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THE MAGAZINE OF NORTHWEST HISTORY • SUMMER 2003

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FRONT COVER: In colonial America, to call a man “buckskins” was to call him an oaf: hence colonists wore their finest clothing when they sat for a portrait. This image, however, breaks with colonial tradition by depicting Meriwether Lewis in buckskins and wearing the ermine tippee given him by Shoshone Chief Cameahwait, thus making Lewis into a white indigene. Charles Willson Peale created a more likeness of Captain Lewis in similar attire for display in his American Museum in Philadelphia. Lewis, along with Daniel Boone, served as a prototype for the ubiquitous image of the hunter hero in 19th-century America. (Charles Balthasar Julien Féret de Saint-Menir, “Captain Meriwether Lewis,” 1807, watercolor over graphite, 6¾”x3¾”, #1971.125, collection of The New York Historical Society.)
Remembering Bing...

ONE HUNDRED YEARS ago Harry Lillis "Bing" Crosby became a Tacoma by birth. But since the event took place at the family home, it was never recorded by a birth certificate. The man who grew up to be a world citizen by displaying his talents as a singer, actor, and sportsman personally celebrated May 2, 1904, as his birth date. Happily, a baptismal certificate, plus high school and university records, give the official birth date as May 3, 1903, and notices in the Tacoma Daily News and Tacoma Daily Ledger agree.

In 1906 the Crosby family moved to Spokane, and from that point forward Bing—an avid reader of a comic strip called "The Bingville Bugle"—was on course to become Spokane's most recognizable citizen. When Bing died of a heart attack on the 17th green of a Spanish golf course in mid October 1977, the mayor of Spokane pronounced Crosby "by far Spokane's most renowned and favorite son." He really was. And it was a two-way relationship—Bing genuinely loved Spokane and his many friends who resided there.

While attending local elementary and high schools, Crosby built up quite a reputation as a dramatist. That changed after he entered Gonzaga University, a school conveniently located across the street from the family home. The youth started to sing and play the drums in a group called the Musicaladers, and a music career began to take shape. So much so that in 1924 Crosby quit his prelaw course during his senior year and drove to Los Angeles, the heart of the entertainment industry. Within three weeks Bing landed a gig singing on the vaudeville circuit, and it was here that he caught the eye of, and signed a contract with, America's most famous band leader, Paul Whiteman. By 1927 the Rhythm Boys, Crosby's trio, had a hit with their jazz tune, "Mississippi Mud." Film producer Mack Sennett "discovered" the act in 1931 and suddenly Bing found himself acting in one-reel films. Paramount Pictures stole Bing away for a major motion picture contract, but nothing could tear Bing away from making records and performing on a weekly radio show.

Bing loved the work, except that it kept him away from Spokane. Also, Spokane could not enjoy his Hollywood lifestyle. So, in mid October 1937 Crosby brought Hollywood to Spokane. During Bing Crosby Week he did his weekly radio show live from the Spokane Armory and later he arranged for the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra to play at a charity dance. Gonzaga made him an official alumnus by awarding him an honorary doctorate in music. Bing reciprocated by presenting the school with a new marching song, "The Game is On," for which he commissioned the lyrics and music. He also promised, and delivered, bit parts in movies for some of his Spokane classmates. In 1948 Bing returned to Spokane again for another live performance of his "Philco Hour" radio show.

That was about as high-key as Bing ever got with Spokane. But it wasn't the end of the association. Bing kept in contact with the city and helped make some dreams come true. The Gonzaga Glee Club several times sang on Crosby's radio show, making them virtually a household name across the country. Between 1949 and 1957 Crosby donated more than $680,000 toward construction of a new library (now a student center) at his alma mater. By the mid 1950s Crosby enjoyed public receptions less and less. But he kept on giving. A clever businessman, he found unique ways to make donations. He consigned, for example, the receipts for his 1955 film, Anything Goes, to tax-exempt Gonzaga and did likewise for the "Edsel Show" on television two years later and ten years after that. His last appearance in Spokane came during Expo '74, and the city welcomed him as if he had been a lifelong resident. In a way, he had been.

—Robert C. Carriker & Sharon Prendergast, Gonzaga University
Living with the Forest: How Do We See the Trees?

By Jana Dean

The green fluorescent spray-painted signs that read, "This family supported by timber dollars," are gone. So are most of the great trees. With their disappearance the controversy over Northwest forests has slipped under the surface of everyday discourse. A 21st-century traveler of Washington back roads has to look closely for cultural evidence of the century of logging that etched our landscape. Two books, old enough to have in a sense become history themselves, when read together provide a context for today's forests. Willard Espy's *Oysterville* (Crown Publishing, 1977) and Timothy Egan's *The Good Rain* (Vintage Books, 1991)—both historical travelogs—help us see the Northwest as we no longer can, even if we take to the road in search of it.

Oysterville is a geographical tracing of a family tree. In it, Espy travels the biographical and ancestral roads that lead to the town of Oysterville, situated at the end of a 30-mile shifting sand spit surrounded at low tide by miles and miles of mud. *The Good Rain* is a journalistic romp through the environmental issues of more than a decade ago. Egan examines the Northwest of the 1980s by retracing the 19th-century footsteps and paddle strokes of Theodore Winthrop, among the first tourists to visit the Pacific Northwest and among the first to write about it.

Both Espy and Egan write geographical history in which the journey ends in the Pacific Northwest, and each successfully paints a literary portrait of a land of supreme beauty. But while both write of gentle mist, rain, and cedar, they view the landscape through widely disparate lenses. Espy's Northwest

In Grandpa's day, the forest fell at the pace of working men. By the time Timothy Egan toured the Northwest, machines were replacing the men of the woods and the region saw both men and trees disappearing from the forest.
On View

THE VANISHING LOGGER
An American Profession in Transition

The Washington State History Museum is pleased to present "The Vanishing Logger" on exhibit through July 27, 2003. Produced by sisters Char and Cheryle Easter, this exhibit documents what it is like to be a logger in the 21st century—a lifestyle that is culturally distinct and in many ways isolated from much of the Northwest's population. By combining photographs, text, audio, and video, the curators have created an environment that balances high-tech elements with the feeling of taking a walk in the woods.

In creating this exhibit the Easter sisters have focused on a topic of both social and personal significance. Char Easter explains, "Five years ago my sister Cheryle moved back to the small logging town we grew up in (Amboy, Washington) to photograph loggers. As members of the community, we have been granted an insider’s view of loggers' lives and feelings. Our dual allegiance to urban and rural, professional and working class puts us in a unique position to relate to both our subject and our audience."

Vanishing Logger examines the challenges that loggers face today after a century of attitudes and landscapes in flux.

By the late 1980s, even in Olympia, which is not predominantly a timber town, families slapped up stenciled signs pledging their dependence on and allegiance to the timber industry. Frightened workers saw the writing on the wall: the century-long logging boom was winding down. Egan, a correspondent for The New York Times, wrote The Good Rain in the thick of that bitter political controversy and in a bitter tone that was likely unwelcome in his day job. Practically every section of the book, geographically ranging from Vancouver Island to the Siskiyous, then all the way north and east to Kettle Falls, contains references to the Pacific Northwest's predilection for clearing the horizon of trees, leaving only a sea of stumps and fireweed. He sees far more stumps than trees,

Willard Espy's poetry and rhythm echo the ringing axe and buzzing saw of the timber jack.
and as a late 20th-century profiler of the region, his eyesight is accurate.

Espy, in contrast, does not see stumps. He was no reporter but rather a poet and word master. Espy’s best known works are An Almanac of Words at Play and A Children’s Almanac of Words at Play. The latter I pulled out weekly when I taught sixth grade to delight my students with puns and other linguistic tricks. When Espy wrote Oysterville in 1977, thirteen years before the greatest height of the timber wars, any overland trip out of Oysterville would have been a journey through stump-land.

The spotted owl hadn’t made its judicial appearance yet, but even if the timber controversy had coincided with Espy’s life and work, I think he still may have delighted more in the rhythms of language than in the complexities of public policy. When he does address politics, it is to illustrate the ridiculous isolation of Oysterville: the first three Willapa Bay representatives to the Washington State Legislature died trying to get to Olympia. Was the route they traveled still treed? What’s harder to traverse—a standing, impenetrable forestland or one felled, skidded, and left littered with slash? Espy doesn’t say.

His treatment of logging is by turns matter-of-fact, poetic, and just a tiny bit proud. One of the most fascinating passages in Oysterville concerns Grandpa’s ingenious method of ferrying logs across the Columbia River. Espy writes:

Kedging is a delicate art. The kedger rows a cable-length ahead of his raft . . . drops anchor; and lets the current swing the raft downstream and forward as far as the cable will allow. He repeats the process until he lands his cargo at the far bank. Hitting any specified spot is tricky. But Grandpa took advantage of the tidal shifts with some finesse and was usually able to reach his mill yard destination precisely.

Who can help but delightfully envision this curmudgeon, whose tight-lipped storytelling style forced son and grandson to embellish to the point of calling authenticity into question, as he struggled with current, wind, and tide to bring a log raft clear across the Columbia. While Egan waxes in another hyperbolic turn of phrase about timber towns losing their shade and green to global economics, Espy rhythmically depicts one man working with land and water to earn himself a living. Through his eyes we see not stumps but ingenuity.

While viewing almost the same forest, Espy and Egan see different faces on the same trees. Espy writes through the lens of the old-timer, the Northwest native who might embrace a forest clearing as progress and who sees California as the place you went to college rather than the fatherland of the invaders. In contrast, Egan—also born and raised in the region—writes in search of a new Northwest, in which trees will once again rule the earth and trade in technology will replace the extractive economies of what he calls the “resource towns.” Espy’s Northwest and Egan’s Northwest, separated by a mere 13 years, are not the same place. Espy’s Northwest is a God-given gift, still there for the taking. To Egan, it is a God-given gift that has been ripped off.

And now, more than ten years after the publication of Egan’s book, I look out the window at my once ripped-off clear-cut-turned-garden and I wonder if I paid close enough attention to my father as he felled trees. I’d like to do a little damage of my own. Those Doug firs are starting to shade my beans. As my apples ripen in uncommon Northwest heat and sun and my corn reaches waist high the first week of July, I suspect both Espy and Egan are right. Even the ripped off gift keeps giving, if we know how, how much, and what to take.

Jana Dean is a middle school history and geography teacher in Olympia and author of Wetland Tales and Sound Wisdom: Stories of Place. A former storyteller, she drew on oral history interviews and folklore traditions to integrate cultural and natural history in story performances.
In the morning of February 28, 2001, beneath the soaring dome of Washington's Legislative Building, four state capitol tour guides were squiring 100 fourth-graders through the elegant precincts of the State Reception Room. At 10:54, for some reason, Susan Chickering paused for a moment before going on with her tour. "That's when the grinding started," she says. "It sounded like a freight train rumbling under the floor."

Chuck Waiste, tour supervisor, was greeting groups at the north portico when he heard what he thought was construction noise in the parking garage below. Then, as the ground began rolling, the massive bronze door behind him flew open and tossed him out of the building onto the granite front steps.

Sandy DeShaw, visitor services manager for the capitol campus, was attending a meeting across the street when the earth started to move. "All I could think when the shaking stopped was, 'Please, let that dome still be standing. Those are my friends in there.'" DeShaw ran as fast as she could.

Contestants draw on recent events for an Olympia sand sculpture competition in the summer of 2001. Their entry perpetuates a widespread but mistaken belief that the earthquake actually cracked the dome of the Legislative Building.
back to the Legislative Building, fearing the worst. Instead she found capitol tour guides calmly vacating the premises with school groups and seniors in tow. Not only was the fabulous dome of Washington’s statehouse still standing, everyone inside the building had escaped without serious harm.

The Nisqually earthquake of 2001, a 6.8 magnitude temblor centered deep under Anderson Island, was the Puget Sound region’s biggest quake in more than 50 years. Though only one death—a heart attack—was directly linked to the earthquake, more than 400 people were hurt in the Northwest’s first major seismic event of the 21st century. Buildings and roadways crumbled throughout western Washington, especially older structures constructed under less-stringent building codes.

The city of Olympia, 17 miles from the epicenter, was hit particularly hard. Parapets fell from historic storefront façades onto streets and sidewalks; bits of the old Fourth Avenue Bridge sloughed off into Budd Inlet. In the South Capitol neighborhood, a National Register historic district behind the capitol campus, chimney bricks danced off the rooftops of more than 200 homes. But it was the Legislative Building, perched at the edge of the bluff above town, that worried the public most. “People all across the state feel very attached to that building,” says Patricia McLain, a project director with the state’s Department of General Administration. “Even legislators from eastern Washington were swamped with calls from constituents asking if it was okay.”

In a stroke of great good fortune, the state was already planning a full-scale rehabilitation of the historic Legislative Building when the Nisqually earthquake hit. As part of that project, a team of experts—architects, planners, and engineers—had just spent six months documenting every inch of the building. Within hours of the earthquake those experts were back, combing through the structure again to find out how it had fared.

“If we had to have an earthquake,” says Andy Stepelton, a senior property manager with the Department of General Administration, “the timing couldn’t have been better.”

 Amid the dust and debris the team found smashed plaster, cracked marble, wrenched columns, and loosened blocks of exterior sandstone that threatened to crash to the ground. But there was no damage where it counted most—in the primary structural elements that hold up the walls, roof, and dome. Although the repairs would be challenging, everything could be fixed.

Structural engineer Michael Wright, a principal with the firm Swenson Say Paget who has worked on the consulting team since 1998, commented:

Lots of people have said that the building came through remarkably well. But using the word ‘remarkably’ implies that we’re somehow surprised. It suffered significantly less damage this time, compared to previous earthquakes, because of a very good basic design and because of three major seismic upgrades done to it over the years.

When the plan to build a state capital was first discussed (and then postponed) in the early 1890s, the subject of seismic safety never even came up. There had, of course, been earthquakes in the Olympia area. Indian peoples all along the Northwest Coast told of an ancient battle between Whale and Thunderbird that made the very earth tremble and sucked up the waves of the sea. Hudson’s Bay Company workers were shaken in 1833 by an earthquake at Fort Nisqually, a dozen miles up Puget Sound from where the capitol stands today. But most early Washington citizens were recent arrivals from other places with no firsthand experience of a major regional quake.

On December 14, 1872, a series of earthquakes and aftershocks jolted Olympia. “No damage has been done in this vicinity,” wrote newspaper editor John Miller Murphy in the Washington Standard, “the bank and county jail—the only brick buildings—not showing a crack, and not even a chimney has been overthrown.” Not quite a decade later, on the last night of April 1882, Olympia rocked again. “Half-clad women and crying children poured forth in the streets like bees from a great hive,” Murphy reported this time. A few chimneys tumbled, but that was all. Earthquakes made good newspaper copy but seemed to do little real damage in a largely timber-built town.

By 1911, when the state of Washington revived the idea of building a new capitol, one major West Coast city had already suffered terrible losses in a colossal quake. But the 1906 earthquake in San Francisco seemed distant and irrelevant to residents of the Northwest. The centerpiece of the winning design for a “capital group of buildings,” submitted by New York architects Walter R. Wilder and Harry K. White, was a monumental domed structure of clay brick, marble and stone. No one seemed to have given much thought to how this huge pile of masonry, completed in 1928, would ride out a seismic event. As late as the mid 1920s Professor Collier Cobb, a well-known East Coast geologist, assured the Seattle Chamber of Commerce that deep glacial drift gave Seattle a natural “shock absorber which makes the city immune from disaster from quakes.”

In the late morning on April 13, 1949, the strongest earthquake in Washington’s brief recorded history—measured by seismologists at magnitude 7.1—rumbled like thunder beneath the Nisqually Delta, northeast of Olympia, causing the deaths of eight people and injuring 65 others across western Washington. From his office on the capitol campus, Harold D. Van Eaton, the state’s director of public institutions, saw chunks of stone raining down from the nearby Insurance Building and thought for a moment that he was seeing “the last days of Pompeii. Then I looked over at the capitol and saw the keystone of the cupola falling out,” he later told a reporter, “and thought [it was] the Day of Judgement.”

Two other eyewitnesses outside the Legislative Building claimed that the birdcage-shaped lantern on top of the neoclassical dome bounced so violently
Two boys examine the mess left in downtown Olympia by the 1949 earthquake. Balconies, canopies, and ornamental trim throughout the capital city tore loose from landmark buildings and crashed to the sidewalk below.

during the quake that they could see daylight beneath it. What they couldn't see inside were seven terrified Cub Scouts and their chaperone, Nancy Flynn, hanging on through the ride of their lives.

"I actually saw one of the columns break loose at the base and swing out into space," Flynn remembered later. "Why it didn't fall out, I'll never know." When the shaking stopped she rushed the boys into a dust-choked stairwell and down to the colonnade level, high above the rotunda, where loosened plaster was popping and crashing down to the floor far below. The elevator was useless because the power was out. Unable to make themselves heard in the chaos, the Cub Scouts wrote desperate messages—using Nancy Flynn's lipstick—and tossed them over the railing into the yawning rotunda. Within half an hour rescuers showed up with candles to usher them down.

Damage to the Legislative Building appeared at first to be minor, especially compared to other state offices in Olympia. But within a few days inspectors found that the 180-ton lantern on top was teetering dangerously. Held in place solely by gravity, without any structural ties to the dome, its bricks and stone had been wracked out of line when the earthquake whipped it around. It would have to be taken down, gingerly, to keep it from toppling over.

"The state capitol dome is being scalped," reported the local newspaper one month after the quake, "and whether or not it will ever get a new cap remains a matter of much off-the-record controversy." One camp favored rebuilding a lighter, less vulnerable lantern that looked as much as possible like the original. The other side balked at the public cost and thought a stout railing would do. A handwritten postcard from one taxpayer, still tucked in the files of the State Archives, blasted Governor Arthur B. Langlie for two pricey projects at once.

