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FRONT COVER: On their journey to the Pacific Ocean and back, despite many difficulties and a great number of other duties to perform, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark created a detailed and voluminous record of the flora and fauna they encountered even now continues to provide valuable information to natural history researchers and scholars. See related article beginning on page 18. (Voorhis Collection, American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia.)
A
era in Pacific Northwest scholarship ended on August 4, 2003, when Father Wilfred Paul Schoenberg, a member of the Society of Jesus, passed away in Spokane at the age of 88. Fittingly, Schoenberg died on the campus of Gonzaga University. Born in Uniontown, Washington, on January 5, 1915, Schoenberg moved with his family to Spokane when he was only three, living in a house in the Gonzaga neighborhood. As a youth Schoenberg served Mass for Father Joseph Cataldo, SJ, the man who, in 1887, had founded the school. Shoney—as he was known by nearly everyone who met him—graduated from both high school and college on the Gonzaga campus and, except for a brief period in Portland in the 1990s, was seldom absent from the school during his lifetime.

Although he taught at both the secondary and college levels—principally at Gonzaga Prep (1946-48 and 1957-66) and Gonzaga University—it was as an archivist and collector that Father Schoenberg gained national attention. Schoenberg joined the Society of Jesus in 1939 following a brief turn as a florist. His formation in the Jesuit order included studies at the novitiate in Oregon, at Gonzaga University, and at Alma College in California. Jesuit superiors, impressed with Schoenberg’s interest in Pacific Northwest history, urged him to study at the National Archives where in 1946 he earned a Certificate of Archival Accreditation.

Following his ordination to the priesthood in 1951, for several years Schoenberg worked in the Oregon Province Archives of the Society of Jesus. Beginning in 1957 and continuing until 1972, Shoney served as the Oregon Province archivist. In that capacity he collected voraciously, making frequent trips to Jesuit missions in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and Alaska. With ferret-like instincts he gathered more than 200,000 documents relating to missionaries and their mission stations.

Father Shoney’s personal expertise extended to collecting and organizing the voluminous materials published by Jesuit mission presses in the Pacific Northwest. His appetite for documents, however, was not easily satisfied. In addition to the mission press imprints, Shoney gathered baptismal records of Native Americans, assembled an irreplaceable collection of Native American and Native Alaskan language texts, secured house diaries from even the most remote missions, and found as much 19th-century missionary correspondence as there still remained. Scholars from all parts of the Western Hemisphere traveled to Gonzaga University to consult the Oregon Province Archives, always finding Father Shoney to be generous with his time and expert advice.

Using the materials he collected launched Schoenberg into a subsidiary career, this time as a writer. In his lifetime he wrote or compiled 24 books of biography, history, and bibliography. One of his books, History of the Catholic Church in the Pacific Northwest, received the 1987 Washington Governor’s Outstanding Book Award.

In addition to gathering documents, Schoenberg also assembled more than 2,000 Native American objects. Three-dimensional objects required care and treatment separate from archival documents, so eventually Schoenberg advocated showing them in a museum setting. To that end, and with permission from his provincial, Schoenberg incorporated the Pacific Northwest Indian Center of Spokane in 1965, doing business as the Museum of Native American Cultures (MONAC). He single-handedly raised the money for a dramatic three-story building adjacent to the Gonzaga campus and proudly opened it in 1974.

MONAC proved to be quite popular as a tourist attraction during the run of Expo ’74. Soon after, however, local tribes, Spokane businessmen, even fellow Jesuits, diminished the importance of Father Schoenberg’s efforts, and public interest declined—save for thousands of children who visited annually during school field trips. MONAC hosted a highly regarded annual western art auction, enriching the Spokane economy by millions of dollars, but considerably less money found its way into the museum’s coffers. In the early 1980s MONAC closed its doors and dispersed its collections. Happily, Schoenberg’s good work lives on today. The Eastern Washington State Historical Society assumed ownership of the treasure-trove of MONAC’s Native American objects, and with state and private funding they built and opened a new museum in 2001 to showcase their holdings.

Schoenberg was often heard to advise others that “God will provide.” And so it was. Priest, author, historian, collector, archivist, and museum founder, the legacy of Father Wilfred P. Schoenberg, SJ, lives today on library book shelves, in the Oregon Province Archives at Gonzaga University, and at the Museum of Art and Culture in Spokane.

—Robert C. Carriker
Ways of Knowing—Thoughts on Beyond Lewis & Clark: The Army Explores the West

By Allyson Purpura

Unlike other commemorative tributes to the Lewis and Clark expedition, in the exhibition, Beyond Lewis and Clark: The Army Explores the West, the travails of captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark are only one part of a larger story—the United States Army’s exploration of the West. Told in many voices, it is a story about the daunting transformations in communication and way-finding technologies that had a profound impact on the subsequent capture, settlement, and perception of the American “West.”

The exhibition is deceptively simple—and this is what intrigues the visitor. The further you step into the exhibit space the more you are aware of the contingencies of exploration and discovery. The sheer fortitude and clarity of purpose that distinguished all of the explorers notwithstanding, the nature of travel and information-gathering depended largely on the technologies that were available to them at the time. Indeed, technology shaped how the Anglo-American image of “the West”—its terrain, its expanse, and its possibilities—changed over time.

Visitors to the exhibit also learn that these contingencies of exploration are profoundly social in nature. Encounters with Native American peoples shaped the explorers’ decisions and experiences at every turn—sometimes, quite literally: which direction to head, what resources to exploit, which alliances to make. But while local knowledge was of supreme importance to these explorers, Native American ways of knowing and interpreting the landscape differed significantly from their own—in form, approach, and intent. Whether for trading or hunting expeditions, pilgrimages, seasonal migrations, or expansionist campaigns, indigenous navigational aids guided Native Americans across the landscape and gave meaning and purpose to their place within it.

For the military explorers meaning and purpose derived from their “Great Father” back east and his vision of an ever-expanding and prosperous republic. Now the exhibition visitor comes to see that relations of power must be added to the contingencies of exploration. While all its missions were driven, to various degrees, by commercial, scientific, and “diplomatic” interests, the army’s priorities would change over time—and as technologies of communication and transportation became more efficient, commercial and imperial interests only intensified. These changes were reflected significantly in the explorers’ relations with, and images of, the native peoples they met along the way—be they allies or rivals, assimilated or sovereign.

Broadly speaking, “knowing” is a cognitive process that is mediated by culture. The term, “ways of knowing,” refers to how this happens—how we come to apprehend and construct what is “true” or certain in the world. It also refers to knowing as a social act. That is, it is never neutral, objective, or value-free. As individuals we know directly, through our senses and creatively, through our capacity to reason, remember, and imagine. We also know through the aid of technologies and systems of representation that shape the way we interpret information about the world. Indeed, it is in this space of interpretation that information becomes “knowledge”—something that is culturally defined, valued, and socially controlled. Thus, not everyone has access to the same kinds of knowledge, nor do all people know in the same way: gender, ethnicity, class, age, and placehood are all dimensions of power and identity that shape how a person comes to know his or her world—and how a person comes to interrogate and probe that world for alternative “truths.”

When different ways of knowing meet, whose knowledge finds the way? The Enlightenment’s empirically-driven, positivistic science—“pure” knowledge liberated from the “superstitions” of monarchs, priests, and alchemists alike—created authoritative “facts” and ways of knowing that distinguished these modern world explorers from their precursors as well as from the native groups they would encounter. Technologies that increased the explorers’ control over nature brought legitimacy to the empire of Reason and Conquest. By putting regions on a map and native words on a list, explorers laid the first and deepest foundations for colonial power. By giving proof of the “scientific” nature of their enterprise, they exercised power in a pure, subtle form—as the power to name, describe, and classify. While anthropologist Johannes Fabian is referring here to the colonial encounter in Africa, the point he makes about the subtle powers of inscription bears on the American story as well.

The army’s capture and renaming of the West was epitomized in maps. Their navigational tools were based on the belief that space was homogeneous, objective, and value-free, and that it could be fixed and bound by lines on a grid. The observer is not an organic part of the space but is located outside of it, creating it; in this way he is author of the landscape. From this vantage point, the observer can see the whole at once and move in all directions without being seen. This conceptualization of objectified, discretely delineated space was of great consequence because it made possible the notion of alienable property rights.

While the explorers’ methods of navigating and seeing remained outside of the observed landscape, Native American way-finding...
methods tended to be an intrinsic part of it. That is, navigational aids are largely embedded in cosmology—in part they are metaphorical, and as such their purpose is to make connections between phenomena. These connections are what guide and create direction, both in a moral and literal sense.

Broadly speaking, Native American way-finding methods are not singular in purpose. They orient space in conjunction with time, which is anchored in place. What emerges is a symbolic geography embodied in a range of technologies that are evidenced in the shape and placement of Apache and Lakota ritual lodges; directional structures such as the intertribal meeting place of the Great Plains Medicine Wheel in Wyoming; the star charts of the Pawnee; the sacred stone carvings used by Nez Perce and Yakima tribes; and in the petroglyphs and pictographs that mark pilgrimage routes for many native peoples. Thus forms of Native American way-finding represent the intersection of three dimensions—the land (what you walk through), language (the names, words, and stories embodied in the land), and the self (consciousness and the power to act). As such, the land can be used to analyze and discipline the self. Motifs often encountered in Native American way-finding systems that orient a person in space include representations of the center, the four cardinal directions, the sky and celestial bodies, and vertical axes.

Many native groups drew pictures on the ground as graphic but ephemeral adjuncts to oral traditions about moving from place to place. When Native Americans did make maps as we see them today, it was usually at the request of Western explorers; thus they are best understood as artifacts of contact and exchange. Indeed, Native American maps using writing and pictographs—particularly those of the period covered by this exhibition—are less about the objective fixing of "real" places on a grid and more about narrative: in this way, they are documents of an event, a migration, a story, a biography. Native Americans wrote themselves and their (dis)locations into these maps, showing both reflexivity and autonomy in their recounting of history. As such, the maps become documents of encounter rather than objective delineations of space and location.

Today native peoples combine culture-based way-finding technologies—oral traditions, reading the landscape, astronomical observation, vernacular architecture—with instruments such as compasses, telecommunication systems, and Geographic Information Systems (using remote sensing images to produce maps and analyze other kinds of spatial data), especially when mapping tribal lands for tribal claims. In this confluence of cultural knowledge, the distinctions between "traditional" and "modern" ways of knowing become fluid but are never neutralized, for navigating through the politics of self-determination requires us to remember that such a distinction is emblematic of a time when discovery and dislocation were inextricably linked.

In the end, the visitor to Beyond Lewis and Clark learns that exploration may well be inspired by the pursuit of knowledge. But knowledge is not something that can be found—it is created by those vested with the authority to bring meaning and order to things new and different and, in doing so, bring legitimacy to far-reaching acts of power, such as the creation of "the American West."

Allyson Purpura is research specialist at the Smithsonian’s National Museum of African Art and teaches in the Museum Studies program at George Washington University. She worked on the conceptual design and research for Beyond Lewis and Clark: The Army Explores the West.
New York architects Walter Robb Wilder and Harry Keith White commenced the detailed design work for the Washington State Legislative Building in 1920. In September 1922 they witnessed the emplacement of the cornerstone for a project that would occupy them for the next eight years. As though in awe of their own masterpiece, the two architects often referred to the building as “monumental.”

Larger than life, the majestic building slowly rose on the southern shore of Puget Sound—a grand meetinghouse for a young state poised to assume the position of Northwest gateway to the nation. From the beginning the building has served as a monument to the vision and fortitude of the State Capitol Commission and the Washington State Legislature, which planned and authorized the construction, and to the architects and builders who labored to create, repair, and maintain the classic edifice.

When Wilder and White searched for available stone for the capital campus, their eyes fell on the light colored, high-quality sandstone available in the Northern Pacific Railway town of Wilkeson, 50 miles from Olympia. Early coal miners in the region looked for heavy sandstone outcappings, knowing that rich coal veins probably lay below. In Wilkeson’s case, the stone and coal were deposited about 40 million years ago. Geologist David Knoblach points out that the region was then a

By Ruth M. Anderson

Rehabilitating the Washington State Legislative Building in the Wake of the Nisqually Earthquake

ABOVE: Work in progress on the original construction of the Legislative Building and its dome in 1926.
TOP: More than 500 workers, including artisan marble cutters and stone carvers, labored for five years on the Legislative Building.

ABOVE: Keith Phillips of the Tenino Quarry carves new stones to replace the broken ones removed from the lantern in the aftermath of the Nisqually quake.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Governor Roland H. Hartley waves to the crowd after unveiling the capstone for the new Legislative Building dome, October 13, 1926.

