war canoes during his various campaigns. Despite Vancouver's advice, Kamehameha fought bloody battles to gain his kingdom. He finally conquered six principal islands and formed a kingdom in 1795. The last two, Kauai and Niihau, came under his rule through peaceful negotiations in 1810. Kamehameha ruled until his death in 1819.

On Vancouver's last midwinter visit to the islands, in 1794, he endeared himself forever to the island king. Vancouver reveals the story in considerable detail in the fourth volume of his journal. When his ships called at Hilo on the Big Island, he found Kamehameha in a disconsolate mood. It developed that the king and his favorite wife, Kaahumanu, had separated. Vancouver offered to try to bring about reconciliation, but the king declined, in essence telling Vancouver to stay out of his personal affairs. The island king joined Vancouver's ship in sailing around the island to Kealakekua Bay where the queen had gone to live with her royal parents.

Convinced that Kamehameha was grieving over his loss, despite having several other wives, Vancouver finally persuaded Kamehameha to rejoin him aboard the Discovery where he would
had George Vancouver had his way, the Hawaiian Islands might well have come under the banner of Great Britain instead of the United States. On his last visit, in 1794, before Kamehameha had conquered all the islands, Vancouver invited the island ruler and his advisers to come aboard. He wrote that on February 24 Kamehameha with his chiefs came aboard “for the purpose of formally ceding and surrendering the Island of Hawaii to me for his Britanic Majesty, his heirs and successors.” Britain was not to interfere with Kamehameha and his chiefs who would continue to govern, but the natives would be people of “Britannia.” Peter Puget (an explorer of Puget Sound in 1792 with Vancouver) and other ship’s officers went ashore and “displayed the British colors, and took possession.”

Vancouver submitted the agreement to the British Crown, but Parliament never ratified it. Britain had many troubles in Europe, and Hawaii was a long way away. But Kamehameha believed some sort of agreement had been reached and certain promises made.

On March 3, 1810, from the “Island of Woahoo (Oahu),” Kamehameha wrote a letter to King George advising him that Kamehameha was now the king of all the islands. He expressed regret that he could not come to King George’s assistance in his troubles in Europe. He sought to receive from the king of Britain “a small vessel” that he thought had been promised by Vancouver. He asked for a seal, hunting for a flag, brass guns (“in case of attack by your enemies”), and a register (document) that would permit him to engage in foreign trade. He asked that Britain promise to come to Hawaii’s assistance should it come under attack from another power. The crown later did respond with a few items, including a small vessel, the Prince Regent, built in Australia.

It arrived a year after Kamehameha’s death, according to Herb Kawainui Kane, island historian/artist. Kane feels that Kamehameha’s letter to King George is evidence that the Hawaiian king believed, through his agreement with Vancouver, that Hawaii, although autonomous, was “indeed in some sort of free association with the British Empire and entitled to defense by Britain.”

Vancouver’s influence on Kamehameha and Hawaii is reflected, in part, in the inclusion of Britain’s Union Jack in the flag of Hawaii, even though it is the 50th state of the United States.

Although approximately the same age, (each may have been born in 1758, although the date is not certain for either) Kamehameha outlived Vancouver by nearly 20 years. The island king, by this time ruler of all the islands, died in 1819 in Kailua-Kona on the Big Island, not far from his birthplace. In accordance with native custom, his bones were secreted in a lava cave. There is a saying in the islands that only the stars know the resting place of Kamehameha. Vancouver died in 1798, just before completion of his journal, and was buried in Petersham Parish, Surrey, England, on May 18 of that year. A monument marks his grave site.

LEWIS & CLARK AND THE INVENTION OF AMERICAN REGIONALISM

By James P. Ronda

EDITOR'S NOTE
This essay was presented as the Curtiss Hill Lecture at the Washington State Historical Society's 2000 Annual Meeting.

I can still hear my grandmother saying, "Know your place; everything in its place." To which I might now add, "This must be the place; places in the heart; the home place." In all these lines the important word is "place." Like the words "home" and "road," place carries deeply emotional, often profoundly personal meanings. We all live in places; we find identity, both personal and national, in places. Our national history is a kind of symbolic landscape filled with touchstone places: Plymouth Rock, Valley Forge, South Pass on the Oregon Trail, Gettysburg, the Little Bighorn—and the list goes on. For so many of us certain places bear nearly sacred meanings. And we all sense the uneasy fear in the word "displaced." To be displaced is to be disconnected from the very ground of our being. Place—your place, my place, our places—place is at the heart of who we say we are.

I want to share with you an idea that can be simply expressed but one that has had profound consequences for our past and our present. Places and their meanings do not just happen. Whatever place we talk about, that place did not fall from the sky fully grown with its meanings completely developed. Places don’t have an independent existence in the landscape like mountains or rivers or forests. What we see in nature is the stuff that places are made of. This is what Willa Cather meant when she looked at the Nebraska prairie and said that it was "not a country at all, but the material out of which countries are made."

I think that what happens when places are invented is something like this: We are the creators, the inventors, of the places around us. We invest certain parts of the earth as special, set aside, and set apart from other parts. Often we name those places, drawing on experience or desire or personal ambition. Thus we have Cape Disappointment, Cape Flattery, Deception Pass, Bellevue, Longview, Richland, Sunnyside, Vancouver, Mount Adams, and Puget Sound. We do that naming and setting apart on a large scale, and we call those things regions. We do it on a small, perhaps more intimate scale, and we use the word place. Lewis and Clark did both throughout their journey into the West. They invented places and fashioned regions.

Before we join the Rover Boys in the Wild West, I think it would be good for us to pay attention to the boundaries of place and region. This reminds me of the question I ask my students each year: "Complete this sentence: You know you are in the West when you see...."

Students from Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, and Dallas all have very different answers, but they all know that places and regions have boundaries, lines that when crossed signal the end of one experience and the beginning of something else. An essential part of inventing place is setting those boundaries, drawing those lines. Some of those lines are visible, evident for all to see. They are the boundaries established by war or diplomacy or bureaucracy. There are also features in the natural landscape we declare to be important as lines of demarcation. In our imagination we take hold of mountains or rivers and invest them with boundary mean-
ings. These are the visible borders. But perhaps more significant—and probably more elusive—are those boundary lines that exist only in our minds, our collective memory. This is the line I might draw around what I call my neighborhood. It is a line that bears little resemblance to the one established by the city of Tulsa or our subdivision land developer. The lines in my mind are the boundaries of perception, of memory, of enduring personal meaning. We recognize them without always knowing how they got there, but they are real and they do matter. And perhaps these are the lines that mark our places in the heart.

But what about Lewis and Clark? What about Thomas Jefferson and the invention of those places and that region we now call the Pacific Northwest? How we imagine a place often depends on our vantage point. Remember my students as they sort out where the West begins. Their responses are directly connected to the places they come from. Vantage point means everything. Am I on the far outside looking in; am I on the inside looking out? From Thomas Jefferson’s point of view at Monticello in 1803, how did the far Northwest appear? Where were its lines and what was its shape? We can begin to appreciate Jefferson’s point of view, his “prospect,” by recalling an important map. In 1804 Philadelphia cartographer Samuel Lewis (no relation to Meriwether) prepared a map of Louisiana for a new atlas. That map reflected the best professional understanding of the North American West available to an East Coast audience. More important, it expressed perfectly Jefferson’s own hopeful geography—a geography of navigable rivers, gentle mountains, and fertile soil. The map reassured Jefferson and his explorers that a northwest passage just awaited American discovery. And this map said one more thing, something notable for its absence and silence. The far Northwest appeared as an empty place—empty of names, terrain features, and recognizable places. It was, so Samuel Lewis believed, a blank slate on which Americans could inscribe their names and their missions. To be blunt, this map said that there was no “there” in these parts. Instead, the whole West, from the Missouri to the Pacific, was one vast, fertile garden. It was a garden without distinctive features, a garden of sameness, of uniformity. From Monticello the entire West appeared without textures, without wrinkles. Where Jefferson imagined sameness and uniformity, Lewis and Clark would encounter and record difference and diversity.

Where to begin as we watch the Corps of Discovery define places and regions in the country west of the Rockies? We might start with the geographic reality that loomed the largest in their minds. If we are going to play fair with Lewis and Clark, we need to make an effort to see the world as they saw it. We should start with the Pacific Ocean, that continent of water spreading over more than a third of the earth’s surface. Two centuries before Lewis and Clark, the English essayist Francis Bacon described the Pacific as “the greatest wilderness of waters in the world.” From the mid-18th century to the mid-19th, it was the Pacific Ocean that captured the imagination and energy of the great European explorers, scientists, cartographers, and imperial planners. Poets, artists, and playwrights were not immune to the promises and temptations of the Pacific. Paradise, once located in some distant Eden, was now said to be in Tahiti. In terms of exploration history, this was the age of James Cook, George Vancouver, William Bligh, and their patron, Sir Joseph Banks. Meriwether Lewis once likened himself to Cook, and perhaps Jefferson fancied himself an American version of Banks. For all these explorers it was the Pacific that really mattered. The Pacific—not North America—was the last “New World.” The Pacific was
not only the Lewis and Clark expedition's goal, it served to define both the western edge and perhaps even part of the character of the far Northwest.

William Clark, the expedition's most geographically sensitive journal keeper, understood the defining power of the great western sea. The very idea of the ocean captured Clark's imagination as it had others in the Corps of Discovery. In early November 1805 the expedition was within the Columbia River estuary. Thinking this was the ocean, Clark composed a simple but memorable journal entry. "Great joy in camp we are in View of the ocian This great Pacific Octean which we been So long anxious to See." Here is William Clark, the language magician, conjuring up spirits of awe and desire with words that are almost an incantation. With those few words Clark explained how the explorers understood themselves and their journey. President Jefferson might have grand geopolitical aspirations (as he surely did), but in the day-to-day reality of hard traveling and often mind-numbing routine, it was the dream of reaching the ocean that kept the expedition pushing on. Abstractions like the Northwest Passage and the contest for empire in the West were fine for stay-at-homes and armchair adventurers. It was the promise of seeing the "great Pacific Octean" that kept morale alive.