"Why isn't $135,000 for a capitol cupola another waste of tax money," grumbled William R. Colby, Jr., "as is the $845,200 for the dead-end UW approach?" Despite Colby's objections, both the repairs to the capitol and the construction of Campus Parkway, the boulevard at the western edge of the University of Washington campus, proceeded that year as planned.

In the end, the cost of replacing the lantern (not counting demolition) ran close to $155,000. First a new steel skeleton was erected on top of the building and bolted to an existing steel structure within the masonry dome. Then the salvaged blocks of stone were hallowed out and reassembled, piece by numbered piece, around the new steel frame. In the biggest visible change to the original design, the cupola's stone roof and finial were replaced with a similar cap and ball made of a lightweight nickel alloy. By early November, when the project was finished, the elegant lantern on top of the dome had shed about 70 tons.

When another major earthquake struck the Puget Sound region on April 29, 1965—killing five people and registering magnitude 6.5—the reconstructed lantern came through the quake "beautifully." But this time there was bad news regarding the cylindrical structure below. The series of walls and buttresses that actually shoulder the weight of the dome had cracked and shifted noticeably, while exterior sandstone had pulled away from the brick framework underneath. Until the dome supports could be strengthened, engineers recommended limited use of the house and senate chambers and no public access at all to the central rotunda. The playing of organ music, a tradition in the rotunda, was stopped for fear that the booming chords would shake things up even more.

"They probably came very close to losing this part of the structure in 1965," notes Michael Wright. "According to the guys who worked on it then, there were cracks in the walls of the colonnade that you put your arm through."

Though the eye is fooled into thinking that it is a single grand dome, the crown of the Legislative Building is actually three domes in one. The outer dome is the great stone shell, perched on Corinthian columns, that rules the Olympia skyline. The inner dome is the one that visitors see from within the rotunda, its soaring brick ceiling and sturdy steel pillars concealed behind plaster and paint. In the hollow space between the two domes stands a conical "third dome" of structural steel built to support the decorative lantern on top. Similarly disguised from view, encircling the round tower below is a set of massive brick buttresses that helps hold the whole thing up. It was here that extensive damage was found after the 1965 quake—
compounded, almost certainly, by damage that had not been dealt with in 1949.

The solution this time was to stiffen the drum and colonnade of the dome with a thick coat of sprayed-on concrete applied to the inner walls. An interior collar of "shotcrete," 60 feet high and about a foot thick, added real strength and stability to the sixth and seventh-floor levels. Unfortunately, some key design features were sacrificed in the process. Fourteen of the 22 windows that circled the colonnade were blocked up with concrete panels; 32 decorative columns were lost to make room for the fortified wall. But in terms of seismic protection, the scheme was a clear success.

“That concrete wall is the principal reason that we didn't have more damage to the structure in 2001,” says Wright. An attempt to secure the exterior sandstone by pinning it from the inside, though not completely effective, also helped hold things together when the earth shook again.

By the early 1970s, seismic research was making great strides. The San Fernando earthquake, which rocked southern California in 1971, marked the first time that the actual performance of buildings during a major earthquake was measured and evaluated in a significant way. The data confirmed what Nancy Flynn and her Cub Scouts already knew: earthquake motion accelerates in the upper floors of a building. When a structure is hit by an earthquake, the top of the building moves around more than the part down near the ground. If the building is made out of flexible steel, it can sway back and forth without breaking. If it's made out of clay brick and mortar, it cracks and shifts under the stress.

Identical in magnitude to the quake the Northwest had just weathered—but wreaking far more destruction and causing 65 deaths—the San Fernando earthquake caught the attention of Washington's lawmakers. In 1972, just six years after funding substantial seismic repairs, legislators ordered a full structural review of the Legislative Building to determine how it was likely to fare in future serious quakes.

The resulting report praised the structure's historic seismic performance but warned that earthquake damage tends to be cumulative. Unreinforced masonry walls (commonly used in the 1920s but no longer permitted in new construction under the Uniform Building Code) were seen as especially vulnerable to additional seismic shocks. “Even though the building has withstood two major earthquakes,” structural engineer Victor Gray concluded, “it does require additional strengthening if it is to stand for an extended period of time.”

By 1976 nearly every brick interior wall of the Legislative Building, from its foundation up through the galleries of the house and senate chambers, had been frosted like a bakery cake with thick, reinforced concrete. The porches, rotunda, and flanking wings were also bolted together to keep them from smashing into each other when the ground trembled again. Within the span of a decade the state had spent $9.6 million preparing the big domed building to ride out the next major earthquake.

“It was an incredibly good investment,” says Wright, one that would pay off handsomely 25 years down the road.

Amy Rose Derby, 15 years old in 2001, was serving as a senate page on the day the Nisqually earthquake slammed the capitol campus. Like everyone else inside the Legislative Building, she’ll always remember the sound.
The rumble of 169 million pounds of masonry and marble sounded to her like “triple the noise” of a playoff game in the old Kingdome, when all the fans were screaming, yelling, banging, and stomping their feet. For Mindy Chambers, communications manager in the Office of the State Auditor, the roar of the 30-second quake had been as apparent as a playoff game in the old Kingdome.

Surely no one could blame it. The force of the 30-second quake had been so great on the lower floors that the four bronze fire pots in the rotunda, freestanding lamps weighing 3,000 pounds each, had traveled more than two inches from where they’d stood before. The cylindrical drum beneath the dome had wobbled and slithered on its supports, shifting the entire upper structure as much as three-fourths of an inch. According to David Boyer, who has helped to maintain the Legislative Building for more than 20 years, “People who watched from outside say the top lantern went back and forth like a dog wagging its tail.”

The most visible wound to the building was an ugly gash in the exterior colonnade that holds up a heavy stone gutter around the rim of the dome. Although it looked dramatic, the crack affected only a section of decorative stone veneer and posed no risk at all to the dome’s stability. It did, however, present a real threat to anyone standing below it. Five blocks of sandstone as big as bathtubs were leaning away from the building, attached by a fragment of mortar less than four inches square.

Ten exterior columns, held in place solely by gravity, had also been knocked out of plumb. At the peak of the earthquake the upper dome had rocked around on its colonnade in much the same way that a spinning coin flops on a tabletop. Briefly freed from the weight of the dome, the columns had shifted slightly before the lid clamped down again. Although they continued to do their job once gravity was restored, they had the potential to tumble out if bumped by another big quake.

Permanent repairs could wait until the overall rehabilitation of the Legislative Building got under way, as planned, in the summer of 2002. But short-term fixes were needed before visitors and state workers could safely go back inside. Legislators were forced to set up camp in adjacent buildings, meeting in makeshift chambers for the next seven weeks. Capitol tour guides scrambled to accommodate scheduled tour groups, moving shop temporarily to the nearby State Capital Museum. Meanwhile, work crews got busy stabilizing cracked finishes, strapping down crooked columns, and shoring up loose stone.

When employees were finally allowed to return at the end of April they found their beloved building still very battered and bruised. Chunks of plaster were missing from the opulent molded ceilings of the house and senate chambers; scaffolding still leaned against the base of the injured dome. House staffers worked out their post-earthquake jitters by covering the badly damaged wall behind the speaker’s rostrum with quirky visual puns: a portrait of actor Ray “Wall-ston” a sketch of a “wall-eyed” pike, a publicity shot of that 1970s television family, the “Wall-toms.”

Emergency repairs to the Legislative Building will cost more than $1 million, much of it covered by grants from the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA). The cost of permanent repairs, also largely funded by FEMA, are expected to run in the neighborhood of $10 million more. Another roughly $6.5 million worth of seismic reinforcement, designed to prevent future damage, will also be included in the larger rehabilitation project. “We’re planning for an earthquake roughly 50 percent bigger than the one we just had,” says Wright—the kind of quake that comes along every 400 years or so.

Most of the work involves pinning or binding elements of the upper structure together so that everything moves as one unit the next time the dog wags its tail. The primary goal is safety. In the event of a catastrophic quake, the seismically upgraded Legislative Building should stand its ground staunchly enough to protect the lives of the people inside and allow them to get out unharmed. Repairing the structure afterwards may not be feasible, but any steps taken toward strengthening it now will give it a better chance.

Few people take more pride in the Legislative Building, or grieve more when it is ailing, than those who guide the public through its marble corridors. Having the structure thrashed by an earthquake, says tour supervisor Chuck Waiste, was “like a good friend having a stroke.” All of the guides look forward to seeing their old friend restored to health and to resuming tours of the building when its doors are reopened in late 2004.

Veteran guide Karen Swanson was leading a tour of Methodist seniors up in the senate gallery when the Nisqually earthquake struck. “Don’t panic,” she shouted above the noise. “Just sit there, hold on, and pray!” Bouncing against the railing, she feared for a moment that she might be tossed down onto the senate floor. But she never thought for an instant that the Legislative Building she loves would come crashing down around her.

“I have so much faith in that building,” she says. “I just knew it was going to pull through.”

Heather Lockman writes about history and historic preservation from her 1920 bungalow in Olympia’s historic South Capitol neighborhood. Her work includes interpretive videos for the visitor centers at Deception Pass, Fort Columbia, and Ginkgo Petrified Forest State Parks.
Atoms for Peace

A History of the Nuclear Radiation Center at Washington State University

By Darlene A. Croteau

The nuclear reactor facility built into a hillside on the campus of Washington State University (WSU) in 1961 did not create much of a stir among the residents in the nearby town of Pullman. The only incident that Harriet Dodgen, wife of the reactor’s director, could recall was of someone expressing concern that there was no staff assigned to keep an eye on the reactor at night. This fear was quickly dispelled, however, when the person was told that the reactor was “unplugged” when the last staff member left at 5:00 o’clock.

For Orlin Biddulph and Noe Higginbotham in WSU’s Botany Department, however, the new facility provided an invaluable tool with which to pursue their radioisotope tracer research. The isotopes they used had very short half-lives, requiring a nearby research facility so that experiments could be done quickly before the isotopes decayed. Harriet’s husband, Harold W. Dodgen, had been the driving force behind the establishment of WSU’s reactor, the second civilian-directed facility in the country.

Born in Missouri in 1921, Dodgen earned his bachelor of science degree and his doctorate in physical chemistry at the University of California, Berkeley. As a graduate student he assisted in research on plutonium production for the Manhattan Project, and from 1946 to 1948 he worked at the Institute for Nuclear Studies in Chicago (now the Enrico Fermi Institute) under Nobel laureate W. F. Libby. In 1948 Dodgen joined the chemistry faculty at Washington State College (WSC)—the college became a university in 1959—under President Wilson Compton. President Compton was the brother of Arthur Holly Compton, who was famous for his Nobel prize-winning discovery that photons carry and transfer momentum—the “Compton Effect.” During World War II Arthur Compton had been head of the world’s first experimental nuclear reactor project at the University of Chicago.

President Dwight D. Eisenhower, in his famous “Atoms for Peace” speech presented to the United Nations on December 8, 1953, proposed that an atomic energy agency be responsible “to devise methods whereby this fissionable material would be allocated to serve the peaceful pursuits of mankind. Experts would be mobilized to apply atomic energy to the needs of agriculture, medicine, and other peaceful activities.” At this time some Washington State College faculty were considering the establishment of a facility to train nuclear engineers who would be needed to work in these new fields and to facilitate research projects utilizing atomic technology for civilian purposes. In October 1954 the Washington State College Board of Regents appointed Dodgen di-
rector of the Nuclear Reactor Project. He was to be "responsible for obtaining engineering design specifications and working out other details necessary to construct a nuclear reactor."

The "Atoms for Peace" initiative allowed the use of uranium outside government laboratories, but only after strict design, structural, environmental, maintenance, personnel, and safety guidelines were met and documented. This process involved extensive studies, inspections, reports, applications for funding, and a variety of building and operating licenses. Dodgen led the college through this grueling process over the next seven years.

The first document prepared for review by the Atomic Energy Commission, in March 1955, was the Safeguards Report, a 131-page classified document prepared by Dodgen and technicians from General Electric, the designated contractor for the project. The application contained a complete description of the proposed reactor facility, including the "reactor structure, its location, and meteorological conditions in the surrounding area; an evaluation of possible accidents and corresponding safety precautions; a calculation of the hazards to the surrounding area in case of a maximum possible nuclear incident."

The extensive safety precautions and attention to detail evident in Dodgen's report were impressive. The proposed location of the reactor, approximately one and one-half miles due east of the center of Pullman on the WSC campus, was studied with care. The United States Department of Interior and the Department of Geology at WSC provided site studies and geological surveys. These studies provided details of elevation, topography, population densities surrounding the site, and aerial photographs. Geological studies detailed the soil and rock composition, surface water drainage, ground water movement, and location of drinking water. Weather records from the 50 years prior to the study were analyzed as to wind velocity (direction and changes in direction over specific time intervals), temperature, precipitation, and atmospheric inversions. The impact of major catastrophes such as earthquakes was studied with data going back to 1833.

The proposed reactor would be a swimming pool type, chosen for its "inherent safety features, its adaptability to extensive nuclear research, and its simplicity and overall cost." A concrete pool of demineralized water 31 feet long, 12 feet wide and 25 feet deep would "remove heat caused by the reaction, help shield the radioactivity, and act as a moderator—that is, it will slow down the speeding neutrons so that the reaction can continue." A bridge above the pool would contain the controls with which to operate the reactor. The grid plate and core assembly, containing up to 28 fuel elements, would be suspended from the bridge to a depth of 19 feet underwater. Initial operation was proposed at 100 kilowatts of power, with an anticipated increase to 1,000 kilowatts at a later time.

The building housing the reactor would be a three-story concrete structure equipped with metal doors, special ventilation systems, laboratory hoods with individual blower systems, and intercom systems. A fence around the entire perimeter would be secured at night, and the site would be equipped with floodlights and alarms. In the event of a rupture of the reactor pool, the design included a "depressed parking area" capable of containing water released from the pool, thus preventing it from directly entering the soil.

Dodgen would be responsible for the operation of the proposed facility along
with a deputy director, chief operator, and health physicist (a trained specialist in the biological effects of radiation exposure), all to be named at a later date. Since plans for this facility evolved from the efforts of several WSC departments and because the reactor would be used interdepartmentally, the project was placed under the central academic administration of the college. The Atomic Power Equipment Division of the General Electric Company designed the reactor, and WSC architect Philip E. Keene designed the building housing the reactor.

The project budget was $609,000 for capital outlay, with $360,000 of this obtained through a grant from the National Science Foundation. A Technical Planning Committee, consisting of WSC faculty from engineering and the sciences, was appointed to oversee reactor construction and start-up. Finally, a request was made to the Atomic Energy Commission for 5.0 kilograms of fully enriched uranium for use in this facility. In early February 1961, after an inspection of the facility, the AEC approved the fuel request and issued an operating license. The enriched uranium was encased in aluminum jackets and arrived on campus in large steel drums.

The reactor achieved initial criticality (self-sustaining chain reaction) on March 7, 1961, under the direction of J. A. Hagga, General Electric’s on-site reactor operator. In April, after having successfully completed the AEC written examination, reactor staff members Harold Dodgen, Perry A. Quigg, Roger C. Brown, Harry Stern, and Wally F. Hendrickson received their operating licenses. In the event of an accidental release of radioactivity, an Emergency Radiation Monitoring Team was appointed to test radiation levels, delineate associated hazards, and identify contaminated areas.

While gradually increasing the power from one watt to 100 kilowatts, the staff performed a series of tests to calibrate instruments and determine base operating values and optimum operating conditions. The reactor was ready for full-time use after these exercises were successfully completed. WSU had joined the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the University of Michigan, Pennsylvania State University and North Carolina State University as the only college campuses in the United States to house reactors with maximum capacities of at least one million watts.

In 1966 the WSU reactor had been operating successfully and uneventfully for five years at a maximum power of 100 kilowatts. In October of that year Dodgen submitted to the AEC a request for a tenfold increase in power to a steady-state 1,000 kilowatts, with pulsing capability to 2 million kilowatts. He also proposed alterations in the fuel elements and installation of a cooling system, a control system for pulsing operation, and a pneumatic sample transfer system. The AEC not only approved this major conversion but also provided a $135,200 training grant to assist in its implementation.

The increased heat that would be produced by a reactor operating at this wattage required a larger and more elaborate cooling system. This included heat exchangers, pumps, a cooling tower, and water treatment facility. A $120,000 grant from the National Science Foundation covered the cost of this new cooling plant. A new fuel manufactured by the General Atomic Division of General Dynamics Corporation, an American corporation that has since relocated to France, was key to this conversion. TRIGA (Training Reactor General Atomic) fuel elements replaced the MTR (Materials Testing Reactor) fuel elements in the grid plate at the bottom of the reactor core.

Theft of uranium, which could be refabricated into a weapon, was of great concern amidst the Cold War tensions of the 1960s. The 93 percent enriched MTR fuel was a prime target in the form of uranium metal or uranium oxide, both of which were very easy to dissolve for subsequent separation of bomb material. In contrast, TRIGA fuel was already enriched in a range of concentrations from 20 to 70 percent uranium; and its ceramic zirconium hydride matrix made it both chemically stable and extremely difficult to dissolve. With these properties, separation of the fissile radioisotope from the fuel mixture became nearly impossible and thus undesirable as a weapons’ source.

TRIGA was a much safer fuel for use in university campus reactors since it could not “melt down” even under the direst circumstances. In the unlikely event that all of the water in the pool was drained and all the control rods pulled out, it would not still have been possible for this fuel to melt down. At present the only university reactors to still use MTR fuel are at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Columbia 13 Summer 2003
University of Missouri. These reactors are capable of producing up to ten megawatts of power, which would not be possible using TRIGA fuel.