In 1883 Charles B. Wright, a past president of the Northern Pacific Railway, was the first to use the stone when he built Saint Luke's Memorial Episcopal Church in Tacoma. Other buildings followed. When Walter Wilder examined the stone, he knew it would be perfect for the state house. Not only did the color fit his vision; the stone's composition resisted water, making it ideal for Olympia's damp climate.

The Vermont Marble Company, from offices in Tacoma, provided the original marble for the interior, locating interesting color strata envisioned by the architects. In the halls and on the main stairs, the gray marble came from Tokeen, Alaska. For the legislative chambers and state reception room, the classic colors were excavated from European quarries. The Walker Stone Company of Tacoma cut and polished all of the exterior stone and the interior marble.

By 1925 the building was sufficiently completed to start contemplating furnishings. The requests for proposals (RFPs) were quite detailed. Wilder and White divided the furniture by class, according to where the pieces would reside. Furniture was to be Italian Renaissance in style, handsome, and substantial. Included were desks, tables, armchairs, side chairs, davenports, "costumers" or clothes trees, umbrella stands, wastebaskets, carpets, and wall hangings. Oak bookcases, 16 oak telephone booths and 327 cuspidors, or spittoons, completed the exhaustive list for bidders.

About the time the RFPs came out, telegrams and letters from mayors of cities from Aberdeen to Spokane urged the Capitol Commission to give furnishings from the Northwest first consideration. When the selections were made, the furniture in fact reflected some of the nation's best manufacturers. The W. J. Sloane Company of New York received the bid for the Class A-1 furnishings. Seattle firms and one Tacoma company made most of the desks. Seattle's Frederick & Nelson received the bid for carpeting and draperies, except for the carpet in the state reception room, which was loomed by the Mohawk Company of New York. An unpretentious but sturdy weave, this is the only original carpeting still extant.

Originally there were few individual offices in the building. Rather, Wilder and White provided for large committee rooms with long tables where legislators could conduct their work. Lounging rooms were also available.

The Tacoma Ledger of October 14, 1926, featured a picture of state officials...
observing the flag-draped capstone of the building being swung into place the day prior. Even Governor Roland Hartley, who soundly condemned the costs involved in constructing and furnishing the building, helped apply the mortar to set the cap in place. John Maclver, a native Scotsman who had supervised the placement of every stone, wielded the main trowel to finish the task. The immense scaffolding that covered the dome was then torn down, and the reporter noted, “Never again, as long as the structure lasts, will human hands be laid upon the capstone set into place on this occasion.”

Unfortunately, no one contemplated the ensuing three earthquakes that have altered the appearance of the building, though never its purpose or viability. Earthquake repairs in 1949, 1965, and 1979 (see COLUMBIA, Summer 2003) modified the lantern and strengthened the interior. The most significant alteration of interior space occurred when additional legislative offices were created in 1966-67.

The venerable Legislative Building provides a visible continuum of its history. When the building was posted on the National Register of Historic Places in 1974, this American Renaissance “people’s house,” inspired by Greek and Italian architecture, rightfully assumed its standing as a national treasure.

In 1985 the legislature approved over $2 million for beautification in recognition of the building’s grandeur and increasing tourism in the state. Barnett Schorr Architects from Seattle undertook the two-year interior face-lift, which included cleaning and painting all decorative surfaces, cleaning and resealing...
bronze objects, glazing decorative panels and rosettes, and replacing glass in wall sconces and chandeliers. Dozens of artisans, perched atop 168-foot scaffolds, painted the white rotunda ceiling in a palette of rose and blue-gray. The 32 plaster columns were painted in a faux pattern to resemble marble. The second phase of the project enlivened the surfaces of the legislative chambers, state reception room, vestibules, and corridors.

Dee Hooper, manager of Legislative Facilities and a 40-year veteran of the building, recalls, “I couldn’t believe the detail in the plaster rosettes that became visible only after they were painted in colors that revealed their intricacy.”

More functional repairs followed. From 1998 to 2000 the state spent nearly $4 million waterproofing roofs and leeching salt out of the lustrous sandstone. A waterproof membrane was installed beneath the 42 stone steps leading to the stately carved bronze doors at the north portico. Workers also constructed a handrail and installed an ice-melting coil in the stairs along the rail to enhance safety. By 2000 it was time to engage construction crews in the most ambitious project since the building opened—seismic upgrades and major utility work.

When the governor and legislature had moved into their new building in 1928, plumbing and wiring accommodated 155 people. Seventy-two years later, over 455 people occupied offices replete with telephones, fax machines, computers, and copiers. Moreover, thousands of daily visitors poured through the portals. In its January 20, 2000, report to the legislature, the state’s Preservation and Renovation Commission advocated correcting “basic problems resulting from corroded water and sewer pipes, undersized heating and air conditioning systems, inadequate telecommunication and electrical systems, and water infiltration from failed caulking and drains.”

Recognizing the historic significance of the building and its status on the National Register of Historic Places, the Washington State Department of General Administration (GA) is conducting the project in accordance with the United States Department of the Interior’s guidelines for rehabilitating historic buildings. Marygrace Jennings, Cultural Resources manager for GA, explained the role of preservation in the process. “We made the decision early to consider the project ‘rehabilitation’ under the Department of Interior’s standards. We knew funding would never support restoration, nor was that feasible given the functionality of the building. However, we did incorporate elements of restoration and preservation in the planning.” For example, to the extent possible, old light fixtures and clocks will be restored and returned to their rightful places. The bronze doors will be cleaned and a preservative applied.

NBBJ of Seattle was selected to design and engineer the work. NBBJ’s principal architect, Ralph Belton, whose impressive credentials include SAFECO Field, the Mariners’ baseball stadium, is the lead architect.

Because of the building’s historic nature, NBBJ called on the expertise of one of the nation’s preeminent historic architecture firms, Einhorn, Yafﬁe, Prescott (EYP) of Albany, New York. The firm has helped preserve hundreds of high-visibility structures, including the nation’s capitol, the Lincoln and Jefferson memorials, and Valley Forge National Historical Park.

Armed with blueprints, the architects and engineers conducted actual measurements to check and verify the original plans. Belton said they had located no major discrepancies between
Belton summed up his mission in four charged words: "To do no harm." Unfortunately for the building, "no harm" means some programmed demolition. But the care being taken to implement Belton's mission is most impressive.

M. A. Mortenson, an international construction company with offices in Seattle, won the bid to act as general contractor/construction manager. On the morning of February 28, 2001, Mortenson representatives signed the contract documents. Virtually minutes later, the buildings on the campus began shaking. Patricia McLain, GA project director, laughs, "In the morning Mortenson had signed on to do preconstruction investigations and planning. By late afternoon they were into full construction mode. We were all impressed with how quickly they responded."

Immediately following the earthquake, the building was evacuated for several weeks while engineers dealt with the most basic safety hazards. It soon became obvious that the work to extend the life of the building and enhance livability would proceed much more quickly were the building completely empty. When the occupants realized they could perform their duties from other locations while escaping the hammering and banging, and that their absence would hasten completion of the work, they agreed to vacate for a 28-month period.

Allowing the Nisqually earthquake, which registered 6.8 on the Richter scale, the legislature authorized funding for earthquake remediation and the planned rehabilitation. GA was charged with completing the multiyear, $101 million endeavor in time for the 2005 legislative session. Beginning May 2, 2002, when the legislative session ended, the governor and all other officials, legislators, and staffers began the yearlong process of vacating the building. Only the desks in the house and senate chambers remain. Marvin Doster, senior project manager for M. A. Mortenson, assumed operational ownership of the building on June 3, 2002. "The earthquake helped us decide what to do first," Doster says. "We began by concentrating on tying the top of the dome to each element all the way down."

But first they had to ready the building. In preparation for the dome and interior work, Mortenson's workers covered the main stairs, public hallways, and much of the remaining interior in thousands of feet of chipboard to protect the beautiful marble, carpets and decorative pieces that could not be removed. When the project is over, Mortenson will donate the particleboard to Habitat for Humanity. The GA oversight team has arranged for all other construction materials taken out of the building to be recycled to the extent possible.

The workers also built an interior walkway and affixed a conveyor belt to lift materials up to the dome area. Doster led a tour of these preparations that evoked an Alice in Wonderland experience of covered passageways with occasional glimpses of gigantic columns seemingly suspended in midair. The clean, pungent aroma of the fresh wood contributed to the sensation of being lost in a plywood labyrinth.
Reaching the dome area required stepping into a narrow elevator to be transported to the eighth floor or “table-top”—that is, the flat surface that supports the dome. From there, access to the inner dome was via a series of staircases. While it was difficult enough to negotiate these stairs empty-handed, Doster pointed out that over 60,000 pounds of concrete reinforcing bars (rebar) had been conveyed up to the eighth floor and then hand-carried up the narrow, winding metal staircase. The rebar was used to join the outside opening a crate and the inside in order to prevent sway. The rebar forms were then filled with concrete, some of which also had to be hand-carried.

Above the tabletop Doster and the tour participants stepped out onto the metal scaffolding surrounding the dome. A splendid view of the capital campus, city, and lake proved ample reward for this heart-thumping activity. At ease on the narrow perch, Doster said with some awe in his voice, “It’s amazing what the original builders accomplished in terms of placing these huge columns with the simple cranes they had at the time.”

Doster echoed Belton’s respect for the original architects, builders, and engineers, as well as for those who intervened after the 1949 and 1965 earthquakes. “Each effort taken has extended the life of this building,” Doster says. “My duty is to ensure that we earn the respect of future construction managers for having done the right thing this time as well.”

The 2001 earthquake moved several of the dozen free-standing stone columns that surround the base of the dome off kilter by as much as six inches. To strengthen these pillars and anchor them to their base, Doster’s team drilled holes through the 46 feet of stone, fitted each hole with a metal shaft, anchored that to the tabletop, and filled the shaft with grout to strengthen its resilience to sway. Doster first tested this concept by drilling through stacks of stone from the original quarry in Wilkeson. The hardy stone easily withstood the coring.

Following the 1949 quake, engineers designed a metal form and covered it with stones to replace the original masonry lantern at the top. Some of the original stones, used after the 1949 seismic event, cracked in the 2001 earthquake. In February 2003, Master Carver Keith Phillips of Tenino carved replacement stone from the Wilkeson quarry. He also carved new decorative stones to replace those that had broken or lost definition. John Maclver and his associates would find Keith Phillips a worthy colleague.

The building’s interior walls are primarily composed of terra-cotta bricks that were plastered over and painted or affixed with marble. The marble was applied to the walls with a series of copper wires and a plaster containing horsehair. The construction has proved remarkably robust, but some damage has occurred as a result of the earthquakes and general wear.

In a process called delamination, plaster has loosened from the brick. Repairing this damage was included in an allocation from the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA). Master carpenters, ears tuned for a hollow sound, tapped all the interior walls to determine where delamination had occurred. In some areas, the bricks themselves have broken and will be repaired, but overall the terra-cotta brick construction remains intact. Skilled plasterers will replace the broken plaster areas and fill the cracks in the plaster columns and walls.

As of the spring of 2003, workers have been swarming above, about, and under the building, plying their many trades to return a modernized but well-preserved building to the state. Patricia McLain keeps a countdown clock on her worktable. It shows to the day and second how long they have to complete the project. “We must be done in time for the 2005 inauguration,” she says. “We’ve got a great team and support from everyone, but it will be a challenge.”

After this multiyear invasion from capstone to subterranean conduits, the building will long remain the state’s most honored monument.

Ruth Anderson is a retired United States Air Force officer and a free-lance writer who has authored five books on Washington history. Her latest book, Puyallup: A Pioneer Paradise, coauthored with Lori Price, is in its second printing by Arcadia Publishing.
Writing Home about Pioneer Life on the Columbia, 1853-1854

In the summer of 1853 Major Granville Owen Haller arrived at Fort Vancouver, having just completed the sea voyage from New York and around Cape Horn with his wife Henrietta, their two small children, and Company I of the Fourth Infantry Regiment. From there they were posted at Fort Dalles, 100 miles up the Columbia River. Both Gran and Hennie kept up a regular correspondence with her mother and sister back east. These letters, somehow preserved, provide a glimpse into the pioneering lives at a new military post that served as an important way station on the Oregon Trail.

Having grown up in the well-manicured rolling hills of southern Ireland and then York, Pennsylvania, Henrietta Haller was a bit overwhelmed by her first glimpse of the Pacific Northwest. In a letter to her mother, written shortly after her arrival at Fort Vancouver, she said, "Everything is a surprise to me on the Pacific Coast. I had heard and read of Astoria but could scarcely realize it would be such a small village. Also I could not understand the virgin woods and entirely uncultivated country." She was impressed by the Columbia River. "It is a magnificent river, larger than any I have ever seen but the La Plata. The banks are very high and picturesque—far superior to the Hudson. There are four snow-covered mountains to be seen from the river, but it has generally been cloudy."

