Jack Ward Thomas
*The Journals of a Forest Service Chief*
Edited by Harold K. Steen

Jack Ward Thomas, an eminent wildlife biologist and U.S. Forest Service career scientist, was drafted in the late 1980s to head teams of scientists to develop strategies for managing the habitat of the northern spotted owl. Those assignments led to his selection as Forest Service chief during the early years of the Clinton administration. It is history's good fortune that Thomas kept journals of his thoughts and daily experiences with clarity and grace.

Published with the Forest History Society
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The U.S. Forest Service
*A Centennial History*
Harold K. Steen

The U.S. Forest Service celebrates its centennial in 2005. With a new Preface by the author, this new edition of Steen's classic history (originally published in 1976) provides a broad perspective on the Service's administrative and policy controversies and successes. Steen updates the book with discussions of a number of recent concerns.

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Sweet Cakes, Long Journey
*The Chinatowns of Portland, Oregon*
Marie Rose Wong

Around the turn of the twentieth century, and for decades thereafter, Oregon had the second largest Chinese population in the United States. In terms of geographical area, Portland's two Chinatowns were the largest in all of North America. Drawing on immigration and other records Marie Rose Wong chronicles the history of Portland's Chinatowns from their early beginnings in the 1850s until the repeal of the Chinese Exclusion Act in the 1940s.

Paper, $24.95

Reading Seattle
*The City in Prose*
Edited by Peter Donahue and John Trombold
Foreword by Charles Johnson

Seattle, with its spectacular natural beauty and rough frontier history, has inspired writers from its earliest days. This anthology spans seven decades and includes fiction, memoirs, histories, and journalism that define the city or use it as a setting, imparting the flavor of the city through a literary prism.

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COVER: Detail from “Mount Coffin and Mount St. Helens from the Columbia River…” by Henry J. Warre. Situated on the north bank of the Columbia River about five miles below the mouth of the Cowlitz, Mount Coffin (left foreground) served as a place for Chinook Indian burials. “All, excepting slaves, are laid in canoes or wooden sepulchers, and conveyed to some consecrated rock or thicket assigned for the dead…”—Alexander Ross. See related article beginning on page 24. (Courtesy National Archives of Canada. #C026343)
History can "show up" in the strangest places. I say this in reference to the story of the USS Arizona, beginning on page 34, written by Richard Hall. The Arizona is a hallowed national shrine, and we think we know its history. But several years before the Arizona became associated with infamy it was involved in a tragic episode of local historical significance here in the state of Washington.

Finding the interrelationships within a grand narrative of human existence is one of the appeals of history. We can also see this in the juxtaposition of John Jackson's story on François Rivet—the one member of the Lewis and Clark expedition who lived out his life in the Northwest—with Lloyd Keith's essay on Alexander Ross and the growth of the fur trade.

History comes in small delectable morsels and in stories so immense it is difficult to wrap one's mind around them. In this regard, I think, respectively, of the delightful story of highway engineers who could take their families with them on surveying expeditions, and Washington's share of the international consequences of the Holocaust. This last story, written by Molly Cone, Howard Droker, and Jacqueline Williams (starting on page 7), appears as a companion to the exhibit, Family of Strangers: The First Century of Jewish Life in Washington, 1840-1940, which opened in May and continues through December 12 at the Washington State History Museum. Like all the offerings from our exhibits department, Family of Strangers is well worth your attention.

—David L. Nicandri, Executive Editor
Mount Rainier National Park—One Family’s Journey

By Theodore Catton

Few mountains of the world have as powerful a presence for an urban people as Mount Rainier holds for the people of Seattle and Tacoma. Residents of the two cities flock to Mount Rainier at the end of their work week to enjoy the mountain’s tonic effect on their overstressed lives. They have done so for more than a century: driving over the national park’s sinuous roads, camping in the deep shade of giant Douglas firs, hiking through meadows resplendent with purple aster and Indian paintbrush, and drinking in the mountain air. The elixir we know as “going to Mount Rainier” is an inseparable blend of nature and the national park experience.

I grew up in Seattle in the 1960s in a family that built some of its most significant shared experience around Mount Rainier National Park. The centerpiece of that shared experience was hiking the Wonderland Trail, the 90-mile loop that encircles the mountain just below the reach of its many glaciers and permanent snowfields. The Wonderland Trail is no picnic; it crosses all the rushing, milky-gray rivers emanating from Mount Rainier’s enormous glaciers and climbs over all the ridges in between. In its meandering course and countless zigzagging ups and downs, the Wonderland Trail is not so much like a circular hat band stretched around a hat as a rawhide draped loosely over the radiating spokes of a wagon wheel. The trail affords intimate and constantly changing views of Mount Rainier’s deeply incised volcanic cone and leads the hiker past numerous tarns and “parks”—high meadows graced with wildflowers and wind-sculpted clumps of dwarf alpine fir—perhaps Mount Rainier’s most alluring natural feature. Many Pacific Northwesterners would agree that there is no finer scenery in the region.

We hiked the Wonderland Trail the first time when my older brothers were nine and seven and I was barely three. For my parents, the logistics of taking such a young family around the mountain were challenging. Reckoning on walking the whole distance at a toddler’s pace, they plotted out a 12-day itinerary. This amounted to just seven or eight miles per day, but as it happened we fell chronically behind schedule and hiked until after dark on several occasions. We made advance food drops at ranger stations one-third and two-thirds of the way around the mountain, but even with this preparation we had to subsist on light rations that, in retrospect, seemed frighteningly meager. I shouldered a tiny rucksack in which I carried each day’s petite lunch. My brothers wore little REI shelf packs with a box of food and a sleeping bag strapped on each. We all five slept in a pair of canvas pup tents. This trip amounted to a lot of togetherness and gave us a great sense of accomplishment.

For our family, however, the real power of Mount Rainier was not something manifested in days but in decades.

To start at the beginning, Mount Rainier first entered our family lore in one of my father’s stories from World War II. Dad served in the Pacific on board the aircraft carrier USS Ticonderoga. On January 18, 1945, in the faraway Strait of Formosa, a Japanese kamikaze pilot crashed his airplane into the deck of the Ticonderoga, killing himself and scores of American servicemen and wounding many others, including Dad, who took a piece of shrapnel in his shoulder. The aircraft carrier, badly damaged by the attack, limped back across the Pacific for repairs, finally sailing into Puget Sound under a smoky winter sky. This is how Dad, just past his 19th birthday, saw the Pacific Northwest for the first time. He was on shore leave in Bremerton when the weather cleared and the mountain suddenly revealed itself, outsized and luminous above the sound. I imagine him rounding a street corner, arm in a sling, rocking back on his heels with some kind of sailor expletive escaping his lips. Later in life he would recount how that breathtaking view inspired him to settle in Washington. Certainly it was the grandest mountain he had ever seen—more impressive, in fact, than the sight of Mount Fuji from Tokyo Bay, which he beheld before the year was out.

After the war, Dad went home to the Midwest and four years of higher learning on the GI Bill at Oberlin College, where he met my mother. A Midwesterner as well, Mom had never seen a mountain bigger than a sand dune. In 1949 they got married and drove out west with all their belongings packed into a 1933 Pontiac—destination Seattle—where Dad started on a Ph.D. in sociology at the University of
Washington and they both began their long love affair with Mount Rainier.

Mom and Dad enjoyed considerable hiking and car-camping with student friends in the early 1950s, and as they did so Dad’s recreational and intellectual pursuits converged on Mount Rainier National Park. He became fascinated by the sociology of national parks: who visited them and why, how the national park system had evolved as an institution, what the National Park Service did to protect sublime values and to cultivate public appreciation of nature. With a sociologist’s eye, he observed the skillful layout of the national park’s campgrounds, the ritualized campfire talks in the campground amphitheaters, the various behaviors of hikers and campers and park users of all types. He also took a keen interest in park management issues—protesting, for example, the proposal to install a permanent chair lift at Paradise for downhill skiers.