Not only was the impossibility of meltdown of TRIGA fuel a unique and important safety feature, it also made it possible to use “pulsing,” an important research feature that allowed a sample to be irradiated quickly and at maximum power. In pulse operation all controls were removed and the power level increased exponentially from a few kilowatts to 2 million kilowatts. Once this level was reached the reaction was quenched and the reactor core returned to very low power. This entire process occurred in 20 milliseconds.

The new TRIGA core also allowed more flexibility in the arrangement of experimental facilities, permitting samples to be placed through an irradiation tube directly into the core during steady-state operation. The old MTR core restricted samples to regions of the core receiving only reflected radiation, and the reactor had to be shut down before samples were inserted. Most TRIGA research reactors are based on a circular pool model with the irradiation tubes mounted permanently around the circumference of the core. WSU's reactor design was unique in that it formed a rectangle, allowing the irradiation tubes to be placed in a variety of locations. Additional pneumatic transfer systems were added to operate the irradiation tubes and lower the samples into the core. Samples in the new core could reach higher degrees of activation, making possible two important new research tools—neutron activation analysis and neutron diffraction.

Neutron activation analysis could be used to identify even minute traces of elements present in materials. When a sample was irradiated in the reactor, some of its constituent elements absorbed neutrons and became radioactive. Upon removal from the reactor, the sample emitted gamma rays with energy levels characteristic of the radioisotopes produced from constituent elements. The gamma ray spectrum was then analyzed and individual radioisotopes, even those in trace amounts, could easily be identified and measured. This procedure was extremely sensitive to approximately 80 percent of naturally occurring elements, and it did not physically alter the sample.

The second important new technique, neutron diffraction, could be used to study a sample's crystal structure. A beam of neutrons (similar to an x-ray), when sent through the sample, emerged with the beam scattered in a pattern corresponding to the sample's inner structure. Neutron diffraction provided better structural analysis than x-rays when lighter elements such as carbon, hydrogen, or oxygen were the object of study.

Neutron activation analysis and neutron diffraction are now the most frequently used techniques in research projects employing the facility, which is well-designed to accommodate such use. A beam of neutrons from the reactor can travel through “beam tubes” that surround the core and connect to a laboratory. Researchers place objects to be irradiated into these tubes through a “beam port.” When not in use, the ports are sealed with concrete plugs.

In 1969 Harold Dodgen left his post as director of the Nuclear Reactor Center to establish the Chemical Physics program at WSU. From 1969 to 1976 the directorship was taken over by George Hinman of the WSU Physics Department. Hinman had previously worked for General Atomic, a nuclear fuel producer, and was responsible for officially changing the name of the reactor center to the "Nuclear Radiation Center" (NRC).

A local newspaper, reporting on the construction of the NRC back in May 1959, had stated, "Research and academic programs at Washington State College are being geared to meet the demands of the atomic age." A Nuclear Reactor Symposium held in October 1959 hinted at the wealth of research areas the new reactor facility would enhance. Symposium presentations included the application of
reactor products to research in analytical chemistry, biology, plant physiology, cytogenetics, and plant mutagenesis.

WSU had initially planned to establish a nuclear engineering program, but because of lower demand in this field than had been anticipated, plus the fact that the University of Washington already had a nuclear engineering program, the program at WSU never materialized. WSU, Reed College, and the University of Rhode Island are the only three educational institutions in the country housing a nuclear reactor without also supporting a nuclear engineering program. Former NRC director Royston Filby believes that this has actually benefited WSU. Instead of being monopolized by one specialized program, the NRC has become a true university-wide facility, serving and involving many academic departments.

In the mid 1960s agronomist Robert A. Nilan conducted one of the first research projects to utilize the NRC to study the effects of ionizing radiation on cereal grains, specifically barley. Thermal neutrons initiate mutations, some of which were beneficial and led to better varieties of barley (and ultimately to the production of better beer). Another project headed by soils scientist Walter H. Gardner used a radiation beam to measure the speed and shape of water flow through soils. This technique enabled scientists to determine how long it took to saturate soils of varying composition and dryness, and proved especially useful in light of the massive irrigation project then in progress in the Columbia Basin. The WSU reactor was the first of its kind in the western United States and one of only four constructed at land grant colleges. Others are at Pennsylvania State University, North Carolina State University, and the University of Illinois. It was appropriate that two of the first projects to utilize the reactor would benefit agriculture.

Other research projects utilizing the NRC facilities came from a variety of WSU departments. Chemist Baynard Milne studied the inactivation of enzymes by radiation, and Harold Dodgen, from the same department, studied neutron scattering by hydrogen compounds in order to determine their chemical structure. Botanist Orlin Bidulph studied the absorption, translocation, and disposition of elements in plants; his colleague Noe Higginbotham studied the rate of uptake and exchange of sodium and potassium in plant tissue. From the Horticulture Department, Leon Campbell studied radiation sterilization of microorganisms and Edward Ross studied food preservation by radiation.

Throughout the 1990s WSU classes in chemistry, environmental science, physics, mechanical engineering, and zoology utilized the NRC facility. The University of Idaho used it for upper level chemistry, geology, nuclear engineering, and physics classes. Yearly workshops were conducted for students from Whitworth College, the University of Washington, Columbia Basin College, the University of Utah, Sonoma State University, Simon Fraser University, the University of Southern California, and the University of Cincinnati. Most of these educational institutions used the NRC as part of the Reactor Sharing Program, which was funded by the Department of Energy and provided irradiation and neutron activation analysis services for research and instruction to regional universities.

From 1987 to 1992, 25 faculty members from WSU and regional colleges used the NRC facility in their research projects. A total of 23 graduate degrees using the radiation center facilities were granted during these years, and 66 papers citing NRC use were published. From 1994 to 1999 use by faculty for research had increased to 35 faculty users; degrees granted using the NRC increased to 31, and 154 papers citing use of the facility were published.

Since 1998 the NRC has seen a huge increase in reactor use from roughly 30 hours per month to about 120 hours per month. A major part of this increase is due to several new and ongoing research projects. Under a $280,000 yearly grant, the NRC provides the radiochemistry component of a DOE program called the United States Transuranium and Uranium Registry (USTUR). This project measures trace uranium and transuranic elements (artificially made and highly radioactive) in human tissue. Specifically, the NRC determined the deposition of plutonium, americium, and thorium in the organs of radiation workers.

A current project involves the measuring of air quality in Spokane, Washington. This seven-year epidemiological study is attempting to determine relative toxicity to the respiratory system of specific metal particulates that become
airborne as a result of combustion, wind, and industrial activities. Neutron activation analysis provides researchers with a very sensitive tool with which to measure small amounts of metals in the atmosphere. Researchers from WSU's College of Engineering place air filters at a number of locations in and around Spokane to trap airborne particulates. These samples are analyzed daily using nuclear activation analysis; levels of particulates from car exhaust, wood smoke, and other sources are documented. Results are compared to records from four Spokane hospitals in order to correlate the occurrence of asthma or other respiratory or cardiopulmonary problems with particulate levels in the air. This long-term study is a joint effort between the departments of Civil and Environmental Engineering and Chemistry at Washington State University, and the University of Washington's School of Public Health.

In 1998 the Department of Energy provided $200,000 to WSU for a Boron Neutron Capture (BNCT) animal treatment facility. Patrick Gavin of WSU's Veterinary School is conducting this project financed by a $300,000 per year grant from DOE. Gavin is using this new therapy to treat brain tumors in dogs. A boron-containing drug administered to the animal will concentrate in tumor tissue in preference to healthy tissue. When the tissue is irradiated, the boron atom captures a neutron, splits into two heavy fragments which cause radiation damage in the cells surrounding the boron atom, thus destroying the tumor tissue while causing little or no damage to the healthy tissue nearby. This procedure continues to be perfected so that someday it may be used to treat brain tumors in humans.

Many of these research projects were carried out under the directorship of Royston H. Filby. Filby was trained as an analytical chemist with emphasis in the area of geochemistry. He pioneered the use of neutron activation analysis in the early 1960s while determining trace elements in rocks at the University of Oslo Geological Museum in Norway. Filby came to Washington State University in 1967 on a joint appointment between the Department of Chemistry and the NRC. He was director of the NRC from 1976 until 1991, and he still maintains a partial appointment at the center. He remains active in neutron activation analysis projects, especially the USTUR project, with Samuel Glover of WSU's School of Pharmacy and the trace element analysis of air filters study with Candis Claiborn of WSU's Civil and Environmental Engineering Program.

Filby's successor, and the current director of the NRC, is Gerald E. Tripard, who has held a joint appointment with WSU's Department of Physics and the NRC since 1969. Tripard's background is in nuclear physics, and he has spent many summers and a sabbatical leave working at the National Research Laboratories in Los Alamos, New Mexico.

As director, Tripard's earliest challenge was an extensive overhaul of the computerized system that controlled the reactor. The platform on which this vital system ran was obsolete and not upgradable. Additionally, many of the computer codes under which it operated did not meet current coding standards and had to be rewritten. Tripard oversaw the tedious process of rewriting and testing the computer codes and then selecting, installing, and learning to operate a new independent computer system. This new system, which can be upgraded as necessary, receives and analyzes data from eight detectors that constantly monitor the reactor.

In the summer of 1998 Tripard faced another challenge. Performance of the heat exchanger and cooling tower proved inadequate following a period of unusually hot, humid weather and an increase in use and running time of the reactor. This situation created stress on the pool and what had been a minor leak in the epoxy pool liner grew disconcertingly large. A temporary repair was made in October 1998, and WSU agreed to provide the approximately $320,000 for a permanent repair. First, however, the cooling system would have to be upgraded. DOE provided funds for this project and, within the year, a new cooling tower, heat exchanger, and additional filter system (to contend with the large volume of windblown dust from the surrounding wheat fields) were installed. The pool liner was also repaired during this same period. According to Tripard, these upgrades and repairs were crucial to the successful renewal of the reactor's license in 2002.

WSU is currently one of fewer than 25 of the original 71 American universities with operational research reactors, and many of the remaining facilities are considering closure. When the NRC was first established Harold Dodgen predicted that this country would soon use up its current energy resources and have to convert to nuclear power. In a 1961 lecture he stated, "It is important that the United States begin significant use of atomic energy soon," and, "We can expect to reach our peak of petroleum production in twenty years, and that of bituminous coal in less time." This has not occurred and, in fact, less than 20 percent of electricity generated in the United States today is nuclear powered. However, nuclear power may still have a role to play in supplying the world's increasing energy needs.

In light of these considerations, Tripard is committed to preserving this technology by making it available to students and researchers. Roger Willett, former chair of WSU's Department of Chemistry, stated that the trend toward closing university reactors is a good reason for WSU to keep its reactor open. "From a national perspective, there is considerable concern about a lack of facilities for training a new generation of people in the radiochemistry area.... WSU could position itself to be the leader in this area."

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AUTHOR'S NOTE
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1001 Curious Things

Tales from Ye Olde Curiosity Shop

ABOVE: J.E. Standley’s first shop near the waterfront. The Curio, was at 82 Madison Street. “Old Chad George the Indian Silversmith sits in the middle of the Junk Pile,” wrote Standley on the back of the photo. Years later he added, “Take Note no Totem Poles to be had then.”

FOR DECADES THROUGHOUT the 20th century a visit to Seattle mandated a stop at Ye Olde Curiosity Shop. There, in the reassuring familiarity of a jumble of curios, the inquisitive visitor could encounter the world of people from unfamiliar and exotic places, purchase curios from across the globe, and gaze in amazement at the rare, the exotic, the minuscule, the gigantic. Visitors could stroke the jawbone of a whale and marvel at the entire Lord’s Prayer written on the head of a pin. They could imagine arduous life in the Arctic, the mystery of totem poles in a misty Northwest Coast forest, or the terror of encountering headhunters in the jungles of Ecuador. There was even a mermaid.

Although proprietor John E. Standley chose to cite the year 1899—perhaps in an attempt to romantically associate his shop with the previous century—recent genealogical research has clarified that it was 1901 when he opened what became known as Ye Olde Curiosity Shop in the rough, young coastal town of Seattle. The shop quickly became a hallmark tourist destination and over the years provided indelible memories for millions of visitors and, for many, mementos of the experience. Despite vying for space with exotica from all corners of the globe, Native American material quickly became the mainstay of the shop’s identity and stock. Timing and location were

BY KATE DUNCAN

COLUMBIA 17 SUMMER 2003
Mamma & I went out to the Canoe Camp. Hop pickers, hundred Siwash canoes cut out of cedar logs. All sizes. Men, Women, Dogs, Kids etc. for Camping and Ceremonial Dances. I was Buying muckmuk [bowls] & baskets, different tribes from Vancouver Island, Quilliute, La Push, etc. Hundreds, they dance, drink & sing....

—Written in the guest book, page 2

Ye Olde Curiosity Shop's guest book includes signatures of visitors, pasted-in postcards and news clippings, and names of visitors and anecdotes that J. E. Standley added during his later years.
Impressed with the Seattle Totem Pole, which had recently been installed in nearby Pioneer Square, he encouraged them to carve both miniature and full-size poles as well as masks that he could sell in his shop. As the major regional source for totem poles for several decades, and through other of his activities, Standley helped cement a growing association of totem poles with Puget Sound, despite their not being a tradition of the region.

Standley was clearly fascinated with Indian and Eskimo people. His written observations about them are usually brief, anecdotal, and objective. Critical remarks and derogatory words, common in accounts of the time, are extremely rare in Standley’s writings. A Seattle Star reporter commented in 1936: ‘‘Daddy’ likes the Indians and their objects of art, and doesn’t care who knows it.’’ He enjoyed talking with them, but for the most part his friendship with them was played out in the context of the shop rather than in social settings.

With the most varied and visible Indian collection in the city, Ye Olde Curiosity Shop became a stop for visiting Indians and Eskimos, as it remains today. Standley wrote about some of them in his guest book and sometimes included a postcard or photograph of those who were famous. His most vivid memory was of Chief Joseph, about whom he wrote: ‘‘The greatest Indian in America visited Ye Olde Curiosity Shop 1902 with Red Thunder his nephew.’’ In the evening he sat with Joseph for three hours in the dark at the Lincoln Hotel because the elderly Nez Perce Chief did not like modern lights. In later years, performing Indians and Indian heroes would stop in at the shop, among them tenor Chief War Eagle (aka War Cloud) and Navajo prizefighter Joe Cortez. Standley purchased special articles that had belonged to well-known Indians such as Chief Sealth (Seattle) and his daughter Angeliena, and Miss Columbia, a Labrador Eskimo who was born at the Chicago World Columbian Exposition.

On October 21, 1908, the evening Seattle Daily Times reported that earlier that day patrons had rushed the doors of the elegant New Washington Hotel, even before its official noon opening, vying to be first in line to buy a cigar or curio, or to eat in the largest and most elaborately decorated dining room in the Northwest. In addition to picturing the hotel’s front desk and marble staircase, the article showed the ‘‘Lounging Room’’ and its focal point—an elaborate fireplace with flanking totem poles and a tile mural of Mount Rainier, made by the famous Rookwood Pottery. As both the totem pole and Mount Rainier had come to represent Seattle and the Pacific Northwest in civic consciousness, what better way to create a regional ambiance in the new hotel than to combine the two symbols?

Standley wrote on the back of this photograph of the new hotel’s fireplace that the totem poles were based on ones lent by Ye Olde Curiosity Shop. Although we don’t know for sure, it is easy to imagine that Standley himself could have enthusiastically suggested the Mount Rainier-totem pole tableau, offering his poles to be copied. Could the New Washington’s architects have concurred, having heard of the elaborate tile work that Cincinnati’s Rookwood Pottery had recently created for fashionable hotels, banks, and railway stations in the East? Perhaps they had seen its new 1907 catalog of architectural embellishments. An installation by Rookwood could place Seattle’s new hotel in league with those elsewhere that it hoped to emulate.

Rookwood Pottery built an international reputation for art pottery in the years after Mrs. Maria Nichols founded it in 1880, a time when china painting was a popular and acceptable occupation for women. The company grew steadily,
experimenting with special vase forms and glazes, and won top prizes at expositions in Buffalo, Chicago, Paris, St. Louis, and Turin. It would again in 1909 at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in Seattle.

The Rookwood architectural department, which worked directly with architects to produce interior and exterior embellishments of faience—an opaque, glazed earthenware—expanded in 1901. Hotels, businesses, theaters, and a host of public and private buildings across the country ordered mantel facings, large tile murals, and even entire rooms. Rookwood fabricated fountains for department stores, designed garden installations, and produced moldings and decorative panels for 23 New York subway stations. The years 1907 to 1913 were the most successful for the architectural department, but it was never as profitable as hoped. The hand-tailored design and double-fired process were intensive and expensive. No wonder that the order from Seattle’s New Washington Hotel for an elaborate faience fireplace—14 and a half feet by 12 and a half feet, of special design and framed in totem poles—was noted in Rookwood records with care. Its $1,250 price tag was significant.

After consultation with a client, a Rookwood artist made watercolor sketches of all of a project’s details. For murals the sketches were then photographically enlarged to actual size to serve as full-scale blueprints. The Mount Rainier mural at the New Washington Hotel would have been created in this way. How the design of the totem poles was handled is not recorded. Although Standley may have shipped the poles so that drawings could be made, it definitely appears that he sent photographs that Rookwood designers worked from rather than from actual poles.