After a few days at Fort Vancouver, Companies H and I were transferred to Fort Dalles. Hennie wrote,

"We went up the Columbia from the Cascades to the Dalles in a small steamer, the Allen, with a tiny locomotive engine for a motor. The propeller threw water on the deck at every revolution. The dining table was on deck. At night we passengers slept on and under it. Our baggage was towed on a raft. It took us part of two days and a night to get there."

The fort, though it had been operating for a couple of years, was still being built. The officers' quarters were open shells, some yet lacking roofs. Hennie wrote, "Our quarters are of rough hewn logs chinked with marl and full of bed bugs which, with every precaution, we are not able to keep out of our beds altogether."

The job of getting settled was an ongoing chore. Fortunately, most of their baggage came through undamaged.

Love, Hennie

by Martin N. Chamberlain
According to Hennie, "The body of my dark green silk alone is spotted—nothing broken. Everything looked as nice and smooth as if it had not been moved at all, but we have lost a good many things, such as our two boxes of claret, our firkin of butter and three of our hens."

Improving and adjusting to their new quarters took some doing, noted Hennie:

Gran has, with some old boards, made, in a great part by his own labor, a pig pen and a chicken house. We have 12 hens and 20 half grown chickens, which cost us $26, and one sow with 5 pigs, $25 more. Eggs are $1.50 a dozen but our hens will lay enough for our use. Everything we brought is worth a great deal to us. The price of soap is $11 a bar. The Indians give high prices for old clothes. I got $75 for an old military coat. Old shirts and pants also sell well. I wish we had brought a chest of old clothes. We hope to get the things we need in that way.

We get Commissary things at the same price as we used to. If we only had vegetables for the winter we could get on. Potatoes cost $6 to $7 a bushel. Salmon, three feet long, we get for 25 cents. It is without exception the most delicious fish I have ever tasted and though we have been eating them everyday since we came here we are not in the least tired, only sorry the season is nearly at end. We have salted a panel and pickled a bucketful for winter.

The garden is nearly a mile off through sand and burrs so I cannot go there often. Our cow cost us $90 and gives very rich milk but not much of it, as she has been let run wild with her calf. We hope she will improve with attention. We take only

Overleaf:
Henrietta Haller generated a series of correspondence that even now—150 years later—offers a striking glimpse of her sojourn at Fort Dalles.

Opposite page:
Granville O. Haller was a major in the United States Army when, in 1853, he was posted at Fort Dalles and lived there near the Columbia River with his wife Henrietta and their two small children.
two quarts of milk, leaving the rest for the calf. That's the way they treat cows in this country.

Gran also wrote about settling in:

The so-called quarters was a mere log shell with a roof to it. By my wits and with my own hands together with soldier's assistance for which I pay occasionally, I have got a good chicken house, a good pigpen and an apology for a stable. We have two horses, one cost $103 and the other $25. The latter has run away but will be brought back, I think, by bad weather. I bought a wagon for $30 and sold it for $50. I received $75 for my stove. An old frock coat, too small for me, was fixed up a little and brought $20. An old pair of straps sold for $6. I expect to make a small profit on my Mexican embroidery. The Indians are very fond of embroidery, especially such as officers wear.

Hennie complained about the weather:

The Dalles is a healthy post but the climate is not very pleasant with high winds and drought all summer, generally cold winters though during one we had no snow and not much frost... I wish we had rain. Everything is so parched. It never rains from April to September and consequently nothing will grow except by irrigation. Our quarters are perched on top of a hill surrounded by sand and pine trees, the latter being thinly scattered. The wind blows at 10 or 11 am and continues blowing a perfect gale all day, raising clouds of dust, which fills the eyes, mouths, and nostrils. There is up here not a single green thing to be seen except for the trees and how they grow I can’t imagine for the ground as far as they have dug our root cellar [is] as dry as tinder.

“I spend most of my time with the children, the cow and calf, the pigs, and chickens.” In November Hennie opined, Mai does not give me a moment’s peace. I cannot write at night—I am generally too tired. Morris creeps in a sitting position. The floors are very rough and he scratches his legs and wears out his diapers. Mai has christened the bobtailed nag “Selina.” He is gentle as a lamb and can go very fast, too. We go out riding about once a week. I cannot go oftener though I would like to for I have never enjoyed riding before. We always ride along the river bottom to get mushrooms of which there are great quantities. We generally have pork and some kind of vegetable and dried apple pie, the crust being made from biscuit dough. Our fare is wholesome enough if it has no other recommendation.

The eastern relatives were quite concerned about the local Indians, but Hennie reassured them:

We are not under any apprehension about the Indians here for they are not able, if they were willing, to hurt us. The Nez Perces and the Cayuses are powerful and warlike, but they are friendly to the whites though not to the Wishrams and Wascoes about here. The whites are too necessary to the Indians in trading and in various other ways for them to wish to get rid of us, I think.

The Indians can be troublesome though. I have been a great deal bothered by the Cayuse Indians. They were down trading last week and paid us constant visits which were not very

You would not expect to hear that we have much company in such an out of the way place but we have had someone to dinner or supper two or three times a week for ever so long. Sometimes they are people Gran has some reason for inviting; other times Indian chiefs—all unexpected. I never make
The Nez Perce ... are powerful and warlike, but they are friendly to the whites," wrote Henrietta Haller in her correspondence.

"Wishram maid at The Dalles," photographed by Edward S. Curtis. Some Wishrams lived in the vicinity of the fort.

"The Nez Perce ... are powerful and warlike, but they are friendly to the whites," wrote Henrietta Haller in her correspondence.
edifying as they did not know much more of the Chinook jargon—the court language of all of these tribes—than we did. We, of course, do not know either the Nez Perce or Cayuse tongue. We have to learn Indian instead of their learning English and I suppose I’ll be able to “wak wak” pretty well before we leave this country.

Tonight we have been entertaining Kaskala, the chief of the Wascoes. He is a neighbor and the only Indian with the exception of William, his interpreter, that I am ever glad to see. I really quite like them but hope they won’t come too often.

We are not concerned with the Indians about our children. I keep them close to the house because of snakes.

AS THE FIRST year drew to a close, Hennie noted, “Our porch looks nice hung with clean canvas. I feel quite comfortable now. Our yard is nearly fenced in and we will be able to keep out those villainous pigs and chickens, not our own, that come and torment us. I intend trying to raise a few flowers around the house next summer.”

Wildlife presented an ongoing problem. Hennie wrote, “We have wolves. Those great wretches come into our yards in broad daylight but only early in the morning. They sometimes attack and kill young cows so we have to make sure our calves are shut up carefully. The coyotes and prairie wolves pick only on chickens.”

On New Year’s Day, 1854, Hennie reported, “The day before Christmas a hen that had laid astray brought us seven little chicks, which are thriving well. Our little sow was found up the creek with a litter of seven pigs—pretty little spotted and black things.” And later, “Since New Year’s Day we have had real winter. The river is frozen nearly across and it is very cold. All of the hills and mountains are covered with snow, but we have had only a light sprinkling here. Our communication with the outside world is cut off and will be as long as the cold weather lasts.”

By mid January several inches of snow had fallen. Hennie continued to fume about the cost of things: “The Commissary price of pork is double—it is now 14 cents a pound and flour is $7 a barrel. We pay 15 cents a pound for beef. It is very hard to save money here but we do some, for we are getting out of debt. I wish we were at home.”

By spring things began to improve. Hennie wrote: “The children are very well and very good. They both are growing fast. I made 5 dresses for my self this last winter and a great many aprons, dresses and sacks for the children besides a great deal of other sewing and some knitting.” She reported:

We now have 17 pigs. We find beautiful wild flowers now. They have been blooming ever since the middle of February. The frogs have been singing for weeks.”

I have the loveliest little mare you ever saw. She has black eyes but everything else is white. She eats out of my hand and has not a single trick or fault. She only cost us four good blankets, a pair of greasy pantaloons and two old white shirts. Her tail reaches within two inches of the ground. I often put my arms around her neck and kiss her. I wish you were here just for riding but there is not another inducement but perfect health in this place.

In April Hennie wrote, “Gran has made me a little garden and if I can keep the chickens off will have some comfort with it. I now have nearly 80 chickens.” Their diet had more variety, too, as Hennie reported,

I got a present of six buffalo tongues today. They are splendid. Salmon are running, but we do not have any yet. I rode out the other day to see a large flock of sheep that were being brought across the plains by the Indian agent. Mutton will make a valuable addition to our larder. He made us a present of 14 of...
[Morris's] dresses and aprons are of a jaded kind, being Mai's castoffs. He wears a green gingham sunbonnet.

the sheep. We got some pemmican, which is dried buffalo meat, and fat from the gentleman who gave us the buffalo tongues.

In May the salmon were back and the price of shoes had dropped. Hennie noted:

We got fresh salmon again and they are delicious. We get small ones for 12½ cents. We have had radishes and lettuce this spring. I got a good pair of shoes for $2. A pair that I got last winter lasted only a month. There are wild roses in profusion along the streams. There are plenty of fine gooseberries and currants—black, red, and yellow—and another berry I have not seen before, and some strawberries. I have preserved them all. They are a great treat for us. Morris is getting fatter since I weaned him. His dresses and aprons are of a jaded kind, being Mai's castoffs. He wears a green gingham sunbonnet. I guess I'll dress him like a girl until he is about 8 years old. Their amusements are riding stick horses and playing Indian and Lion.

The original rough buildings at Fort Dalles were replaced commencing in 1856. The structure pictured here is a double officers quarters, completed in 1857.

her in clothes.” Mary got married that summer, leaving Hennie to try to get along with an old soldier to help with the cooking and cleaning.

The letters stopped at this point, but in November 1854 Gran described an important event:

About 5 pm as Hennie was dishing up the dinner she remarked she ought to lie down. Soon after she called and asked to see Mrs. Roper for whom I sent. I also sent for Mrs. MacCullough, and these had hardly arrived before she told me to call the doctor. He arrived and had not been here long before I heard him say, “It's all right,” and then I heard a lusty bawling. It was over in less than an hour's time. A lovely daughter, Charlotte, was born at 6 pm.”

Presumably, Hennie was too busy with the new arrival to write more. Still, it is remarkable that so much was written and somehow saved. Letters took as long as six months to reach their destination, if they got there at all.

Martin N. Chamberlain retired after 38 years as an educator. He is also a retired captain of the United States Naval Reserve. Granville and Henrietta Haller were his grandparents.

COLUMBIA 16 WINTER 2003-04
Winter sports enthusiasts try out a toboggan run at Longmire during the holiday season in 1924. More than 150 New Year's celebrants spent the holiday on the mountain as a result of Rainier National Park Company's effort to encourage winter use. A new 800-foot 50-mile-an-hour toboggan slide thrilled visitors. Skiing and snowshoeing in the open country were also popular. Some went in for sleighing with congenial company, plenty of warm robes, and fleet horses; or sledding behind a well-trained dog team in light Alaskan sledges. Others tried skijoring, a form of cross-country skiing where the skier is pulled along behind a dog or horse. At the end of the day, an evening around the roaring wood fires of the lodge or camps was enjoyed by all.
"The flesh of the cock of the Plains is dark, and only tolerable in point of flavour. I do not think it as good as either the Pheasant or Grouse." These words were spoken by Meriwether Lewis on March 2, 1806, at Fort Clatsop near present-day Astoria, Oregon. They were noteworthy not only for their detail but for the way they illustrate the process of acquiring new information. A careful reading of the journals of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark (transcribed by Gary E. Moulton, 1986-2001, University of Nebraska Press) reveals that all of the species referred to in the first quote are grouse, two of which had never been described in print before.

In 1803-06 Lewis and Clark led a monumental three-year expedition up the Missouri River and its tributaries to the Rocky Mountains, down the Columbia River and its tributaries to the Pacific Ocean, and back again. Although most of us are aware of adventurous aspects of the journey such as close encounters with indigenous peoples and periods of extreme hunger, the expedition was also characterized by an unprecedented effort to record as many aspects of natural history as possible. No group of animals illustrates this objective more than the grouse.