In whatever landscape he found himself, Clark always sought out some defining mark, some piece of the terrain that might represent both the country and the expedition's experience in it. On various occasions it was the prairie or the Great Falls of the Missouri or the Bitterroot Mountains. But on this gray November day, with the Columbia sweeping out before him, Clark could find no such landmark. His eyes strained to make out something that might symbolize the ocean and all that it had come to mean for the Corps of Discovery, but his eyes failed him. Instead, it was what he heard that now drew his attention. Imagining he could hear the ocean waves pounding on the coast, Clark described not a landscape but a soundscape. Here was the sound of power, the very throb and pulse of Nature. And the unmistakable sound he thought he heard was, so he said, "the roaring or noise made by the waves braking on the rocky shore."

But sound was not enough; surely not enough for those "anxious" to see the ocean firsthand. Despite cold, wet, and uncomfortable November days on the Columbia, the desire to see, to witness, did not lessen. If anything, the passion grew with intensity just knowing that the Great Western Sea was so close at hand. On November 17 Clark organized an exploring party to do just that—to experience the western edge of the continent and the vastness of the Pacific. The following day several members of the Corps of Discovery made such a journey—we might even call it a pilgrimage—to the place that had so long danced in their imaginations. And the Pacific did not fail to satisfy. Returning from this reconnaissance on November 18, Clark reported that his men "appear much Satisfied with their trip beholding with astonishment the high waves dashing against the rocks and this emince ocian."

Now the Pacific was real for the Corps of Discovery, or at least for those who made the trip with Clark. Now the space had become a place—a place that could be fixed on maps and described in expedition journals. No longer was it simply an imagined goal but an actual experience. Whatever the far Northwest was or would become, somehow it was all wrapped up in the very presence of the ocean. Drawing on that
experience, Clark set himself to write about the Pacific in a way that might bring together both sight and sound. Few of us think about him as a master of prose expression. Mostly, we laugh at his unpredictable punctuation and unorthodox spelling. Anyone who could spell "Sioux" more than 15 different ways certainly qualified as a creative speller. But far more than Lewis, whose writing is often stilted and cliché-ridden, Clark could often find just the right words to fit the experience. He made no great pretense at style. He just wrote what he saw and felt, leaving the filigrees of philosophy to the likes of Meriwether Lewis. Perhaps that had something to do with Clark being more comfortable with himself and his place in the world; Lewis was never comfortable with himself and never quite sure of his place in the scheme of things.

Early in December 1805 Clark tried again to capture the feeling, the very presence of the ocean. He knew that words could be quicksilver slippery. What he sought to capture could be as elusive as the fabled Northwest Passage. But what Clark wrote that day remains a remarkable expression of place—that place where the land meets the sea. These lines are so memorable, so luminous that to paraphrase them seems almost sacrilegious. So, here is the authentic voice of awe, wonder, and astonishment.

The immense Seas and waves which break on the rocks and Coasts to the Southwest and Northwest roar like an emence fall at a distance, and this roaring has continued even Since our arrival in the neighborhood of the Sea Coast. Since we arrived in Sight of the Great Western; (for I cannot say Pacific) Ocean as I have not seen one pacific day Since my arrival in this vicinity, and its waters are foaming and perpetually break with emence waves on the Sands and rocky Coasts, tempestuous and horrible.

Not more than a month later Clark composed what amounts to a prose map of the coastal Northwest, someone else in the Corps of Discovery let it be known just how much the ocean had become a regional touchstone. It was one of those rare moments when the young woman, Sacagawea, steps out of the shadows and becomes a real person for us—someone with imagination, desire, and a tough-minded will to have her own way. When it became clear to her that she was not being included in trips to the coast, Sacagawea spoke up. What seized her imagination now was word that a great fish had washed up on the beach. It was the combination of the ocean and the whale that proved irresistible. As Clark later recalled, Sacagawea "observed that She had traveled a long way with us to See the great waters, and now that the monstrous fish was also to be seen, She thought it very hard that She could not be permitted to See either." Like all those others on the journey, it was the dream of the Paciﬁc and its creatures that sparked Sacagawea’s imagination. For her as well as her companions the ocean was both the goal and the deﬁning imprint of the place.

Imagine with me the Paciﬁc Northwest as the capital letter T, lying on its side. The top part of the letter runs north and south. This is the Paciﬁc, playing its deﬁning edge role. The other part of the letter cuts through our landscape, running east and west. This is the Columbia River. This is Nich’wana, the River of the West, the Oregan, the Columbia. However we name it, this is the river of dreams—dreams of empire builders, ﬁsher-folk at The Dalles, hydroelectric engineers, tourists, and wind surfers. No wonder the Washington State Historical Society calls its distinguished and wonderfully readable magazine Columbia. Like the Hudson, the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Missouri, the Columbia marks the country as part of Nature's survey. Lewis and Clark were not the first to recognize the larger and deeper meanings of the river, but they hammered home the message by their words and in their maps.

Together, the ocean and the river form a kind of framework for the Northwest. They are the outlines without the picture. Writing to his friend William Dunbar, Thomas Jefferson described exploration as ﬁlling in the canvas. In the nearly 200 years since Lewis and Clark, Americans have been busy ﬁlling in the canvas. The Northwest has been described as everything from the Inland Empire to Cascadia, from a tourist paradise to an industrial powerhouse.

For many Americans, Lewis and Clark began the long process of seeing and deﬁning the country beyond the wide Missouri as not just one place but many places. They started us down the long road of understanding that the western half of the continent is not all the same, not homogenized milk fresh out of the carton. In doing that they teach us a fundamental lesson. This is the lesson about diversity and variety. The country is not all the same, nor are we—and to recognize that is a moment of maturity. Lewis and Clark stretched the American mind and expanded the American imagination. In fundamental and enduring ways they drew the American map. They took spaces and began to make them places, perhaps even for some of us, "the home place."

But all of this—this making of space into place—had a price. It was a price Thomas Jefferson and Lewis and Clark
"I...thank providence for directing the whale to us; and think him much more kind to us than he was to Jonah, having sent this monster to be swallowed by us in stead of swallowing of us as Jonah’s did."—William Clark, January 8, 1806. The partially butchered whale that Clark and his companions saw on the coast probably bore a resemblance to the one in this Edward Curtis photo taken farther north a century later.

exacted without counting the real cost. We can get a sense of that price by looking at place names. What we call a place says something powerful about dispossession, ownership, and expectation. Real estate developers know all about this when they give fanciful names to new subdivisions. I live in Woodland Meadows, and I can tell you that the woods and meadows in my part of Tulsa are long gone. Lewis and Clark studiously recorded Indian place names, perhaps dimly recognizing that what looked like empty wilderness was in fact native homeland. But like so many other European and American explorers, Lewis and Clark were determined to make their mark on the land. Naming meant transforming space into place. On their maps and in their minds, Lewis and Clark erased many native names and replaced them with names that celebrated themselves, their friends, and their official patrons. In doing that, Lewis and Clark were in the vanguard of a large-scale movement to displace (notice that word: dis-place) the native presence.

All of this reminds me of the map of my state, Oklahoma. In the Sooner State, Anglo and Indian names are side by side on the map and in the landscape. Here Muskogee, Tahlequah, Okmulgee, and Catoosa live alongside Fort Gibson, Pryor, Collinsville, and Wagoner. This seems to me a lot like the place names in Washington. Your state and mine testify to a long, complex, and profoundly important history. To know our place is to recognize where we have been, where we are now, and where we might yet go.

The gifts from the past are never simple, never really clear-cut. The Lewis and Clark story is a fundamental American story because it is complex, ambiguous, slippery, and maybe even troubling. Anyone who suggests that the expedition story is happy-face history is leading us down the primrose path to misunderstanding. Lewis and Clark began the process of defining western regional diversity while at the same time denying and erasing it. What can be more contemporary in the new millennium than to wrestle with a world at once internet-homogenized and yet enduringly diverse. If it was difficult in 1806, little wonder that we struggle today. But Lewis and Clark remind us that we do not struggle alone.

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NOTICE TO WSHS MEMBERS
On June 1 the next Curtiss Hill Lecture will be presented during the Society’s 2002 Annual Meeting, at the Washington State History Museum. “Beneath Tamed Waters: The River Wild and Free,” is the title of the address to be given by historian William Layman, of Wenatchee. For nearly 20 years Layman has worked to bring the lost sights and sounds of the mid-Columbia back to public awareness; his work combines diligent research that has uncovered major collections of previously unknown photographs, a flair for drama, and an abiding passion to honor the river’s story. Please join us.
The roadbed of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad is now a recreational trail. McClellan Butte rises above the trail to the west of the tunnel that avoided the deepest snow at Snoqualmie Pass.

By Judith Bentley

More than ten years ago I climbed McClellan Butte, west of Snoqualmie Pass, with the Issaquah Alps Club. The views that day were disappointing—after a four-mile slog, the peak was completely fogged in—but the company of climbers was not. Among them was an amazing 82-year-old woman named Florence who trudged up 3,700 feet in elevation.

The guidebook noted that McClellan Butte was named after Captain George B. McClellan, who had "journeyed approximately this far up the valley during his search for a cross-Cascades pass..."—the same George B. McClellan who commanded the Army of the Potomac during the Civil War and ran for president in 1864. Had he climbed the mountain, too?
After two summers of exploring McClellan Butte, Yakima Pass, and a number of Puget Sound libraries, I now know that 26-year-old McClellan was far inferior to Florence in daring and mountain endurance. It is extremely doubtful that he ever climbed this butte or even journeyed “approximately this far.” In 1853 he did come looking for passes through the Cascades that might serve as a possible route for a transcontinental railroad. He marched up the Yakima River from the east, crossed Yakima Pass and continued about three miles down the north fork of the Cedar River. Later he approached the Cascade Crest from the west, walking a few miles past Snoqualmie Falls before turning back. His accounts of these forays place him miles short of the butte from either direction. Why, then, is the mountain named after him?

Traditionally, the study of history rests on the shoulders of “heroic men.” This approach emphasizes men of accomplishment—political, economic, and military heroes—at the same time as it minimizes the contributions of the less famous, including women. This tradition is alive and well in a region that admires the people who climb a peak or see a peak and write about it. We look for heroes to match the mountains.

Curiously, George McClellan was no hero in the Pacific Northwest. In 1853 he was a young engineer and instructor at West Point who had distinguished himself in the Mexican-American War. With eight other engineers, he had assisted in the American invasion of Mexico through Vera Cruz. One of his comrades was a future opponent on the battlefield, Robert E. Lee. A third member of the group, Isaac Stevens, had just been appointed governor of the new Washington Territory. No armchair administrator, Stevens was also in charge of exploring possible routes for a transcontinental railroad, which he did on his way west.