The pole at the left of the Rookwood fireplace is a version of a local landmark, the Seattle Totem Pole; the pole on the right, of the famous Chief Shakes Pole at Wrangell, Alaska. Both of these Tlingit poles were among Standley’s favorites, and along with the Kwa-kwaka’wakh Alert Bay Pole became the poles most often replicated in miniature over Ye Olde Curiosity Shop’s history. The Rookwood poles appear to have been based specifically on two model poles pictured in the shop’s 1915 catalog and an early undated shop postcard.

What happened to the Rookwood mantle and mural is not known. In 1964 the New Washington Hotel was purchased by the Catholic Archdiocese of Seattle and remodeled into the Josephinum, now a residence for senior citizens.

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There are many other attractions, among which are six Totem Poles, representing the history, religion and legends of the Bella-Bella Indians; also Indian tepees and the aboriginal battleship or ancient Indian war canoe.

—Brochure: Ravenna or Big Tree Park, 1909

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In early July 1909 distinguished British anthropologist Alfred Cort Haddon, of Cambridge University, strolled into Ye Olde Curiosity Shop on Colman Dock in Seattle. Afterward, Standley wrote excitedly in his guest book: “Dr Hadden visited the Shop and Bot big lot Indian and Eskimo curios to put in the museum at Haddon Hall. He was elated and yelled out I take my hat off to Mr. Standley’s Unique Shop.”

Energized by his visits to America, Haddon was known and appreciated for his enthusiasm and generosity of spirit toward everyone. Haddon obviously was a hit with Standley although the shopkeeper was a bit confused about who he was. Another enthusiastic guest book insertion places him at Oxford. Standley had his spelling and affiliations confused—associating his visitor with the wrong university and with Haddon Hall, the celebrated estate of the Duke of Rutland in Derbyshire—but there is no question that he was referring to the famous Albert Cort Haddon.

Like many celebrities and scholars, Haddon was in town to take in Seattle’s first world’s fair, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. An expert on the indigenous people of Malaysia, he was to lecture at the A-Y-P Exposition on the evolution of culture around the Pacific Rim. He was also the advisory curator for the Horniman Free Museum on the outskirts of London and in his travels sometimes purchased artifacts to enhance the museum’s exhibits. It was probably J. E. Standley’s display in the Alaska Building at the fair that suggested Ye Olde Curiosity Shop as a likely place to find what he wanted.

In tune with current anthropological thought, Haddon planned for the exhibits at the Horniman to explain the evolution of culture and “suggest the general line of advance in the arts, crafts, and ideas from the time of early man.” At that time, indigenous people were viewed as illustrating an early stage of culture, and to represent native peoples of Alaska and the Northwest Coast the museum would require examples of their tools and arts. By 1909 Ye Olde Curiosity Shop had established contacts with whaler-traders, government personnel, and others working in Alaska and offered for sale thousands of such “relics” acquired from them.

Haddon had no success convincing a British university to purchase Standley’s Alaska Building exhibit, as he had hoped and suggested to Standley, but he did buy 109 objects from Alaska, the Yukon, and the Northwest Coast for the Horniman Museum. A mask that Haddon purchased documents one of the ways in which J. E. Standley was already influencing the Northwest Coast art and artifacts he sold. Identified in Horniman Museum records as a Haida Raven’s head, it is actually a replication of a Kwa-kwaka’wakh mask collected by Johan Adrian Jacobsen for the Royal Ethnographic Museum in Berlin. Standley could have known of the mask only through a line engraving in Franz Boas’s 1897 volume, The Social Organization and the Secret Societies of the Kwakiutl Indians, a copy of which he owned. The mask Haddon purchased was most likely made by a Nuu-chah-nulth Seattle-area carver after Standley showed him illustrations in
Boas's book. The carver made at least two almost identical versions of this mask. George Heye purchased the second one from Standley in 1916 for his new Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, in New York and then sold it in 1927 to the Reading Public Museum, Reading, Pennsylvania. The Reading mask is pictured in one of the earliest postcards Standley created to advertise his shop.

Haddon's purchase, less than a decade after Standley's arrival in Seattle, demonstrates the reputation that Ye Olde Curiosity Shop had established in a short time. Haddon was just one of many important visitors—politicians, scholars, entertainers, celebrities, and museum representatives—who poked about Ye Olde Curiosity Shop during the A-Y-P Exposition or later and made purchases there. Thousands of ordinary tourists patronized the establishment, too. By 1909 the shop had established a reputation for the variety and quality of its ethnographic artifacts, and, as the encounter with the Haddon documents shows, Standley was even commissioning masks that, despite their transcultural origins, would move into both museums and homes as authentically old. The totem poles he arranged for became even more influential in establishing a hybrid carving style in Seattle that would become mainstream.

SEATTLE HAD ACTIVELY promoted its majestic scenery for some years, and visitors to the A-Y-P Exposition would expect to experience it. For many, an afternoon amid the giant trees and mossy canyons of Ravenna Park would be the closest they came to a natural wilderness. An opportunity to do this easily would be a valuable addition to the exposition, and Reverend W. W. Beck, who owned and operated Ravenna Park just seven blocks from the fair's site, was in a position to provide it.

In 1889 Beck had purchased land along Lake Washington that included a ravine area, designated Ravenna Park by earlier owners. He platted the town of Ravenna, built his home there—in which he ran a private women's college—and began developing the park. He fenced it, brought in exotic plants, and built a roofed picnic shelter and paths to a natural sulfur spring he christened "the Wood Nymph Well." Easily accessible from downtown by trolley car after 1890, the park became a popular destination for Sunday outings.

Even in 1909, Ravenna Park was one of the few areas in Seattle still in its natural state. Descriptions of it in advertising pamphlets are imbued with the rhetoric and expectation of psychological impact that had dominated travel literature for
Ye Olde Curiosity Shop is] "the Mecca of the seeker after the extraordinary in curios...."  
—The Grit, October 1925

well over a century. Brochures published at the time of the A-Y-P Exposition promoted respite from the crowds within a "forest primeval...Seattle's only forest unshorn by axe...Ravenna Park, with its standing and fallen giant trees; moss and fern-clothed canyons." There were majestic rows of the state flower along Rhododendron Way and "nearly every plant known to Western Washington," but the trees—the giant firs touted to be 300 to 400 feet high and 30 to 60 feet in circumference—were the true marvels. City residents had named the largest ones in 1908—the President Teddy Roosevelt at 44 feet in circumference, the Paderewski (named after the famous pianist), and the Robert E. Lee—and visitors were drawn to view them. Like natural wonders such as Niagara Falls, Yosemite, and the Grand Canyon, Ravenna Park offered a pilgrimage to the sublime, the contemplative, the spiritual, the terrifying. Among the ferns, moss, and virgin trees a teahouse offered refreshment. The pilgrimage was a short and comfortable one, with trolley car service from the exposition every eight minutes at the cost of 25 cents.

We-inspiring natural forests with the added allure of totem poles in misty fjords had been the promise of a trip to Alaska since steamship companies began advertising excursions up the Inside Passage in the 1880s. Although visitors to the A-Y-P Exposition would have seen the plaster cast totem poles with light-bulb eyes at the fair's south entrance, encountering real poles standing in a forest would replicate an Alaskan experience more closely. It may have been at the suggestion of University of Washington historian Edmond Meany, who was helping measure and identify Ravenna Park's huge trees and other flora, that Beck decided to introduce an "Indian influence" and install totem poles, a teepee, a wickiup (mat lodge), and an Indian canoe. Or it could have been Standley's idea. The origins of the teepee and wickiup are not known, but Standley supplied the totem poles and the canoe.

Acquiring large totem poles was not a simple task, but Mr. Beck could turn to Standley who by at least 1907 had advertised that he could provide poles up to 20 feet tall. At Beck's request, Standley arranged for a group of poles to stand in Ravenna Park during the exposition. Photographs and information about five Ravenna Park totem poles still exist. The tallest was photographed in front of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer Building while on its way to the park and again for use on a postcard. A skinny 40-foot column crudely carved with figures loosely based on parts of the Seattle Totem Pole, it was the earliest pole known to have been commissioned by Standley from a carver living locally. Standley identified him as Siwash, the term then common for Salish Indians. Standley also provided Beck with a composition titled, "Tradition of the Whale, Eagle, Family of Kasaan, Alaska, East Coast of Prince of Wales Island," to accompany the pole.

The pole had nothing to do with Kasaan, a Kaigani Haida village, but if the same creatures were on both, Standley saw no reason not to use the story. Such careless and ignorant transfer of tribal and family-owned information associated with specific totem poles to other unrelated poles contributed...
Standley had a professional photograph made of his first Colman Dock shop at 813 Railroad Avenue in late 1908 or early 1909. Standley leans on the large totem pole he originally commissioned for Ravenna Park.

to an increasingly muddled body of information on Northwest Coast customs and art that dominated public perceptions.

The four shorter totem poles—actually two pairs of somewhat similar ones installed together in Ravenna Park—are pictured on a small advertising brochure that W. W. Beck put out during the exposition. Two poles with beavers at the bottom stand on the left and two with frogs at the bottom, on the right, each set into a niche cut into a living tree. The pole third from the left is less skillfully carved and painted with less precision and detail than the others. It appears that after the poles for Beck were carved, Standley decided he would like one of them to stand in front of his shop during the exposition and arranged for a local carver to quickly duplicate it for the park grouping. The original pole is recorded in a photograph that Standley had made for advertising purposes during the exposition.

The origin of this group of poles remains unclear. Although Standley formally identified them as Tlingit, on a photo picturing two of them he wrote, "Made by the Bella Bella of Vancouver Island" (his name for the Nuu-chah-nulth of British Columbia living in the Seattle area). Although carvers in both Alaska and British Columbia were producing large poles for sale at the time, the Ravenna Park poles are unlike them. The figures on Beck's poles, now in Seattle's Burke Museum, are more visually similar to those on poles from Alaskan Kaigani Haida communities than to those on the Tlingit poles. Even so, they relate stylistically to several Nuu-chah-nulth figural post photographs early in the century at Sarita, Barkley Sound. It is likely that Standley's carvers worked from black and white photographs of northern poles in which they could see neither the figures nor the painted details very well.

One may argue that, being unfamiliar with the exact identity of the figures on the poles in context of the stories they represented and with the specifics of the northern Northwest Coast carving system, Standley's local carvers created interpretations of what they saw, seen through their own very limited tradition of poles. The resulting Ravenna Park poles were hybrids, as would be thousands of totem poles, large and small, later made by Nuu-chah-nulth carvers for sale in Seattle. The Ravenna Park totem poles were the work of at least three carvers. In creating them, they established an economic relationship with tourist shops and tourists that is still critical to Nuu-chah-nulth carvers, Ye Olde Curiosity Shop, and other shops in the Pacific Northwest.

Even before the A-Y-P Exposition, Beck was hoping that Ravenna Park could become a part of Seattle's city park system. The Olmsted Brothers' park plan, which had been commissioned by the city, recommended it, and souvenir booklets and local newspapers encouraged it. Beck was unsuccessful in selling the park to the city in 1904, but its popularity during the exposition helped Beck's cause, and Seattle purchased Ravenna Park in 1911. To the dismay of many, the giant trees were "quietly felled" over the next several years, as city engineers installed a new trunk sewer that destroyed the park's stream and its fish runs. The group of four totem poles and the canoe were saved when Mrs. Beck placed them on loan in the State Museum at the University of Washington in 1913. The canoe, which was left outside, eventually decayed and was discarded in 1940. The pole that Standley had kept at his shop left Seattle sometime after the exposition. In 1951 Nelson Rockefeller purchased it from a New York gallery and installed it on the lawn at his estate in Kykuit, New York, where it remains the only Native American sculpture in the collection.

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I

N THE FIRST years of the 19th century a small party of American explorers labored up the Missouri River, en route to the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. In the Far West, much of which had come under American dominion with the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, members of this expedition found adventure, excitement, and landscapes "beatiful in the extreme." More often, however, the men, led by Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, found hard work, privation, and monotony. The trials and tedium of the journey made the occasional respite in hunting all the more satisfying. Thus Meriwether Lewis, having been confined to his boat for several days, resolved on September 17, 1804, "to devote this day to amuse myself on shore with my gun and view the interior of the country."

Setting out with six of his best hunters in what is today South Dakota, Lewis found a countryside composed of "irregular hills of 100 to 200 feet high," at the top of which "the country breakes of[f] as usual into a fine leavel plain extending as far as the eye can reach." Atop this plain grew lush grass, the result of a bum that had occurred, Lewis figured, a month earlier. "This scenery already rich pleasing and beatiful," wrote Lewis, "was still farther hightened by the immense herds of Buffaloe deer Elk and Antelopes which we saw in every direction feeding on the hills and plains."

The object of the day's excursion was not to appreciate scenery but to kill a female pronghorn antelope as a scientific specimen, a male having been taken earlier. Observing "several herds," the hunters walked eight miles from camp to pursue them but found the pronghorns "extreemly shy and watchfull insomuch that we had been unable to get a shot at them." The pronghorns "seelect the most elivated point in the neighbourhood," reported Lewis, "and as they are watchfull and extremely quick of sight and their sense of smelling very accute it is almost impossible to approach them within gunshot...they will frequently discover and flee from you at the distance of three miles."

Having singled out a herd of seven, Lewis followed his quarry as they ran up a low hill that gave them visual command of three directions. The one direction that they could not see, noted Lewis, was the direction from which the wind blew. The pronghorns would smell him even if they did not see him. Eager to obtain a specimen for President Jefferson, Lewis continued to stalk the animals, hiding behind a shallow ridge as he moved uphill.

The sole male in the group, Lewis observed, "frequently incircled the summit of the hill on which the females stood in a group, as if to look out for the approach of danger." When Lewis came to within 200 paces of the animals, they fled, and Lewis proceeded to the top of the hill where they had stood. The pronghorns, having run into a ravine, reemerged some three miles away. "I doubted at first," wrote Lewis, "that they were the same that I had just surprised, but my doubts soon vanished when I beheld the rapidity of their flight along the ridge before me[.]" It appeared rather the rapid flight of birds than the motion of quadrupeds. I think I can safely venture to ascertainment that the speed of this animal is equal if not superior to that of the finest blooded courser."

Even without taking a female pronghorn, Lewis had made an important discovery: he had observed the fastest quadruped in North America.

There would be more discoveries that day. When Lewis returned to camp he brought buffalo meat for his men and a black-billed magpie for science, the first of its species known to Americans. The party's other hunters had killed what Clark described as a "Curious kind of Deer, a Darker grey than Common," with "hair longer & finer, the ears verry large..."
& long… its tail round and white to near the end which is black & like a Cow.” In other respects, wrote Clark, it was “like a Deer, except it runs like a goat.” “Large,” he added. That animal was a mule deer, another species new to American science. Finally, wrote Clark, the party had seen “a Small wolf with a large bushey tail,” an animal Americans would soon know as the coyote.

Thus on September 17, 1804, three new species—the black-billed magpie, the mule deer, and the coyote—were either collected or described by Lewis and Clark while another, the pronghorn antelope, was observed in the exercise of its greatest talent, running from danger. The scope of what was American was permanently changed by the observation of these creatures. Though the public would be made aware of these discoveries only months or even years later, they became part of the legacy bequeathed to the nation by its “pioneering naturalists,” as Paul Russell Cutright calls Lewis and Clark.

These discoveries also became part of the legacy bequeathed to the nation by another pioneering naturalist—Thomas Jefferson. Through his Corps of Discovery, and through Meriwether Lewis in particular, Jefferson sought to complete the catalog of the nation’s fauna, flora, and geography that he had begun in Notes on the State of Virginia. Accordingly, before the expedition Jefferson enlisted the nation’s most eminent scholars to refine Lewis’s knowledge of botany, zoology, and ethnology, the infant sciences that would enable him to comprehend the continent.

Even as Americans lionized farmers as guarantors of republican virtue and heirs to the land they cultivated, Lewis, as a naturalist, was more than an agrarian agent of civilization. Though Lewis’s mission was a step toward the agrarian settlement of the Far West, it represented an attempt to tie together the continent in a unified, scientific whole long before it could be appropriated by men with plows. Lewis took possession of the continent not through planting but through science.

He also took possession of the land by hunting. “We eat an enormity of meat,” wrote Lewis on July 13, 1805. “It requires 4 deer, an Elk and a deer, or one buffalo, to supply us plentifully for 24 hours.” Though this was a large order, it was one the hunters could usually fill. Like the earliest American colonists, Lewis and Clark found a hunter’s paradise in the West. On the banks of the Missouri River the explorers could “kill whatever we wish,” wrote Lewis, enabling them to dine on “fine veal and fat beef” from buffalo as well as “venison and beaver tails.” So numerous and tame were buffalo and elk in May 1805 that “the men frequently throw sticks and stones at them in order to drive them out of the way.”

At other times game was scarce, yet few Americans remember the privations endured by the explorers; Americans instead remember the bounty. As Richard White reminds us, Lewis and Clark were (and are) portrayed as the “first white men” to enter the “untouched paradise” of the Far West. That this paradise was not untouched and that Lewis and Clark were not the first to enter it are beside the point. Americans look upon Lewis and Clark as the first Americans in the Far West because they, not Indians or Métis, represent a chosen people come to claim the promised land beyond the Mississippi. Lewis and Clark are remembered as the first Americans, moreover, because they entered the wilderness without despoiling it. In the American imagination, Lewis and Clark remain innocents in a state of natural virtue, men who delivered a message of goodwill to Indians while absorbing the austere beauty of the landscape.

As heroic hunters Lewis and Clark were something new in American history. Though settlers had always hunted for subsistence and to clear the land of pests and predators, they identified agriculture as the basis for civilization. According to the Enlightenment precepts of colonial Americans, only men with plows—men who rejected hunting as a way of life—had the right to claim the continent. Full-time hunters, unlike farmers who happened to hunt, were thought to exist in a Hobbesian state of nature, observing neither the authority of the state nor the sanctity of property and life. Though Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, and the fictive Natty Bumppo would become American culture heroes in the Jacksonian and antebellum decades, backwoods hunters held the lowest rank on the colonial social scale.

J. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur spoke for many Americans when he declared in Letters from an American Farmer (which was published in 1782 but written before and during the Revolutionary War) that backwoodsmen became “ferocious, gloomy, and unsocial” because of their dependence on game. “Once hunters,” warned de Crèvecoeur, “farewell to the plough.” Even in the early 19th century, Americans often considered full-time hunters to be barbaric and backwards men who, like Indians, could make no legitimate claim to the land. As
In the late 19th and early 20th centuries Americans recalled the amity between Lewis and Clark and the Indians they had encountered during the 1804-06 expedition. Here, William Clark reaches out to shake hands with an Indian. Charles M. Russell painting, “Captain William Clark of the Lewis and Clark Expedition Meeting with the Indians of the Northwest,” 1897.

president, Jefferson himself sustained this logic by declaring the farmer to be the backbone of the republic and by insisting that Indians cease hunting and take up the plow in order to become “civilized.”

Lewis and Clark, however, despite subsisting on game throughout their two-year expedition, seemed to remain virtuous. At no time did they descend into a Hobbesian state of nature, becoming forces and empires unto themselves. Though hunters, they seemed to remain representatives of republican civilization and Enlightenment science. Insofar as Lewis and Clark entered any state of nature, it seemed more akin to that described by Rousseau than Hobbes.

Rousseau, in his *Discourse on the Origins of Inequality*, posited four stages of pre-political society, the third of which—that of the hunting societies of American Indians—was the ideal. In this stage, contended Rousseau, men were not smitten by self-love and pride (“amour-propre”); they had not learned to elevate themselves over others, which was the disease of developed societies. In this earlier, ideal stage, men retained an instincual empathy for one another, a hatred for suffering and cruelty, and an egalitarian camaraderie.

C 

oupled with Rousseau’s concept of ideal hunting societies—preceding it, in fact—was the logic of Deism. Having done away with the idea of original sin, Deists envisioned humans in a state of nature as virtuous and pure, uncontaminated by civilization. Jefferson, himself a Deist, jested that he was “savage enough to prefer the woods, the wilds and independence of Monticello, to all the brilliant pleasures” of a European metropolis. For Deists, knowledge and virtue were to be gleaned not from the Bible but from a different holy text—Nature.

Though Jefferson did not consciously mold Lewis and Clark to any Rousseauian or Deist standard, he did not envision them as arrogant conquerors either. In Jefferson’s view, American Indians were to be won over to farming and civilization by reason and goodwill. With this purpose in mind, Jefferson equipped the expedition with medallions bearing the legend “peace and friendship” for distribution among Indian leaders, as well as sundry trade goods and a quantity of smallpox vaccine with which to inoculate Indians. Brute conquest of the Far West was beyond the power of the American government, but it was also contrary to Jefferson’s ethical vision.

Following Jefferson’s lead, Americans recalled the explorers’ innocence—their friendship and goodwill toward Indian peoples—rather than the uneasy peace (or active hostility) that often prevailed during the expedition. The first statue of Lewis, a wax figure sculpted in 1807 by Charles Willson Peale for display in his American Museum in Philadelphia, thus showed a buckskin-clad Lewis holding a calumet (peace pipe). Over Lewis’s shoulder was draped an ermine-skin tippet (a long scarf) given him by the Shoshone chief Cameahwait when the explorers were encamped at the headwaters of the Salmon River in 1805. A placard emphasized the benevolence of the expedition; Lewis had supposedly accepted the tippet with a speech about his people’s desire to bring peace and to teach the Indians the arts of civilization.
When Indian delegations visited Philadelphia, as they often did in the early national years, Peale conducted them to his workshop, perhaps because of the ignominy attached to Lewis's waxen effigy, hoping to show them the sculptor's skill and coinage (triggered partly by the desire of respectability, to glorify. When Lewis and Clark did reappear in late 19th-century and early 20th-century painting, sculpture, and coinage, they appeared in scenes of amity and goodwill. When sport hunters of the antebellum and postbellum decades sought out nature, they sought to reenter a state of natural virtue like that of Lewis and Clark.

In dressing men of science in Indian costume, American artists cast Lewis and Clark as American natives, representatives of a race destined to replace the Indian as heir to the continent. The idea of white hunters as vicious and corrupt had been exchanged for a Rousseauian idea of hunters as humane and virtuous. When sport hunters of the antebellum and postbellum decades sought out nature, they sought to reenter a state of natural virtue like that of Lewis and Clark.

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The American fascination with Lewis and Clark began almost as soon as the explorers departed. "Never did a similar event excite more joy thro' the United States," wrote Jefferson in 1813 as he recalled the expedition. "The humblest of its citizens had taken a lively interest in the issue of this journey, and looked forward with impatience for the information it would furnish." Upon their return from the West, Lewis and Clark were congratulated and feted in Washington and in Virginia for having "extended the knowledge of the Geography of your country," enriching science, and opening the West for commercial development. Lewis, speaking to citizens of Charlottesville who had gathered to honor him, spoke of "the merit of having added to the world of science, and of liberty, a large portion of the immense unknown wilds of North America." Quibbling Federalists might argue that the explorers had discovered a "great waste" suitable for game, not farmers, but most Americans regarded Lewis and Clark as heroes who had linked a burgeoning people with a great realm.

The fate of Meriwether Lewis, however, was not what Jefferson had hoped. Appointed governor of Louisiana Territory in 1807, Lewis found that he possessed few of the skills necessary to succeed as an administrator and a politician. Nor could he succeed as an author. Though he hoped to fulfill Jefferson's expectation that he produce the most thorough compendium of American geography and natural history yet published, Lewis found himself unable to put pen to paper. Here, at last, was an expedition too arduous. Depressed and drinking heavily, Lewis committed suicide in 1809 on his return to Washington, D.C., to respond to criticism of his actions as governor.

The official report of the Lewis and Clark expedition would not appear until five years after Lewis's death. When it did appear in 1814—written by lawyer Nicholas Biddle rather than Lewis—the public found in its first pages a letter from Thomas Jefferson giving an account of the life of Captain Meriwether Lewis. Addressing a nation that mourned Lewis's suicide, Jefferson discussed Lewis's distinguished ancestry, his father's death in the Revolutionary War, and his early life in Virginia's Albemarle County. When he spoke of Lewis's youth, Jefferson noted that although Lewis's "talent for observation" and "accurate knowledge of the plants & animals of his own country," would have distinguished him as a farmer, he had elected to join the army instead.

For Jefferson, who had spent a lifetime lauding the farmer as guarantor of republican virtue, the assertion that his protégé would have made an excellent farmer was obligatory. Yet Jefferson's words called attention to the fact that Lewis, although he had managed his family's plantation as a young man, had elected not to remain a farmer, but rather to become a producer of any sort. Lewis became a soldier, a private secretary, an explorer, and a bureaucrat. He did not occupy a neat place in the ideal republic of small farmers, yet Jefferson had mentored Lewis, and Jefferson still endorsed him.

In identifying the germ of Lewis's greatness, Jefferson emphasized the natural, frontiersman, and hunter in Lewis rather than the farmer. "When only 8 years of age," wrote Jefferson, Lewis habitually went out in the dead of night alone with his dogs, into the forest to hunt the raccoon & opossum, which, seeking their food in the night, can then only be taken. In this exercise no season or circumstance could obstruct his purpose, plunging thro' the winter's snows and frozen streams in pursuit of his object."

In what appears to have been an earlier draft, Jefferson had displayed an even greater flourish of melodrama, writing that young Lewis "might be tracked through the snow to his traps by the blood which trickled from his bare feet."

Continuing in this vein, Jefferson appended to the litany of good character (courage, perseverance, leadership) the fact that Lewis was "intimate with the Indian character, customs & principles, habituated to the hunting life, [and] guarded by exact observations of the vegetables & animals of his own country, against losing time in the description of objects already possessed." Together with scrupulous honesty, these qualities made Lewis's reports "as certain as if seen by ourselves" and appeared to Jefferson to have been "implanted by nature in one body" for the "express purpose" of the transcontinental expedition.

Jefferson had supplanted the sturdy farmer with the adventurous hunter and naturalist as the instrument of empire. Lewis was anointed by nature to take charge of the Louisiana wilderness not by cultivating it with a plow like Jefferson's farmer-hero but by cultivating it with his scientific reports, his aboriginal persona, and his acumen as a hunter. In his eulogy...
Jefferson reiterated the idea of Lewis as an American native, a man who was as virtuous as the farmer but whose claim to the continent and whose worth as a citizen were not based on planting.

After Lewis's death in 1809 his place in the American imagination lost its luster. Even if Lewis was neglected for a time, however, the trophies he had obtained were remembered, at least until the grander collections of later explorers replaced them. Jefferson kept many of the expedition's specimens, displaying them in his Indian Hall, the entrance hall at Monticello. Upon entering, visitors could gaze at a fascinating collection of Indian bows and arrows, peace pipes, weapons, clothing, wampum belts, and paintings on buffalo hides (one depicted a battle between the Osage and Pawnee, and another diagrammed the Missouri River and its tributaries). Across the hall from these ethnographic artifacts appeared crystals, shells, fossils, preserved reptiles, mammoth bones, a bear claw, the antlers of deer, elk, and moose, and what must have been the crown gem of the collection, the head of an American bighorn sheep.

The lesson taught by Jefferson's Indian Hall was that hunting and scientific collecting were not such different enterprises; both were means of taking possession of the continent. As the century progressed they would become more closely related. Drawing on the legacy of Jefferson and Lewis, American hunters of the 19th century would define themselves not merely as sportsmen but as hunter-naturalists. They, like Lewis, would take possession of the continent by hunting, collecting, and displaying their trophies in cabinets of natural history.

The greatest trophy of all, however, a living American mammoth, eluded Jefferson. Since the discovery of fossil mammoth bones in America in the 18th century, Jefferson had believed that the mammoth—a creature he took to be a massive carnivore—must survive in the dim mists of the West. The Creator would hardly have contrived a species only to extinguish it; the Creator did not make mistakes in the Great Chain of Being, an immutable chain composed of a hierarchy of beings from the simplest organism to the most complex and intelligent.

Jefferson employed the mammoth in his famous refutation of the French naturalist George Louis Leclerc, comte de Buffon, who had claimed that the New World produced smaller, less vigorous fauna than the Old. The mammoth, wrote Jefferson, "should have sufficed to have rescued the earth it inhabited, and the atmosphere it breathed, from the imputation of impotence in the conception and nourishment of animal life." Indeed, after Charles Willson Peale displayed a virtually complete skeleton of a mammoth in his museum in 1801, the word "mammoth" became an adjective for any American natural production of enormous proportion.

Jefferson was so fascinated by the mammoth that in Notes on the State of Virginia he had related an Indian belief that the mammoth still survived. During the Revolution, recalled Jefferson, the governor of Virginia had entertained a delegation of Delaware Indians who recounted an ancient story of a herd of "big buffalo" (Jefferson took these to be mammoths) that congregated at the Big-Bone Licks in Kentucky, where fossil mammothian bones were continuously turning up. This herd devoured bear, deer, and buffalo until the Delaware Indians' hero, "Great Man," perched himself atop a mountain and killed the mammoths with lightning bolts. Only one animal, a gargantuan male, escaped to the West and there lived to the present day. According to the Delawares, the Great Man's footprints could still be seen on the mountain, making this one of the myths that explicated the Delawares' tribal landscape.

Like the Delaware Indians, Jefferson was eager to find evidence of titanic creatures and epic struggles in his own tribal landscape. In 1793 Jefferson instructed the French botanist François-André Michaux to hunt for the living mammoth as well as the megalonyx (literally, great claw), a giant, extinct sloth that Jefferson took to be a monstrous lion, based on fossil claws he had seen. Michaux's transcontinental expedition did not materialize (he reached Kentucky before being recalled after his implication in a French plot to wrest Louisiana from Spain), but Jefferson got a second chance with Meriwether Lewis.

Jefferson did not explicitly tell Lewis to hunt the mammoth, yet to claim an animal for science one had to take a specimen. But what would Lewis have done had he come upon a mammoth? One imagines Lewis gathering his men for a joint assault yet retreating in the face of the mammoth's overwhelming superiority. The grizzly—which sometimes absorbed ten balls before giving up a fight—was foe enough for the party's rifles. "I do not like the gentleman," wrote Lewis, "and had rather fight two Indians than one bear." If the party had trouble dispatching the grizzly, how could it—short of employing a cannon—take a mammoth?

Lewis's search for the mammoth proved fruitless, much to the pleasure of Federalists. In a poem lampooning the expedition, young John Quincy Adams wrote of Lewis:

He never with a Mammoth met,  
However you may wonder;  
Nor even with a Mammoth's bone,  
Above the ground or under.

Instead of a mammoth, Jefferson employed other trophies to refute Buffon, requisitioning for him, at great expense, the horns, skeleton, and skin of a Vermont moose. This animal, Jefferson claimed, could accommodate the Lapland deer (the animal Buffon took to be the European analog of the moose) under its belly.

More interesting is the memory of this event in folk culture. According to Reverend E. P. Wild's 1871 history of Brookfield, Vermont, it was Vermont settlers (not Jefferson) who, having heard that the English (not the French) spoke contemptuously of America, "stuffed the skin of an elk [not a moose] of gigantic dimensions and sent it to England as a specimen of what Vermont could produce, with an intimation that her men, also, were hard to beat." The story had become confused over many
These two woodcuts from Patrick Gass's journal illustrate encounters with another species new to Lewis and Clark—the grizzly bear. The low-velocity firearms of the time made it difficult to stop an enraged grizzly, some of which absorbed ten balls before quitting a fight. "I... had rather fight two Indians than one bear," wrote Lewis.

M ost of the faunal trophies collected by Jefferson's explorers ended up not in Europe, nor in Jefferson's Indian Hall, but in Charles Willson Peale's American Museum (also called Peale's Museum), the republic's preeminent natural history museum. Insisting that Americans must comprehend the natural productions of their own country "to distinguish the peculiarities of other countries," Peale set about in 1786 to collect and display "everything that is curious to this Country, but particularly its 'natural forms.'" Peale proclaimed in 1799, "Natural history is not only interesting to the individual, it ought to become a NATIONAL CONCERN, since it is a NATIONAL GOOD."

Through the scientific display of American fauna and flora, Peale—artist, Revolutionary War veteran, pacifist, Deist, and member of Jefferson's Republican party—transformed the disorderly wilderness of the colonial imagination into a school of republican reason. By using his museum to show that the diverse constituents of the natural world actually composed a harmonious, purposeful whole, Peale hoped to show diverse members of the American body politic that they, too, composed a harmonious, purposeful whole. Outside Peale's museum Americans might be divided by politics and religion, but inside his museum they would find "concordance of sentiment in admiring the wonderful works of creation." Peale maintained, "Political squabbles cease in the divine admiration of the infinite wisdom, and wonderful order of the Creator!" Peale made his "Great School of Nature" into a source of American identity, substituting a temple of reason for a state-sponsored church.

After Lewis and Clark and Zebulon Pike had forwarded their specimens to Peale (via Jefferson)—including the American bighorn, grizzly, and pronghorn—Peale's Great School of Nature extended its scientific empire to the Rockies. Praising "Capt. Lewis for his endeavors to increase our knowledge of the Animals of that new acquired Territory," Peale wrote in 1805 that "everything" from the Louisiana Territory "must now become interesting to the Public." Peale even volunteered to make drawings for the engravings that would appear in Lewis's account of the expedition. Like Meriwether Lewis, those who visited Peale's Museum became American natives; their ties to the Creator, to republican virtue, science, and nature were commensurate with their ties to the continent.

In displaying the wax figure of Lewis alongside the stuffed and mounted animals he had captured on his expedition, Peale discarded the Rousseauian opposition between hunting and republican rationality. For Peale, the hunter—as epitomized in Lewis—was rational and republican. The hunter killed animals not for sport but for knowledge and progress. In fact, Peale actively sought out American hunters to provide him specimens for his museum. In later decades Peale's own son, Titian Ramsay Peale, would hunt and paint big game in the Far West while serving as naturalist for Major Stephen Long's scientific expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1819-20.

Peale's other sons, encouraged by their father's success, opened museums in Baltimore in 1814, New York City in 1825, and Utica in 1828, each of which combined natural history with less didactic forms of entertainment. William...
Clark, as governor of Missouri Territory, also established a museum of natural history in St. Louis in 1816. There he displayed hunting trophies alongside ethnographic artifacts, petrified wood, crystals, agates, and portraits of Indian chiefs. Explorer and ethnographer Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, one of many travelers to visit the museum, commented that Clark had arranged his exhibits "with great taste and effect."

Peale and his sons, with Jefferson and Clark, cloaked hunters in the robes of republican dignity, pointing the way toward the 19th-century celebration of the hunter-naturalist. These men also pointed the way toward the great faunal and ethnographic collections assembled in the mid 19th century by the National Institution and its successor, the United States National Museum of the Smithsonian Institution. Through these institutions hunter-naturalists—and thousands of ordinary Americans who viewed the specimens displayed there—became American natives.

**We tend to think of Jefferson, Peale, and the hunters who assisted them as heirs of the Enlightenment, men engaged in a scientific effort to know the world, and that is what they were. Yet, having placed these men within the Western scientific tradition, we should consider other ramifications of their work. Their project was not solely scientific; it was an attempt to link Americans to a tribal landscape. How different were the antlers, heads, and hides displayed by Jefferson from the faunal totems, icons, and costumes displayed by Indians?**

For American Indians, antler head-dresses and hundreds of other faunal totems were pieces of a larger body of myth, legend, and folk tale—an entire cosmography. This cosmography defined the history of each animal, its usefulness and relationship to humans, and the place of humans in the universe. Together with myths that inscribed tribal geography, faunal totems affirmed tribal cosmography, identified tribal members as a group, and attached them to specific lands. In these processes, the hunter was instrumental; he took possession of the land and its faunal spirits, guaranteeing the tribe's survival.