The journals include numerous detailed summary descriptions of grouse and more than 80 actual observations, many with enough descriptive information to identify the species. What makes Lewis and Clark so unique in this regard is that other explorers of the age rarely recorded adequate details. For example, during 1807-12 in the Montana, Idaho, Washington, and British Columbia area, David Thompson recorded nine observations of grouse, with the simple description of "partridge." In one additional case the observed bird was referred to as a "white partridge," likely a grouse now known as a white-tailed ptarmigan. In contrast, Lewis and Clark provided a 300-plus-word description of the greater sage-grouse, along with numerous details associated with specific observations of sage-grouse along their route. They also provided comparable information for the five other grouse species observed on their journey, including greater prairie-chicken, sharp-tailed grouse, blue grouse, spruce grouse, and ruffed grouse. This comparison is not meant to diminish the accomplishments of early explorers like David Thompson, for his writings are actually quite insightful. Rather, it is meant to illustrate the unprecedented natural history content of the journals of Lewis and Clark.

Fred C. Zwickel (retired professor, University of Alberta) and I examined the transcribed journals for all references to grouse. We were not the first along this path, and likely will not be the last. Most notably, in 1893 Elliott Coues produced *The History of the Lewis and Clark Expedition* (reprinted by Dover Publications), in which he itemized many of the species described, included grouse. Coues stated, "No descriptions in L. and C. have teased naturalists more than those here given of the... 'pheasants.' As they stand in the text, they are an odd jumble, utterly irreconcilable with what we know of these birds. I could make nothing of them in 1876, and gave the matter up, supposing the authors had written from memory and confused several species."

One of the purposes of our recent effort was to resolve some of the identifications that were either questionable or unresolved in light of current knowledge. Some of the direct quotes (with most of original punctuation and spelling) are provided below to give a taste of the richness of the journals.

The greater prairie-chicken was the first grouse species mentioned in the journals. On November 16, 1803, near the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, Lewis wrote: "Saw a heath hen or grows which flew of and having no gun with me did not persue it." From the eight observations of greater prairie-chickens that were written between southern Illinois and southeastern South Dakota, it is
ABOVE: The greater prairie chicken was the first species mentioned in the journals and one of two species that Lewis and Clark were familiar with prior to the expedition.

OPPOSITE PAGE: The “large species of heath hen with a long pointed tail” clearly intrigued Lewis and Clark. They noted specific observations and provided long summary descriptions.

clear that Lewis and Clark recognized this bird as the familiar heath hen, still present at that time in the northeastern United States. They were able to distinguish this species from the similar sharp-tailed grouse because the greater prairie-chicken has a tail “composed of feathers of equal length.” On September 2, 1806, on the return trip near the confluence of the James and Missouri Rivers, along the Nebraska-South Dakota border, Clark wrote: “I saw 4 prairie fowls Common to the Illinois, those are the highest up which have been Seen.”

SHARP-TAILED GROUSE were observed on at least 22 occasions from South Dakota through south-central Washington. On October 1, 1804, above the confluence of the Cheyenne and Missouri rivers in South Dakota, Clark described the sharp-tailed grouse as “Booted, the Toes of their feet So constructed as to walk on the Snow, and the Tail Short with 2 long Stiff feathers in the middle.”

On April 15, 1805, in Mountrail County, North Dakota, Lewis added, “I also met with great numbers of Grouse or prairie hens as they are called by the English traders of the N.W. These birds appeared to be mating; the note of the male is kuck, kuck, kuck, coo, coo, coo. The first part of the note both male and female use when flying.”

At Fort Clatsop Lewis summarized: “They feed on grass, insects, the leaves of various shrubs in the plains and on seeds of several species of spelts and wild rye which grow in the richer parts of the plains. In winter their food is the buds of the willow & cottonwood also the most of the native berries furnish them with food.” He further stated that: “The Grouse or Prairie hen is peculiarly the inhabitant of the Grait Plains of Columbia they do not differ from those of the upper portion of the Missouri.” Lewis and Clark even sent a live sharp-tailed grouse in a cage down the Missouri River from Fort Mandan, North Dakota, in spring 1805, though this bird died en route.

Greater sage-grouse were observed on at least nine occasions from western Montana through southeastern Washington. Their large size, “about 2/3rds the size of a turkey,” is one reason why they were so noticeable. The observation of the first sage-grouse was described by Lewis on June 5, 1805, near the confluence of the Marias and Missouri Rivers in Montana: “I saw a flock of the mountain cock, or a
large species of heath hen with a long pointed tail which the Indians informed us were common to the Rocky Mountains, I sent Shields to kill one of them but he was obliged to fire a long distance at them and missed his aim.”

On August 20, 1805, west of Lemhi Pass in Idaho, Lewis wrote: “Capt. C. killed a cock of the plains or mountain cock, it was of a dark brown colour with a long and pointed tail larger than the dunghill fowl and had a fleshy protrubrant substance about the base of the upper chap, something like that of the turkey tho’ without the snout.” At Fort Clatsop, Lewis summarized: “The cock of the Plains is found in the plains of Columbia and are in Great abundance from the entrance of the S. E. fork of the Columbia [Snake River] to that of Clark’s river [Deschutes River].”

BLUE GROUSE WERE observed on at least eight occasions between western Montana and western Oregon and Washington. On August 1, 1805, near the three forks of the Missouri, Lewis wrote: “As I passed these mountains I saw a flock of the black or dark brown pheasants.... This bird is fully a third larger than the common pheasant of the Atlantic states [ruffed grouse]. It’s [sic] form is much the same. It is booted nearly to the toes and the male has not the tufts of long black feathers on the sides of the neck which are so conspicuous in those of the Atlantic.” On April 16, at The Dalles on the Columbia, Lewis wrote: “Joseph Feilds brought me a black pheasant which he had killed; this I found on examination to be the large black or dark brown pheasant I had met with on the upper part of the Missouri...the tail is composed of 18 black feathers tiped with bluish white, of which the two in the center are feather shorter than the others which are all of the same length.” Although this description differed slightly from the earlier summary at Fort Clatsop, in which the tail was described as “uniform dark brown tiped with black,” it is notable that the blue grouse in different regions vary in the appearance of their tail feathers (black in some, tipped with gray in others).

Spruce grouse have a narrow distribution along the route taken by Lewis and Clark; six observations were described, all along the Lolo Trail in northern Idaho and western Montana. At Fort Clatsop, Lewis summarized:

The small speckled pheasant found in the same country with that above described [blue grouse], differs from

I also met with great numbers of Grouse or prarie hens as they are called by the English traders of the N.W. These birds appeared to be mating; the note of the male is kuck, kuck, kuck, coo, coo, coo.
it only in point of size and somewhat in colour. It is scarcely half the size of the other; associates in much larger flocks and is very gentle. The black is more predominant and the dark bron feathers less frequent in this than the larger species. The mixture of white is also more general on every part of this bird. It is considerably smaller than our pheasant [ruffed grouse] and the body feather more round. In other particulars they differ not at all from the large black and white pheasant. This by way of distinction I have called the speckled pheasant.

On June 16, 1806, Lewis added: "I killed a small brown pheasant today; it feeds on the tender leaves and buds of the fir and pitch pine." Clark wrote on June 28, 1806: "I killed a Small black pheasant; this bird is generally found in the Snowey region of the mountains." The differences in descriptions appear to reflect the differences between a female (mostly brown) and a male (mostly black).

RUFFED GROUSE ARE often believed to be the most widely distributed grouse along the route of the Lewis and Clark expedition. Nevertheless, there are only three clear observations in the journals—one in western Montana and the other two near Fort Clatsop, Oregon. On February 5, 1806, at Fort Clatsop, Lewis wrote: "Filds [Joseph Field] brought with him a pheasant which differed little from those common to the Atlantic states; it's [sic] brown is reather brighter and more of a reddish tint. It has eighteen feathers in the tale of about six inches in length. This bird is also booted as low as the toes. The two tufts of long black feathers on each side of the neck most conspicuous in the male of those of the Atlantic states is also observable in every particular with this." On March 7, 1806, Lewis added: "A bird of a scarlet colour as large as a common pheasant with a long tail has returned, one of them was seen today near the fort by Capt. Clark's black man, I could not obtain a view of it myself."

The writings of Lewis and Clark offer important insights into historic changes in the abundance and distribution of grouse. This is particularly notable for the greater prairie-chicken, sharp-tailed grouse, and greater sage-grouse. For example, based on the current distribution of greater prairie-chickens, a retracing of the Lewis and Clark route would not likely produce any observations except for a small area where greater prairie-chickens expanded their range into central South Dakota (north of their original distribution). Although it is likely that sharp-tailed grouse could currently be observed along portions of the route in South Dakota, North Dakota, and eastern Montana, they have been completely extirpated along the route in western Montana, Idaho, and Washington. Greater sage-grouse have also been wiped out from substantial portions of the route such as southern Washington, an area where Lewis and Clark considered them to be abundant. When these observations of prairie grouse are considered in total, they illustrate widespread declines in both abundance and distribution.

"Mountain cock," "pheasant," "cock of the plains," "prairie hen," "fowl of the plains," "prairie fowl," and "long-tailed heath cock" were all names used to describe a single species—the greater sage-grouse. The variety of names illustrates the nature of discovery. Because the sage-grouse had never been described in print before, Lewis and Clark did not know what to call it. They also provided the first written account of the blue grouse and previously unknown subspecies of sharp-tailed grouse, spruce grouse, and ruffed grouse. When considered in total, this was a remarkable and inspiring feat for adventurers facing the hardships of the frontier in the early 1800s.

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In the 1930s the comparatively new medium of radio featured the Town Crier—newsmen and occasional actor Alexander Woollcott. Over several years, until his death in 1943, he repeated in the Christmas season the story of a noteworthy theatrical performance given under extraordinary circumstances in Seattle during the Christmas season of 1933. He wrote the story for the Saturday Evening Post in August 1934, and it appeared again in later collections of his writings.

The actress who starred in this 1933 adventure received a prestigious honor and award in 1937, and that surely had its way smoothed by the 1933 episode. The award ceremony took place at the White House under the auspices of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and his wife Eleanor. A large array of guests included diplomats and cabinet officials, plus the actress’s husband and Woollcott, who frequently came as guest to the White House in those years. The actress herself suffered something near stage fright, but Eleanor Roosevelt, who was becoming Woollcott’s friend, calmed her.

In 1933 a highly regarded theater group had launched forth from New York City’s Broadway to take some plays on the road, for roughly 15,000 miles. This venture had a newsworthy aspect because “taking the show on the road” had declined greatly in the preceding years of the 20th century. Across the land, theaters built for live productions...
succumbed to the seemingly inevitable—movies. In fact, theatres actively opposed any reinvigoration of the onetime traveling troupes. So this 1933 tour, extending over all those miles, had offered both challenge and adventure.

During a performance in Amarillo, a sandstorm beat so relentlessly against the venue's metal roof that actors were reduced to nearly silent mime for part of the performance. Weather played an even more injurious role in December as the venturesome troupe left Duluth bound for Seattle. Irony invested the fact that these performers, meaning to bring live theater back to the country, should ride a train most of 2,000 miles between performances. At least in part, that arose from the reluctance of small city theaters across North Dakota and Montana to trifle with their now-solidified movie arrangements.

Though the tour proved surprisingly successful, if not quite repeatable, problems even greater than sandstorms and movie-house intransigence provided accompanying drama. Exceedingly heavy rain threw a pall over the itinerant thespians as they made their way west on the Great Northern, and it threatened to get worse. An evening performance on Christmas Day grace the schedule for Seattle's Metropolitan Theater on Fourth Avenue, across from the Olympic Hotel. A planned arrival at 8:30 on the morning of the 25th had seemed comfortable for preparations. The company, however, did not reckon with the rain that, by the way, was directly followed by very bitter cold.

Aboard that train and growing ever more uneasy, the actors clung to the hope of performing, on opening night, a drama set in 19th-century England, The Barretts of Wimpole Street. On Christmas Eve evening they made arrangements to have the dining car reserved for their use at 8:30, where they toasted one another with punch and sang, "Silent Night, Holy Night." The leading lady and central feature of the Seattle visit was Katharine Cornell, scheduled to perform on opening night as the invalid Elizabeth Barrett. Robert Browning, the poet, would be played by the elegant and handsome Basil Rathbone. A very youthful member of the troupe, Orson Welles, had a propensity for mischief, so much as to arouse the restraining effort of Cornell and her husband—the director of the plays and of the tour—Guthrie McClintic. McClintic did not accompany the troupe through all its travels and performances, but he would not miss the Seattle stay, as he had been born and raised there.