The stakes were high. Congress had authorized several surveys, hoping that nature and science would take the decision out of politics in a period when sections of the country were rivals for power. Not only would Stevens’s career advance if the northern route were chosen—the whole territory, recently separated from Oregon, would benefit. Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, who was known to favor a southern route, had heard that snowfall in the Rockies and Cascades would be too severe for passage. Stevens’s task was to convince him otherwise.

When McClellan was appointed to the survey team, Stevens was pleased. He wrote to Seattle’s founding father, Arthur Denny, reassuring him that McClellan’s undertaking the task of exploring the Cascades and constructing a military road, “is a sure guaranty of its accomplishment.” Stevens divided the exploration into parts, giving himself the search for ways through the Rocky Mountains. McClellan’s job was to scout the last 20-30 miles, looking for a way both immigrants and railroads could cross the Cascades and reach Puget Sound. His instructions were to look for “the most practicable pass in the Cascade Range.”

There are many passes through the Cascade Mountains, and McClellan could not explore them all. He was appointed in April 1853, and the work had to be completed by December. Late in June he reached Fort Vancouver and began assembling a force of more than 60 men and 160 pack animals. With the same careful attention to detail and planning that later earned him a reputation for undue caution, he wondered where to begin.

Hudson’s Bay Company employees knew the territory; they had driven herds of cattle through the Cascades, but they relied mostly on the Columbia River for transporting goods. The real experts were the Native Americans who crossed the mountains to hunt, gather, and trade both Tinkham and McClellan crossed the central Cascades over Yakima Pass instead of Snoqualmie Pass, which was harder to find.

In his 1854 exploration from the west, McClellan again headed toward Yakima Pass.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Young George McClellan was an instructor at West Point when he was appointed to the Northern Railroad Survey.
with each other. They described Naches Pass as a desirable route, but McClellan found it unlikely. His conclusion greatly disappointed settlers who had already donated $6,000 in money and labor to build a wagon road through the pass for immigrants. Although one wagon train staggered through Naches Pass that fall, McClellan had made his decision: “It seems doubtful to me whether I shall ever ride down the valley of the Naches in a railroad car.”

Instead, he decided to explore farther north and to approach the Cascades from the east, concluding that timber would be thinner from that direction and the plateau would ease the approach. Stopping at Ahtanum Mission near present-day Yakima, he consulted with Father Charles Pandosy who told him Snoqualmie Pass would be the superior route. However, the Yakima leader Kamiakin was less encouraging, warning that even snowshoes were unfeasible in the deep snows that covered the Cascades in the winter. He estimated the snow depth to be over 20 feet. His warnings may have been influenced by the Indians’ suspicions that white men wanted to open the land to settlement.

As McClellan moved north and then west from Ahtanum Mission in September 1853, he was encouraged by the valley of the Yakima River through which he was traveling. He thought it could be a practical route for wagons or a railroad, as it is, in part, to this day. The problem would come, of course, in crossing the crest of the Cascades.

As he approached the summit, McClellan followed the Yakima River upstream along an Indian trail. He passed two lakes, Cle Elum and Kachess, then reached Lake Keechelus, the source of the Yakima River. At this point he had a choice, for the Snoqualmie and Yakama tribes used two trails to cross the Cascades. Traveling west, the Snoqualmie tribe would have crossed Lake Keechelus on canoes or traveled parts of Keechelus Ridge and then climbed north to present-day Snoqualmie Pass, following the South Fork of the Snoqualmie River back home. This trail was better for foot traffic. To travel west, the Yakama Indians used a trail to the south, which was better for horses because it had less brush and fallen timber. From the lower end of Lake Keechelus, the turing three miles west into today’s Cedar River watershed. After a descent “down the narrow, steep, and thickly-wooded valley of the Nooksai Nooksai (Cedar River) bordered by rough and high mountains,” he turned back, well short of McClellan Butte. An Indian guide told him that the river emptied into a lake, with a “cascade about as high as a pine tree” at the other end. From his day’s explorations, McClellan concluded that it would be “extremely difficult” to put a road over the pass.

If McClellan was easily deterred, he was a careful recorder of what he did explore. He wrote in his journal every day, describing the terrain and landmarks, sometimes relying on ethnologist George Gibbs, who learned and recorded the Indian names of landscape features.

Using the Indian name Willailoot-zas, he described what is now called Lost Lake, and its outlet, Roaring Creek, which still comes out of nowhere half a mile below the lake. Late one day McClellan discovered a smaller lake right at the pass, now called Twilight Lake. High on the ridge between Roaring Creek and Meadow Creek, he related a “fine view of the mountains. Mount Rainier was in full sight—more imposing and majestic than ever. At our feet—some 1,000 feet below us, lay a pretty lake—scattered around us the most jagged mountains of the range—most of them with more or less snow upon them.” The views were lovely and the fishing was tempting. On his way back, McClellan took an afternoon off to try fishing at Lake Kachess, “but the wretches would not rise to the fly.” He found it a circumstance “worthy of note that these lakes in the very heart of the mountains, should be accessible to canoes and salmon.” But not to a railroad.

Returning on the trail along the Yakima River, McClellan considered once more looking for the real Snoqualmie Pass. He had been told by an Indian that there was a “very bad foot trail” leading from Lake Keechelus to the falls of the Snoqualmie River. “Had I time I would—not withholding the extreme difficulty—travel along the divide on foot,” he wrote in his journal on
September 9. Instead, he headed farther north. Crossing the Wenatchee Mountains via Colockum Pass, he reached what later became Stevens Pass, but reported there was no passage. All in all, he stayed long enough to name Mount Stuart after a friend and to leave a sprinkling of peaks and ridges later named for himself. Finding nothing of promise, he hastened on to Fort Colville as late September weather cooled and shortened the days.

McClellan met with Stevens at the fort and reported his findings. Though Stevens was generally pleased with the survey, he felt a nagging need to try to “run a line or lines through the most promising Cascade passes” down the west side to Puget Sound. McClellan argued that the pack animals were too weak and that he already knew Naches Pass was not suitable. He was assigned, however, to survey Snoqualmie Pass from the west side. He approached that final task with little enthusiasm. “As I never saw a snowshoe in my life (except in a museum or a picture book), I don’t anticipate much pleasure during the jaunt, and am desirous of finishing it as soon as possible,” he wrote.

Setting out by canoe from Olympia, he arrived within a mile of Snoqualmie Falls on January 7, 1854, and camped where Tokul Creek enters the Snoqualmie River (a public access fishing area today). He proceeded a few miles above the falls but soon found obstacles. The trail was “entirely obliterated,” and because of the snow, none of the Snoqualmie Indians were willing to guide him farther. He walked across Ranger’s Prairie (now North Bend) and on toward Cedar Falls but decided he would not be able to go beyond Lake Nook-noo (Cedar Lake). At that point he was headed for Yakima Pass. Had he followed the south fork of the Snoqualmie River (along I-90), he might have come to the butte named after him and then to Snoqualmie Pass, but it did not seem practical, and McClellan was a cautious man. Indeed, critics maintain that McClellan was uneasy around mountains and snow. He would not have climbed a mountain in January just for the challenge or the view.

As a result of his explorations and what the Indians had told him, McClellan concluded that there was no good pass through the Cascades. Yakima Pass was a remote possibility; he reported that it was “very evident that there is but one pass through the Cascade range...that of the Main Yakima—that is at all practicable for a railroad...,” but even that pass would require tunnels. Describing Snoqualmie Pass, he wrote, “To the northward of the [Yakima] pass, the mountains are very lofty, generally bare at the top, often of solid rock, with sharp outlines, most of them with considerable snow upon them. As far as the eye can determine, there is no possibility of effecting a passing in that direction; and there certainly is none between this and Naches Pass.”

His report to Davis and Congress would recommend that the railroad follow the Columbia River instead, turning north at Kalama to reach Puget Sound from the south. McClellan’s topographical emphasis imperiled the political ends of the northern railroad survey. Stevens preferred a cross-Cascades route, hoping to promote lines of communication within the territory but as far away as possible from the competing interests of Oregon. Knowing that McClellan’s report would not recommend crossing the Cascades, Stevens turned to a young civilian engineer who had been on the plains and Rocky Mountain leg of his railroad survey.

Enter a different kind of hero. In December 1853 Abiel Tinkham was completing an arduous trek through the Bitterroot Mountains. Tinkham had worked for Stevens before and was a “self-trained Yankee,” known for hard work, loyalty, and shrewd intelligence. He had tackled three known crossings of the Rocky Mountains in late fall weather. When he and his men encountered six-foot snowdrifts in the Bitterroots, they sent their mules back to base camp, made snowshoes, and proceeded on foot.

Receiving Stevens’s letter at Fort Walla Walla, Tinkham rested for one day, New Year’s Day, and then organized his “expedition”: one extra horse to use as meat and three Walla Walla Indian guides. After swimming his horses across the Columbia River (in January), he stopped at the winter village of the Yakamas near Union Gap, found new guides, and then continued to another winter camp near Lake Cle Elum. There he sent the horses back and decided to travel lightly, on foot and snowshoe, forgoing even a tent.

One of McClellan’s main reservations about the Snoqualmie and Yakima Pass routes was the snow depth, so Tinkham observed it carefully. There were two feet of snow at Lake Cle Elum. The snow was a half-foot deeper at Lake Keechelus and averaged six feet at the summit, but the frozen lakes made good traveling. Where McClellan had followed the ridge, Tinkham snowshoed the ravine of Roaring Creek and then the length of Lost Lake. At the summit, fresh snow made his progress “slow and laborious,” but he continued over Yakima Pass and on down to Lake Nook-Noo where he abandoned the snowshoes. Seven days after camping at Lake Keechelus, he arrived in Seattle and reported that his route would...
By the early 1900s a rough dirt wagon road crossed Snoqualmie Pass along the eastern side of Lake Keechelus.

OPPOSITE PAGE: After his snowshoe exploration, Tinkham returned to Illinois. In October 1854 he wrote to Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, asking for $100 for his work on the Pacific Railroad Surveys.

make "a very excellent railroad connection from the valley of the Snoqualmie to that commodious and beautiful harbor." This was music to Seattle's ears.

Stevens was quite pleased with Tinkham's journey. "We cannot but commend the energy and judgment which he has shown in crossing, in midwinter, the Cascade range, and actually bringing to the Sound the route of the Snoqualmie Pass [Yakima] and thus accomplishing what has not been done by the previous labors of the expedition," he wrote pointedly to Davis. Stevens argued that even though a Snoqualmie/Yakima Pass route might require a tunnel, it would save 64 to 87 miles in length over the Columbia River route.