The faunal specimens collected by another sort of hunter, Meriwether Lewis, affirmed not mythology but the seemingly superior discourse of science, rationality, and utility. Yet the specimens taken by Lewis and displayed by Jefferson and Peale were no less symbolic of a sacred wisdom than were the totems of American Indians. For Lewis, Jefferson, and Peale, natural history was the surest way humans had to discern the logic of the Creator; nature was a perfect school of republicanm; and to study nature was to follow the path toward the fulfillment of the Creator's plan for the perfection of America through the utilization of its natural resources.

In a sense, Lewis, Jefferson, and Peale made their countrymen more truly American natives than the aboriginal peoples who have come to be called Native Americans. American Indians tended to see themselves as native to particular tribal realms rather than to the continent as a whole. They did not conceive of geography in continental units before the arrival of Europeans, and they did not choose to have themselves and the lands they inhabited named for Amerigo Vespucci.

Ironic though it may seem, to call Lewis, Jefferson, Peale, and their post-Revolutionary countrymen American natives is justified. Their progenitors had given the name of an Italian navigator to the continent; they comprehended America as a zoological, geological, and geographical entity, and they called themselves American to identify themselves with the continent they inhabited. Finally, they associated their cultural and political values with American nature and, through natural history, scientific exploration, agriculture, art, and hunting, came to see themselves as divinely appointed custodians of the continent.

Daniel Herman is assistant professor of history at Central Washington University. This article is excerpted from his book, Hunting and the American Imagination (published by the Smithsonian Institution Press, Washington, D.C.; copyright © 2001 by the Smithsonian Institution), with permission of the publisher.
Camping grew in popularity during the 1920s as more and more people used their automobiles to get out of the city. In our photos a woman and her daughter sign the registration log at the Denny Creek Forest Service Camp and a vacationing couple picnics at Manitou Park in South Tacoma. The "Camper's Delight" auto tent, as advertised in a 1927 Western Auto Supply Agency brochure, was "designed to provide a real house to live in when traveling, quickly set up or rolled up, and takes but little space." Other items advertised in the brochure include folding stools, chairs, beds and tables, camp cooking kits, auto tow ropes, luggage racks, sanitary water bags, and tourist motor coats. Camping equipment may be more sophisticated now, but nothing has changed the need for city dwellers to escape to the great outdoors to enjoy the natural beauty of the Pacific Northwest's forests, mountains, and beaches.
For the first 85 years of its existence the Boeing Company's home base was Seattle. Those were years of great achievement in aviation. One such accomplishment was the Boeing 314 (B314) "flying boat" of the late 1930s and early 1940s, an airplane model that Pan American Airways named the Clipper. It was the first commercial airliner to fly around the world, first to establish regular airmail and passenger service between North America and Europe, and first to carry a United States president by air to an overseas destination.

The B314 was not Pan Am's first Clipper. There were the Sikorsky flying boats, including the Hong Kong Clipper, and the Martin 130s, including the China Clipper. But the B314 was the largest and the last.

In the late 1960s, M. D. Klaas, of Chatsworth, California, wrote a letter to Boeing Magazine, describing his interest in the B314s and asking for help in collecting historic information on them. Only 12 airplanes of that model had been built, and Klaas, whose fascination with the flying boats began in his teenage years in the early 1950s, had traced the lives and deaths of seven of them. Having never actually seen a B314, he now asked for our help in tracing the careers of the other five. His goal was to locate any B314s that might still exist and, eventually, to write a book on the history of the model. He hoped for help from the magazine's staff and readers, almost all of whom were in aviation, both civil and military.

Pan American Airways, for those too young to remember, was founded in 1927 by 28-year-old Juan Trippe who operated Fokker trimotors between Key West, Florida, and Havana, Cuba, on a regular schedule. Charles Lindbergh, who in 1927 was the first to fly solo across the Atlantic, joined the company in 1928 as a technical adviser. Pan Am became a giant among airlines, eventually changing its name to Pan American World Airways. Mergers, deregulation, terrorist bombings, market saturation, and management missteps in the 1980s led to the failure of many pioneering airlines, including Pan Am, which in 1991 ceased to exist. In 1993 the airline's name and logo were bought at auction by a small discount airline that subsequently failed. The Pan Am name was then acquired in 1998 by another regional airline and charter service currently operating out of New England.

The original Pan American was a pacesetter in air transportation. By 1935, as Pan Am's president, Trippe had opened airline service over the Pacific. The China Clipper, built in the first half of the 1930s by the Glenn L. Martin Company of Baltimore, could fly from San Francisco to Hawaii and island-hop all the way to the Far East. Trippe, however, was looking for a plane that could fly farther and carry heavier loads. At the time, there was no land plane available with sufficient range.

In the 1930s Pan Am began referring to all its planes as Clippers, after the fast-sailing ships of a bygone era. The first Pan Am Clipper, named the American (a name Pan Am repeated in the Boeing series), was an S-40 Sikorsky flown on its inaugural passenger flight (Miami to Panama) by Charles Lindbergh in 1931.

In 1936 Wellwood Beall, who later became Boeing's senior vice president, talked Boeing's management into bidding on a Pan Am flying boat contract. On July 21, 1936, Boeing agreed to sell Pan Am six B314s for $549,846.55 each. Judging from the exactness of the figure, there appears to have been a lot of pencil-chewing during the bid preparation process.

The state of Washington adopted a sales tax in the early 1930s. In order to keep its price for the B314 to a competitive minimum, Boeing delivered the flying boats to Pan Am in Astoria, Oregon. Pan Am crews then flew the seaplanes to the company's marine air terminal in San Francisco. In later
years the state government reached an accommodation with Boeing, allowing the company to deliver airplanes within the state without penalty. Despite all its penny-pinching, Boeing did not break even on the contract, but its association with the big airplane earned the company favorable attention within the industry and with the public.

The wing used for the B314 had been designed for the XB-15, a heavy bomber Boeing never put into production. The XB-15 wing had been wind-tunnel tested, saving Boeing time and money. It gave the B314 a wingspan of 152 feet, the largest transport aircraft wing built by Boeing until the Model 747 jumbo jet some 30 years later.

The flying boat's passenger accommodations were set by Pan American Airways. In one configuration, the Pan Am Boeing Clipper was designed to carry 76 passengers and a crew of 10, cruising at 184 m.p.h. for an operating range of 5,200 miles. It is doubtful that configuration ever flew. With the advent of World War II, planes with more cargo space and less passenger space were needed.

A flying boat is an airborne contradiction. The hull resists the air, pushing it aside as it does water and slowing the airplane down. As one Boeing engineer told me, “Everything that can be weighed has an L over D (lift over drag). You can fly a barn if you have enough power.”

To fly this barn Boeing engineers used four Wright Twin Cyclone piston engines, each developing 1,600 horsepower. That would get the plane off the water and into the air, usually within less than a minute of charging down the waterway. In the tropics, on hot, sticky water, it sometimes took the Boeing two minutes to become airborne.

Boeing Clipper flight from San Francisco to Honolulu took from 13 to 19 hours, depending on winds and weight. A trip to Hong Kong took six days, including 60 hours in the air, and cost a passenger $760 for a one-way ticket. A flight from Lisbon to New York City took 24 hours (including refueling stops) on the shorter summer route, but only if the seas were calm and any needed repairs could be made locally.

In a mid 1960s interview, Wellwood Beall, chief engineer on the B314, remembered the first Boeing Clipper flight. He had the plane barged down the waterway from old Plant 1 to Seattle's Elliott Bay in 1938. Boeing test pilot Eddie Allen took off, flew a sweeping circular route, and landed.

“How did it go?” Beall asked anxiously.

“The plane won’t turn,” Allen replied. “There’s not enough rudder.”

The test pilot had completed his horseshoe-shaped flight by powering up on two engines on one side and powering down on the other two.

“We took the plane back to the plant and added another vertical tail,” Beall said. “While the second tail helped, there was still not enough rudder.”

He recalled going along on a flight and opening an overhead hatch in the tail section. He stuck his head out of the hatch, expecting a great rush of wind. Instead, the air barely mussed his hair. “So we went back and put a triple tail on that bird and then she finally grabbed air.”

As the plane's idiosyncrasies were overcome, it built a reputation for excellence in international airline service and introduced luxurious air travel to all parts of the world. The plane offered passengers unequalled comfort in quarters fashioned after accommodations aboard ocean liners, including sleeping quarters and a separate dining salon, complete with linens, silver, and china.

In 1941 Claire Booth Luce, whose career encompassed playwright, actress, journalist, congresswoman, ambassador...
to Italy, and wife of Henry Luce, publisher of Time, Life, and Fortune magazines, wrote an article for Life on her transpacific flight aboard a B314. “Fifty years from now people will look back upon a clipper flight today as the most romantic voyage of history.” On a later flight she was stuck at a refueling depot in the Azores for 10 days, awaiting calmer seas and spare parts.

Of the 12 flying boats Boeing built for Pan American Airways, the first six were delivered between January and June 1939, the second six between April and August 1941. Three of the last six, by special arrangement with Pan Am and the United States government, went to British Overseas Airways Corporation (BOAC)—today’s British Airways.

The names and registration numbers of the 12 planes were: Honolulu Clipper, NC18601; California Clipper, NC18602; Yankee Clipper, NC18603; Atlantic Clipper, NC18604; Dixie Clipper, NC18605; American Clipper, NC18606; Berwick, NC18607 and G-AGCA; Bangor, NC18608 and G-AGCB; Pacific Clipper, NC18609; Bristol, NC18610 and G-ACBZ; Anzac Clipper, NC8611; and Capetown Clipper, 18612.

All of the Boeing Clippers saw war duty, but none was lost to enemy fire, although they were fired upon more than once. The Honolulu, which had served Pan American ports of call, was in San Francisco undergoing overhaul when the United States entered the war in 1941. Like most other B314s, the Honolulu became a navy transport operated by a Pan Am crew.

Klaas’s research includes the story of the Honolulu Clipper’s final flight. On November 3, 1945, on a flight from the territory of Hawaii to San Francisco, the Honolulu lost power from two engines and made a forced landing in the Pacific 650 miles east of Honolulu. She was undamaged but helpless, and the captain radioed for assistance. The freighter John Henry Payne, tanker Englewood Hills, and aircraft carrier USS Manila Bay came to the rescue. The plane’s passengers and crew were put aboard the rescue vessels and the Manila Bay took the Honolulu in tow. During the night the line broke in rough seas. The seaplane tender San Pablo recovered the flying boat and took the tow. After five days and in choppy water, the San Pablo and the Honolulu met at the top of a wave and the airplane was severely damaged. The navy declared the Clipper “a hazard to navigation” and sank her with 1,300 rounds of 20-mm ammunition.

According to Klaas’s research, the second Clipper, the California, was ordered into the army on December 18, 1941. As a C-97 the airplane flew war materials and mail across the Atlantic. In 1943 she returned to the Pacific, flying for the Naval Air Transport Service. For both army and navy missions she carried Pan American Airways crews, as did all the other Clippers during the war. The California ended her Pan Am career in 1946 when, as government property (and with other retired Clippers), she was put up for sale in San Diego. She was eventually purchased by World Airways and scrapped for parts.

The Yankee Clipper (NC18603) was christened by Eleanor Roosevelt on March 3, 1939. On May 22 the Yankee delivered cargo as well as 200,000 letters to Marseilles, France—the first regularly scheduled airmail from North America to Europe via airplane. Earlier airmail to Europe had gone by dirigible.

When America entered World War II, Pan Am sold the Yankee and the other B314s to the United States government and BOAC for well over $1 million dollars each. After the war the federal government offered to sell the planes back to Pan Am for $50,000 each; Pan Am declined the offer. By that time flying boats were no longer efficient international carriers.

During the war the Yankee was assigned to the navy and allowed to continue passenger service between the United States and Portugal (indirectly serving all Europeans able to reach Lisbon). On February 22, 1943, after completing its 241st transatlantic flight, the Yankee Clipper circled for a landing on the Tagus River in Lisbon, Portugal. Her port wing tip skimmed the water, dug in, and she slammed into the river, breaking into several pieces, and sank inside of 10 minutes.

Twenty-four persons died; 15 survived. Among the survivors was singer Jane Froman who was heading a seven-member entertainment troupe for Camp Shows, Inc. Although seriously injured in the accident, Froman recovered enough to...
continue her singing career and later was the subject of a popular biographical movie, *With a Song in My Heart*, starring Susan Hayward as Froman.

Among those who died were Tamara Drasin, the singer and Broadway actress who had introduced Jerome Kern’s song “Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.” The captain of the Yankee Clipper was blamed for the accident and dismissed by Pan American Airways.

The fourth Boeing Clipper, the Atlantic, was christened April 25, 1939, in Baltimore. When the war ended, the navy returned the Atlantic and other B314s in transatlantic service to civilian duties. She was retired in San Diego in 1946 and later scrapped.

The fifth Clipper, the Dixie, was the first airplane to offer scheduled passenger service across the Atlantic. The date was June 28, 1939. Occasionally, the Dixie was detached from scheduled passenger flights for special duty. One such assignment was a flight to Casablanca in 1943 carrying President Franklin Roosevelt and members of his staff to a conference with Winston Churchill, Josef Stalin, and other Allied leaders. FDR celebrated his 61st birthday in the dining salon aboard the Dixie. After landing at the Bathurst Clipper refueling stop in North Africa, the president boarded an Army Air Corps C-54 (DC-4) land plane to complete his trip to Casablanca. He returned to the United States using the same aircraft combination. In 1946 the Dixie also went to the San Diego scrapyard.

The sixth Pan Am Boeing Clipper was the American. She, too, was in Atlantic civilian passenger service before the United States entered the war. Within 24 hours after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, the American was in the army as a C-98. In the following months, B314s of both the navy and army, including the American, flew blood plasma and medical supplies to battle zones in Europe and the Far East. On return trips the Clipper’s holds were filled with vital war materials such as crude rubber and mica. From 1943 to 1945 the American flew air supply support for the navy in the Pacific war. After the war it was sold as war surplus, becoming a member of the World Airways fleet in 1948. In 1968 Klaas had not yet found a record of what happened to the American after 1949.

He did discover that the NC18607, NC18608, and NC18610 were assigned to the BOAC for wartime service. To emphasize the cooperative efforts of Canada, Great Britain, and the United States, the planes were named, respectively, for Berwick, New Brunswick; Bristol, England; and Bangor, Maine. The BOAC Boeings could not be called Clippers because Pan Am owned rights to that name, so the British carrier came up with Speedbird, which never found popular favor.

In January 1942 the Berwick secretly carried British Prime Minister Winston Churchill back to England after his meetings with American and Canadian heads of state. Churchill later wrote of the trip, recounted how the plane was nearly shot down by Royal Air Force Hurricane aircraft as its flying boat neared the British coast. The Hurricanes, according to Churchill “failed in their mission.” It is more likely that they heard the Berwick’s IFF (Identification of Friend or Foe) radio signal, identifying it as a “friend,” and called off the attack. The plane delivered the British prime minister to the waters of the city of Plymouth unharmed.

The BOAC’s B314s were taken off transatlantic runs in 1946 and placed on a thrice-weekly service between Baltimore and Bermuda. The three BOAC flying boats were retired in 1948 and sold to General Phoenix Corporation, a Baltimore airplane broker. The other three B314s were Pan American’s Pacific Clipper, Anzac Clipper, and Capetown Clipper.

The Pacific was in Auckland, New Zealand, when news broke of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Her Pan Am pilot, Robert Ford, was advised by the War Department to return to the United States by a circuitous route to avoid interception. Captain Ford landed the Pacific in New York’s harbor on January 8, 1942, after flying more than 34,500 miles—almost 10,000 miles farther than it would take to go around the world. Its route took the Pacific to Australia, India, Arabia, Central Africa, and South America before reaching New York City. After the war the Pacific became the property of the War Assets Administration. She was damaged in a wind storm while at anchor in San Diego’s harbor and scrapped in 1946.

The NC8611, the Anzac Clipper, was named for a World War I acronym (also used in World War II) standing for Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. In 1941 and 1942 the Anzac worked on Atlantic transport duty. In 1943 the Clipper was sent south by the United States Army Air Transport Command to Natal on the coast of Brazil. From Natal she proceeded across the Atlantic to Africa, landing at Bahrain in the Persian Gulf.

In another wartime test of her long-range capabilities the Anzac flew 36,728 miles on a zigzag route around the world,
The 12th and last B314, the Capetown Clipper, named for Capetown, South Africa, had been flying from Miami to Leopoldville, Belgian Congo, carrying supplies to the British Army Africa Corps, when Pearl Harbor was bombed. In 1946, after short-term duty as civilian passenger airliners, the American, Pacific, Anzac, and Capetown were put up for sale by the War Assets Administration. Universal Airlines, a nonscheduled carrier flying passengers and cargo between New York City, Miami, San Juan, Puerto Rico, purchased the planes. The Pacific, having been badly damaged at anchor in a wind storm, was stripped for parts. The Universal venture faltered within a year, and the company’s Clippers were again for sale. Later the Atlantic was scrapped for parts for her sisters.