And now we pay closer attention to Woollcott's tale. He began his essay, "Miss Kitty Takes to the Road," with some thoughts and memories of Sarah Bernhardt. When Woollcott had paid a call at her Paris home ten years before the present episode, she had become "a ravaged and desiccated old woman with one leg. And the foot of that one was already in the grave." Despite all that, she spoke to her visitor of "the witching possibility of just one more farewell tour of America—that charming America where she had always been so uncritically applauded and so handsomely paid." She admitted that she was "too old" for cross-country junketings, and her visitor had sufficient French to oblige her by being "gallantly incredulous." No, extensive touring was out of the question; but, "of course, she would play Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington," and "perhaps" Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, St. Louis, Denver, and San Francisco.
“Hers was a viewpoint,” Woollcott continued, “which seemed both alien and anachronistic in an era when there had come into possession of the New York stage a generation of players who regarded any departure from Broadway as penitential . . . .” Bernhardt had been, as had “all the great men and women of the theater of her time,” a “trouper . . . .” Of the younger stars now shining brightest in the theatrical firmament only one is entitled to be called by that name. That one is Katharine Cornell.”

Back to that “trouper” and her supporting band, “trundling” toward Seattle, as told by the Town Crier:

**MANY OF THIS troupe’s experiences during the tour they will none of them ever want to forget. They will long remember, I suppose, the leisurely progress from Columbus to Louisville, some of the players making the jump by water, moving serenely down the Ohio, taking their ease in the rocking chairs on the deck of perhaps the only river boat in the world which is captained by a woman . . . .

And surely no one in that troupe will forget while he lives the Christmas they spent together in 1933. Christmas Eve—it was a Sunday, you remember—found them trundling through Montana. They were booked to begin a week’s engagement in Seattle, and you may be sure that Mr. McClintic had joined the troupe in St. Paul to witness his great lady’s triumph in his hometown. All that Sunday there had been prodigious preparations in the parlous of the dining car. The mere members of the public who were traveling on that train were notified to dine early, as the diner had been preempted from 8:30 on. Miss Cornell was giving a Christmas dinner for her company, the whole troupe—actors, electricians, everybody.

There was immense hilarity, with young Marchbanks from Candida cracking nuts for Juliet’s nurse while Robert Browning and the hated Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street drank to each other’s everlasting prosperity in thick railway tumblers of Christmas punch. But even as the last toasts were drunk and the troupe scattered to their berths with much wishing of Merry Christmas and quotations from Tiny Tim, the management was growing uneasy because of telegraphed reports that the December rains were making transit through the state of Washington perilous, and incalculable. It had already rained for three and twenty days and nights, and if it kept up much longer, they might have to make the rest of the trip in an ark and give their show, if at all, on the first convenient Ararat. At best, they would be later than they had hoped to be in reaching Seattle.

After they passed Spokane, it began to be doubtful whether they would get there at all. At every pause a telegram would come on board with anxious inquiries from the worried management ahead. The tickets had all been sold for the first performance. Even if the company could not arrive at the appointed time, would the management be justified in sending out word over the radio and catching the evening papers with an announcement that, however late, the troupe would at least arrive in time to give the performance at the scheduled hour? Then, as night fell, they were still proceeding at a snail’s pace through rain-drenched darkness far from Seattle. The anxiety shifted to the question whether, even if the curtain could not be sent up as advertised, would they at least be there in time to make it worth while holding the audience fifteen minutes or half an hour?
SEVEN O'CLOCK, eight o'clock, nine o'clock passed, and still they crawled through the darkness, stopping even at one point while hastily mobilized bands of railroad workers flung up a new trestle, over which the train might creep breathless past the wreckage of one which had given way. By this time the company had given up hope. There could be no performance. This meant that, on the following Saturday night, one-eighth would be missing from each salary envelope. It is a rule of the theater that such deductions can be made whenever a performance is called off through what is blasphemously known as an act of God. It was, therefore, a gloomy bunch of thespians who rode the last stretch, their noses glued to the streaming windowpanes as the train seemed to crawl over a bridge made of the very faces of the railroad workers who stood aside to let it pass, grim, rain-drenched Mongolian faces lit up in the darkness by the flare of acetylene torches, staring in cold frightening wonder at the perilous passage of these strangers whose necessity had brought them out to work in the night and the rain.

It was an exhausted and disgruntled troupe that finally climbed down on the platform in Seattle at 11:15 p.m. They were just collecting their wits and their luggage when they were pounced upon and galvanized into immediate action by an astonishing piece of news. The audience was still waiting. All the best trucks in Seattle were assembled at the station to grab the scenery and costume trunks, and rush them to the theater. The tardapkins were stretched and a hundred umbrellas proffered to protect it as it was being put into the trucks and taken out at the other end.

A line of automobiles was waiting to carry the company to the stage door. At the theater, or loitering in groups in the lobby of the Olympic Hotel across the street, twelve hundred people were still waiting. Most of them were in evening dress and some of them were sustaining

RIGHT: Part of the program for The Barretts of Wimpole Street. The cast of characters included a young Orson Welles and Katharine Cornell's dog Flush.
FLOODS HALT CHRISTMAS TRAFFIC

themselves with light midnight snacks. They had waited so long. Would Miss Cornell still play for them? Would she?

But the company must have time to unpack their trunks, put on their makeup and get into the crinolines and gay, shapely pantaloons of 1855. They promised to do it in record time. Meanwhile, it seemed a pity to ask that audience to wait any longer with no entertainment of any kind. So, for once in the history of the theater, the curtain was rung up forthwith and that Seattle gathering, at midnight on Christmas Day, actually saw the stage being set and lighted, saw swing into place the walls of the Victorian prison in which the tyrant Andromeda.

Each feat of the stage hands received rounds of applause. As the windowed wall of Elizabeth Barrett's room fell into place before the distant canvas glimpses of Wimpole Street and the windows in turn were hung with the rich portieres and valances of yesteryear, the enthusiasm mounted. It grew as the trunks, in full view of the audience, were opened and the costumes doled out by the wardrobe mistress. The actors, in dripping raincoats and horn-rimmed spectacles lined up like charity boys at a handout, each collecting his ecru pantaloons, his flowered waistcoat, his ruffled shirt, and what not. There was a great round of applause for the one member of the troupe who was already in complete costume when he arrived at the theater—Flush, the gailyful and engaging cocker spaniel who has never missed a performance of The Barretts of Wimpole Street since the first one, in Detroit, some years ago.

The greatest interest of all, I think, attached to the mysterious and intricate process by which a stage is lighted, a carefully calculated cross-play of beams by which certain parts of the stage are bathed in radiance and others, in which the action will be less important, are left in shadow. The focal point of The Barretts of Wimpole Street is the couch from which Robert Browning rescues the sleeping princess. As Elizabeth Barrett, Miss Cornell must spend the entire first act, probably the longest act in all dramatic literature, supine upon that couch, and it is a matter for very careful calculation to have the lights which play upon it adjusted to the fraction of an inch. For this purpose, to the rapture of Seattle, Jimmy Vincent, the stage manager, stretched himself out and assumed, one after another, all the postures he knew Miss Cornell would later assume. As Mr. Vincent is stocky and Oriental in appearance, and as the visible gap between his croussers and his waistcoat widened horridly with every languorous pose into which he tried to fling his arms and head, the effect was stupefying. Then the warning bell rang, the lights in the auditorium went down, and the curtain fell, only to rise again with Miss Cornell at her post on the couch. The play was ready to begin.

It was five minutes past one in the morning. The entire troupe—scenery, costumes and all—had arrived in the town less than two hours before and already the curtain was rising, which is probably a record for all time. The excitement, the heady compliment paid by the audience in having waited at all, had acted like wine on the spirits of the troupe, and they gave the kind of performance one hopes for on great occasions and never gets. But at the end of that first long act, Miss Cornell was visited by a kind of delayed fatigue. A postponed weariness took possession of her. She felt she must have something, anything, if she was to go on at all with what remained of the play. To Mr. McClintic, hovering apprehensively in the offing, she merely said: "Get me an egg," and rushed to her dressing room.

Into the streets of Seattle at two o'clock in the morning rushed the faithful McClintic in quest of an egg. Nothing was open except a drugstore and a lunch wagon, and the audience, in its long wait, had consumed every morsel of food in that part of town. There wasn't an egg to be had. The kitchens at the Olympic across the street were dark and inexorably locked. As a last desperate measure, McClintic began calling up such surviving citizens of Seattle as he had gone to school with years before. Finally one such appeal aroused someone. A sleepy voice asked who could be calling at such
an hour in the morning. It was with some difficulty that he succeeded in identifying himself. “You remember Guthrie, who used to live in such-and-such a street and used to go to school with you?” Oh, yes, and then what “Well,” the voice from the past faltered in its final task, “can you let me have an egg?” Incidentally, she could and did.

It was a quarter of four in the morning when the final curtain fell. And that blessed audience, feeling, perhaps, that it was too late by this time to go to bed at all, stayed to give more curtain calls than the exhausted troupe had ever heard.

When the tour wound up in Brooklyn, on June 23, Miss Kitty had played to more than half a million of her fellow countrymen. I suppose they will all remember her, but none, I am sure, more fondly than the faithful band in Seattle which, on the day after Christmas, waited until one in the morning for her first curtain to rise. They will ever have a welcoming round of applause to greet her entrance when she is an old, old actress playing the Nurse to the Juliet of some younger as yet unthought-of. The Juliet, perhaps, of Mary MacArthur. Mary is Helen Hayes’s daughter.

That theatrical episode had, of course, newsworthy qualities; but it should be borne in mind that that performance came against a backdrop of hardship, well beyond a Christmas Eve inadequately enjoyed while “trundling” westward. On the 23rd the Seattle Star’s front-page headline read: “FLOODS HALT CHRISTMAS TRAFFIC.” Two days later the Post-Intelligencer carried even sadder front-page fare: “2 WOMEN DIE! Pair Buried Alive in Sea of Mud; Two Men Are Rescued,” that occurring at a house on Maple Valley Road east of Renton. Theatrics had a place, as in a page-four photo in the Post-Intelligencer on the 24th showing Katharine Cornell and Basil Rathbone under the words, “SUAVE ACTING.” The next day the same paper had a photograph of Cornell alone with caption telling of her appearance “in her most famous role” as Elizabeth Barrett “tonight on the Metropolitan Theatre’s stage.” That did not reckon with realities. The page-three photograph of her on the next day bore the heading, “Better Late than—.”

Several days later Seattle’s Town Crier—not to be confused with Woollcott—gave an overview of the “Cornell Week in Seattle,” beginning thus:

Maybe Hell had no hand in it, but High Waters certainly did their best to prevent Seattle from consummating the long-looked-forward-to grand opening of The Barretts of Wimpole Street, with none other than The Cornell starring, Basil Rathbone supporting, and Guthrie McClintic supervising production in person. So notable a theatrical trio has not visited Seattle in many a long year. Not, in fact, since the good old days.

It made a memorable story, and a Mount Vernon free-lance writer, Joyce L. Harris, recalled it over 43 years later in the Post-Intelligencer, May 15, 1977. She had come upon the “sparkling tale” in one of Woollcott’s books, and that had fed her recollection of “The Night The Barretts’ were Late to the Metropolitan.” Her family had four tickets, two for The Barretts and two for George Bernard Shaw’s Candida. Both she and her sister wanted to see Cornell in The Barretts. “Older and bigger than I, she won the argument.” The older sister and a friend attended the fabled performance while Joyce L. Harris and a friend saw the Shaw play a few days later. Here she recalled feeling “rather let down, as though I were seeing something anti-climatic [sic] to that exciting First Night.”

But Joyce Harris, too, would “witness history.” That night Miss Cornell had as her leading man “a young 17-year-old actor unknown to most of us at the time.” Before the decade of the 1930s had ended, that actor—Orson Welles—was known to all who knew theater. Welles, a member of the troupe through the instrumentality of Thornton Wilder and, more directly, Alexander Woollcott, seems to have been 18 at this time, certainly old enough to play Marchbanks in Candida and to crack Christmas nuts for Miss Kitty, who occasionally had to constrain him.

Time “flies,” as Harris noted at the outset, but the Woollcott story had “tumbled her backward into another time.” That happened, of course, less and less. In 1961 Seattle papers duly noted the death of Guthrie McClintic, and mention was made of his 1955 autobiography, Me and Kit. That story of the Seattle fellow who married Katharine Cornell has interesting material about his Seattle boyhood, and the Lincoln High School history teacher who encouraged and guided him on his course toward theater. It seems, however, men­ger in its treatment of the Christmas adventure of 1933. Perhaps Woollcott’s rendition of the tale did not admit of improvement, and so we turn to him for the curtain. In the 1946 edition of The Portable Woollcott, the gentleman himself having died in 1943, an introduction by John Mason Brown began this way:

At CBS in New York they still show you with proper pride the sizable hand bell which announced the Town Crier on the air. This bell is all the introduction Alexander Woollcott needed or now needs... mainly because, as this book once again proves, Woollcott was a storyteller who could himself ring the bell again and again. “Hear, ye! Hear, ye! This is Woollcott speaking.”