Tinkham and Stevens appeared before Congress to advocate the northern route, but to the disappointment of the territory, they failed. Jefferson Davis gave more credence to McClellan's speculative snow estimates than to Tinkham's actual observations. The southern route to California was chosen for the first transcontinental railroad.

After the survey, the team members went separate ways. When the three met in Washington, D.C., in the spring of 1854, Tinkham was disappointed that Stevens was taking excerpts from his field reports instead of publishing them separately. He "left in a huff for Illinois." Stevens continued as territorial governor, negotiating a series of treaties with the Indians during 1854 and 1855. McClellan was appointed by Davis to survey a harbor in Santo Domingo, where his flare for detail could be put to use.

During the Civil War, McClellan was given command of the Army of the Potomac after the Union defeat at Bull Run. Stevens, who had headed Democrat John C. Breckinridge's 1860 presidential campaign against Lincoln, was given a lesser appointment. During the course of the war he criticized McClellan and other Union generals for moving too cautiously, with "too much tenderness for the battlefield." Stevens was killed leading his division in a charge at Chantilly, Virginia, in September 1862.

Just three years after McClellan and Tinkham's explorations, J. H. Van Bokkelen of the Washington Territorial Volunteers crossed the true Snoqualmie Pass. Miners soon swarmed over the pass, and in 1865 Seattle citizens, including Arthur A. Denny, also crossed the pass. In 1887 the Northern Pacific built a railroad through Stampede Pass, south of Yakima Pass, using switchbacks. A tunnel was completed a year later. In 1893 the Great Northern built through Stevens Pass in the North Cascades; and finally in 1909 the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul railroad laid track through Snoqualmie Pass. True to McClellan's prediction, no railroad or even a highway crosses Naches Pass. Despite Tinkham's recommendation, no iron horse ever traversed Yakima Pass either, and the valley beyond is a protected watershed today.

The only remaining signs of these early explorations are the names on the mountains. Abiel and Tinkham peaks tower above Yakima Pass where Tinkham snowshoed right by them. McClellan Butte lies between the old Indian trails on both passes; McClellan creeks, peaks, meadows, and ridges sprinkle the Cascade landscape. Yet McClellan was not a popular man among the early pioneers. Even as his name recognition grew in the 1860s he was regarded as a failure in the Northwest, lacking the type of persistence and pioneer spirit that deflects obstacles like mountains and snow.

Historians faulted him for timidity. Stevens's son Hazard said in 1900 that McClellan preferred a Columbia River route because of his constitutional inertia. In 1909 Clinton Snowden faulted him for accepting the word of the Indians that Snoqualmie Pass was impracticable instead of exploring it for himself. A master's essay written under Edmond Meany's direction at the University of Washington asserted in 1922 that McClellan was lacking in "pioneer spirit." Just as he was labeled "Mac the Unready" in the war, he is faulted for turning away too easily from looking for the true Snoqualmie Pass. Robert Cantwell continued the criticism in 1972 when he asserted that McClellan didn't want to find a pass because he knew Davis
favored a southern route. His explorations missed or dismissed all three of the passes through which railroads would eventually be built (Stevens, Snoqualmie, and Stampede). Hardly the makings of a heroic reputation.

How, then, did McClellan’s name end up on so much of the topography he disliked? The naming of places and physical features is now a formal process, beginning with nomination to Washington’s Board of Geographic Names and often involving the U.S. Board of Geographic Names. The process was much less formal in the late 1800s.

Local residents named the features after native people, hence Yakima and Snoqualmie Passes. Explorers named features for their friends, as in McClellan’s naming of Mount Stuart for his best friend, Jimmie Stuart, who had died during a military mission. Then the traders, miners and prospectors who swam over a geographic area lent their names—Guye Peak and Denny Peak. Names also derive from obvious physical features: Roaring Creek, Meadow Pass, the Tooth. Surveyors and forest rangers who first put a feature on a topographic map often named them—e.g., Lake Alice, Annette Lake, Lake Margaret. In the Wenatchee National Forest a forest service ranger, A. H. Sylvestre, named more than 3,000 features, including lakes, after every wife, daughter, sister, and mother related to rangers. He is also responsible for Kodak Peak, where an assistant lost a camera, and Overcoat Peak, where he left his coat.

W. H. Ruffner, an Easterner traveling through the area in 1887, named a mountain in honor of General T. M. Logan, “who seems to have been among the first of the Eastern men to put faith in the resources of this remarkable region.” Ruffner was promoting the Seattle, Lake- shore, and Eastern Railroad and perhaps looking to encourage more faith. (Logan Peak became Guye Peak.) Another peak at Snoqualmie Pass once was named Mount Gregory Smith after a Northern Pacific chairman of the board. That name did not survive either.

Abiel and Tinkham peaks were named to balance the topographical ledger. When given a chance to suggest names for the peaks in the area of Snoqualmie Pass, The Mountaineers were eager to recognize Tinkham’s outdoor prowess. They submitted 17 names in a petition to the U.S. Board of Geographic Names in 1916, including Tinkham Peak, a name that had already appeared on maps surveyed in 1900-1901. The Mountaineers’ letter explained:

Abiel W. Tinkham, under orders from Gov. Isaac I. Stevens, made a reconnaissance through Snoqualmie Pass on snowshoes with two Indians in January, 1854, a few days after Captain George B. McClellan, who had been entrusted with the same duty by Gov. Stevens, had failed in the attempt.

Sometime later, Abiel Peak, to its west, also appeared on the map.

No similar paper trail exists for the naming of McClellan Butte. There are no letters on file at the U.S. Board of Geographic Names, no notes from forest service rangers, no claims from travelers or prospectors. The name McClellan Butte appeared on an Anderson Company map in 1896 and was mentioned in a survey of mining claims in 1897. The section was surveyed in 1910-11, with McClellan Butte recorded in General Land Office plats. McClellan Creek lies in the same vicinity. “McClellan Trail,” leading down from Yakima Pass and along the north side of Cedar Lake (now Chester B. Morse Lake) also appears on turn-of-the-century maps and is probably the same trail used for centuries by the Yakama Indians.

Somehow, McClellan’s reputation underwent a popular rehabilitation in the West. Once a northern route was authorized after the Civil War, the Northern Pacific Railroad sent three surveying parties out to the passes in 1867. They decided Cowlitz, Snoqualmie, and Skagit passes were the most feasible routes but that construction of a railroad through the mountains would be very difficult and costly, thus confirming the Columbia River recommendation. Again in 1878 the chief engineer for the Northern Pacific reexamined those three passes and over the next three years discovered Green River Pass (Stampede) as the best possibility for “the Cascade Branch” of the route to Puget Sound.

On the snow issue, builders of the Milwaukee Road discovered that snow at Snoqualmie Pass usually does average more than 6 feet but less than 20. Eventually the Northern Pacific built a tunnel through Stampede Pass, and the Milwaukee Road built huge snowsheds and then a tunnel through Snoqualmie Pass. Later historians recognized some merit in McClellan’s recommendation of the Columbia River route, a recommendation he could make free of local pressure, unlike the governor. Peter Lewty, from a 1980s perspective, writes that McClellan “quite properly” stressed that the best route lay along the Columbia River.

Local disdain for an outsider may also have given way to the desire to rub noses with fame. McClellan was eventually fired by Lincoln during the Civil War, but he did make a name for himself. He was the Democratic candidate for president in 1864. Or, it may have been outsiders themselves—railroad officials—who named the butte. McClellan at one time was a superintendent on the Illinois Central. After the war he served on the board of directors of a Nicaragua canal company and became an important official of the Northern Pacific. For a time there was even an attempt to change the name of Naches Pass to McClellan Pass, in honor of the man who said it was worthless for a road of any kind.

Who is responsible for naming McClellan Butte? The answer may well lie in the heroic man tradition. As A. H. Sylvestre named lakes after women, mountains are more often named after men, particularly famous generals, whether they ever climbed that mountain or not. In my estimation, Florence Butte would be equally appropriate.

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Meeting at Hudson's Bay House in London in February 1839, a group of investors determined that the formation of a company to develop the Hudson's Bay Company's lands at Cowlitz and Nisqually, north of the Columbia River, would be a profitable venture. To this end they formed the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company, which would undertake the cultivation of crops at Cowlitz and the rearing of flocks and herds at Nisqually. Besides providing a handsome profit for the investors, the group hoped that establishment of such an endeavor would be "instrumental in improving the condition of the native Indians and other persons inhabiting that remote country... bringing them into habits of industry and civilization." And, of course, further consolidating the British claim to what later became the Oregon Territory. A fine, original copy of the rare prospectus issued at that 1839 meeting, illustrated here, was recently added to the Society's Special Collections.
In 1889 Thomas C. Van Eaton of Harrison County, Iowa, spent $50 to purchase squatter's rights on 160 acres of land 32 miles southeast of Tacoma. Van Eaton brought with him a government mail contract and some merchandise, and soon built a combination general store and post office. He added a separate cedar cabin for the store in 1894 and in 1897 platted a town, which was incorporated in 1909.

Growth remained slow until 1907, when Milwaukee investors established the Eatonville Lumber Company and Chicago investors completed the Tacoma Eastern Railroad. After several years, Eatonville had 800 residents, plus four stores, three sawmills, three hotels, three saloons, two poolrooms, two confectioners, and one small Methodist church to support them.

To celebrate this growth, in 1913 Eatonville had a community cleanup day followed by a baseball game against a team from Sumner. This proved so much fun that fairs, community days, and baseball games were thereafter regular events. Financially, Eatonville's Japanese-American population was the big patron of community baseball. Eatonville had three baseball teams. Japanese Americans provided the bulk of players for the Eatonville Lumber Company team and about half the money for the Eatonville town team, on which Japanese Americans were not allowed to play. The high school had the town's third team. As public money was involved, any schoolboy could play on this team.

Eatonville's first Japanese were section hands for the Tacoma Eastern Railroad, which was built through the area in 1904. Four years later, H.S. Mitchell of the Eatonville Lumber Company brought in more Issei (Japanese immigrants) to work at his mill, which employed about 200 workers at its peak. Of these, about half were Japanese Americans. Married men lived in company-owned houses while unmarried men lived in segregated barracks containing community baths and kitchens. Rent cost about $1.50 per person per month, and food cost about $17 to 18 a month. In the Japanese kitchens, the food combined Japanese and American cooking—i.e.,
they might have pancakes for breakfast, rice, and pickled radishes for lunch, and hamburgers for dinner. Pay varied over time. During World War I, it was sometimes as high as $4 a day while during the Great Depression it dropped to 20¢ an hour.