A second nonscheduled airline—American International Airways of New York—bought the remaining Clippers and had at least one of them, the Capetown, completely overhauled and refurbished. In October 1947 the Capetown, by then renamed the Bermuda Sky Queen, took off from New York bound for Poole, England. At Poole, under charter to Air Liaison Ltd. of London, she took aboard 62 passengers bound for the United States, including 12 children and 9 returning merchant seamen. Bucking strong headwinds during the flight, the former Capetown ran so low on fuel that the captain landed her in a trough between gigantic waves in a stormy North Atlantic. Because of the high seas the United States Coast Guard took more than 24 hours to rescue the passengers and crew from the wallowing plane.

It was a heroic and successful effort by the Coast Guard, the airplane’s crew, and the merchant seaman passengers—an event well-covered by the press and newsreels. Only the plane was lost. The crew of the Coast Guard Cutter George M. Bibb tried to attach a tow line to the flying boat, but she was damaged in the process. As in the case of the Honolulu, downed in the Pacific two years earlier, the former Capetown was then sunk by gunfire. An inquiry into the accident determined that the flight plan was based on insufficient and inaccurate information and the plane was overloaded by 5,000 pounds. American International Airways and the captain of the Bermuda Sky Queen both lost their certification to fly.

A company mentioned earlier—World Airways—took over the remaining B314s: the American, the Anzac, and the three British cousins—the Berwick, the Bangor, and the Bristol. World Airways flew the planes on charter flights along the eastern seaboard and to Caribbean ports of call. The B314s’ paper trail ended there for several years even though Klaas continued his search for the missing planes. There were some reported sightings of a Boeing flying boat, but none could be authenticated.

In 1951 The Boeing News, a sister publication to Boeing Magazine, reported that a man calling himself Master X had a plan to raise a B314 from its watery grave in Baltimore’s harbor. Master X said he had purchased the airplane at a sheriff’s auction. Subsequently, the plane had been caught in a squall while at anchor and sank. This was one of the British B314s. After raising and repairing the seaplane, Master X planned to fly it to Moscow for a personal peace talk with Josef Stalin. The Boeing News did not carry a follow-up story.

In 1966 a gambling casino at Lake Tahoe, Nevada, was reported to be using a B314 to haul customers from San Diego. This report turned out to be erroneous. Klaas has since found that the last B314 was scrapped in 1951 but not removed from government registration rolls until 1954.

The 1968 story in Boeing Magazine did not result in any further reported sightings or in solid information on what happened to the last five flying boats. However, Klaas did account for their undramatic ends in his book, Last of the Flying Clippers, published in 1997, some 30 years after his first letter to Boeing Magazine: they were sold for salvage for the price of $6,949.74 each, or 14 cents a pound—an inglorious end to a glorious chapter in the story of air transportation.

Kenneth L. Calkins was editor of Boeing Magazine, a monthly publication primarily for Boeing customers, from 1965 to 1970. He is author of The Name on the Schoolhouse and numerous newspaper and magazine articles on historic topics and English usage.
Home on the Range

The late 19th century saw the development of recreational dude ranching in the western United States, particularly in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, and other Rocky Mountain states. In Washington several dude ranches were established in the 1930s, some lasting into the 1970s. Although they were scattered in various areas, most of these ranches were situated on the eastern slopes of the Cascade Mountains, mainly in western Yakima and Kittitas Counties. Some were "working" ranches but most just provided an opportunity for "city slickers" to relax and "experience the Old West."

The two brochures illustrated here are representative examples of Washington dude ranch promotional materials from the Society's Special Collections.
Meeting the Challenge of Leading a Wagon Company on the Overland Trail

By Everell Cummins

Kennedy was assigned to a battalion of Missouri mounted volunteers, and young James was employed in a civilian capacity. Kennedy's battalion took on the job of establishing military posts on the overland trail, particularly Fort Kearny on the Platte River.

Kennedy served with the battalion as a first sergeant teamster, adding to the experience he would later need as trail boss, but young James was killed by Indians in October 1847. His son's death may have influenced Kennedy's later extreme emphasis on careful preparation for defense against Indian attack.

His army service earned Kennedy bounty land in Wapello County, Iowa, where in 1849 he married Sarah Stotts, a widow with three children. That same year Kennedy and two neighbors traveled the overland trail to California. After the gold rush Kennedy returned to adjacent Mahaska County. There he joined the Masonic Lodge, was county sheriff for two years, and served as captain in the Iowa militia. The 1860 census showed the value of his real property as $4,200, indicating a sizable farm acreage.

Kennedy hit the trail again in 1859, this time over the Oregon Trail to Walla Walla County where he visited his cousin, Robert P. Kennedy. Returning again to Iowa, he finally decided to move west himself and began talking up the trip to his neighbors, persuading many to join him. Sarah Zaring Howard commented: "The captain had pictured to his people a pleasurable trip with camping, fishing, hunting, and traveling at leisure. However... each day brought more trials... we were somewhat like the Children of Israel wandering in the desert..."

At least five close neighbor families joined the Kennedy train: the Zarings, the Fileses, the Ellises, the Joseph Pauls and a widower with five children living in Morgan County, Illinois. In May 1847, with the Mexican War in progress, he left his four younger children with family members and enlisted in the army, taking his almost 16-year-old son James with him.

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Meeting the Challenge of Leading a Wagon Company on the Overland Trail
and the Thomas Pauls. Thomas Paul and Ellis E. Ellis agreed to go, even though both of their wives were six months pregnant at the start and would have to deliver on the journey. Elizabeth Paul died during childbirth on the trail.

Kennedy appeared to be the ideal captain. He was familiar with the route, of course. More importantly, Kennedy was seen as someone capable of maintaining control and getting them to Oregon safely. A journey across the plains in 1862 presented some unusual difficulties, some of which he was familiar with—e.g., the absence of an army presence over much of the territory due to the shift of manpower to Civil War battlefields back east. Many of the regular army cavalry soldiers had been replaced by inexperienced volunteers; long stretches had no army presence whatever.

In the early 1860s, Indians posed a much greater threat than they had years earlier when the first wagon trains came through. Some charged that the few soldiers stationed along the trail did more harm than good as troops eager for battle treated Indians so badly that even friendly Indians sought revenge.

While a leader with a military and law enforcement background was ideal, Kennedy had some limitations—a contempt for Indians and a military approach to decision-making that complicated his relationships with the very independent family heads in his party. Looking at the events of what came to be a difficult crossing, we see that Kennedy had to make a number of critical decisions, each of which affected the outcome of the trip and invited criticism.

Kennedy left Fremont, Iowa, on April 24, 1862, with about 12 wagons. Several other emigrants had agreed to rendezvous at Glenwood, Iowa, near the popular Missouri River crossing point at Council Bluffs. For safety reasons Kennedy decided to wait there to recruit even more wagons. One 1845 trail veteran estimated a need for 10 to 15 wagons for safety, but by 1862 more were necessary. Kennedy wanted 50, and after a wait of nine days he had 52.

Kennedy started west from a campsite outside Omaha on May 22, 1862, and that same evening called the entire party together. Forty years later Robert Cummins, who had been a member of the company, remembered: “We organized, made our laws which we were to be governed by on our journey west. Officers elected were: John Kennedy, captain; Robert Cummins, judge; James Standfield, corporal and constable.” James McClung recalled: “…organizing our selves in to a company. Our constitution and by laws was read and adop’d.” McClung listed Cummins as justice of the peace.

John Phillip Reid, in Policing the Elephant, wrote:

During the early years of overland emigration, companies frequently wrote constitutions and by-laws…. The practice was largely discontinued after the 1850 emigration. By then most emigrants knew that few companies would remain united and rules could be made ad hoc to deal with problems as they arose.

Kennedy, however, wanting to keep his train tightly controlled, extracted a commitment from the members that converted the company into something like a government body—a courthouse on wheels. Their vote to approve governing rules cemented a sense of obligation to the company as a whole, but in the end even that did not keep them together.

The diary of Hamilton Scott recorded his account of an attack drill: “We had an alarm in camp about eleven o’clock last night. The guards called three times, ‘Who comes there?’ This [was] followed by about 20 shots in succession, at the same time ‘Indians, Indians, Indians! Help, help!’ was shouted. The camp was in great confusion, women were greatly alarmed…. ” Scott, writing the next day,
explained the incident as a white man trying to steal a horse. James McClung gave a similar account but had Indians trying to steal a horse.

Both were wrong. Alvin Zaring provided the true explanation many years later: "Captain Kennedy thought best as we were getting out among the Indians, to test the bravery of the men in the train. He fell upon the plan to have the guards raise an alarm that the Indians were coming and attacking the horse guards...."

Kennedy must have represented the drill as an actual attack since both diary entries made the following day support that impression. If Kennedy misrepresented the nature of the "attack," he violated an elementary rule of leadership—conduct sure to erode his effectiveness.

As the Kennedy train continued west it grew in size. A June 10 census counted 52 wagons and 222 men, women, and children. By July 5 the company had grown to 80 wagons. Kennedy's large train had attracted smaller parties to join.

On July 5, while the company was camped at Independence Rock, Kennedy organized a group of young, armed horsemen into something approximating a small cavalry troop. The fear of Indian attack had grown as the emigrants continued west. Young James McClung, in a diary entry on that day, noted that they had learned from a company of soldiers stationed on the trail that the Indians "was still robbing and committing depredations among the emigrants. So we formed ourselves into a military company called the Independent [sic] Braves to go in advance of the [train] so as to be ready for at any time we needed it."

At that point in the journey Kennedy's train was nearing the last presence of cavalry contingents for hundreds of miles. The mention of soldiers in any of the accounts was last made on July 10 in central Wyoming. Perhaps there were others, but none are mentioned until August 28 in south central Idaho where the Kennedy train was met by 300 soldiers from Fort Walla Walla.

Kennedy had organized the train into a quasi-governmental entity when he reached the zone where civil authority ended. Now, as he neared the no man's land of military authority, he organized his own militia, and this action was even more timely than he realized. Two days after the Independent Braves were formed they were called into action.

On Sunday, July 6, 1862—the day the Kennedy train left Independence Rock—a man named R. Young (full name unknown) shot and killed his partner, George Scott, took over Scott's wagon, money, and other possessions, and continued west on the trail. Both were miners working in the Pike's Peak mining district of Colorado. They had heard about the discovery of gold in the Powder River area of Oregon and set out together for the new find, pooling their resources and acquiring the necessary provisions.

Sometime before they reached Independence Rock, Young and Scott had a major falling out and dissolved their partnership. They divided everything and continued on their separate ways. But Young believed that the other man had taken property that belonged to him. Particularly in question was the ownership of a team of horses. After brooding over the perceived injustice, Young decided to settle the matter himself.

Young believed that the other man had taken property that belonged to him. Particularly in question was the ownership of a team of horses. After brooding over the perceived injustice, Young decided to settle the matter himself.

James McClung describes Young's alleged action in his diary entry that day: "[Young] slipped up behind Scott, shot him in the back with a double barrel shot gun, killing him immediately. Then digging a hole, threw him in and drove on. When we came up, the grave had been opened by Pitman's train. The scene was a awful one. We dug the grave deeper and buried him in a respectable manner and drove several miles and camped on the Sweetwater. No grass."

Hamilton Scott's diary also records the murder: "Two men quarreled about a team, one shot the other, took his team and money. We traveled late, found no grass; cattle suffering for feed." The next day: "Started at sunrise, traveled four or five miles and found grass on river bottom. Several trains were camped here." The grassy spot on the Sweetwater was at Three Crossings, near what is now Jeffrey City, Wyoming.

The wagon trains camped there were small. When they realized the murderer was brazenly camped in their midst—now in possession of his victim's horses, wagon, property, and money—they declined to take action. The arrival of the Kennedy train changed everything. The "sheriff and the cavalry" had arrived. Kennedy had once been a sheriff. The Independent Braves, however, were no army cavalry—too green for that—but they were the closest thing to it. Kennedy seemed like the answer to the problem of the murderer in their midst.

Kennedy would have had sound reasons to avoid getting involved. Neither he nor anyone from his train had witnessed the murder. And there was the inherent difficulty of trial and punishment on the trail. Beyond the reach of courts, there was no way a standard, by-the-book trial could be held, even given the looser legal procedures of the time. The larger problem was punishment. Once a guilty verdict was reached there were only two options—execution or banishment. Prison was not an alternative, nor could a criminal be turned over to a higher authority. The army refused to take custody of civilian criminals, even when there were no civil authorities within hundreds of miles. They simply did not have that authority.

Without hesitation, however, Kennedy agreed to take on the problem. A number of members of the party left written recollections about the capture, trial, and punishment of Young for the murder of his former partner, but the two diary accounts by Hamilton Scott and James McClung are similar and perhaps more reliable than other, later recollections.

According to Scott, "Captain Kennedy...ordered out twenty men to surround and take him. With court organized and a jury of twelve men selected, he was given a fair trial and a twelve to one verdict, guilty of willful murder." McClung's account reads: "So Captain Kennedy called out the Indipendent Braves and took Mr. R. Young a Prisoner and give him a fare trile and was foun guilty...."

Later accounts include one from Robert Cummins: "We were called on to arrest a man on a charge of murder, for which he was given a trial, convicted, and
executed.” Mary Elizabeth Paul Maxon recalled “... coming on a man’s body half buried in a rocky grave and the pursuit of the murderer and his trial by jury.”

Martha McGuire Fitzsimmons recalled: “Some of the men in the party caught sight of a dead man half buried in the ground.... Murder was suspected.... A group went ahead and arrested the fellow and he was brought back, tried, and convicted.” Even Christena Taylor Chambers, only five years old in 1862, claimed to remember the trial: “Some of the men in the party caught sight of a dead man half buried in the ground.... Murder was suspected.... The man had little to say for himself except that he didn’t know there was any harm in killing a man on the plains.” Young’s brazen actions after the murder are consistent with Chambers’ memory of his testimony.

The trial did not last long. Only four or five hours elapsed from the time Young was surrounded and captured by Kennedy’s Independent Braves to the pronouncement of the jury’s verdict. Scott wrote: “The prisoner kept under guard, we hitched up at two P.M. and drove eight miles. Grass and water good.”

Accounts of the trial leave questions: How was the court organized? Who presided? How was the jury selected? Did Young have a defense counsel? Did Young testify for himself, as five-year-old Christena Chambers recalled? Perhaps Robert Cummins presided, but he later wrote about the incident without claiming that role. Perhaps Kennedy himself presided.

We may look at Kennedy’s decision to take responsibility for Young and ask, “What else could he have done?” However, that view would ignore how rare Kennedy’s action was. In his article, “Pioneer Justice on the Overland Trail,” in Western Historical Quarterly (October 1974), David J. Langum comments: “Well run pioneer trials are isolated instances... only in the relatively rare situation of deliberate murder did the pioneers ever unite in a calm manner to effectuate judicial deliberation and punishment.” Langum reached that conclusion “on a reading of approximately 200 overland diaries and reminiscences.”

The article names only five trials for murder on the plains that were “serious efforts at judicial action, in which calm deliberation was combined with real punishment....” Langum lists the five trail-side murder trials, four by name. The fifth is undoubtedly the trial of R. Young for the murder of George Scott, but he refers only to an “unnamed assailant of July 6, 1862,” the date of the Scott murder.

Langum cites the diary of Randall A. Hewitt: “On July 24, 1862, Hewitt found the grave of the murdered man. On the next day: ‘Soon after noon we passed another new grave; it was the tomb of the murderer mentioned yesterday. A paper tacked to a headboard detailed the story of his pursuit, capture, trial, and death by shooting. He had been followed by men of his party, caught, a trial by jury summoned from among the emigrant trains and his guilt being established his condemnation and death followed promptly.’

By the date and location of the murder and the circumstances described, Langum concluded Young’s trial was one of only five “serious efforts at judicial action.”

From McClung’s diary we gain his understanding of what Kennedy had in mind when, prisoner in tow, he got the train under way so quickly:

We then traveled on, expecting to deliver him into the hands of the soldiers. So towards night we camped near a company of 6 Ohio cavalry. Captain Greg and several others from Laramie was present tonight but as they were not present at the trial said that they had no right to punish him but it was Kennedy’s place.

Kennedy probably knew the army would not take jurisdiction. He likely traveled to the army detachment to gain the support of the commanding officer for the execution. If that was his aim, he
more than succeeded. He not only had the captain's agreement that it was "Kennedy's place" to punish Young, Kennedy also persuaded the army officer to participate in the execution. McClung wrote: "He then put it to a vote what should be done with the prisoner and was carried by a large majority in favor of his death."

Kennedy prepared for the execution, which was scheduled for eight in the morning, July 8. The Independent Braves were to be his firing squad. Kennedy had persuaded the army captain to take command of his 25 volunteers and escort the prisoner to the place of execution.

The youthful James S. McClung, who was himself a member of the Independent Braves, reported the execution in emotional detail:

"I picked the Spot him self on the bank of the little Sweetwater, where he was to be laid in the Mother earth.... Captain Greg took command and escorted the prisoner to the place of execution, where Captain Kennedy again took charge of the company. They giv him 15 minetz to talk, when the tears again fell like rain... weeping like a child, Kennedy giving the orders to fire, the prisoner fell dead in the presence of a thousand people. No one moved, but held their breath.

In Hamilton Scott's July 8 diary entry: "When the signal was given they all fired, the prisoner falling backwards and dying within one minute.... We immediately laid him in his grave without even a rough box. As soon as our work was completed, we moved on toward the setting sun."

For some, watching the execution as children created a vivid and emotional memory. When she was 92, Mary Elizabeth Paul Maxon remembered "the prisoner’s cries all through the night." Martha McGuire Fitzsimmons remembered "seeing the poor fellow taken away," Christena Taylor Chambers at 93 said, "I can hear those guns yet."

The execution was Woodson Cummins's chief memory of his trip across the plains at age seven, and he retold the story to his grandchildren many times of peeking under the wagon cover to watch. Since other accounts place the execution a half-mile away from the wagons, we can question that part of his story.