In 1939 Cornell returned to Seattle where she and Woollcott dined together on Christmas day. They must have mused about her visit of six years earlier. Woollcott’s tale of that visit retains its interest over the decades, and Seattle might well cherish not only the story itself, “Miss Kitty Takes to the Road,” but also the sentiment that Woollcott placed above that title: “PROVING that a great audience is as rare and as wonderful as a great actress.”

Lewis O. Saum, now professor emeritus, taught for over three decades in the Department of History at the University of Washington, Seattle. He has taught and written extensively on the cultural and intellectual aspects of 19th-century America.
"I have never liked the country since I have been here...."

Thus Alvin B. Roberts summed up his feelings about the Pacific Northwest in a letter from Coal Creek, Washington Territory, to his sister in Ohio in October 1854. In 1853 he located a sandstone quarry on Coal Creek in present-day Cowlitz County, a few miles north of Stella on the Columbia River, and won the contract to supply stone for the new Oregon Territorial penitentiary. A series of four lengthy letters written to his sister in 1853-54, recently donated to the Society's Special Collections, provides an interesting insight into the life of a single young man in Washington Territory a few months after it was separated from Oregon. A few quotes follow:

Shoalwater Bay, Dec. 10, 1853. I am as near out of the world as I can get.

Coal Creek, July 29, 1854. It is very seldom that a person finds any one in this country that will seem like a friend and as I have no old acquaintances it is very slow to have new acquaintances that are kind to me.

Coal Creek, W.T., Aug. 28, 1854. I am trying to enjoy myself here in this wilderness as well as possible, although it is a very hard place for a young man to spend his youthfull days. As might be supposed, there is no Society of any kind here. The nearest preaching is at Portland 70 miles from here. But I endeavor to keep as near civilized as possible.

Oct. 22, 1854. It is very rainy here pretty much all the time. I almost get discouraged with this country entirely lately. Not exactly lately either for I never have liked the country since I have been here. It has rained nearly all the time winter and summer and all other seasons of the year.
Stacey Mansion, at Third and Marion Streets in downtown Seattle, was simultaneously the home of Maison Blanc and its proprietor, Charles Blanc.

By Robert S. Fisher
In her book, *I Change Worlds*, Anna Louise Strong describes the events that sent her to Russia to join in the socialist experiment taking place there. Ironically, the journey of this left-wing socialist was born at the establishment of a pillar of American free enterprise—Charles J. E. Blanc. As Strong relates in her 1920 book:

Blanc's dingy little basement was the place to which Seattle artists, authors, and members of the left-wing generally...used to take important visitors whom we wished to favor with good food and quiet talk without digging too deeply into our not very wealthy pockets.

Blanc's dingy little basement was called the Rathskeller and provided a less expensive alternative to his cafe above in the former Stacy Mansion in downtown Seattle. Though Strong would become a hero of the left, the life of Charles Blanc was also legendary. He was the proprietor of what was arguably Seattle's best restaurant, a French-trained chef, veteran, former amateur athlete, world traveler, owner of two mansions on Vashon Island, and member of many fraternal clubs and associations. His biography appeared in a number of business journals and Seattle histories. The story of Blanc's early life is filled with adventure and travel.

Born in Nimes, France, on April 28, 1881, the son of Ernest and Cesarine (Ginoux) Blanc, his father was a prominent businessman. His peripatetic culinary career began at age 13 when he was sent to an *ecole d'hôtelierie* for a ten-month training course. After completing this course he began his apprenticeship. It was filled with short stays at a number of prominent restaurants and hotels in a variety of countries across Europe, Northern Africa, and the United States. Blanc set out not only to cook French cuisine but to learn about a number of different traditions. His method of working at a number of restaurants gave him a wider knowledge of cooking and operating restaurants than if he had stayed and worked at only a few. All kitchens offered him something new. This education was reflected in the international menu later offered at his namesake establishment.

In December 1899, to fulfill his required military service, Blanc joined the French navy and served for three years. His cooking abilities allowed him to become chef for Vice-Admiral Fournier, commander of the Mediterranean fleet, on board the battleship *Brennus*. High points of his service with the fleet were the dinner prepared in Sardinia for King Victor Emanuel of Italy, and an on-board reception/luncheon for the prince of Austria.

At his request, Blanc was transferred to the squadron of Admiral Pottier, which was soon sent to China. There, during the Boxer Rebellion (1900), Blanc reportedly performed shore duty in addition to his culinary tasks. Returning to Cherbourg, France, in 1901, Blanc was assigned to the cruiser *Montcalm* as a member of the culinary crew of President Emile Loubet on his visit to Russia.

After his discharge from the navy, he returned to private life and resumed his culinary training. He went first to Paris, then returned to Russia for a time, and then traveled to London. In 1904 Blanc came to the United States, arriving first in New York and working for three months at the Café Martin. During the St. Louis Exposition he was a member of the crew of the French Pavilion, France's contribution to the fair. Continuing his travels, he went to New Orleans and Chicago, arriving on the West Coast in time for the 1905 Exposition in Portland where he worked, as usual, in a kitchen. After a period of travel in California, he arrived in Seattle in 1906.

Finally finding a city suitable to his tastes, Blanc nonetheless worked at a number of establishments. He was chef at the Rainier Club, the Rainier Grand Hotel, the old Rathskeller Café, and the New Washington Hotel. He then returned to Europe for a ten-month tour and came back to Seattle at the request of the Rathskeller. It may have been on this trip that he met his future wife. Whatever the case, on May 30, 1914, he married Marie Louise Thibon, in the city of Nimes, France.

While the chef at the Savoy Hotel, Blanc decided, having saved sufficient funds, that it was time to open his own establishment. It was January 6, 1916, the first year of prohibition in Washington, when he opened Blanc's Café, at 315 Marion Street, right across from his residence at 308 Marion. Although the beginning of prohibition would not seem to be the
best time to open a restaurant to those familiar with the profitability of serving alcoholic beverages, actually the new law had the support of local restaurateurs. The competition of the saloons and their free lunches was a drain on their potential customer base. In addition, the demise of the saloon was the beginning of a new period in public dining that relied less on drink and more on an appreciation of good food.

Having found his niche, Blanc lost no time in expanding his enterprises, opening a New Café Blanc in June 1920 at 509 Third Avenue. A review in the Town Crier stated that “much interest has accrued to this new café, as Seattle has long needed just such a place.” Taken on a tour by Madame Blanc, the reviewer noted that the interior main dining room was done in mahogany, the tables “comfortably spaced, spread with new linen, china, and silver.” At one end was a table for 14 at which was to be served a special table d’hote dinner, a communal meal served for all at the table—a custom in “the old country,” said Madame Blanc. There were private dining rooms seating from 12 to 30 as well as two huge urns—
Maison Blanc

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 13, 1937.

RELISHES

Celery at Branch

Jumbo Ripe Olives

Green Olives, Garlic

Celery Pareante

Jumbo Green Olives

Green Olives

Celery a la Blanche

Stuffed Olives

Dill Pickles

Salted Almonds

Red Bell Peppers

Baby Carrots

IMPORTED DELICACIES

INKELD—Englick Walnuts

Cambridge Sausage in Jelly

Major Gray Chintz

Pickled Sweet Pears

Chow Chow

ITALY—Antipasto

Saltami

Pickled Fennel

Files Anchovies

Baby Carrots

FLIGHTS

Hapunia Hot Butter

Parsley

GERMANY—Fets in Aspic

Smoked Reis in Oil

Braised Herring

FRANCE—Pate de Foie Gras

Poi’s de Foie Gras

Pablo

Buck Maccheroni in Oil

Buck Maccheroni in Oil

Buck Maccheroni in Oil

RUSSIAN—Romanoff Caviar

NORWEGIAN—Kikis (Anchovies)

COCKTAILS

Aguesier

Tomato Juice

Sauerkraut Juice

Champagne

Red Wine

Royal

SWEET AND SOUR

Fried Sweet Tomatoes

Strawberry Beams

Stewed

Mammoth A

American Fried

Cold Candied Sweet Tomatoes

ANNEE

French Fried

French Fried Filets Of Soles, Tartar Sauce

Braised Black Cod, Egg Sauce

RUSSIAN—Romanoff Caviar

NORWEGIAN—Kikis (Anchovies)

CHOPS

Lamb Chops

Pork Chops

Veal Chops

STEAKS

Veal Steak

Rainbow Steak

Steak

STEAKS

Served For Two

Served For Four

Served For Five

POTATOES

Baby Artichokes

Cauliflower

Lettuce

Baby Mackerels

Fried Tomatoes

Combination

Beverages

Coffee

Port

Mutton

Steak

Lamb

CHOPS

Lamb Chops

Pork Chops

Veal Chops

Served For Two

Served For Four

Served For Five

POTATOES

Baby Artichokes

Cauliflower

Lettuce

Baby Mackerels

Fried Tomatoes

Combination

Beverages

Coffee

Port

Mutton

Steak

Lamb

I "returned a week in your beautiful city, polishing at least once a day and trying to give you a quiet ride, to the immeasurable pleasure of the guests, the greater part of whom never knew of it."

"Edwin L. Beardsley, Montgomery, Mass."

"I wanted to know if you had ever come in the house or seen anything of the outside, and if you had, show me around a little if you have time, as I am very interested in what you are doing.

"Charles J. Mann"
one for coffee and one for cream—operated mechanically, “a cupful of coffee or a pitcher full of cream emerging, no more, no less.” Smaller rooms were to be used for dancing after nine o’clock in the evening. In the kitchen there were “electric peeling machines, electric meat choppers, electric dish washing and drying machines, . . . except the stove, which is a huge range.” The bar had no alcohol but “every device for cooling and preparing drinks . . . The ice cream, too, is here and racks and racks for pies, cakes, and pastries.”

Seeing new opportunities, Blanc soon expanded his operation, opening the Chantecler Cafeteria at Third and University in 1922 and then L’Montmarte Café. The Chantecler, with its motto—“An Aristocratic Meal at a Democratic Price”—put a new spin on the cafeteria concept by being transformed each night into a ballroom. It could accommodate 1,500 people at lunch and dinner between 11 and 8 o’clock, and was then transformed into a scenic ballroom with a spring floor and an orchestra under the direction of Tiny Burnett, billed as Seattle’s most popular musical leader. The entire operation cost an estimated $65,000 when it was built.

Blanc’s most famous establishment, however, was the one at 308 Marion Street. Known alternately as Café Blanc, Blanc’s Café, Maison Blanc and Le Maison Blanc, its motto was, “Where Epicureans Meet,” and it was billed as “sans rival.” And for a time Blanc’s was without rival. The café was situated in the famous Martin van Buren Stacy mansion, which was built in 1885 and, according to an abstract of the title, had a long history of prominent owners. Among these were Carson Boren, David E. Blaine, Rezin W. Pontius, Jesse W. George, Dexter Horton, John Leary, Joel Miller, Arthur Denny, the Leary-Ferry Land Company, and the Leary Building Company. The mansion has been credited with being the first home of the Rainier Club and the Seattle Chamber of Commerce; however, it was confused with the McNaught Mansion just down the street. The Stacy mansion, built in the French Third Empire style, with a mansard roof, dormers and a cupola with 16 windows, was actually left empty for three years after being built. Then, even after moving in, the Stacys soon left to live near Mrs. Stacy’s friend, Mrs. Carkeek. The mansion was soon converted to a sumptuous boardinghouse and operated as such until 1924 when Charles Blanc bought it to make it part of his restaurant. He maintained an apartment there for himself, his daughter, her nurse, and assorted pets until his death.

Initially, his first restaurant was situated at 315 Marion, and there it remained until 1925, except for about a year around 1920 when Charles Blanc bought it to make it part of his restaurant. He maintained an apartment there for himself, his daughter, her nurse, and assorted pets until his death.

At this time the one on Marion was called Blanc’s Le petit. For reasons unknown, the establishment on Third was abandoned and Blanc returned to Marion Street. He moved his café to the Stacy mansion in 1925 following the first of three extensive renovations.

From that time forward Blanc tried to live by his pronouncement on the menu:

**IDEAL:** Let me confess that I take the greatest pride in my business and that I consider the Restaurant business, in its many phases, one of the most interesting in the world—and one in which it is possible to achieve the highest ideals of service to the Public. If, after the experience of over 50 years and after studying the culinary art and the wishes of the public in the leading centers of the world, I were not able to offer the people of Seattle better food and better service at reasonable fare, I would consider my life work a dismal failure. There will, fortunately, always be room for some improvement and while I remain in this Restaurant business I mean to bend every effort—to devote every minute of my time to searching out and overcoming any difficulties that lie between me and the accomplishment of my Ideal.