While European Americans worked as head sawyers, Japanese Americans worked on the green chains that carried logs from the pond into the mill, and as yard foremen, tallymen, sorters, and slab haulers. The company store and dairy also had Japanese-American employees. The reason, said Eatonville Lumber Company manager T. S. Galbraith in 1920, was that "the white man would not stick to his job. They were moving and going, and that was why I put the Japanese in there, so that I would always have a full gang."

While timber falling was among the most hazardous industrial occupations on the Pacific Coast—as recently as the 1970s annual death rates for buckers, fellers, and choker-setters in California averaged about 12.5 per thousand workers—mill work was not much safer. Pond workers, for instance, didn't wear life preservers until the 1950s, so anyone who fell in the water ran a good risk of drowning. The green chains sometimes snagged limbs or clothing and then crushed men's legs under 40 feet of cedar or fir. Inside the mill, steam power drove the logs into the maws of saws whose blades measured up to 9 feet in diameter, and spun at 120 miles per hour. Men who slipped or fell into such machines were considered lucky if they lost only an arm or a leg. Out in the yard, where the rough-cut lumber stood in piles 30 feet high, whole stacks sometimes collapsed, crushing everything beneath them. Planers, edgers, and pulley belts also caused untold fatalities and serious injuries. The following describes a typical pulley-belt fatality:

K. Inouye, Tacoma; age 32; Japanese; Aug. 4, 1909. Married; employed cutting slabs for fuel was attempting to replace a belt on a moving pulley; was caught in the shaft and whirled around, his body being torn limb from limb; machinery reported in good condition.
Lost fingers were even more common. The following was reported in a Seattle newspaper called the Japanese-American Courier in February 1935:

Only stubs remain on the left hand where once long, clever fingers guided the ball for Shuga Hashiguchi, the outstanding Nisei—children of Issei basketball center in the Northwest today. In time, no doubt, Shuga will learn to make up for the handicap. Luckily, the accident will not affect his tennis playing. Not only in basketball does he excel, but also the net game. The right hand and arm that led way to a varsity letter at the University of Washington and to recognition as the outstanding Japanese net ace in the Northwest is still as good as ever.

Employer responsibility for such accidents was minimal. As Wyatt T. Rucker, a mill owner from Everett, told a Senate investigation in 1914:

We had an understanding with our men. We said, "Now, here you are taking a hazardous place here. You are going to get in front of a head saw. We are going to pay you a wage, not so much for your skill, but for the risk. Now, we don't want you to hold us responsible for any accident that might happen here. We are going to furnish every safety device that we can think of. But you must assume the risk, we can't...." Well now, we had during that period probably, I should say, 12 or 15 men that were killed and many men wounded. We never had a damage suit.

Givem the risks, why did anyone voluntarily work in the woods and mills? First, the work paid well and the food was good. Says Toshio Yamanaka, who worked at a comparable mill in Selleck during the late 1930s:

Work was easy here at Selleck and food was great with a very good Japanese cook. We also had a lot of good ol' days Japanese music and songs for about two hours every night over a loudspeaker system. They were such songs as "Shina-no-yoru," "Aizenkatsura," "Sayonara," etc. We got to really love it.

More importantly, the work was, in its own way, fun. Says Andrew Prouty, a fourth-generation logger and historian of logging fatalities:

Much of the fun, of course, cannot be understood by those who were not there: it consisted of trees rushing earthward and man-made quakes, of noisy, steamy hot, hideously dangerous donkey engines, and rigging flying through the air. The huge machinery made the cedar swamps, the hemlock hillsides and the endless "limits" of pseudotsuga taxifolia, Dougla s spruce [the "false pine," otherwise known as "Douglas fir"], into a locus of crazy, wild industrial activity, a business carried on by shouting young men with nails in their boot soles, who travelled like smoke among crashing trees, dancing in a mechanical ballet whose ac-
companion was the shrill music of shrieking steam whistles and the chugging of powerful engines. Civilization never before saw the like of West Coast steam logging: only war compares to it.

So while it is not surprising that there are 15 to 20 Japanese American graves in Eatonville, it is equally unsurprising that hundreds of men preferred the high pay and risks to the low pay and drudgery of picking celery on truck farms.

While a few of Eatonville Lumber Company’s Japanese American employees spent their time drinking homemade sake and gambling, most were active in baseball leagues, fishing and hunting trips, Boy Scouting, and the Community Methodist Church. Some wives and unmarried adult daughters worked in camp kitchens or offices, many were active in the community church, and a few practiced traditional activities including flower arranging (ikebana) and festival dancing (bon-odori). Children, meanwhile, excelled in baseball, basketball, debate, and academics. (The first Japanese American valedictorian at Eatonville High School was Fred Arai in 1927. Thirteen years later, Shinano Nakatani was salutatorian.)

And some men and boys were wrestlers. For example, Shuhei Oda, a judo black-belt got a job working on a logging crew near Tenino, in Thurston County, in 1910. The contemporary History of the Japanese of Tacoma described Oda as:

a robust individual with an excellent physique. He is 5’8”. At first glance he may appear to be a rowdy individual but he is an easy going, manly person with a good sense of humor and a good conversationalist. He liked to drink with his friends and to sing loudly. If the liquor held out he could probably drink the whole night.

To this description the History of Southeastern Pierce County adds that “Japanese wrestling” (meaning sumo) was often seen in the Japanese quarter of the Eatonville Lumber Company. Seattle newspapers corroborate this statement, with mentions of sumotori from National (a company town located a few miles east of Eatonville) appearing in published accounts of the Seattle sumo tournaments of 1930, 1939, and 1940.

Judo classes, however, only came to southeastern Pierce County during the late 1930s. The first Nisei to become active in community combative sports was probably Toshi Karihara, who beat La Vern Hoggatt on points during a fundraising “smoker” held at the Eatonville High School on Friday, November 5, 1937. Six months later the 110-pound Karihara beat another high school boxer named Graydon Bailey. Following graduation, Karihara took a job at the Eatonville Lumber Company and occasionally boxed during local “fight nights.” When there weren’t enough boxers to fill a card, catch-as-catch-can wrestling took place instead. Nisei wrestlers at Red Man’s Hall in 1939 included Terry Ogawa of Pack Forest (modern Packwood).

This interest in American combative sports started the leaders of Eatonville’s Japanese American community to thinking that their young men should be doing judo rather than boxing or catch-as-catch-can wrestling. Toward this end, Jack Yamaguchi and George Funai gave a “jujitsu demonstration” during a high school competition held Tuesday, March 15, 1938. These men were employees at the Eatonville Lumber Company and had learned their judo at the Bellevue dojo.

The following month a judo club called the Eatonville Dojo was established at the Eatonville Lumber Company property. Masato Tamura, Nisei third-degree black belt from Fife, was chief instructor. Tamura also designed the club insignia, which showed an ax and a peavey crossed over an evergreen tree. Hiroshi Masuda, also from Fife, was another senior member of the Eatonville club.

On Sunday, August 7, 1938, the Eatonville judoka participated in a tournament with a visiting Japanese team.
Masato Tamura was in top form, and a good thing, too, as to save the Northwest's international reputation he had to throw a visitor who had just thrown five Seattle black-belts in rapid succession.

The Eatonville dojo moved into permanent quarters on Saturday, October 28, 1938. The Eatonville Japanese Community Hall was a former pool hall renovated with new shingling, wallpaper, varnish, paint, and furniture. During its restoration, judo teacher Tamura took charge of the shingling and flooring operations. Former Fife High School wrestler Joe Yamamoto helped with the wallpaper. And the club's star junior judoka, Isao Saito, helped with the kitchen finish. When done, the building was used for movies year-round, and for basketball, rollerskating, and judo in the winter.

On Sunday, November 20, 1938, Tamura bested Bainbridge Island's Hank Ogawa to take first place in Seattle's third annual Yudanshakai tournament. On Sunday, February 5, 1939, Tamura also held Mitsuru Yano of the Seattle Dojo to a draw, thus winning the team competition for his side.

The Eatonville club hosted its own tournament on Sunday, March 26, 1939. Trophies were awarded for first place in both junior and senior divisions, and all 12 Puget Sound judo clubs sent representatives.

The Eatonville dojo held its second tournament on Sunday, March 17, 1940. Tike Nishimori of Bainbridge Island won grand prize. Seattle Dojo's Hank Ogawa took first place in the senior division while Morimoto of White River took first place in the junior division. The climax of the event, said the North American Times afterward, "was a thriller with instructor Masato 'Mac' Tamura, san-dan [third black] of the Eatonville dojo, opposing a picked group of five black-belters including four sho-dans [first black] and one ni-dan [second black] and successfully throwing all five in succession."

Eatonville hosted its third judo tournament on Saturday, March 9, 1941. This was likely a going-away tournament for Tamura, who had recently accepted a job in Chicago.

Besides participating in tournaments, the Eatonville dojo also gave demonstrations at the local high school. In November 1939, for instance, the Eatonville Dispatch wrote that the local youths Karuso Mukai and Taro Kawato "showed various ways of throwing each other, and how to strangle and pin people on the mat." Similar shows took place in March 1940 and March 1941.

Immediately following Pearl Harbor, the Japanese Americans of Eatonville pledged their wholehearted support to the United States of America. "America needs every American," they wrote, "and every American must do his share. We will all work together for the country we love, to crush a foe gone mad." No one listened to them, however, and in May 1942, according to the History of Southeastern Pierce County, buses came and took them all away in a single day — every man, woman, and child. They had two months notice, and hurriedly sold their cars, furniture, and personal effects for what they could get. They were first imprisoned in a temporary concentration camp in Puyallup. Later they had their choice between going to camps in Idaho and Montana and assisting with the potato harvest, or to a concentration camp at Tule Lake, California.

The virulently anti-Japanese "Remember Pearl Harbor League" formed a chapter in Eatonville on January 21, 1945. There was no reason for its popularity save bigotry, says the History of Southeastern Pierce County, as Eatonville's Japanese Americans had always "lived rather quietly, keeping to themselves except for school activities, and no official record appears that in those 30 years any Japanese citizen was arrested for any crime or was involved in any public brawl." No matter, the non-Japanese lumber mill employees made it known that they did not want to work alongside Japanese employees, and after the war no Japanese Americans returned to Eatonville. To this day, however, Pierce County Buddhists travel once a year to Eatonville to hold memorial services for the Japanese buried there.