These were contentious years in the park’s history. The biggest controversy centered on what direction winter use of Paradise should take. While the National Park Service finally withstood strong political pressure to develop Paradise as a downhill ski resort, it nevertheless disappointed many conservationists in its pursuit of other new construction projects under what it called “Mission 66”—a well-funded initiative to rehabilitate and expand buildings and roads in national parks in order to accommodate burgeoning numbers of visitors. The most conspicuous Mission 66 project in Mount Rainier National Park was the Stevens Canyon Road. By linking the south and east sides of the park, the National Park Service hoped to redistribute the visitor load and reduce crowding at Paradise and Sunrise. Dad supported Mission 66 in principle, but he was wary of too much development. He regretted, for example, the decision to widen and pave major trails at Paradise in order to control the amount of damage caused by people wandering off established trails. And he noted where motor tourists had carved their initials in a fine specimen of glacially polished rock at one end of the newly opened Stevens Canyon Road—a spot formerly accessible only to wilderness hikers.

Mom and Dad had their first child in 1954, a second in 1956, and a third (me) in 1960. Child-rearing did not lessen their enthusiasm for going to Mount Rainier; if anything, the burden of children enhanced the pleasure. But as they approached having a fourth child—they had always talked of having four, as had both of their families—Dad realized that with every additional child he and Mom were themselves contributing to the park’s problem of crowding. The population explosion was no longer something happening only to the Third World; it was impacting those places most dear to him—the national parks. In an effort to resolve his personal dilemma—perhaps crisis is not too strong a word—Dad wrote an article for National Parks Magazine in which he argued that all those who loved the national parks must respond to the population threat on a personal level. His prescription for population control was that all people who wanted two or more children should stop one short of their desired number. In his case, that meant stopping at three. Dad wrote this article not long after we had completed the Wonderland Trail in August 1963. By the time it was published in March 1964, Mom was pregnant with their fourth and last child.

Whatever conflicted feelings Dad had about it, Mom would never admit that four boys was too many. And perhaps to prove her appetite for it, she agreed to another hike around the Wonderland Trail in 1967, shortly after my brother Jonathan turned three. My older brothers Steve and Philip were then thirteen and eleven; I was seven. We were still a young family to make such a trip, 15 days in the back country. I have slightly more recollection of that second time around the mountain. I remember in particular Mom’s pride in Jon’s sturdy performance—especially whenever we met a party on horseback.

I remember, too, Dad’s trail-side natural history lectures. He identified intensely with the National Park Service’s educational mission. Since its founding in 1916, the Park Service has emphasized the importance of national parks as outdoor museums. It strives to educate the public through the technique of on-site teaching or “interpretation.” Dad deeply admired this program as a professor and environmentalist; and he could not contain himself from occasionally becoming professorial on the trail. As we were hiking he would call a halt, point out some geological or ecological phenomenon exhibited before us and provide a mini-lecture about what we were observing. Probably more than anything, Dad cherished the national park for this: its function as an outdoor classroom in which he could impart knowledge and environmental ethics to his growing children.

We had more camping trips to the park in the summer of 1968. Dad complained irritably about the creeping urban sprawl. He fumed about the worsening traffic. I did not know it then, but he was beginning to despair. The population explosion was happening here. Few would acknowledge it, but the fact was that the Puget Sound area was growing faster than any Latin American country—not because of a comparable birth rate but because so many people were moving to the area to enjoy “the good life.”

Moreover, Dad did not like what was occurring on the University of Washington campus: the student protests, the wild bloom of hippies. He supported the antiwar movement but he did not support its tactics. Militant students were disrupting university classes, branding professors as reactionary or irrelevant. He worried about Steve approaching 18 and being drafted to fight in the interminable Vietnam War. He pondered all the military targets in the Puget Sound area that would draw Soviet warheads in the event of a nuclear holocaust. As for the flower children and drug peddlers who suddenly materialized all over the University District, Dad
had only contempt. "Animals!" he would scowl whenever we drove past the cordon of hippies who lined the graffiti-covered wall along the west edge of campus. As a political liberal and an intellectual steeped in the theory of social change, he had remarkably low regard for the counterculture.

By the following year Dad wanted to leave the country, but first he had to persuade Mom that it was the right thing for the family. In that summer of 1969—our last in Seattle—Dad took his four sons one by one to Mount Rainier. He and I hiked the short, steep trail up to Van Trump Park, where we pitched our tent at the edge of the meadow. In the rosy light of evening Dad and I went exploring in glacier-polished rocks above camp. I pointed out some striations: parallel grooves caused by the vanished glacier where it had picked up debris and ground it against the rock as it flowed over that spot. It always delighted Dad when we took what he had taught us and pitched it back to him.

I was unaware that he and Mom were then debating a big move, or that we were going to be leaving Seattle that winter.

S

ometime that fall Mom and Dad reached agreement and made the momentous announcement to us boys that we would be leaving the country for New Zealand. Dad resigned his professorship and accepted a position at the University of Canterbury in the South Island city of Christchurch at half his American salary. For this apostasy he was written up in the Seattle Times under the acerbic headline, "He's Had It! U. of W. Prof Will Move To New Zealand." Seattle Times columnist Don Duncan interviewed Dad in his office on campus. Dad talked about the population explosion, the inexorable deterioration of the environment, the overconsumption of finite resources...and Mount Rainier. He noted his family's two backpacking trips around the Wonderland Trail, and he expressed hope that his sons would enjoy untrammeled national parks in New Zealand. Although New Zealand's population was growing, too, he said, it was not in a crisis situation like that facing the Puget Sound region. "If all of us just get to peek once in a lifetime at Mount Rainier out of a high-rise apartment," Dad was quoted, "then I say that is not really living at all." Duncan wrote:

Catton emphasizes he is not leaving because he is mad at anyone at the university. Nor is he angry at local and state officials he believes buried their heads in the sand while the problems of overpopulation swept over the Puget Sound country. And he acknowledges his own part as a father in the population explosion.

What is the answer?
The bespectacled, soft-spoken professor shakes his head and says, “I’m afraid there isn’t one.”

In 1970 New Zealand had about three million people and ten large national parks. The nearest to our home, Arthur’s Pass National Park—roughly the same driving distance from Christchurch as Mount Rainier National Park is from Seattle—took its name from one of the few highway passes through the South Island’s spectacular Southern Alps. Dad reveled in New Zealand’s spaciousness, its unsealed roads, one-lane bridges, and primitive motor camps. Steve and Philip entered high school and in a few years were busy with mountaineering and tramping trips of their own. I was content with my Kiwi friends. But unbeknownst to us boys, homesickness ailed Mom considerably more than the rest of the family. Toward the end of 1972 my parents made the most wrenching decision of their lives. With great “ambivalence”—a new word suddenly injected into my 12-year-old vocabulary—and over the tearful objections of my two older brothers, they decided to call three years in lovely New Zealand enough.

Six months later we were resettled in Washington, but on the dry east side in the small university town of Pullman—far from Mount Rainier. And at the end of the year we were once more gathered momentarily at the Seattle-Tacoma airport, putting Steve and Philip on the airplane back to New Zealand. Just 19 and 17 years old, they held permanent-resident visas and would eventually seek New Zealand citizenship. Later it became evident to me, as I plodded through my high school years, what a loss this represented to Mom and what bittersweet happiness this gave Dad.

In Pullman the remaining four of us no longer made as many visits to national parks. We found our inspiration in lesser temples of nature, such as nearby national forests and county parks. This change owed in part to our geographic location, and, I believe, to the fact that Mom and Dad were so often at sea in those years about their distance from Steve and Philip and at odds with each other about the choices they had made to bring about this separation. Making matters harder for them, a relict American law forced the State Department to take away my brothers’ United States citizenship when they became naturalized New Zealand citizens near the end of the decade. Still, despite these personal upheavals, Mount Rainier continued to inspire our family. Whether the mountain projected itself out of our past or by its sheer, iconic mass on the far side of our state, it continued to be in our thoughts. In 1978, when I was 18, Mom and Dad and Jon and I hiked the whole Wonderland Trail again.

If anyone in Pullman thought Mount Rainier and the other volcanoes of western Washington were irrelevant in their lives, that changed on the morning of May 18, 1980, with the eruption of Mount St. Helens. Although Pullman residents were too far away to hear the blast, the plume of ash completely engulfed our sky. Jon phoned, alerting me to the fact that Mom and Dad were at Mount Rainier. As luck would have it, they were at Paradise that morning with Philip’s in-laws, who were visiting from New Zealand. They heard Mount St. Helens explode with a tremendous roar and watched the volcanic cloud grow before their eyes as it bil­lowed north as well as east. They marked its advance over the Tatoosh Range by the way the snowfields turned from white to gray as they were showered with ash. With fine flakes of what had just been the top thousand feet of Mount St. Helens beginning to fall around them in the parking lot, my parents took their guests into the visitor center and watched through the observation-story windows as the ash stain on the snow moved up the slope of Mount Rainier.