It was here that one could view the museum-like interior filled with the objects d’art Blanc had collected. Appraised in the 1950s to be worth $150,000, the collection included paintings, antiques, silver, and statuary. Included were a set of Louis XVI chairs and sofa, made in 1755 for the imperial village, and a chair once owned by the Japanese imperial family. Unfortunately, two catalogs that Blanc kept on the collection have been lost.

In addition to the decor, Blanc was praised for the vast menu he provided—750 dishes, comprising 18 ethnic cuisines—as well as the copious quantities of each serving; no one left hungry and second helpings were served for free. He was also known for using the highest quality food and for superior service; indeed, many of his servers were trained in Europe and had worked at Blanc’s for a number of years.

Praise for his adopted city of Seattle and the Puget Sound area was also a priority for Blanc. He provided postcards with photographs and area statistics portraying Seattle as the “Center of the Charmed Land” and paid for the postage himself—an estimated 600,000 sent at a cost of $85,000.

His business success did not preclude difficulties. In 1926 his wife and business partner of 12 years died while giving birth to their only child, Marie (Zizi). With the assistance of Marie Jean Peck, Blanc’s au pair and eventual business manager, Blanc raised Zizi on his own. On top of the mansion he had a roof garden built with swings, a sandbox, and other outdoor toys.

After 1936 the Blanc family spent an increasing amount of time on Vashon Island and in 1937 purchased a house and 14 acres there. The house, built in 1885 by a Captain Sutter, was called the Tower House, and Blanc lived there until his own house, Chateau Sans Souci, was built nearby.

Chateau Sans Souci (meaning “without care”) was fashioned after traditional French villas. Situated on 4 of the original 14 acres, Blanc raised pheasants, peacocks, guinea hens, sheep, and dogs. In addition, he had a series of trout ponds that supplied his restaurant and, in the French fashion,
there were grape arbors in the garden. The house itself had two kitchens, one in the basement where Blanc tried out recipes. To assist in entertaining guests, the swimming pool, with the aid of refrigeration pipes, could become a skating pond. The house had a 63-foot hall that ran from the front door to the living room, with arched windows on one side containing 700 pieces of glass. Nine tons of tile went into the construction.

In addition to running his restaurants, Blanc maintained membership in a number of organizations and clubs. He held an endowment life membership in Children's Orthopedic Hospital of Seattle, was a member of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, the Art Museum, and the Music and Art Foundation, and he was a sustaining member of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra. Professionally, he was a member of the National Restaurant Association, a member of the board of trustees of the Washington State Restaurant Association, and a founder of the Pacific Northwest Chefs de Cuisine. He also belonged to the Seattle Yacht Club, where he kept his yacht, Zizi. Blanc was a member for life of Lodge No. 92 of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and a member of Aerie No. 1 of the Fraternal Order of the Eagles.

Charles Blanc long labored to improve relations between France and the United States and to teach an appreciation of French culture. He was elected honorary president for life of Le Cercle Français of Seattle, became a trustee of the funds acquired to assist needy members of the local French community, and belonged to the Alliance Francaise of Seattle.

Indeed, Blanc's efforts for the French people of Washington, his work promoting friendship between France and the United States, and his assistance to France led to his being awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Blanc was presented with the award at a banquet in October 1936 at the Spanish Ballroom of the Olympic Hotel. The presentation, sponsored by Le Cercle Français, honored Blanc as well as Judge Walter B. Beals of Olympia and Raymond Auzias de Turenne. All were made Chevaliers de la Legion d'Honneur. The presentation of the medals was followed by a dimming of the lights as tables with blue, white, and red lights were brought into the ballroom. The medals and a replica of the medal made of colored sugar.

This was only the beginning of the awards given to Blanc by the French government. Following World War II Blanc sent an estimated 1,600 packages of food and clothing to France, earning him the Palmes Academiques Ministere de l'Instruction Publique and the Medaille d'Honneur en Argent Ministers des Affaires Etrangeres.

Blanc continued to expand and remodel his café on Madison street. In 1949 he spent some $60,000 in constructing an additional 4,500 square feet of space on the north side of the mansion for banquet facilities capable of accommodating 200 guests. Such continued regard for his business and his adopted city led to his being honored as "The Seattleite of 1949" by the Seattle Guide.

Blanc lived out his remaining years at his apartment above the café, spending less time on Vashon. His daughter Zizi married a young attorney from San Francisco in 1949 and, despite hopes that the two would continue the family business, they moved to San Francisco. Blanc died in his apartment on January 17, 1955, at the age of 73. When the Chefs de Cuisine met at the restaurant in March, they set a place for him at the table, following the custom of the organization, and he was toasted with champagne. His property was managed by his confidante and former manager, Marie Jean Peck. In June 1957 the business, including the art collection, was sold to Marvin Krause of General Commercial Corporation. It continued on as Maison Blanc until 1967, surviving a fire in 1960.

Charles Blanc, truly a legend in his own time, created a Seattle institution while providing the city's residents with entertainment, fine food, and culinary innovation, as well as a dingy basement café for its artists, authors, and radicals.

Robert S. Fisher was a professional restaurant cook for over 20 years. His interests include local and culinary history as well as cooking. He is currently the collections manager at Seattle's Wing Luke Asian Museum.
When Victor Wilbur Voorhees, Jr., arrived in Seattle it was 1904. He was 28—still young enough to make a mark on the city. By the time he left Seattle 53 years later that mark was monumental, measured in wood, bricks, concrete, steel, and mortar. His legacy was the homes of thousands of people, the office buildings and factories where they worked, and the public buildings where they became a community.

Voorhees himself remained virtually unknown—a forgotten outsider in the architectural community—perhaps out of choice, perhaps shunned because of his lack of formal training. The city’s newspapers ignored his death. Historians found him too distant, too forgotten to merit compiling anything but the sketchiest accounts.

University of Washington Press’s 1980 Guide to Architecture in Washington State attributes one of Voorhees’s major office buildings to a competitor. Shaping Seattle Architecture, a 1994 history sponsored by the American Institute of Architects and Seattle Architectural Foundation, correctly credits his work but states that the locations and dates of his birth and death are unknown. The National Trust for Historic Preservation’s otherwise reliable guidebook to Seattle, published in 1998, misspells his name and misattributes a different building.
A sign noting that Voorhees is the architect of the newly finished Lloyd Building is still on the side of a construction shed, seen at bottom left (c. 1927). Voorhees moved his own offices to this building.
This is the man who designed hundreds of bungalows in the city and throughout the West. He designed the Vance and Lloyd Buildings; the Vance Hotel; Troy Laundry (now in disrepair as a Seattle Times circulation facility); auto showrooms and garages; apartment buildings, including the angular landmark Washington Arms next to Volunteer Park; the former Georgetown City Hall; stores; banks; and Washington Hall.

In a 1968 letter to his grandson the 92-year-old Voorhees described his roots and his family's American journey. His father's ancestors came from Hees, a small Dutch village. At some point in the 17th century, seven Van Voorhees brothers emigrated to the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam. One of the descendants ended up in Milwaukee, where Voorhees's father was born in 1853. By the time the elder Voorhees was 23 he was living in Cambria, Wisconsin, a farming and mill town on the Milwaukee Road rail line. Cambria's population reached 561 by the turn of the century.

Voorhees's father ran one of Cambria's four general stores. That was where he met Violetta Irons, a schoolteacher. Irons's mother was also of Dutch descent. Her father, Frank, owned a mill 22 miles down the road in Beaver Dam, a small industrial town. Tragically, Frank Irons drowned behind the dam two years after his mill opened.

Voorhees, Jr., was born on May 4, 1876. Seattle was then just 25 years old. Gas street lamps had been installed two years earlier, and regular steamship service to San Francisco had begun the previous year. The town’s 3,500 residents made their way on mostly unpaved streets and wooden boardwalks. It was a far cry from Minneapolis, where the Voorhees family moved in 1881. There, the nearly 47,000 residents (plus another 41,000 in nearby St. Paul) marveled at the Great Northern Railway built a nearly half-mile-long stone-arch bridge across the Mississippi. The newly opened Pillsbury “A” mill, six stories high with three-foot-thick walls at its base, symbolized a great industrial city.

Voorhees, Jr., studied law at the Minneapolis Academy, established as a prep school in 1879 and later converted into a Lutheran college. At roughly the same time, he worked in general construction. He now had a family to support, having married Antoinette Blackmarr in 1898. Two years later they had the first of their two children, Virginia. Their son Frank came along later.

Virginia married Peter Holman and later moved to a farm near Wallahala, North Dakota. The contact their son Oliver kept with his grandfather has allowed historians to understand Voorhees's early life and preserve photographs of him as an older adult.

Voorhees worked for the Milwaukee Road in its building department. Whether he came to Seattle as an employee or found work with the railroad after he had moved there, his arrival coincided with the Milwaukee Road's decision in 1904 to build into Seattle. Presumably, Voorhees's job was to help construct the administrative physical plant that would support the railroad's construction.

The Milwaukee line—full name, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul—was part of the Rockefeller family empire. A relative latecomer to Washington, it established a transcontinental route across Snoqualmie Pass to Seattle, its eventual western headquarters. Regular service over the route began in June 1909.

Now it was Seattle's time. Where once it survived by virtue of its lumber mill and seaport, now it had three transcontinental railroad connections. It was the shipping center of the Northwest and, thanks to the Alaska gold rush of 1898 and its related entrepreneurs, the dominant commercial center as well. If the gold rush had not put Seattle on the national map, the 1909 Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition—a world's fair when world's fairs mattered—would have. Seattle later heartily participated in the post-World War I boom and increasing urbanization. The city's population grew exponentially: almost 43,000 in 1890, more than 80,000 in 1900, then 237,000 in 1910, and more than 315,000 in 1920.

The demand for architects and builders mirrored the city's growth. "More urgent demand than ever exists for houses, flats and hotel rooms, warehouse and storage space, and retail store rooms," a real estate agent told the Seattle Times in September 1919. "Apartments are only vacant long enough for one tenant to move in after another has moved out." A Times reporter commented: "Never in the history of the city has there been a greater need for buildings. Speed up in building and make room for new comers," is the advice of the real estate man. ... Seattle is a city of opportunities." The Post-Intelligencer quoted a different real estate man: "The very fact of the unusual demand for apartments and the scarcity of existing housing is primarily the pressing factor contributing to big rents."

Victor Voorhees had arrived in Seattle at the right time. He worked for the railroad for about a year, then quit to open his own architectural business. His first office, which he opened in Ballard in 1904, was with a partner named Fisher. The relationship was short-lived. He opened his second business the next year, with Lewis W. Palmer. That partnership was also short-lived, but Voorhees remained in business for himself at the same location until 1926—in the then-new Eitel Building at Second and Pike.

Voorhees must have felt confident in his un schooled architectural skills to have moved from Ballard to what must have been first-class office space. If so, he was justified. As early as 1907 he was advertising the sale of architectural plans for single-family dwellings. His "pattern book," Western Home Builder, was in its sixth edition by 1911. The catalog shows dozens of homes. Plans cost $8 to $90 for houses estimated to cost $850 to $10,000 to build.
The Washington Arms (converted to condos in 1982) has an odd angular shape. Residents have included Dr. Kenelm Winslow, public health pioneer; philanthropist Helen Blumenthal, who began a library for the blind; Hersey M. Watkins, railroad and coal executive, and Ralph Stacy, King County assessor and treasurer.

"An able architect is not only an artist but a practical man of business, well informed in matters connected with the allied building trades, rendering his services well nigh indispensable to the intelligent home builder," Voorhees wrote in the introduction.

Of what consideration is the small fee charged by an architect when even a modest cottage is contemplated, in comparison with the vastly larger sum to be wisely and intelligently expended under the guidance of good plans and specifications; or sadly wasted and misapplied in an abortive attempt by a carpenter who is not competent.

He calculated the cost of his plans at 1 percent of the building's construction cost. "Certainly funds expended for plans are most wisely and judiciously invested," he said. Ever practical, Voorhees warned his potential customers not to send cash, as "it is unsafe to enclose money in a letter."

It is impossible to estimate how many homes were built to Voorhees's specifications, although they likely number in the hundreds, considering the number of editions his catalog went through. There is no doubt that hundreds of thousands of people have come into contact with his commercial buildings.