Joseph Svinth is a free-lance historical researcher. His book about judo in Japanese-American communities of the Pacific Northwest before 1950 is in press.
Ezra Meeker crossed the Oregon Trail in 1852 and eventually settled in Puyallup where he operated a successful hops business and became one of the most influential men in the state. In 1906, at age 75, Meeker set out in a prairie schooner to retrace the Oregon Trail in order to place monuments along the route and promote a national highway. His faithful and good-natured companion, Jim, a Scottish collie, accompanied him on his travels. Meeker related Jim's saga on an Oregon Trail Monument Expedition Post Card:

Jim has had more adventures than any other dog living; run over by a trolley car, then again by a heavily loaded truck where the other dog was killed that he was fighting and he nearly so; then hooked over a fence by an irate cow and again by Dave (the ox) thrown over a sage brush; then again kicked into the air by a vicious horse and then again tackled by a wolf and finally lost in New York City for three days. Yet ever ready to stand guard over the wagon, Jim is indeed a great dog.
A New Seattle Neighborhood, Courtesy of J. A. Moore

CAPITOL HILL
On July 10, 1900, J. A. Moore, a real estate developer, acquired one of Seattle's last remaining near-in districts. The purchase of the property that came to be called Capitol Hill was "one of the largest deals in unimproved residence property ever made in the city of Seattle...when the 'Woodworth tract,' a quarter section of land adjoining the city park [Volunteer Park] passed through two ownerships, finally being taken over by the Moore Investment Co., which paid for it the sum of $225,000," reported the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The transaction began, said a news bulletin from San Francisco to the P-I, when the Woodworth estate sold Hugh C. Wallace of Tacoma "160 acres of land adjoining the residence portion of Seattle" for the sum of $190,000. The dispatch noted that "it is not definitely stated what the purchaser purposes to do with it, but it is reported that the land will be improved by the expenditure of a large amount of money."

Asked to verify that account by the P-I's Tacoma correspondent and to explain why he decided to make such a large purchase, Wallace replied that "he believed real estate values would enhance very rapidly. Agencies are at work upon every side for the upbuilding of Seattle...nothing can hold her back."

It was a most erudite answer. Later that same day Wallace came to Seattle and sold his property to the Moore Investment Company for $225,000, a profit of $35,000 in one afternoon. "Such a large sale of unplatted residence property is regarded as a sure indication of the great faith capital has in the future of the city," reported the Seattle Daily Times. Within a year and a half, people considered that property, which had been covered with underbrush, one of the best residential districts in the city. To expand his development, Moore purchased an additional 40-acre tract adjoining the original 160.

How did Selim Woodworth, neither an early Seattle pioneer nor a resident of Washington, obtain and hold onto such valuable land for nearly half a century? And who was J. A. Moore, whose investment company had sufficient capital to purchase and develop the property?

The paper trail generated to answer these questions leads back to 1847 when, to encourage enlistment in the Mexican War, the United States issued bounty land warrants that could be used "to enter land anywhere in the public domain" rather than limiting entry to specific military districts. To retroactively compensate surviving veterans who had served since the Revolutionary War, Congress extended the warrants in 1850, 1852, and 1855. Selim E. Woodworth, who served as midshipman on the ship Warren during the Mexican War, became a beneficiary of the Military Bounty Land Act of March 3, 1855. Although he received 160 acres of land in King County for his service in the war, Commodore Woodworth and his family settled in San Francisco.

Delays in certifying that the location mentioned in Warrant 38,010 was correct and "unincumbered in any manner," and untangling the legalities of his will, which stated his children could not receive their share until each "arrive of lawful age," kept the property off the market until 1900. Though neither Selim Woodworth nor his heirs ever lived in Washington, the property that became Capitol Hill remained in Woodworth's family for almost 50 years.

An astute businessman, James A. Moore or "J. A.," as he was affectionately called, came to Seattle in 1886 or 1887. Imbued with a vision that Seattle would grow to be a great city, Moore, who had a missionary's faith and a promoter's punch, launched a lucrative real estate business, the Moore Investment Company, in 1897. As the son of a prosperous builder and ship owner in Nova Scotia, Moore had the money and contacts to purchase large tracts of undeveloped Seattle land. He aided,
abetted, and financed so many commercial and residential areas of Seattle that many labeled the Moore Investment Company the leading real estate firm in the city.

When real estate deals became too large to handle locally, he called upon his eastern contacts for additional financing. On December 23, 1899, The Argus, a Seattle newspaper, wrote, "The Moore Investment Company is the leader in letting the business and financial centers of the East know what we have." His firm brought large sums of money to Seattle for building substantial business blocks, beautiful residences, and adding generally to the prosperity of the city. In turn, Moore lent the money to potential buyers. For example, in 1899 when he offered homes for sale on 12th, 13th, and 14th Avenues in an area known as the Western Slope of Renton Hill, Moore advertised: "We offer lots in this tract...on very easy terms. We will loan purchasers sufficient money to build with at 7 per cent."

Prior to owning the Capitol Hill property, Moore had developed residential areas in Seattle neighborhoods such as Latona, Brooklyn, Renton Hills, and University Heights. His firm built the seven-story Lincoln Apartments, described as "the first and finest apartment house west of Chicago," and the Arcade Building in downtown Seattle. And with two partners he organized the Lake Union Transportation Company. An active, valued member of Plymouth Congregational Church and a contributor to good causes, Moore played a valuable role in Seattle's development.

Moore and his wife, Eugenia G. Jones, left Seattle around 1914 and settled in San Francisco. By this time Moore had investments in other parts of the country. Although Seattle businessmen tried to persuade him to return, ill health kept him in warmer climates. A Florida investment in a 200-home subdivision hit by a hurricane bankrupted him. He died in the Palace Hotel on May 21, 1929. Among his papers was this note: "Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood. Make big plans; aim high and hope and work." Undoubtedly, Moore practiced what he believed.

In news dispatches announcing Moore's purchase, the property was referred to as the Woodworth Tract. Prior to 1901, the name Capitol Hill did not appear in Seattle newspaper articles reporting street car routes or the location of cemeteries and parks in that section of the city. The area had been only a blank on city maps. What made Moore choose Capitol Hill as the name for this particular residential district?

Books and articles written many years after the first residents moved into the area's stately homes suggest that Moore either named the property after an area in Denver or planned to build the state's capitol on his property. Though both answers may be correct, (his wife did live in Denver), there is strong evidence supporting the latter view. A brief review of the prolonged controversy establishing Olympia as the state capital explains why.

Contestation over the seat of government began a year after Congress created Washington Territory on March 2, 1853. The earliest contestants for the capital city were Olympia, Steilacoom, Port Townsend, and Vancouver. Isaac Stevens, the territorial governor, chose Olympia, but this was only a temporary
solution subject to a ratifying vote by the territory's voters. Two years later the territorial legislature made Olympia the permanent capital, but because of constant bickering among cities still clamoring for the capital, it did not seem prudent to construct a permanent capitol building there.

Many history books state that Arthur Denny wanted the capitol in Seattle. That may have been the case, but in truth, Seattle had never been seriously considered. In fact, Arthur Denny had been one to speak out first for Olympia (1855) and then for Vancouver, on the promise that Seattle would get an amenity like the territorial university. Denny had been persuaded by Daniel Bagley, an influential Methodist minister, that having a university was more important.

Right up until statehood in 1889, Olympia remained a questionable site for the state's capitol. Some thought the city was inaccessible for eastern Washington legislators who would incur huge travel expenses getting there. Even when Olympia won approval of the voters in 1889 and 1890, the legislature could not find the funds for a new capitol. Squabbling continued as Tacoma made one more attempt to obtain the seat of government. Not until 1901 did the legislature agree with Governor John R. Rogers and authorize money to purchase the Thurston County Courthouse and turn it into a suitable state capitol.

Though the courthouse-capitol was to be completed by 1903, complications put construction behind schedule. The legislature again had to rent quarters—an annex to the store of A. Farquhar. It was such a badly deteriorating building that legislators as well as newspaper commentators kept up a barrage of criticism and ridicule. The new capitol building (now called the Old Capitol Building), built in the monumental Romanesque architectural style, finally opened in 1905.

Taking advantage of the controversy and delay in building, Moore persuaded William H. Lewis, a King County representative, to introduce a bill in Olympia "providing for the appointment of a committee to consider the offer of a site and capitol building in Seattle." On March 4, 1901, a notice in the Daily Bulletin, a Seattle business journal, stated:

Mr. J. A. Moore, acting for a few men interested in locating the capitol building in Seattle, has had a bill introduced in the legislature in Olympia which proposed to donate a site of five acres in the Capitol Hill addition, and also a $250,000 building for the use of the legislature. Sketches of the proposed capitol have been forwarded to Olympia. Mr. Moore is warmly interested in securing the capitol for this city, and has put in much work in Olympia lately in conference with the representatives.

A 1901 Morrison & Robinson map of the City of Seattle (see map on facing page) places the proposed State Capitol between Prospect and Helen and 19th and 21st Avenue East (using today's designations).

Asked about the bill he had introduced, Lewis explained that "the real estate man had exacted a pledge from him to present the bill,...[but] I shall oppose it in committee and when it.
comes before the house." He further explained that "the Seattle real estate man wanted the capitol to remain at Olympia, but in case removal to another city should be considered by the legislature, he desired that his bill receive consideration."

Did Moore seriously believe Olympia would lose the capitol when he had his bill introduced? Or did he, a skilled businessman, recognize an opportunity to legitimize and publicize the chosen name for his newly acquired property? He knew that on that very day the house had voted to purchase the Thurston County courthouse for use as the capitol, and that Tacoma and Everett had withdrawn from the contest. Furthermore, Frederick Burch, another King County legislator, stated that "he did not believe that anybody in King County, outside of this real estate man, desired the capitol removed to Seattle."

Unfortunately, Moore's reasoning and objective are lost to history. Whether his legislative push was unrealistic politics or shrewd business tactics may never be known. All we can say with certainty is that Olympia remained the state capital, the Woodworth tract did become known as Capitol Hill, and Hugh Wallace, who owned it for less than a day, had been prescient about the "Hill's" potential.