The year of the eruption was also the year Dad published his book and the year Steve came home. Dad’s book, Overshoot, had been in manuscript ever since he was at the University of Canterbury—expanding, changing, bouncing from one myopic publisher to another. It is now an underground classic among environmentalists, its dire message concerning human population growth and resource use and the planet’s carrying capacity as urgent and compelling today as it was then. When it was finally published, it lifted a burden for both Mom and Dad. Likewise restorative, Steve’s return across the Pacific that June after ten years abroad gave Mom and Dad a kind of emotional landfill of their own. Eventually Steve got the State Department to “vacate” its earlier decision concerning his United States citizenship.

When Dad retired from teaching at Washington State University, he and Mom built a home near the town of Graham, about halfway between Seattle and Mount Rainier National Park, from which they enjoyed a spectacular view of the mountain through their living room window. Unfortunately, after several years, the unstoppable spread of what Dad had once called “Pugetopolis” rooted them out all over again. They strenuously fought a sanitary landfill development on wetland a few miles down the road. When they ultimately lost that battle, they moved to their present home in Lakewood, south of Tacoma. Now in their 70s, they still enjoy hiking on Mount Rainier.

For my parents, as for so many residents of Seattle and Tacoma, Mount Rainier looms not only on their horizon but in their hearts as well. National parks are for the people, a former director of the Park Service once said, and people make of them what they will. My parents made the experience of going to Mount Rainier an invigorating and unifying force in the life of our family.

The Fourth Wave
Washington’s Jewish Community Opens Its Arms to Holocaust Survivors

A memorial to the six million Jews who perished in the Holocaust stands near the entrance to the Samuel and Althea Stroum Jewish Community Center of Greater Seattle, Mercer Island. Designed by Gizel Herskowitz Berman and wrought of six Hebrew letters of bronze, the sculpture reaches 12 feet in height. The letters stand for the Old Testament words in Deuteronomy 25:19, “Thou shalt not forget.”

By Molly Cone, Howard Droker, and Jacqueline Williams
When J. Hans Lehmann began his seventh semester of medical school in Munich in 1933, he found a notice on the door of his classroom: "Jewish students are allowed to occupy only the last two rows of seats in this auditorium." Lehmann turned on his heels and left. He went to Italy, learned Italian, finished medical school in Perugia, passed his medical exams, and emigrated to the United States in 1935. Lehmann was among the first of the Jews who came to America before World War II fleeing Hitler's regime. Hitler's governance, which started with barring Jewish students from classrooms, dismissing Jews from civil service, and boycotting all Jewish-owned businesses, escalated to anti-Semitic rioting, the destruction of synagogues, beatings, and death camps. Germany's Third Reich under Chancellor Adolph Hitler lasted from January 1933 to April 1945. During those twelve years and four months, six million people were killed because they were Jewish.

Like many other states throughout the country, Washington gained a wave of immigrants fleeing Hitler's Germany before World War II and survivors from Hitler's death camps after the war. Of the approximately 150,000 Jews who came to the United States, almost 1,000 of them settled in and around Seattle.

Many of those who planted new roots in this wave of Jewish immigration to the Pacific Northwest were or became physicians, professors, teachers, rabbis, cantors, musicians, artists, and business and health workers of all kinds. They helped revitalize Jewish life in the state and added to Washington's cultural and intellectual life. "The survivors and their children constituted approximately 8 percent of American Jewry," said historian Edward S. Shapiro, "and their influence on American Jewish life was much greater than their numbers." Rabbi Richard Rosenthal, for example, was a boy of nine when he saw the Nazi's first sweep of violence against Jews in Germany during Kristallnacht (Night of Broken Glass) in 1938. The night of terror, in which he saw his father beaten beyond recognition, was one reason Rosenthal became a rabbi. The memory sowed the seeds of his interest in fostering community among peoples. Rosenthal arrived in New York as a refugee in 1939, and as a young rabbi in 1956 he moved with his wife of one year to Tacoma to lead his first congregation, Temple Beth Israel. One of his accomplishments in Tacoma was getting two strong-minded Jewish congregations to merge, thus uniting them as one Jewish community. With Rosenthal, Tacoma's Jewish community gained a rabbi whose influence went well beyond Jewish circles. Scholarly and spiritual, with a warm, down-to-earth manner, he served on many boards, including those of the Tacoma Urban League and MultiCare Health System. He taught religion courses at the University of Puget Sound, counseled with ministers in the area, and wrote a monthly column for the News Tribune. Described by congregation members as a "mensch," a decent human being, Rosenthal and his wife Barbara raised a family of three children.

Like Lehmann, who served as an officer in the United States Army and was one of Germany's Jews who came to Washington, many refugees joined the American armed forces to fight for their newly adopted country. "Trying to lay a foundation for normal life," they and the survivors who arrived after the war entered actively into the economic, professional, cultural, and religious affairs of Seattle, Spokane, Bellingham, Tacoma, and other cities, and became an integral part of their new country. Lehmann, for example, became a highly regarded oncologist, one of the founders of Seattle's Ballard Hospital in the 1940s, a central figure in the creation of the University of Washington Medical School, a member of the University of Washington Board of Regents, and a lifelong supporter of Seattle's arts organizations. He served on the boards of the Seattle Symphony, the Seattle Repertory Playhouse, and the Cornish School.

Welcoming the New Americans

The Holocaust and the creation of the state of Israel changed not only the lives of the survivors but the way Washington Jewry and all other American...
Jewish communities saw themselves. No Jew living in America or any other place in the world was left with the same mind-set as before.

American Jews, who had been enjoying a growing sense of ease, comfort, and security under improvements in social and economic conditions, found the first news of atrocities against Jews filtering out of Germany impossible to believe. "For once, the Jewish mania for speech was subdued," writer Irving Howe pointed out. What rose instead, all over America, was an outpouring of meetings and manifestos. Established and newly established Jewish organizations in Washington eased the arrival of Jewish refugees fleeing the Nazi regime and the survivors who continued to arrive for several years after the war ended.

In 1936 the Seattle Jewish Federated Fund collected more dollars than they had ever raised before to send to such organizations as the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee; to Hadassah and Youth Aliyah, to transplant children from ages 14 to 17 out of Germany and Poland; to the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, to help Jews emigrate from one country to another; and to the Jewish Welfare Board. Even so, emigration was difficult and in many instances impossible. Not many countries were willing to accept Jews seeking refuge.

The United States, adhering strictly to the immigration quota system passed in 1924, allowed only 27,000 individuals from Germany to enter each year. Although immigrants had the help of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, and the United Service for New Americans, difficulties abounded. For instance, Jews were not allowed to take out any money when they left Germany. To enter the United States, an immigrant needed an affidavit of support signed by an American host as a guarantee that he or she would not become a public charge. Even with an affidavit, problems remained. For example, despite an affidavit from his mother's New York cousin, which arrived immediately following Kristallnacht on November 9, 1938, Ernest Stiefel experienced two years of attempts, disappointments, delays, and more delays before he was able to procure an American visa.

The Seattle Section of the National Council of Jewish Women (NCJW) began locating relatives and others who would provide affidavits for German and Polish Jews to come to Washington. Concerned Seattle Jews such as Sol Esfeld, Sol Levy, and Alex Goldman signed many affidavits. "Some of the most affluent men in the city signed affidavits for 40 to 50 families," recalled NCJW leader Florence Flaks. Seattle's NCJW organization began providing funds in 1936 for first citizenship papers for arriving Jewish immigrants. In as many ways as it could, Seattle's NCJW helped Jews leave Germany and aided them when they arrived. Such work was reflected among members of NCJW from coast to coast.

When President Franklin D. Roosevelt issued a blanket affidavit in 1937 permitting children from Germany to enter the United States providing homes could be found for them, Seattle's NCJW surveyed the Seattle area to find suitable homes and offered monthly payments of $20. Although the task was sometimes disheartening, particularly when it involved taking in German children—"We don't feel capable," or "We don't feel up to it," or "It's too much responsibility"—Seattle's NCJW members continued in their efforts. In 1938 12-year-old Gerda Katz was the first of two German Jewish refugee children who came to Seattle on this program. She grew up in Florence and Lewis Flaks's home.