One of Voorhees's first major contracts (1908) was for a fraternal hall, the Washington Hall of Danish Brotherhood, on 14th Avenue at East Fir. Described by one historian as "a bizarre combination of Mission Revival and Flemish vernacular styles," the hall has had many uses over the years. Notably, it was the home in the 1980s of the avant-garde arts group, On the Boards.

That contract was quickly followed by the Georgetown City Hall (1909), north of what is now Boeing Field. Historian James Warren noted that it was Georgetown's first building with hot- and cold-running water. The building had a stormy history from the start. Warren said city leaders considered the $10,000 construction bid too high, so they built it with day laborers. One year later, in 1910, it ceased to be a city hall; that was the year Seattle annexed Georgetown. A non-Voorhees-designed clock tower was later added. The tower was destroyed during a storm in 1927. Over the years the building has housed a fire station and a police station, a library branch, and a clinic. Today it is home to a group of social service agencies.

Contract begot contract. Kathryn Hills Krafitt, a cultural resource specialist who contributed to the authoritative Shaping Seattle Architecture, identified 111 building projects to which Voorhees was individually credited in Seattle newspapers between 1904 and 1929. Undoubtedly, there are many more. They include a business building in Ballard; apartment buildings downtown, on First Hill, and in Ballard, Cascade, Madrona, Queen Anne, West Seattle, and Capitol Hill; houses in Ballard, Columbia City, Madrona, Ravenna, Wallingford, the University District, Beacon Hill, Madison Park, Mount Baker, Rainier Beach, and South Park; a factory in the "industrial area;" a tire company store on Capitol Hill; a dye works in the Central District; a bank in Rainier Valley; a West Seattle theater near Alaska Junction; the Spokane Greyhound bus depot;
Voorhees designed Georgetown City Hall in 1909. The tower was destroyed in a 1927 storm shortly after this photo was taken.
Voorhees designed a range of commercial buildings, from laundries and car dealerships to the Rainier Valley State Bank in Columbia City. It is currently a Starbucks.

renovation of the People’s Savings Bank downtown; laundries in Denny Regrade, Ballard, Fremont, and Cascade, including the Troy Laundry (1924); garages in the Regrade and on First Hill; a hardware store in Ballard; stores downtown and in Madrona, West Seattle, and First Hill; and an automobile showroom on Capitol Hill (1927) for Willys-Overland, the eventual maker of World War II jeeps.

In addition to the Troy Laundry, one of his more prominent extant buildings is the Washington Arms apartments (1919), now condominiums, an oddly angular building on the south side of Volunteer Park where East Prospect Street makes a peculiar jag. He was hired to design the Washington Arms by Mae M. Young, a woman developer, no doubt a rarity for that era.

Voorhees’s first downtown high-rise was apparently the Lloyd Building, where he moved his office around 1927. That year, his Vance Hotel (1927) opened, followed two years later by the Vance Building (1929-30) at Third and Union. The Daily Journal of Commerce noted that the cost of the 15-story building was estimated at $1 million.

After the Vance Building, the construction of which spilled over past the stock market crash, Voorhees disappeared from what historians can reconstruct of the public scene. He kept his office at the Lloyd Building until around 1941 or 1942. The state’s Department of Licensing continued to list him as an architect as late as 1945, when he was 69. Whether his business continued to prosper during the Great Depression is doubtful.

City directories show that he moved his own residence several times during those years—from Mount Baker in 1928 to the University District in 1933, Mount Baker again the next year, Capitol Hill in 1938, North Queen Anne in 1939, and finally Mount Baker one last time in 1943. There he remained until 1958, when he moved to Santa Barbara and stayed with his niece, a nurse.

Voorhees died on August 10, 1970, at the age of 94. He had outlived four wives: Antoinette Blackman of Minneapolis, Phoebe Peters of Seattle, Sadie Algie of Vancouver, and Amelia Henderson of Toronto. His last known correspondence was with his grandson, Oliver, in 1968:

“I suppose you should know that I was 92 my last birthday, which was May last year, and I have many of the infirmities which come with Old Age…. I cannot see to write, drive the car, or read….”

Don Glickstein is a communications manager for Group Health Cooperative. Formerly an editor for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer and ever a free-lance writer, his special interest has been writing about local and regional history.
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hereditary succession may not function in the realm of politics, but it seems to lend itself well to longevity in the publishing world. Marking the centennial of the founding of the Arthur H. Clark Company, Robert A. Clark and Patrick J. Brunet trace the history of this small publishing firm through three generations of the Clark family. The firm's focus on quality craftsmanship and the promotion of notable scholarship at the expense of popular success may be debated, but the Clark Company's contributions to Western Americana are unmistakable.

The Clark Company was founded in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1902 by Arthur H. Clark, Sr.—Robert A. Clark's grandfather. The firm's early years were spent publishing three voluminous sets on a variety of historical topics and they provided the firm with enough financial success to continue operation. The Clark Company's two most critically successful books appeared soon thereafter. In 1918, British Politics in the Mississippi Valley by Clarence Alvord received the prestigious Loubat Prize from Columbia University, and 11 years later Organization and Administration of the Union Army, 1861-1862, by Fred A. Shannon was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in History. The latter of these works had been rejected by 13 publishers prior to its publication by the Clark Company, an indication of the firm's willingness to publish legitimate scholarship at the expense of commercial promise.

The Clark Company's relocation to Glendale, California, in 1930 marked a physical move westward but also signaled a shift toward publishing more Western Americana. Although the Clark Company never employed more than 15 people at a single time, the firm showed a remarkable ability to cope with crises and adjust business patterns to survive. Following the Great Depression, Arthur H. Clark, Jr., increased the firm's focus on rare book sales. In the 1980s Robert A. Clark moved the company to Spokane, Washington, after having sold 80 percent of the firm's rare book inventory in order to survive the real estate boom in Southern California. Through it all, the Clark Company remained committed to publishing for various historical societies in the western United States.

The primary academic merit of the book under review lies in the professional bibliography of the more than 700 volumes published by the Clark Company in the past century. This bibliography comprises more than 200 pages of the text and provides full publication information, precise physical descriptions, a brief synopsis of each work, and the number of copies printed. Additional appendices list the various series published by the firm and identify a long list of books commonly mistaken for Clark Company products. This work supersedes the company's 1993 bibliography and provides a wealth of information for scholars and book collectors alike.

Blake Slonecker is an independent scholar from Eugene, Oregon.

In this treasure trove of Grays Harbor history, editors John C. Hughes and Ryan Teague Beckwith have compiled a fascinating collection of stories whose historical subject matter is both timeless and engaging—such gems as murder, prostitution, manhunts, labor unrest, and, as the book's title hints, rock-and-roll. Readers will find On the Harbor a thoughtful, extensively researched book, regardless of their familiarity with harbor history. The book's layout will be of particular interest to those who really appreciate extra details. On every page, photos and enlightening sidebars aptly supplement each story. Consistent thematic "extras"—like "Notable Dates," "As They Saw It," "Speak Like a Native," and "What to Read"—introduce readers to brief historical chronologies, reprints of original news articles, pointers on jargon, and bibliographies on where to find additional information.

Many chapters discuss the harbor's more infamous history—"Black Friday," detailing Aberdeen's devastating fire of 1903; "Those Damn Wobblies!" chronicling the attempts to organize harbor labor; and "Wild Man of the Wynooche," describing the manhunt for John Tornow. Beyond the criminal and catastrophic, however, are stories of the harbor's triumphs: "Billions and Billions" illustrates the community's euphoria during the 1920s when phenomenal amounts of lumber left harbor docks; and "Wonder Ship Aberdeen" celebrates the construction of the USS Aberdeen in just 17 days during the final months of World War I.

As explained by Hughes and Beckwith, the book's 24 chapters grew out of an extensive project to determine the top local stories of the 20th century. Indeed, On the Harbor, published by the Grays Harbor area's largest newspaper, the Daily World, has a definite journalistic feel. Chapters are succinct, written in a decidedly informal style, yet packed with rich, well-researched details. The book's editors, who also authored many of the chapters, have included...

For a book born of newspaper stories, On the Harbor transcends typical journalistic fare by offering insightful historical interpretation as well as a variety of illuminating photographs, many from the extensive Jones Historical Collection. Like Van Syckle and Morgan before them, Hughes and Beckwith have synthesized a broad range of subject matter into a format surely worth perusing.

Since 1997 John Larson, a graduate historian from the University of Chicago, has served as director of the Polson Museum in Hoquiam.

More Voices, New Stories

| King County, Washington's First 150 Years |

Distinguished regional historian Charles LeWarne's excellent introduction to this special commemorative volume of the Pacific Northwest Historians Guild provides a wide view of King County's origins to the present day. The first two of the 12 essays deal with origins. Coll-Peter Trush poses site "creation stories" as an alternative to a diorama depicting as first settlers the Arthur Denny Party arriving at Alki on November 13, 1851. The second essay, by Kay Reinartz, covers a prior 1851 settlement in the Duwamish Valley by the "Collins Party." Ed Diaz follows with a portrayal of African-Americans as strikebreakers at the Green River coal mines in 1891, placing in context their same use by mine owners in the Midwest, and again at Roslyn in 1888. Barred from membership in most trade unions, strikebreaking proved to be an alternative job opportunity for these minority workers.

From Robert Fisher we are taken on an entertaining eating/gourmet tour of Seattle, beginning at Yesler's steam mill and continuing to the present. Eric Flom also starts at Yesler's mill, colorfully depicting theatrical history to 1930, stopping at the end of vaudeville. Marianne Forsblad, director of Ballard's Nordic Heritage Mu-
One More Step

I write regarding “The Creation of Washington Territory,” by Dennis P. Weber, in the Fall 2003 issue of COLUMBIA. Weber’s account of the Monticello Convention and the events before and after was excellent, but one important step in the process was not mentioned. Before the resolution calling for a new territory could be presented to Congress, it had to be approved by the Oregon Territorial Legislature. This was not an easy step.

The area north of the Columbia had only two representatives in the legislature at that time, and they had little influence over its deliberations. The speaker of the house, James K. Kelly, said, “It was perfectly ridiculous to think that any such measure could be gotten through.” However, Judge William Strong had some influence with two legislators who had the balance of power on certain matters. He encouraged them to back the resolution in return for support from other legislators for certain issues the two men favored. As a result, the resolution for separation received a favorable vote.

My sources for these statements are:

—Harry Strong, Seattle

Call for Nominations

The Washington State Historical Society announces a call for nominations for awards to be presented at the Society’s annual meeting on June 12, 2004. Up to nine awards are presented each year to recognize excellence in advancing the field of history in the state of Washington through writing, teaching, historic projects, understanding cultural diversity, and for volunteerism at the Washington State History Museum and the State Capital Museum.

For a description of the awards and information on the nomination process, visit the WSHS web site at washingtonghistory.org, or contact Marie DeLong, 253-798-5901 or mdelong@wshs.wa.gov for a “Call for Nominations” brochure.

Additional Reading

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

The Contingencies of Exploration


Mission in a Monument

“Our State Capitol: Tales and Dreams,” by Leavitt S. White. COLUMBIA 16:2 (Summer 2002).


Love, Henny


“Long Road to Vindication for Accused Northwest Soldier,” by Carl Schlicke. COLUMBIA 2:2 (Summer 1988).

Victor Voorhees

Grouse of the Lewis and Clark Expedition


Charles Blanc


Miss Kitty Takes to the Road


I Wanted to be an Actress: Katharine Cornell, as told by Ruth Woodbury Sedgwick. New York: Random House, 1938.
rrr... It's cold outside! The wind is howling, rain is falling and the prospect of snowflakes on the ground can be particularly exciting for children (and for me). There's certainly a chill in the air, but this season always inspires us to enjoy the warmth of our family and friends.

If you are looking for a more literal way to keep warm, the Historical Society has the perfect way for you to accomplish just that while supporting our Education Department! With the help of Pendleton Woolen Mills, we have produced an exclusive collector's edition Lewis & Clark bicentennial commemorative blanket. If you haven't already seen it, look on the back of your COLUMBIA Magazine or come into the History Museum in Tacoma and view one in our lobby. These beautiful (and warm) blankets are a wonderful collectible or gift for anyone interested in Lewis & Clark or Washington history.

The History Museum can also be your partner for seasonal fun. We are displaying an exciting series of exhibits this winter, including our newest exhibit opening in February, Beyond Lewis & Clark: The Army Explores the West. Come down to the museum and bring a friend, or purchase gift certificates for admission so you can share Washington's history with others throughout the year. Plus, when you bring a friend to the museum or purchase a gift of admission or membership, you are providing the Society much-needed funds to continue our work. We are here because of you—our members—and your friendship is much appreciated throughout the year.

—Brenda Hanan, Development Manager

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