In the beginning, Capitol Hill had very definite boundaries. The 160 acres the federal government generously granted Selim Woodworth and which J. A. Moore purchased for $225,000, are located in the North West quarter and Section 28 in Township 25 North of Range 4 East. Though Moore acquired an additional 40 acres, when he first offered lots for sale, an address on Capitol Hill in 1901 meant the homeowner lived between 11th and 20th Avenue East (using today's designation), north of Roy until Galer, excluding Volunteer Park. By 1907, when all of Capitol Hill had been platted, the boundaries extended on the east to 24th Avenue and on the north to Galer Avenue, including East Garfield between 15th and 17th.

Advertisements and feature stories in the city's newspapers quickly promoted Moore's Capitol Hill development. Typical is one that won first prize in a contest sponsored by the Seattle Times in August 1901 to judge where the best residence portion of the city would be located. The Reverend Edward Lincoln Smith, pastor of Pilgrim Congregational Church and the winning essayist, was effusive in enumerating the merits of Capitol Hill:

There is but one locality in all the area of Seattle where every detail of that perfect Volunteer Park, designed by John Charles Olmsted in 1903 quickly became the showplace of Capitol Hill. By 1909, the year this photograph was taken, an eager public had built homes on the land developed by James A. Moore.
panorama is presented.... From this eminence mountains, Sound and lakes all appear.... It is accessible not alone from the business section of Seattle, but from every other residential portion as well.... The new High School [Broadway] is only a few blocks away, requiring no street car service whatever....

The atmosphere is pure. There is no smoke of factories nor odors of stock yards from the water front, for the prevailing winds carry them in another direction.... Fog from the Sound reaches this altitude rarely, and then only after enveloping every other strata of the city.... The surroundings meet every requirement of good taste, parental solicitude for proper associates of children, and conditions insuring steady enhancement of values.... No other part of the city has ever been developed on a scale so gigantic or pushed with energy.

Before he sold lots and built houses, Moore, in distances varying from three to ten blocks, graded and paved several miles of street improvements with a two-inch layer of asphalt on a foundation of five-inch concrete. Cement sidewalks five feet wide, flanked with parking strips, were separated from the street by concrete curbs. He also installed six-inch water mains and eight-inch sewer pipes and planned for street lights and telephone poles.

Claiming the absence of restrictions had ruined many localities otherwise well adapted to residential purposes, Moore imposed rules and regulations for building homes. These were: 1) no residence will be allowed at a cost of less than $3,000 (lots ranged from $1,200 to $2,000); 2) no residence, nor any part of a residence, will be allowed nearer than 24 feet to the sidewalk line; and 3) no store, business blocks, nor flats will be permitted on the property.

Six months later, in an advertisement to sell 12 lots on 11th Avenue, he announced: "There are no building restrictions attached to these lots." Seemingly he did not let his beliefs stand in the way of a sale.

To further enhance his property, Moore, stretching the truth, advertised that one month after the first sale of lots the area would be serviced by six street car routes. Asked if he was pushing Capitol Hill, Moore replied, "No, I am not pushing Capitol Hill. Capitol Hill is pushing me." Within six months of his initial advertisement, 32 residences were either completed or under construction. Eastern people made about a third of the purchases, reported The Argus on May 3, 1902. Many purchased multiple lots. It is "one section of the city where there is no dust.... The paving prevents that," wrote the Seattle Mail and Herald, June 28, 1902.

M oore's deep involvement in most aspects of the developing Capitol Hill, and his insistence that his investment company should deal with private contractors to set down streets and sidewalks, created many admirers. All the Seattle newspapers and many in the business community praised his projects. "The private citizen, for instance, can see no good reason why the owner of a tract of land has not the right to improve it, if he can put in the improvements at about sixty per cent of what the city would pay," reported The Argus. "Anyone who has had experiences with city improvements knows what they cost.... Improvements are all in, and what is more they are all paid for," observed The Seattle Mail and Herald.

No sooner had lots been sold and homes built, than entrepreneurs started businesses, pastors and parishioners planned churches, and schools opened. Capitol Hill quickly became a Seattle neighborhood and continued to expand. It now encompasses tracts platted by others as early as 1875 and extends blocks beyond the land originally owned by Woodworth. Since at least the 1930s neighborhoods south and west, known earlier as Harvard Heights, Highland's Addition, Denny's Broadway Addition, Summit Supplemental Addition, and Renton Hill are considered part of Capitol Hill. Today even Moore would be astonished at its growth and popularity.

In 1847, the French photographer Maxime DuCamp took a technology less than ten years old to Egypt to record ancient monuments. He hired David Robertson, a painter, to go along and make colored drawings from the same vantage point as the camera. In the book that resulted from the expedition, the photographs were mounted over the paintings and could be lifted to reveal them. The purpose was to prove that the photographs were an accurate document. One hundred fifty years later it is almost impossible for us to imagine a time when photographs were mistrusted as accurate representations of reality.

Photography soon became the standard method of recording historical events, gathering scientific data, and, more recently, providing journalists with an international language of information. Because it is so much like seeing, we have come to have great confidence in photography's ability to tell the truth about the full spectrum of human experience, from our own individual lives to the complex web of world events. But photography tells truths selected by the person using the camera at a specific time, in a specific light, including specific details and leaving out others.

With the wide availability of digital cameras and programs for manipulation of images on home computers, the limitations of photographic truth have become more evident. Our confidence in photojournalism has slipped. American social historian Lewis Hine once said, "Photographs may not lie, but liars may photograph." Seeing might be believing, but seeing a photograph requires some understanding of the kind of factual information it reveals, and the intention behind its making.

People As Photographs

One of the first uses of photography was portraiture. When the Daguerreotype process was introduced in 1839, exposures were so slow that special head props were made to hold the sitter steady. Bright skylights and faster plates soon improved the experience. Clients had a choice of backdrops depending on how they wanted to be remembered.

Before photography only the wealthy could commission painted portraits of themselves to celebrate family and accomplishments. As the technology allowing many prints to be made from a single negative proliferated, the one-of-a-kind Daguerreotype was replaced by the small paper carte de visite print (calling card—given out to friends). After 1867 came a variety of larger formats.
Lower prices allowed common citizens to sit for portraits on special occasions.

This democratization of the portrait coincided with waves of settlers moving west in the 1840s to reinvent themselves as western pioneers. This migration intensified during and after the Civil War. Eventually people could own cameras and create family albums. The need for portraits was driven in part by the desire to extend both the moment of events and record individual lives beyond the grave for future generations. “Capture the Shadow ere the Substance Fade” was a popular marketing phrase of early portraitists.

**Big Cameras and Big Trees**

Darius Kinsey was born in Missouri in 1869 and moved with his family to Snoqualmie, Washington, in 1889, the year Washington achieved statehood. He became an itinerant photographer in 1891. In 1896 he married Tabitha Pritts and with her started a portrait studio in Sedro Woolley. He roamed the countryside photographing while she ran the studio. In 1906 they moved to Seattle and continued working as Timber Views, concentrating on the logging industry, and scenic views of the Washington back-country. From then until 1941, Tabitha did all the darkroom work as Darius sent negatives in from the field. The Kinseys are now famous for their record of the harvesting of old growth forest, logging railways, and mills.

Darius's brothers, Clarence and Clark, were also photographers. They began their careers recording the Alaska Gold
Rush in 1899. Clark went on to a long career in logging photography also, taking the territory south of Seattle while Darius worked to the north.

FROM MONOCHROME TO KODACHROME

The first photographic processes lacked color. Initially this was solved by hand-coloring images—some of the very first Daguerreotypes were subtly colored by blowing powdered pigments over steaming hot pitch to make the colors adhere to the surface. Later, black and white paper prints were hand-colored with either watercolors or oil. Marshall's Photographic Oils are still in use today by some artists. Prints could also be toned to one color, or made as Cyanotypes, a quick proofing technology later used for architectural drawings or “blueprints.”

Photochemists, however, used a variety of methods in their attempts to make true color photographs. During the late 1860s French photographer Ducos du Hauron came up with a rudimentary three-color separation process (red, green, blue) like those used in printing today. The first popular color photograph, the Autochrome, invented between 1904 and 1907 by Louis Lumière, was a transparent glass slide, approximately 4 x 5 inches, that was true color but could be used only in early “magic lantern” projectors. It used a complex emulsion that contained starch crystals dyed orange, violet, and green. The real breakthrough came with Kodak Kodachrome film, released as 35mm movie and slide film in 1935 and sheet film in 1938. A variation on this three-color process resulted in Kodacolor negative film and eventually color photographic printing papers in 1941.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PHOTOGRAPHY

A number of lens-and-mirror-based devices were used by artists beginning in the Renaissance to render a view of the three-dimensional world as a flat image in proper perspective. All of these devices required some drawing skill. The most successful was the “camera obscura,” a box with a lens on the front, an angled mirror to right the image, and a ground glass top. Thin tissue was placed on the ground glass and the faint image traced in pencil. The camera obscura, perfected in the 17th century, is essentially a single lens reflex camera without film and should be thought of as the first step toward modern photography.

Near the end of the 18th century, several scientists in France, England, and Germany noticed that the chemical silver nitrate turned black on exposure to light. Experimenters around the world attempted to use paper and other materials coated with silver nitrate to automatically fix the images produced by the camera obscura and thus eliminate the need for drawing skill. William Henry Fox Talbot in England, and Joseph N. Niepce and Jacques L. M. Daguerre in France were the best-known. They independently invented commercially viable forms of photography, but Talbot's positive/negative system was the one that lasted, with a few variations and innovations, for the next 160 years, until the advent of digital imaging.

Captured Time — the Exhibit

IN THIS NEW exhibition, on view now through May 12 at the Washington State History Museum, an intriguing selection of some 150 images from the Society's extensive photography collection offers visitors a journey back in time. Photographers include brothers Edward and Anselm Curtis, Darius Kinsey, Marvin Holm, Virna Haffen, and others both known and anonymous.

These Northwest images examine such themes as “A Sense of Place,” “On the Road,” “The Worker,” “Logging,” and “Railroading.” There is also a “People’s Gallery.” Rare moments from the late 1800s to the 1950s are captured, showing scenes both familiar yet far removed from life in the year 2002.

Over 200 vintage cameras are on display, ranging from miniature “spy cameras” to giant mammoth-plate studio cameras. Photographic accessories and early darkroom equipment are also on view, along with a video produced from the Society’s film collection and containing glimpses of commercial newsreels and home movies.