German refugee Doris Pintus married Ernest Stiefel in 1950 and four years later became the first woman to graduate from the University of Washington's School of Dentistry, where she is now associate professor emeritus.
Established in 1939 by Seattle's NCJW and the Jewish Welfare Society, the Washington Émigré Bureau coordinated resettlement of refugees, providing funds to disembark, emergency money, housing, help in finding jobs, and orientation to Seattle's milieu. The bureau's volunteer workers as well as needed funds came from such organizations as Seattle's NCJW, the Jewish Welfare Society, Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, Seattle Jewish Federated Fund, Temple De Hirsch's Ladies' Auxiliary, Herzl Sisterhood, and Congregation Bikur Cholim. The bureau's volunteer committee gave special attention to the women and children, many of whom were "sick and tired and worried and befuddled and lost." They lodged the newcomers in the Frye Hotel—paid for by Seattle's NCJW—or in private homes, and helped in other ways, such as providing clothing for the children.

A New Imperative

As the need grew for finding work for émigrés either sent by the National Refugee Service or arriving on their own, Sol Esfeld joined Herman Schocken on the Washington Émigré Bureau's employment committee. When jobs in Seattle could not easily be found, they sent the newcomers to live where work was available. "We had committees go to all sections of the state to talk to Jewish leaders in those communities and ask them to take one or two émigrés," said Esfeld. Wenatchee, with a Jewish community of only five families, took several immigrants; unfortunately, not all of them were happy to be placed in such a small community. Some of the newcomers went to Everett, Spokane, Tacoma, Bellingham, Olympia, and Yakima, with the largest number settling in Seattle. Besides providing housing for the newcomers, said Esfeld:

We had committees actively going to all the groups within the community to find jobs for these people. Some of them we assisted in establishing small businesses. We made them loans so that they could have a little store for themselves. We established a workshop downtown [Seattle] for those we weren't able to place (collecting used clothing, etc.), and we had about 20, 25 people employed in that capacity.

The Workshop and Sales Room, under the auspices of Seattle's NCJW, was first located in the Security Public Market and later moved to 1919 First Avenue. It provided a place where men and women could learn a trade and become self-sufficient citizens. "This service saved the community thousands of dollars, ... has kept these people off city and company relief rolls," wrote Joan Koch, daughter-in-law of Temple De Hirsch's Rabbi Samuel Koch. When, in 1956, it was no longer needed as a workshop, it became a thrift shop, staffed by NCJW volunteers and a few paid workers. "Though the active work was done by a comparatively small number of men and women, the entire Jewish community furnished the necessary means very liberally to carry out the work," Herman Schocken reported to the National Refugee Service. Washington Émigré Bureau's self-imposed responsibility for immigrants ceased when the newcomers became citizens, or after five years of residence, but the bureau continued to be available to new citizens in searching for lost family members and helping them reunite.

When the East Coast stopped the entry of refugees in 1939 because of the danger of German submarines, emigrants started coming by way of Asia. Seattle then became one of the largest ports of debarkation, as in World War I, and Jewish refugees arrived daily. "Ours was the first boat of new immigrants to arrive in Seattle via Russia," said Ernest Stiefel, then a youth of 19. He arrived in Seattle on the Hikawa Maru, a passenger ship of the Japanese line Nippon Yusen Kaisha, which pulled into the Great Northern Dock at Pier 88 in Seattle on August 3, 1940. "Many Seattle Jewish individuals were on hand to greet us," Stiefel recalled. "We received an official welcome from the Washington Émigré Bureau. . . Mrs. Clara Nieder, the professional of the agency, and Miss Marianne Katz (later Weingarten), the newly hired secretary of the agency, were their representatives."

"Sometimes we would have 100 to 200 people," said Florence Flaks. The new arrivals hailed from Polish cities, Vienna, Berlin, Frankfurt, Manheim, Darmstadt, and elsewhere. Not all remained in Seattle. Some had transportation funds to other parts of the country and were anxious to be on their way. Others wanted to stay only long enough to contact relatives and friends elsewhere. Many who planned to stay in Seattle had little idea of where they would live or how they would find work, and it surprised them to find so many Seattle people ready to help. Julius Shafer, Otto Guthman, Rabbi Solomon Wohlgelehrter, Herman Schocken, and Frank W. Bishop often waited at the dock to greet incoming ships. Other Jewish citizens waited with cars to help take the arrivals to temporary quarters in the city. Minnie Bernhard, a representative of Temple De Hirsch Sisterhood and Seattle's NCJW recalled:

Mrs. Otto Guthman and I met every boat that came in and Otto Guthman called me "Minnie the Horse" because I used to take the wheelbarrow to help them take their baggage, put them in my car, and take them to the house that we had ready for them. We knew they were coming and before they came we already had a place to take them.

Through one helping agency or another, or through a well-established
Jewish resident or family, Jews landing in Seattle in flight from Hitler’s regime received aid. For example, aided by the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society (HIAS), Emilie and Nuchim Steinbrecher arrived in Seattle from Vienna in 1940 with two suitcases and ten dollars, but without their two sons. The year before, their 16-year-old son Erwin had left Germany for Palestine, admitted as one of the few legal immigrants under the auspices of the Youth Aliyah. At the same time, their 10-year-old son Kurt became one of 50 Jewish Viennese children brought to New York and Philadelphia by the American Jewish rescue organization Brit Sholom. There they were cared for until they could be reunited with their parents or placed in foster homes. For 11 days after they arrived in Seattle the Steinbrechers stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Fine. “They gave us a room and they gave us board and everything we needed—even the writing paper and stamps for me,” Emilie recalled. Although their older son remained in Palestine, HIAS helped the Steinbrechers bring their younger son to Seattle when he was 13. Kurt attended Garfield High School, went on to get a pharmacy degree at the University of Washington, and in 1952 joined the army.

Embracing America

Many of the Jewish immigrants from Germany found immediate friends in the Jewish Club of Washington, formed by a group of early arriving refugees who had banded together to help each other start new lives in America. Founded in the mid 1930s by Dr. Paul Barnass, Dr. Hannah Kostelitz, Walter Lowen, and Werner Grunfeld, the Jewish Club helped other immigrant refugees integrate into the American Jewish community as well as the community at large. Despite their embrace of American culture, all immigrants who arrived in Seattle carrying German passports were officially known as “enemy aliens,” subject to an eight o’clock evening curfew until they became citizens.

During the war the Jewish Club of Washington temporarily ceased its informal get-togethers, resuming at war’s end under the leadership of Herman Schocken with a wider scope of activities. Its members gave assistance in finding homes and jobs, provided social contact with monthly programs, and gave emotional support to many who had lost family members and friends to Hitler’s carnage and were starting a new life.

Membership reached about 400; yearly dues began at 50 cents and later rose to a dollar. Committing to an annual project, one year the club members donated a pressing machine to the Hadassah Shop; other years they sent money to needy organizations. They joined the Association of Jews Coming from Europe, headquartered in New York, and they sent money every year to help support it. They bought Israel bonds and participated in Holocaust education programs.

In 1945 Schocken, of the Washington Émigré Bureau, reported: “Our work has helped to settle a goodly number of fine families in our city and state, and these families are becoming a valuable part of our Jewish community.” Typical of many of the new families settling in Seattle were Edith Merzbach Lobe and her husband, Ludwig (Lutz) Lobe, emigrants from Berlin. They arrived in Seattle on August 8, 1937, and became active participants in both the Jewish community and Seattle civic life. Their activities ranged from a founding membership in Temple Beth Am and Edith Lobe’s presidency of the League of Women Voters to Lutz Lobe’s chairmanship of the Washington State Hospital Commission.

Edith Lobe earned a University of Washington bachelor’s degree in 1942, a master’s degree in social work ten years later, and raised two sons. Soft-spoken, competent, and caring, she continually fought against social injustice while maintaining a wry sense of humor. Among volunteer activities, she was president of the Crisis Clinic and the United Community Services. Named “Outstanding Citizen of the Year” in 1970 by the Seattle-King County Municipal League, Edith Lobe became the first non-attorney member of the Washington Bar Association’s Disciplinary Board.