None of the accounts by members of Kennedy's wagon train criticized him for trying and executing Young, even though the action was completely extralegal. Still, Kennedy did not entirely escape criticism. Jane Gould, a member of another wagon train, pronounced a severe judgment on Kennedy. After encountering the Kennedy train 20 days later, Gould noted in her diary the difficulties Kennedy's party had experienced, such as cattle stampedes and deaths, then declared: "Some say it is a judgment on [Kennedy] and his train for meddling with and depriving a man of his life without the aid of the law."

If Gould disapproved of Kennedy's acting "without the aid of the law," Randall A. Hewitt, who passed the two graves, later upheld Kennedy's actions as a model worthy of emulation: "He was caught, tried, and shot the next day. The tedious, tardy, and often doubtful manner of what is termed 'justice' in the States, has few admirers on the plains."

While Kennedy's actions certainly deprived Young of his life without the aid of the law, there was no law to aid Kennedy on the trail. Members of the Kennedy train had chosen to travel with a man ready and willing to take prompt, decisive action. Moreover, their vote for execution made them all accomplices.

Nine days after the execution, Hamilton Scott reported a new crisis—crossing the flooded New Fork River: "The river was very high.... It seemed almost a miracle that we got safely across." Sarah Zaring Howard explained: "Everything had to be unloaded from the wagons and the [wagon] boxes made water tight. The wagons were taken to pieces and all loaded into the boxes.... We did not have a very good feeling until all were safely across on the opposite side of the river."

They did it in two days, and we might suppose that Kennedy would get some of the credit for managing such a difficult operation successfully. Instead, safely across the river, 15 wagons had had enough of Kennedy and set out on their own. According to McClung: "Some of the company [fell] out with Captain Kennedy as he was never satisfied and always finding fault in the company." What he said or did to cause 15 families to invoke the "inalienable privilege of dissent" we may never know.

More trouble lay ahead, including a stampede and more defections. The train was on the Lander cutoff, approaching the difficult ascent into the Salt River Range in Wyoming. Indians had been troublesome in this area, and the cavalry was far away. James McClung gives us his version of these tribulations:

The cattle got scared. No one knows why they started to run. Some supposing it was the dogs and was afraid they might scare them again. So the company held a election and passed a dog law that every dog in the train had to be killed in 30 minutes. This caused a good deal of hard feeling towards Captain Kennedy and several left the train on the account of it.

In the 15 days after the stampede and dog law, the company experienced the death of Elizabeth Paul in childbirth; the departure of several more members, including Robert Cummins; and two more serious stampedes, one causing a woman's death. Then, on August 9, 1862, near American Falls on the Snake River, came the attacks they had feared and for which
Kennedy had made such careful preparations. Hamilton Scott recorded:

When we stopped for dinner there was a man came riding back and told us the Indians were then robbing a train about four miles ahead and they wanted assistance... but before we got there, the Indians had driven the emigrants away and had taken all their stock and provisions, clothing and everything... It was only a small train of eleven teams. There were not less than two hundred Indians that made the attack. There were only twenty-five men in the train and a few women. They killed one man... and one woman was shot in the neck. We took them in and tended their wagons to a suitable camping place about four miles away. We will make arrangements to take them along with us. Here we found a horse train of about twelve wagons that was attacked about the same time that the other train was. Eight of their horses were stolen and two of their men killed.

Jane Gould, whose train joined the encampment the following night, estimated 150 wagons plus the 34 of her train were camped together.

The Kennedy train had given what aid and protection they could to the attacked trains. Now Kennedy had to decide whether to pursue the Indians and try to recover the livestock and stolen goods. The odds were not good with his small force and no army cavalry at hand. Yet, John D. Unruh, Jr., in The Plains Across, cites examples of emigrants helping “strangers search for stock which had been stolen by Indians... emigrant cooperation at its best, for such errands of mercy could be dangerous.”

Predictably, Kennedy did not hesitate to take his small force into a fight with the Indians. Both Hamilton Scott and McClung described the fight, McClung giving high tribute to Kennedy:

Kennedy... proved himself worthy of the [emigrants'] gratitude... a desperate fight took place... when Kennedy had to retreat under a heavy cross fire he was severely wounded in the side. But being on horseback he still fought and gave orders. He lost 4 killed and 7 wounded.

Hamilton Scott wrote that Kennedy’s 35 armed men were nine miles from camp when a band of Indians came riding up raising a white flag: “One of the boys shot at them. The Indians immediately raised a war whoop and began circling our boys.”

Kennedy’s wound was serious, but after the last of the dead was buried on the morning of August 12, reported McClung, the wagon train set out on the trail again with “something over 200 wagons.”

Kennedy’s mission to recover the stolen livestock and goods was a brave act, but his decision turned out to be a mistake. Perhaps even 35 experienced army cavalrymen could not have succeeded, and the Independent Braves had neither the know-how nor the discipline to face a far larger force. Still, Kennedy’s willingness to take on the job marks him as a man who deserves more than a footnote in the history of the Oregon Trail.

Two weeks later, still in hostile territory, McClung reports a mutiny of sorts: “Our company got contrary and some refused to stand guard so the officers all resigned their offices. However the company was called together by Buckskin Hall and organized over again and elected the same officers we had before.” Still in dangerous country, the majority supported Kennedy and his tight discipline.

Three days later the dangerous part of the trip ended as the company met 300 soldiers from Fort Walla Walla. Two weeks later, on September 13, 1862, now in Oregon, 65 miles from the first settlement on the Powder River, Hamilton Scott reports that Kennedy had resigned, adding: “The company is well pleased that he did.” McClung also made clear he was glad to see him go: “[Kennedy] fell out with the company and we drove off, leaving him behind.”

A month later, from the safety of the Willamette Valley, James McClung excoriated Kennedy in most intemperate terms in a letter to his mother in Iowa. He called Kennedy one of the “meanest men unhung... He was drunk the whole time could out Suare any man I ever saw and told more lies than any liar ever did.” No one else recorded the flaws McClung saw, nor did he mention these deficiencies in his diary. McClung’s letter also advises his friends in Iowa to stay put until “the Indians is all killed and their wigwams scattered like Sheaps wool on a brush fence.”

We lack specifics to understand what Kennedy did to lose the confidence of his company and are left to presume that it was his demanding discipline and rigidity. The wagon train elected Kennedy for those very qualities, and the majority stood by him and sought the protection of his discipline throughout the most dangerous part of the trip. When the sense of risk subsided, they no longer needed him.

Still, in later years members of the company were proud of their association with the Kennedy train and identified themselves as members of the John K. Kennedy company. Some of their pride came from the selfless action he took going to the rescue of other wagon trains at high cost, something not many wagon train captains would have done.

After the trip Kennedy settled in Oregon’s Grand Ronde Valley, but by 1864 he and his family were living in Walla Walla County. He moved to a farm near Dayton in 1872. After he died on June 25, 1889, Kennedy was buried at Waitsburg.

Woodson Cummins, 1910, at age 55.

Everell Cummins was born in Walla Walla near where his great-grandfather, Robert Cummins, settled in 1862. A retired Social Security administrator, he became interested in the Kennedy train as a result of research into his own family history.
Borders make us all what we are, and often in striking ways. Moreover, for those who have a voice in affairs and those seeking a voice, borders are crucial. Modern politics is inconceivable without jurisdiction and the boundaries that mark off one community from another, one set of citizens from another. Assembled in this volume are scholarly essays on a border that is often easy to cross yet sometimes frustratingly so, and also, nowadays, under fresh scrutiny. The western border between Canada and the United States was, for its early history, a soft one. During the British Columbia gold rush era especially, Daniel Marshall shows, the States border of lesser importance than the social boundaries resembled in this volume.

Reviewed by Michael Treleaven, S.J.

Michael Treleaven, S.J., is executive director of the Pacific Northwest Canadian Studies Consortium.

Poets on the Peaks
Gary Snyder, Philip Whalen & Jack Kerouac in the North Cascades
By John Suiter

W
rter/photographer John Suiter spent two weeks at Desolation Peak lookout in 1995 preparatory to creating a photo-essay honoring Jack Kerouac’s stay there four decades earlier. After a few years and several meetings with Gary Snyder and Philip Whalen, Suiter had the material for this book, an exploration of the three Beat poets’ experiences as fire lookouts in the North Cascades during the 1950s. Drawing on the men’s personal papers and published work as well as interviews and a wide range of secondary sources, Suiter describes how their turns in the isolated lookout cabins influenced their work, their exploration of Zen Buddhism, and their relationships with each other.

While Kerouac’s time in Desolation Peak lookout might be the best-known, having spawned 1958’s The Dharma Bums, it was Snyder who first worked in the North Cascades. In 1952, the Northwest native was stationed on Crater Mountain, in a lookout cabin atop Mount Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest, an aptly named summit that required a two-hour boat ride up Ross Lake followed by a 4,400-foot climb to the lookout cabin.

In 1955 the two met Jack Kerouac for the first time, just before the noted poetry reading that introduced the Beats to a wider audience. Inspired by Snyder and Whalen’s enthusiasm, and nursing a dream of living in the mountains, Kerouac applied to the Forest Service for lookout duty the following summer. He was assigned to Desolation Peak, an aptly named summit that required a two-hour boat ride up Ross Lake followed by a 4,400-foot climb to the lookout cabin.

Though not as enamored of lookout life as the other two, Kerouac used his time on Desolation Peak to write, producing thousands of words while contemplating the spectacular alpine landscape.
The experiences of the three men are all the more absorbing because the North Cascades area was still largely terra incognita in the 1950s, known mostly to the Forest Service and a few hikers and miners. Suiter juxtaposes evocative photographs of the remote, sometimes forbidding mountains with a lively narrative that incorporates rough-hewn Forest Service men, ethereal Zen Buddhist philosophers, and other Beat writers such as Allen Ginsberg and Kenneth Rexroth. These starkly different voices are admirably interwoven to create a revealing picture of a little-known but interesting chapter in North Cascades history.

Lauren Danner is writing a book about the creation of North Cascades National Park.

Native River
The Columbia Remembered, Priest Rapids to the International Boundary
Reviewed by Jim Hollingsworth.

My wife and I raised our three sons on a small peach orchard overlooking the Columbia River. Many were the evenings we sat on the patio looking at the river below and speculating about what it was like "way back when." We had walked the abandoned streets of old Kettle Falls and read the markers where the Indians catching huge salmon at Kettle Falls and the steamboats that braved the rapids before the building of Grand Coulee Dam. But never had we seen photos and read firsthand descriptions of the river's natural contours, shoreline, villages, and cultures before it was buried beneath the backwater that now forms a chain of languid lakes.

With Native River William Layman has opened a succession of windows that gives us views of the Columbia in its "native" condition. There are over 175 photos beautifully printed from a personal collection that he began in 1983 while searching for Indian petroglyph sites. With the aid of accompanying maps and drawings, readers are transported back in time and get a feel for what it was like to chug up the rapids in the days of the sternwheelers. And nary a dam in sight.

Native River is a 351-mile tour of the mid Columbia between Priest Rapids and the International Boundary. As we move upriver we are treated to stories about its natural history. When we round a bend our attention is directed toward pictographs high up the steep basalt walls or to Native American rock art carved into boulders scattered across an island. We move rapidly but always have time to pull ashore for closer inspection or climb the canyon walls for a bird's-eye view. At strategic locations we stop to visit with the local inhabitants. Sometimes it is an Indian fishing village; sometimes it is a mining camp, a logging camp, or a surveyors' camp. Sometimes we get to read from the reports and diaries of David Thompson, Pierre De Smet, and John Muir. And there are the rapids, always the rapids. These might be good places to fish, but for the sternwheelers carrying passengers and freight they could spell destruction. Heroic tales of courage and rescue are associated with every rock-strewn rapid.

Layman uses river miles and elevation on almost every page to help keep the reader oriented. Native River is a valuable benchmark that lets the reader experience the river as it once was.

Jim Hollingsworth is a retired stockbroker who lives in eastern Washington.

A Penny for the Governor, a Dollar for Uncle Sam
Income Taxation in Washington
Reviewed by John H. Beck.

The first issue of Columbia, in 1987, included an article by Phil Roberts on the adoption of a graduated state income tax by an initiative in 1932 and the subsequent ruling of the Washington State Supreme Court in 1933 that declared the tax unconstitutional. In this book Roberts provides an expanded account of reactions to income taxes in Washington, from the federal income tax enacted during the Civil War to later, unsuccessful efforts to enact a state income tax in the 20th century.

The 1932 initiative, backed by the Washington State Grange with support from organized labor, won over 70 percent of the vote, a larger margin of victory than either the repeal of Prohibition or the 40-mill limit on the property tax, which were on the same ballot. The 1933 supreme court ruling against the income tax was based on a peculiar interpretation of income as "property," but it had some precedent in a 1930 ruling against a franchise tax on financial institutions. Despite the popularity of the income tax in the 1932 election, that popularity quickly vanished. Proposed constitutional amendments to allow a state income tax failed with only 22.2 percent of voters supporting an amendment in 1936 and only a third voting for an income tax amendment in 1938. One explanation for this rapid shift in sentiment is that farmers lost interest in further tax reforms after their goal of reducing property taxes was achieved with the 40-mill limit. Furthermore, the burdens of the state sales tax enacted in 1935 and the business and occupation (gross receipts) tax enacted in 1933 were not so apparent to voters.

Many readers may seek in this history some insight into why Washington remains without a state income tax at the beginning of the 21st century. It is unfortunate that, in contrast to the rich detail of the earlier history, Roberts provides only brief accounts of the unsuccessful efforts to introduce an income tax by Governors Dan Evans (in 1970 and 1973) and Booth Gardner (in 1989). However, from the earlier history this reviewer would draw one conclusion: Washington voters will only support a state income tax as a means to reduce another tax that they perceive to be more onerous.

John Beck is a professor of economics at Gonzaga University and a former member of the Washington State Tax Structure Study Committee.

Address all review copies and related communications to:
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Caption Confusion

I am writing with regard to the article, “January Harvest,” by Eva Gayle Six in the Winter 2002-03 issue of COLUMBIA. There is an error in the caption to the photo of two ice men proudly posing by their horse-driven ice wagon. It states: “By 1908 Spokane home delivery had graduated from wheelbarrow to horse and wagon. The horses wore winter shoes spiked for traction.” The problem is that the photo was taken in Tacoma, not Spokane. That very location is the intersection of South 15th Street and Fawcett Avenue, or “E” Street as it was called back then.

Griffin Ice & Fuel Company had three yards in Tacoma. The main one was at 1930 South “C” Street; the phone numbers were MAIN 589 and A-3589. The second yard was on South 11th and “L” Streets in Tacoma; its phone numbers were MAIN 404 and A-2404. The third yard was at 48th and Yakima Avenue in Tacoma; telephone numbers, MAIN 4743 and B-1113.

The far upper right corner of the photo shows the dormer and part of the roof of a house. That house is still there today.

The two apartment buildings to the far left were the Brechtel Apartments, 1528 South “E” Street, and the Bayview Apartments, 1525½ South Tacoma Avenue. Both were torn down years ago. I am almost 80 years old, but I haven’t forgotten my old neighborhood. As kids we knew every major building, every street, every alley, all the shortcuts; in fact, we walked everywhere we went and mentally photographed everything.

Despite the error, COLUMBIA is a fine magazine and we donate all copies to a grade school I attended.

-Bob Tschida, Tacoma

CORRECTION

In the Spring 2003 issue of COLUMBIA the illustrations on page 28 were accompanied by an incorrect credit. The credit line should have read, “From Historical Atlas of Washington,” by James W. Scott, et. al. (University of Oklahoma Press, 1988).

Shaken but Still Standing


Atoms for Peace

Washington State University’s Nuclear Radiation Center has a web site where more information is available: www.wsu.edu/~nrc.

1001 Curious Things


Hunting for Empire


Boeing’s Flying Boat


The Kennedy Train


TO OUR MEMBERS

Summer is here! Now is the time to tend your garden, make vacation plans, or just get out and enjoy the warmth and light of the season. You may be hosting visiting friends and relatives here at home. If so, be sure to bring your out-of-town guests to the Washington State History Museum. Downtown Tacoma is buzzing with growth and there are so many things to do—three museums, unique shops, and great restaurants. We're very excited to be a part of it all.

We’ve been working with our neighboring museums to bring you special opportunities to make your downtown experiences enjoyable. The History Museum is open seven days a week through August and we’re offering a special Monday promotion. Starting June 1 all History Museum members receive 50 percent off admission on Mondays to the Tacoma Art Museum and the Museum of Glass. Plus, if you are bringing friends or guests down to the museum on a Monday, they can purchase a reduced-rate ticket to visit all three museums. This special offer is called “Museum Monday” and runs through August 25, 2003.

A museum neighbor to the north is also offering a special benefit to our members. Through September 1 all History Museum members receive free admission to the Burke Museum of Natural History and Culture. The Burke is currently featuring Out of the Silence: The Enduring Power of Totem Poles. This exhibit perfectly complements the History Museum’s 1001 Curious Things: Tales for Ye Olde Curiosity Shop. If you enjoyed 1001 Curious Things, be sure to visit the Burke for Out of the Silence.

So come down to the museum this summer and soak up some sun on our Plaza, visit 1001 Curious Things, and take advantage of these special offers. We hope that you find your membership pleasurable and valuable.

—Brenda Hanan, Development Manager
Gose
egalitarian complexion of Plateau tribes serious­
ences. Ackerman’s book is a unique contribution
Plateau, much less on women’s lives and experi­
GE ND ER AN D P OWER AMONG INDIANS
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black-and-white illustrations, 4 maps

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