For more information on the exhibition, call 1-888-238-4373 or visit the Society’s web site: www.wshs.org. For information about how to obtain reproductions of any of the photographs in the exhibition, including all the images accompanying this article, contact Elaine Miller, research librarian, at the WSHS Research Center, 503/296-5913.
THE PEOPLE’S CAMERA

By the end of the 1890s, easy-use-personal cameras had become as widespread as personal computers in the mid 1990s. Kodak alone produced more than 40 different models between 1888 and 1910, with a variety of different roll film sizes. Kodak, only one company among many, would eventually produce more than 380 camera models between 1888 and 2001. Everything from an unusual snowfall to Baby’s first steps has triggered the national cliche, “Get the Kodak!”

The photographic industry was so successful in creating a market for reproducing visual perception on film that taking a camera on vacation became required rather than optional. This confusion of photography with experience was so complete that no one was surprised in 1936 when Henry Luce decided to call his new photography magazine Life. As he put it, seeing the entire world photographed in every detail was “now the will and new expectancy of half mankind.”

YOU PUSH THE BUTTON, WE DO THE REST

When George Eastman (1854-1932) designed a small, easily used camera for his newly invented plastic roll film in 1887, he paid a linguist to invent a word that could be pronounced in every language in the industrialized world. The linguist advised him that words beginning and ending in consonants and having only two syllables are the easiest to remember. The result was “Kodak.” Eastman both predicted and created the universality of photography as a language.
In 1878 George Eastman was working as a bank teller in Rochester, New York when he decided to plan a trip to Guatemala. He acquired a state-of-the-art wet plate collodion camera but found it very hard to use. Chemicals had to be mixed in the field and the large wooden camera was heavy. Instead of taking the trip, he became interested in improving amateur photography and found that several scientists were working on a dry plate glass negative. Finding investors, he started the Eastman Dry Plate Company, which by 1883 was successfully marketing dry glass negatives with gelatin emulsion.

Eastman was still not satisfied. Not a scientist himself, he became adept at hiring talent, and soon the company came up with a way to coat an early plastic, cellulose nitrate, with a photographic emulsion. This allowed the photographer to carry many exposures on a light roll rather than only one on each side of a heavy glass plate, and the Eastman-Walker Roll Film Holder could be used in a standard plate camera. Eastman then designed a small camera that used roll film exclusively, the Kodak, and marketed it to amateurs, starting what soon became a huge industry. The first Kodak, loaded with 100 shots on a roll, sold for $25 in 1888, when laborers made around $10 a week. When the roll was finished, the user sent the entire camera back to Rochester where the film was removed and processed, and the camera was reloaded and returned with a set of prints and negatives. Hence the slogan: “You push the button, we do the rest.”

Eastman carefully and strategically bought many of the companies that supplied him with lenses, bellows, shutters, and film, until Rochester, New York, became the world center for photographic manufacturing. The company is currently grappling with the digital imaging revolution. However, one of its most recent new products is a paper bodied “single user” camera that comes preloaded and is sent back intact for film processing, reminiscent of the first Kodak.

**Life Through the Lens**

Photography, now 165 years old, is the single universally understood language of the world. It is used to record history, tell the news, make art, and entertain. It carries information from country to country without a passport. It has a huge vocabulary but requires no pronunciation.

Photography is now such a transparent part of human life that it is difficult to see it as a translation of experience. Generations growing up with National Geographic and Life magazines, and now television, have learned to accept photographic evidence on a par with physical experience. Now that it blankets our world, we find it difficult to imagine that photography was once new and strange.

Twentieth-century Argentine author, Jorge Luis Borges, wrote a story called, “In the Land of the Cartographers.” Everyone in this mythical country was a map maker. Eventually they all cooperated and made a map that was exactly the same size as the country—a one-to-one reproduction. If all of the photographs made since 1831 were placed on the ground where they were made, would they accomplish a similar feat?

Richard Frederick, former photography curator and now curator of exhibits at the Washington State Historical Society, is author of Asahel Curtis: Photographs of the Great Northwest (WSHS, 1985). Rod Slemmons is affiliate faculty in the Art History Department and Graduate Museum Studies program at the University of Washington and author of the introductory essay in Sites, the Architectural Photography of Edward S. Curtis (Chronicle Books, 2001). Frederick and Slemmons have collaborated to create the Captured Time exhibition.
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In the last seven years there has been a surge in publications about the 1877 Nez Perce War. This trend started with Bruce Hampton's book, *Children of Grace*, in 1994, and includes last year's *Nez Perce Summer, 1877*, by Jerome Greene, as well as recent biographies of both C. E. S. Wood and Nelson Miles. Now Scott Thompson has added a work unlike any other monograph or biography dealing with the topic. Thompson's book is a unique work based on 29 heretofore unpublished and virtually unknown drawings by an anonymous Nez Perce participant in the war.

The drawings were found in a leather account book acquired by Charles Warner while he served as agent to the Nez Perce Tribe between 1879 and 1881. Thompson's interest was sparked in 1990 when he first saw “drawings of Indians in combat with blue-uniformed soldiers . . . Also recognizable was a Lakota Sun Dance camp.” The author's determination to clarify what the drawings represented became the basis of the book.

The initial chapter provides a history of the “cash book,” as Thompson terms it. Subsequent chapters provide an overview of Nez Perce culture, a brief summary of the 1877 war, and then a look at the methods and media used to produce the drawings. The bulk of this brief work, however, is devoted to analyses of the individual drawings. This is where the author puts his historical detective work to use. Despite his best efforts, Thompson, who prefaced many of his conclusions with words such as maybe, possibly, and likely, cautioned, “Many of the historical explanations of the drawings are guesswork, although it is guesswork guided by matching historic facts.”

Although it is impossible to place all drawings within concrete historical context, it is apparent that the artist was privy to, and recorded, a great deal of tribal activity. Included among the drawings are representations of council gatherings, several military conflicts, and numerous ceremonial or religious activities, including a Sun Dance ritual. The detail and quality of many of the drawings, from which much can be learned about both the 1877 war and Nez Perce culture in general, will impress historians, and especially ethnographers.

*I Will Tell of My War Story* is an important addition to the literature not only on the 1877 Nez Perce War, but also on the tribe itself. Although some will not concur with Thompson's interpretations, everyone will find this unique book a useful and interesting insight into both the tribe and the war.

James Robbins Jewell teaches in the Department of History at West Virginia University. He has authored several publications dealing with the Nez Perce War.
Culture and a professor of anthropology, I am not. Nevertheless, I highly recommend this book.

Ryan W. Booth, a native Washingtonian and a graduate of Loyola University, Chicago. He works for the National Park Service at North Cascades National Park.

The Great Northwest

The Search for Regional Identity
Edited by William G. Robbins

Land in the American West

Private Claims and the Common Good
Edited by William G. Robbins and James C. Foster

The Great Northwest

The Search for Regional Identity

Land in the American West

Private Claims and the Common Good

Reviewed by John Barnes.

Pacifc Northwestemers have a true sense of what it means to live, work, and play in the land that early 19th-century British explorers described as nothing more than a vast pine swamp. Of course, those who live here know that the Northwest is a beautiful, rich country filled with diverse terrain, varied climates, and a fascinating history. William G. Robbins has compiled essays that explore Northwest regionalism from every aspect imaginable.

Asserting in The Great Northwest that the inhabitants of the Northwest are a people “with a passion for geographic bounding,” Robbins reminds readers of the difficulty inherent in attempting to pinpoint a precise boundary. Traditional references define the Northwest in terms of the Columbia watershed—Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and western Montana. Any potential geographic demarcations, however, are trumped by larger cultural and historical boundaries. Alaska, contributing author Stephen Haycox posits, is linked to the Northwest because of its historical ties with Seattle and Puget Sound. Cultural and economic exchanges resulting from this link make Alaska part of the Northwest in a sense that transcends geographic boundaries. Robbins himself discusses an environmental and historical natural boundary that encompasses not only the traditional states but also Alaska, northern California, and British Columbia. Debates on the precise boundary of the Northwest prove futile, perhaps equally as futile as pondering the exact boundary of the “American West” itself.

Ultimately, each essay in The Great Northwest focuses on the ties that bind Northwesterners to their land and their region, whatever the boundaries of the region may be. These ties have been forged, for example, by such early Progressive Era activists as Susie Revels Clayton and Beatrice Morrow Cannady who struggled for racial and social justice in Seattle and Portland. From the early endeavor for establishment and control of the Columbia River dams to the emergence of opposing regional interpretive histories, The Great Northwest searches for this region’s identity as it ought to be searched for: by looking at all aspects of culture and history. The study of regionalism is a puzzle with countless pieces, and this scholarship goes a long way toward putting these pieces together and painting a complete picture.

Land in the American West is a more pointed work that addresses the contentious issue of private versus public domain. In light of the numerous volumes of writing on the issue, producing new and insightful scholarship certainly is a daunting task. Robbins and Foster, however, proved themselves worthy of the challenge and have assembled a collection of essays that examine the collision of private and public property rights in the West in a broad yet effective way.

The two chapters on urban and rural land management are particularly fascinating. Deeming cities “economic machines that make civilization possible,” Carl Abbott explains what he refers to as the basic rights of cities to expand and consume as necessary. He then goes on to discuss different ways in which cities can expand their boundaries, and the economic and social advantages of urban planning that balance people’s needs and environmental tolerance. William D. Rowley’s essay on rural land management leaps beyond discussions of theory and analyzes historical case studies. He asserts that the national government’s myriad land management agencies “brought a superficial order” to Western range land. Prior to the inception of these agencies in the late 19th century, Congress seemed committed to the Jeffersonian ideal of small, private farms and interests occupying and civilizing the frontier. Consequently, the government took a laissez faire approach to the administration of Western land.

The volume is replete with case studies on nearly all aspects of the conflict between private and public interests in Western lands. The result is a compilation that combines theory with historical analysis. Some of the essays, in trying to explain the source of Western lands, are clouded with sweeping oversimplifications that try to paint a picture of every Western settler taking part in an attempt to displace and exterminate American Indians and Hispanics. More than that, some historians seem to contend that no history of Western lands is complete without references that are worded in precisely that manner. Despite such statements, other essays in the volume add a small amount of balance to an undeniably polarizing issue.

John Barnes, an honors graduate of Hillsdale College in Michigan, is a professional historian who lives on Camano Island, Washington.

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

George Vancouver


Knowing Your “Place”


McClellan and Tinkham


Carving Out a Place

History of Southeastern Pierce County, ed. by Tacoma-Pierce County Genealogical Society. Tacoma: Tacoma-Pierce County Genealogical Society, 1989.

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