A managing partner of the firm Friedman, Lobe and Block, Lutz Lobe was often described as “crusty” and sometimes as “stubborn,” “abrasive,” and “outspoken.” His characterizations by fellow workers, however, also included “caring” and “motivated by a strong sense of honesty and decency.” A civic activist, he developed a system for health, welfare, and pension funds that became a national model and helped found Seattle’s first senior center, the Tallmadge Hamilton House.

Henry Eisenhardt escaped Germany in 1939, then enlisted in the United States armed forces. He was one of very few Jewish refugees to participate in the liberation of the concentration camps.

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Many of the survivors settling in Washington whose lives had been interrupted precipitously by Hitler’s Holocaust found ways to make their existence meaningful for themselves and others.

in Luxemburg. He also served in the Office of Strategic Services or OSS. “One of the bittersweet, unforgettable memories,” Eisenhardt said, “was the liberation of several concentration camps. I was one of the few Jewish refugees who was a liberator.”

In a certain sense, Eisenhardt also helped liberate the minds of many Seattle schoolchildren confined to overcrowded classrooms. He founded the after-school program, Chess Mates, where 2,000 children learned to play chess, which helped them to become focused and achieving young citizens. “This is a rare and wonderful program,” said Dr. Terry Bergeson, state superintendent of public instruction, “started [in 1989] by an incredible man and continued by a team whom he inspired.”

The new lives in Seattle of Doris and Ernest Stiefel provide another example of the positive expression of American adaptation in Herman Schocken’s 1945 report. Arriving late in the summer of 1940, Stiefel served in the United States Army Air Force for three years, graduated magna cum laude from the University of Washington, and became a certified public accountant. Marriage in 1950 to Doris Pintus, another German refugee, and the births of their three children capped these events. Four years after her marriage, Doris Stiefel became the first female graduate from the University of Washington School of Dentistry. She later received her Master of Science degree and joined the faculty of the University of Washington’s School of Dentistry. Ernest Stiefel’s activities in community service included becoming president of the Jewish Federation of Greater Seattle, B’nai Brith Hillel Foundation at the University of Washington, and Congregation Beth Shalom. Along with other activities both in the Jewish and non-Jewish communities, he gave five years of service to the Jewish Transcript as treasurer.

Among the refugees in this wave of immigrants to Washington was Arthur Lagawier, who escaped Belgium with his family shortly before the Nazi takeover and settled in Seattle in 1943. A Zionist since his youth, a lover of the Hebrew language, and a Judaic scholar, Lagawier was neither a doctor (although everyone addressed him in this manner) nor officially a rabbi (he completed Orthodox rabbinical studies in Amsterdam but declined ordination). People were often surprised to discover that this Judaic scholar, who arbitrated disputes over Jewish law and argued with rabbis over rulings, was not an observant Jew. He called himself an “Orthodox atheist.” After Lagawier’s death on January 5, 1999, his daughter said that her father believed “that religion with its rituals and prayers is only one aspect of Judaism and not necessarily its most important one. He was convinced that the Jewish concept of God is not that of a personal god who watches over every individual or who answers prayers with miracles but is an abstract term used metaphorically and poetically to delineate a program for life that is ethical, just, and compassionate.”

Lagawier was a frequent lecturer both in Seattle and in cities he visited while working as a diamond importer and wholesaler, skills he had gained from his father in Holland. He taught classes at Herzl, helped found Seattle’s Institute of Jewish Studies, and from 1965 to 1969 was the institute’s education director and teacher.

IN November 1946, Klaus Stern and his wife Paula were the first married couple to arrive together in Seattle as survivors of the Nazi concentration camps. They came from Bremerhaven to New York on the American troop ship, SS Marlene, and then traveled by train through Chicago and on to Seattle. Paula was six months pregnant although she had claimed to be only three months into her pregnancy in order to be allowed transport.

The Sterns were just starting their newly married life in Berlin when they

* Lagawier declined the ordination offered by the Jewish seminary of Amsterdam because accepting the seminary ordination would have required him to live as an observant Jew. However, he did receive a private ordination from a recognized scholar (a practice possible in those days) that did not require him to follow traditional precepts.
were deported to a series of concentration camps. Their longest stay was in Auschwitz, the infamous death camp situated in Poland, where the old, the handicapped, and women with children were sent to the gas chambers while the young and healthy were put to labor. The Sterns' nightmarish memories of the two-plus years they spent separated in the camp before they were reunited were as permanent as the blue identification numbers tattooed on their forearms. Their daughter Marian was born in Seattle in January 1947, almost at the same time Klaus Stern started working at Langendorf Bakery in shipping and inventory. Recommended by Rabbi Franklin Cohen of Herzl Congregation, Stern worked there for 35½ years. Eventually, Klaus Stern began telling his story of surviving the Holocaust to Seattle and Bremerton high school students, and in Ellensburg to students at Central Washington University.

Local Volunteers Aid in Rescue
LIKE THE STERNS, other survivors who arrived in the United States after the end of World War II were aided by the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, and the United Service for New Americans. At the same time, American Jews were turning their attention to the survivors who remained still stranded in Europe. In 1947, 180 American volunteers joined a clandestine rescue operation organized by the Haganah Palestine Jewish underground to transport 60,000 Holocaust survivors to Palestine in 60 ships. Ten of the ships were American, acquired as war surplus at fire-sale prices. Among the volunteers were three young Seattle Jews: 20-year-old Sidney Abrams, 19-year-old Elithu Bergman, and 25-year-old Bailey Nieder. Asked why they had volunteered, Abrams said, "It was a chance to help fellow Jews." Since Nieder's mother and both Abrams' and Bergman's parents had arrived in earlier immigrations from Europe, Abrams added, "Knowing that we could have been Holocaust victims was an additional incentive. We learned that there were American ships and American volunteers going, and we wanted in on that action."

Because Palestine in 1947 was still under British rule and a prewar policy that limited Jewish immigration to a few hundred a month, the rescue operation, labeled "Aliya Bet" by the Jewish underground, was "illegal immigration." A British air and sea blockade, deployed to prevent any arrivals in Palestine, extended from the Palestine coast through the Mediterranean.

Despite the fact that the three Seattle volunteers could barely tell port from starboard, the shakedown cruise from Miami to New York in March 1947 made sailors of them in one week's time. "They taught us to know that a rope is a line, and a stair is a ladder, and the bathroom is a head." Their ship, the Paducha, of 1902 vintage, was originally built as a gunboat for the United States Navy. At only 190 feet in length, with a 36-foot beam and a weight of 900 gross tons, the ship was small and every bit her age. The Haganah rescue mission, with its volunteer crew of 30, would be the ship's last voyage. Designed to carry fewer than 50, she was refitted for 1,500 passengers and renamed the Geula (Redemption).

As seamen aboard the Geula, the three Seattle volunteers helped 1,400 refugees get to Palestine. In the process, they were rammed by British ships, overcome by tear gas, sprayed with DDT, taken to Cyprus (an internment that Nieder managed to escape), and in Bergman's case, imprisoned in Palestine. The American ships together succeeded in providing transport for 30,000 immigrants. Forty years later, Abrams, Bergman, and Nieder were invited to Israel to commemorate their participation in the historic illegal rescue mission. An assertion of Jewish rights to settle in Palestine, Aliyah Bet was a seminal act in the establishment of the state of Israel.

Making New Lives
MANY OF THE SURVIVORS SETTLING in Washington whose lives had been interrupted precipitously by Hitler's Holocaust found ways to make their existence meaningful for themselves and others. For example, as a 16-year-old, Arno Motulsky, a native of Germany, was a passenger on the ship, St. Louis, which set out from Germany to Cuba.
in May 1939 with 930 Jewish refugees aboard. Memorialized in the movie, *Voyage of the Damned*, the St. Louis was turned away at Havana and then Miami. Forced to sail back to Europe, the ship disembarked its passengers at four different destinations: Belgium, France, England, and Germany. Motulsky landed in Belgium and spent 15 months in a concentration camp in France. (Some 200 of the St. Louis’s passengers died in concentration camps.) Emigrating to the United States in 1941, Motulsky met his future wife, Gretel, also a German refugee, at a small college in Chicago. They were married in 1945, moved to Seattle eight years later, and raised three children.

As a professor of medicine and genetics and director of the Center for Inherited Diseases at the University of Washington, Motulsky received numerous honors for his research in genetic diseases, including the Martin Luther King, Jr., Medical Achievement Award for his research in sickle cell anemia. He was the only Pacific Northwest physician chosen to be one of 11 members of the Presidential Commission for the Study of Ethical Problems in Medicine. Selected in the 1970s to the Institute of Medicine for his work as a physician and for his medical research, and to the National Academy of Science for outstanding scientific achievement, he became president of the International Congress of Human Genetics in 1986 and received the March of Dimes Birth Defect Foundation award for lifetime achievement in genetics.

**Hand in hand with the survivors’ initial reluctance to talk went the resistance to listen of those who had lived in Washington’s towns and cities during the war years, more or less unaware of Hitler’s atrocities.**

**The Pain of the Holocaust**

The pain of the Holocaust remained with the refugees and survivors, even those who found secure and safe lives in America. Like the indelible numbers left on their arms, the memories remained, and those memories often influenced the direction of their lives. “No longer did I wear a yellow star on my blouse, but I still wore it inside my head,” said Noemi Ban, an Auschwitz survivor who made Bellingham her home after first settling in St. Louis, Missouri. Though they could not forget their experiences in the concentration camps of Germany, few survivors wanted to remember. “I had three lives,” said Gizel Herskowitz Berman, “one before the war, one during the war, one after the war.” Her first life began in 1919 in Slovakia where she was born, and ended after the beginning years of her marriage with Nick Berman, a young dental surgeon. They lived in Uzhhorod, a small town east of Prague, which was part of Czechoslovakia under Hungarian occupation until 1944. Her second life began in 1944 at Auschwitz. She and her husband survived; more than 40 members of her family were exterminated. Her third life began in Seattle in 1945 with Nick and the birth of a daughter.

Erasing the many past unhappy events from her mind was impossible. Not until many years later did Gizel Berman begin to write down some of the events of her “second life” and begin to talk about them to students in Seattle’s high schools. “I taught myself how to forget,” she said. Yet the sculpture she designed for the Samuel and Althea Stroum Jewish Community Center of Greater Seattle on Mercer Island as a memorial to the six million Jewish dead featured the first letters of the words, “Thou shalt not forget.”

More than 35 years passed before Stella DeLeon, one of the 100 Sephardim who survived Auschwitz out of the 3,000 Jews sent there from the island of Rhodes, related the horror she had lived through when she was 16 years old. Hand in hand with the survivors’ initial reluctance to talk went the resistance to listen of those who had lived in Washington’s towns and cities during the war years, more or less unaware of Hitler’s atrocities. “Nobody wanted to know,” said Paula Stern, when asked by a casual friend in a beauty parlor why she had never talked about her experiences. Not only did people not want to know, many did not believe the accounts even when they heard them.

**The Telling**

Many years passed before the survivors living in Washington began to realize that what had happened to them and their families had to be told. They were part of a history in danger of being lost. Eva Lassman, a survivor of the Polish death camps of Maidenek and Szaryczko, expanded her life in Spokane with her husband and three sons. She taught music and the realities of Hitler’s regime to Spokane’s schoolchildren.

For many years after she arrived in Seattle, Bronka Kohn Serebrin’s past was something she never discussed. “I was upset with people denying it happened... I was driven to speak,” she said. When Germany invaded her native Poland in 1939, her extended family numbered 65. The lives of all but two were lost. Bronka and her sister, Genia, survived slave labor camps, a death march from Germany to Austria, and Mauthausen concentration camp, where they were liberated in May 1945. She spoke to thousands of students throughout the region. She became chairwoman of the Holocaust Education Committee for the Anti-Defamation League of the Pacific Northwest, was profiled in a PBS documentary on the Holocaust and interviewed by a film crew from Steven Spielberg’s Shoah (Hebrew for Holocaust) Foundation.

In the towns and cities of Washington, speaking in temples, churches, schools, and community centers, well-established citizens and others who had arrived as Holocaust survivors of the Nazi era transformed memories into tools for teaching. They told tales of beatings and near starvation, of death marches, slave labor, gas chambers and ovens, rampant dyshyteria and scarlet fever, of witnessing death and escaping
death, and of the loss of mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters.

**Survivor Henry Friedman won national recognition for his teachings about the Holocaust.**

When Friedman was 13 years old the Nazis occupied his hometown of Brody in Poland. Until liberated by the Russians in March 1944, Friedman spent 18 months in hiding with barely enough food to stay alive. With his pregnant mother, brother, and a young teacher, he shared a crawl space too small to stand in. The death of the infant born to his mother in that confined area was never forgotten. After three years in a displaced person camp in Austria, Friedman arrived in Seattle on November 30, 1949. From 1950 to 1952 he served in the United States Army in Japan and Korea. After his retirement from business Friedman began his telling of the lessons of the Holocaust throughout Washington. Under his leadership an Auschwitz exhibit at the Seattle Center in 1987 was viewed by 26,000 people. In 1989 Friedman founded Surviving Generations of the Holocaust and, in 1991, the Washington State Holocaust Resource Center.

**Supporting the Fledgling Israel**

Although American Jewish realization of what was happening to their fellow Jews in Germany generally was slow in coming, the response to the creation of the state of Israel on May 14, 1948, was swift and euphoric. "The reaction of most American Jews," wrote Irving Howe, "whether immigrant or native-born, was to show their solidarity with Israel less as a fulfillment of the Zionist or any other idea than as a vibrant historical reality, the place where survivors of the Holocaust and other Jews in flight could make a life for themselves."

Emphasizing the necessity of helping the fledgling state take its first steps, Seattle Jewish Federated Fund campaign chairman Frank Newman, Sr., called upon Seattle Jewry to join with the five million Jews of America to sustain the new state by "giving sacrificially." Fund officers Louis Friedlander, Leo Weisfield, and Sam W. Turshis asked all contributors to double or triple their contributions "for Israel's sake."

Washington's other Jewish organizations jumped into intense fund-raising campaigns along with their co-religionists throughout America to ensure the life of the tiny new nation. Fund-raising dinners, lunches, breakfasts, picnics, card parties, and dances overflowed the calendars of Washington's Jews in every town and city where they lived. Gifts of Israel bonds and the planting of trees in Israel took the place of checks and fountain pens for birthdays, Bar Mitzvahs, and graduations.

No one expected the giving to be a one-time effort. America's Jews continued to aid Israel year after year. The great hope is, said Esfeld, "that when peace finally comes there with the Arab nations, Israel will be able to take care of itself and will contribute to the general welfare of the whole world."

The new state of Israel brought "a new consciousness" to Jews living in Washington, as it did to Jews over all America. The fact that Israel existed provided both sustenance and reinforcement to 2,000 years of Jewish life. Helping Israel continue to exist became a communal activity among American Jews and an ongoing imperative of American Jewish organizations in Seattle and elsewhere.

Molly Cone, a native of Tacoma, is the award-winning author of more than 40 books for young readers. Lawyer and historian Howard Droker is author of Seattle's Unsinkable Houseboats and numerous articles on Seattle's early Jews. Jacqueline Williams, also an award winner, is author of Wagon Wheel Kitchens, The Way We Ate, and The Hill with a Future: Seattle's Capitol Hill, 1900-1946. She lectures widely about pioneer life in the Pacific Northwest. All three authors live in Seattle.
These images are from a promotional piece published by Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Wade of Aberdeen, Washington, c. 1929. The text on the back side reads as follows:

The Douglas fir tree from which this log was cut on August 16, 1926, in the state of Washington, was 434 years old, having started to grow in 1492, the year Columbus discovered America. Its largest end measured 9 feet 4 inches in diameter; the tree was 311 feet high and contained 50,000 board feet of lumber. There were 6,850 board feet in this 8x16-foot section being used for a house.

The method used in hollowing the log out was as follows: First a two-inch hole was drilled through the center. This hole was then burned to a diameter of four feet, after which an electric buzz saw and an adz were used to complete the work.

The tree from which our log was taken was not an unusually large one as trees grow in the Douglas fir region. While this tree was larger than average, some Douglas firs have a diameter of more than 122 feet.

The Douglas fir region—in Washington, Oregon, and British Columbia—covers 26,000,000 acres. Trees grow faster and thicker to the acre in the Douglas fir region than in any other part of the United States.

One-fourth of all the standing timber in the United States is Douglas fir. Other commercially important big trees in the Douglas fir region are West Coast Hemlock, Western Red Cedar, and Sitka Spruce.

We built our log cabin on a Graham Brothers Truck; have crossed four chains of big mountains; and have traveled on all kinds of roads. We have never been disappointed in our selection of the Graham Truck.

We use the Coleman lamp and lantern for lighting; Radiant heater; and Air-O-Gas for heating and cook...
Two stone basalt pillars overlooked the wind-scoured, sandy flat near the mouth of the Walla Walla River where Fort Nez Perces sagged. After 12 years that place was already weathered and rotten. Launched from there, beaver trappers had worked the capillaries of the Snake River and brought the pelts they caught and skinned for shipment to distant markets. But sometimes, instead of soft gold, the disputed Oregon Country banked bones.

An intimation that the fur trade was ending came in late spring 1830 when the Hudson's Bay Company's chief trader, Peter Skene Ogden, turned the conduct of the hunting brigade over to fellow officer John Work. This corporate realignment came not long after a whirlpool at the lower part of The Dalles of the Columbia River sucked down a boat, drowning nine men, one woman, and two children. One of those lost was François Rivet, Jr. The promising 22-year-old was the half-brother of Ogden's wife Julia. It would be generous to consider that, after bringing a young ward back to Fort Nez Perces for burial, Ogden decided that the business just wasn't worth it.

Two years later a delegation came down the Columbia River from Fort Colvile (formerly Spokan House) to see that young Rivet's grave was properly protected. Rivet's grieving mother, Therese Tete Platte, was accompanied by two younger sons, Antoine and Joseph, and her daughter Julia. When "Madame Ogden's" malarial husband was reassigned to the coastal trade, the pregnant Julia had returned up the Columbia to be with her parents. Another mourner was an aged Spokane woman who had been the consort of one of the first men to enter the Northwest. Now Madame Legace rightfully feared for her daughter Josette, whose husband, John Work, was the present conductor of the trappers. The burial party also included young George Montour, the son of a former clerk, who had been born on an earlier Snake brigade expedition and knew the deceased as a playmate.

Unwilling to stand in the way of three formidable women, the Fort Nez Perces trader Simon McGillivry, Jr., assigned a man to help them fence the graves in the post cemetery as protection against animals. The chore took five days to complete.

That sad incident had larger implications. The collective party represented a human history of the fur trade on the Pacific Slope, a good deal more than could be tidily consigned to a grave on a sandy flat. The father of the dead boatman was

The Surviving Member of the Corps of Discovery in the Northwest

By John C. Jackson

ABOVE: The frozen Missouri River near the Mandan villages, where the Lewis and Clark expedition spent the winter of 1804-05 and where François Rivet parted ways with the corps. Painted by Karl Bodmer in 1833-34.
By the time the little flotilla passed the mouth of the Platte River the three French boatmen had taught the clumsy soldiers how to row, pole, and tow.

The fortifications had been built anew by the time Paul Kane made this painting in 1846, but the barren plain surrounding Fort Walla Walla (previously known as Fort Nez Percés) had doubtless changed very little from the days when the Hudson's Bay Company ran a fur-trading post there and François Rivet brought in his share of pelts.

the only member of the Lewis and Clark expedition to have lived out his remaining years in the West.

François Rivet, Sr., the son of Pierre-Nicolas Rivet and Marie-Madeleine Gauthier dit Landreville of L'Assomption parish, Quebec, was baptized at the St. Sulpice Church on June 7, 1754. Just six years old when the English conquered New France, he was 23 when the Americans came with their high words about liberty. No matter what power pretended to authority in the Canadas, the inland trade went on, and young Rivet learned the names of distant places with his soupe.

When he was old enough to pull a paddle and carry two packs, he engaged to go voyaging. Instead of going to the grand nord-ouest as most did, Rivet crossed into the Mississippi drainage where well before the turn of the century Indian traders, beaver trappers, bear fighters, and deer skinners had worked up le riviére Missouri. Passing the Kansa and Omaha camps, passing Yankton Nakota and Teton Lakota to tribes as high on the river as the villages of the Arikara, Mandan, and Hidatsa, those hunters and Indian traders would not return until they ran out of powder and ball—or needed to confess accumulated sins that probably included having a winter wife and mixed-blood children.

In 1802-03 the St. Louis entrepreneur Regis Loisel took a trading adventure to the Teton Lakota. An engagé called "La Riviere" was nearly shot by the Bois Brulé band. If this was François Rivet, he then returned to St. Louis the following spring with Loisel.

During the winter of 1803-04 a party of United States soldiers, camped at the mouth of Wood Creek on the Illinois side of the Mississippi, was preparing to start up the Missouri River in the spring. The cooperative St. Louis entrepreneur Auguste Chouteau obliged Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark by engaging eight voyageurs to paddle a cargo pirogue. Three others were hired to assist the soldiers in working a keelboat. Pierre Cruzatte le borgne (one-eye) would be the bowman while François Labiche set the stroke as the first oar. The third, François Rivet, joined the
expedition at St. Charles but agreed to go only as far as the Mandans. He may have set the pace for the bateau rowed by the soldiers.

By the time the little flotilla passed the mouth of the Platte River the three French boatmen had taught the clumsy soldiers how to row, pole, and tow. Keelboatmen put in days of wet misery and slept with the leaden smell of recently flooded beaches. The water they gulped was thick; long before Rivet reached the Stony Mountains, he had already filtered a good amount of it through his gut.

Because the Mandan/Hidatsa villages were as far as the Corps of Discovery was going that year, the economy-minded American captains immediately discharged the boatmen. With ice already rimming the shallows, a 600-mile return to St. Louis was not a good option. Rivet and others decided to build a house apart from the soldiers’ little triangular fort where a freeman named François Grenier joined them. To welcome le nouveau année (the new year) they carried the traditional La Guignolée celebration to the nearest Indian town. With soldiers playing a drum and a pipe, and Cruzette fiddling, Rivet impressed the Indian girls by dancing on his hands.

When the ice broke in the spring, the expedition went on. Returning soldiers and some of the discharged boatmen took the keelboat back to St. Louis, with Rivet and his friend Grenier paddling a dugout. At the Arikara towns the boat took aboard a village chief who was being sent to meet Mr. Jefferson. An accomplished warrior and a linguist speaking 11 Indian dialects plus hand signs, the misnamed Ankedoucharo was also something of a geographer. Around the nightly campsides he related useful information about the upper country and the wealth of beaver on Grosse Home (Big Horn Mountain).

Riding the freshet, the returning party swept into St. Charles where the inhabitants were eager for news about the Corps of Discovery. By midsomer, when the boatmen were paid off, lawyer Thomas Hempstead received Rivet’s pay of $87.50. Sometime after July, Rivet had been called into the office of the recently arrived territorial governor, General James Wilkinson. Wilkinson wanted to verify the information and map drawn on a buffalo hide by the Arikara chief. On September 8 the general described a pirogue party that departed St. Louis for the upper Missouri River. They were...

...natives of this Town, and are just able to give us course and distance, with the names and population of the Indian nations and to bring back with them Specimens of the natural products—[They were] to ascend the Missouri and enter the River Pierre jaune, or yellow Stone, called by the natives, Unicorn River, the same by which Capt. Lewis I since find expects to return and which my informants tell me is filled with wonders, this Party will not get back before the Summer 1807.

Although the names of other members of the party have been lost, Rivet and Grenier were two of them.

When Rivet and Grenier reached the Mandan villages they learned that a North West Company clerk had beaten them to the Yellowstone and returned. François-Antoine Larocque’s travels with the gens du Corbeaux (Crow people) left him pessimistic about the prospects for trapping beaver. Nevertheless Rivet, Grenier, and an unnamed young man made a hunt up the Missouri. Returning downstream in the spring of 1806, they left their traps at the Mandan villages before going on to the Arikara towns. Low on powder by midsomer, they headed back to the Mandans to recover their gear before returning to St. Louis.

The hunters were not entirely surprised to meet the returning Corps of Discovery on 22 August. Their unnamed young companion took a government paddle, and Rivet and Grenier promised to follow after completing their business at the Mandans. In exchange for some powder and ball, they carried a letter from Captain

COLUMBIA 19 SUMMER 2004
Fearing prosecution for excesses of competition, including a killing, the North West Company bully Peter Skene Ogden abandoned his Cree wife and son in the east.

Clark to the interpreter, J. B. Charbonneau, asking him to reconsider and bring his wife and child down to St. Louis.

Coming along, a week or more behind the descending corps, Rivet and Grenier met another boat party commanded by an officer whom they recognized was close to General Wilkinson. Captain John McClellan’s intention to go to Santa Fe had been frustrated by Spanish intimidation of the Pawnee. Brushing aside their obligation to report to the general, McClellan convinced Rivet and Grenier to show him the way to the Unicorn River. He hoped to find a way of entering New Mexico by a back door. With no better prospects in sight, Rivet and Grenier agreed.

While McClellan and company wintered at the Yankton Nakota villages, two former members of the Corps of Discovery caught up. In the spring of 1807 they proceeded to the Mandan/Hidatsa villages where they met around 30 former British engagees who had lost their jobs after the 1804 merger of competing Montreal interests. Those freemen needed to trap to support their mixed-blood families and threw in with McClellan as a safe conduct to the upper Yellowstone beaver bonanza.

By July the party was near the head of the Yellowstone where McClellan wrote a long letter setting out United States trading regulations for upper Louisiana Territory, including the country beyond the mountains. Obliging Indians promised to carry it to British traders. By the end of August 1807 the party of 42 “nominal” Americans had reached the vicinity of present-day Missoula, Montana.

The Salish (Flathead) count of the Americans was accurate, but they would not have recognized Rivet. It was their better acquainted Sahaptian (Nez Perce) neighbors who recognized the two former corpsmen. After failing to broker a peace between the western tribes and their eastern enemies, McClellan explored the Clark Fork River and identified a practical route between the Missouri and Columbia rivers. Next spring that officer and 12 men followed the Salish road to the buffalo back across the mountains, hoping to encourage the peace initiative. That risked going into potentially hostile territory along the Missouri River, and on May 22, 1808, the captain and eight of his followers were killed by northern plainsmen hostile to any accommodation. As one of the four survivors, François Rivet tied in with McClellan as a safe conduct to the upper Yellowstone beaver bonanza.

Living by trapping beaver, Rivet soon formed a country relationship with a young Salish widow who was later identified in Catholic mission records as Therese Tete Platte. She had married a neighboring tribesman when she was about 19 and had a baby girl when she entered the relationship with Rivet. The couples’ first child received his father’s name, François.

In November 1809 the returning Salish buffalo hunters were accompanied by a band of trappers adhering to a Detroit trader named Charles Courtin. After being battered for two years by opportunist plains raiders like those who killed McClellan, they hoped to spend a comfortable winter with the indulgent Salish in their accustomed camps at the south end of the Flathead Valley.

The North West Company expansionist David Thompson was building Saleesh House in a nice meadow above the falls of the Clark Fork River. One of Courtin’s men came there on November 24, 1809, accompanied by the free trappers Bostonae and “Rive.” In February Courtin accompanied the spring buffalo hunt in order to return to the Three Forks of the Missouri. He was killed in an ambush in the notorious Hellgate. On March 3, 1810, “Rive” arrived from the Horse Plains camp asking Thompson to come and adjudicate the dispersal of Courtin’s recovered packs. Rivet was allowed six skins for the two days of hunting he lost arranging the meeting.

Thompson left in the spring with the best returns he had obtained in three years. His clerk, Finan McDonald, and one of Courtin’s survivors, Michel Bourdon,
accompanied the summer buffalo hunt. In a fight with the Piegans, they sided with the Salish. Those alienated eastern tribesmen determined to block the sale of more arms to their enemies. The resulting blockade prevented Thompson from returning to the western posts, and the only goods brought into the Salish country that winter were those that Joseph Howe carried for the Hudson’s Bay Company. Wintering near the Horse Prairie camps, Howe resupplied the Flathead freemen with ammunition, and Rivet had his first dealings with the London company.

When Thompson returned to Saleesh House in June 1811 he was under orders to descend the Columbia River and confirm an arrangement with the rival Pacific Fur Company. En route from Spokan House to the departure point at Kettle Falls, Thompson found the Rivet family camped along the trail with four tents of Iroquois. Competition between the North West Company and the rival Pacific Fur Company provided the Flathead freemen with a competitive market. Until the two staffs merged in 1813-14, François Rivet kept to a middle ground. In a list compiled at Astoria, he was described as a freeman hired for one year as an interpreter for 600 livres (former French currency replaced by the franc), an arrangement that continued at Spokan House until 1816.

The merger of the rival operations led to the introduction of a number of contracted Iroquois steel trappers to make up a trapping party strong enough to exploit the beaver resources of the Snake River. For the next two years most of the Flathead country freemen stayed apart from that dangerous undertaking, hunting independently as they had been doing since Thompson’s time. Over half of the beaver traded at Spokan House in 1821 were brought in by them.

François Rivet’s connections were Salish, and he and his family continued to tent and travel with those old friends. In the fall of 1818 that idyl was challenged by the arrival at Spokan House of a fugitive from British justice. Fearing prosecution for excesses of competition, including a killing, the North West Company bully Peter Skene Ogden abandoned his Cree wife and son in the east. Soon after he arrived at Spokan, Ogden set up with Rivet’s young step-daughter, Julia. Their son Charles was born on September 5, 1819. Two years later the North West Company and Hudson’s Bay Company finally gave up their unproductive rivalry and formed a new organization.

Three of the four Flathead freemen mentioned ten years before were still listed among those employed in North America from June 1, 1821, until June 1, 1824. The other had been killed by Indians. But Rivet’s son-in-law Ogden was left out of the organization. He went to London in the spring of 1822 to convince management to give him a position. In late April, Rivet was helping pack Spokan House returns to the Columbia River for shipment down the river to Fort George, near present-day Astoria. As he rode with Ogden to meet the eastward-bound express, François realized there was no guarantee that his son-in-law would return. It was up to Therese to look after the pregnant Julia and two-year-old Charles.

As the Hudson’s Bay Company pressed to exploit the Snake Country, interpreter Rivet became part of the brigade led by Alexander Ross in February 1824. The roster listed two guns in his lodge and fifteen horses in his herd, suggesting that Therese and the family accompanied him and young François Jr. was old enough to hunt. But Ross returned to Flathead Post trailed by seven Americans who were forerunners of a new era of competition.

In October 1824 Hudson’s Bay Company Governor George Simpson and Chief Factor John McLoughlin became concerned about Rivet’s origin of 17 years before. When Ogden took over the Snake Brigade on December 20, 1824, François Rivet went along as a rather expensive interpreter. But after the trip with Ross, Therese did not expect a pleasant family outing and elected to stay with their Salish friends. Julia Ogden accompanied her husband and gave birth to a daughter, Sarah Julia, on the brigade trail, a fact that the father neglected to mention in his field journal.
In a dramatic confrontation with a mob of American trappers at Mountain Green (Utah), Rivet supported his son-in-law. His influence did not prevent 22 of the Snake Brigade hunters from being lured away by better American prices. The interpreter was still with the brigade as Ogden retreated to the headwaters of the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri. After hunting in the Big Hole through the summer, Ogden's party was reduced to just 15, of which only 6 were freemen. Sometime during that trying autumn François Rivet returned to Therese at old Sales House and was not listed when what was left of the brigade arrived at Fort Nez Perces in November. Next March McLoughlin explained that

The Americans gave out they were to winter at Marias River and as Rivet the Flathead interpreter is free in the country and came here from St. Louis, didn't want to follow Ogden, and [might] take the Flatheads with him to Marias River if he were so disposed—I engaged him for one year at £25 ....

On March 19, 1826, Rivet helped take 62 laden horses to meet the boats at the mouth of the Spokane River. François and Therese allowed their oldest son, François, Jr., to join Ogden during the 1828-29 and 1829-30 expeditions. At the end of the last hunt, the boating disaster at The Dalles claimed the boy's life.

Answering American inroads forced Chief Factor McLoughlin to settle a good salary on Rivet. In September 1831 Rivet and the rehired "deserter," Nicholas Montour, were ordered to accompany the Flatheads and prevent contacts with Americans. From distant London the board of management cautioned "that we not send any of our people south of 49 [the boundary between United States and British possessions] on the east side of the mountains." In December McLoughlin was appalled to learn that instead of separating from the Indians, Montour and Rivet had accompanied them to the buffalo country, which violated the international boundary.

In early April 1833 the touring New England entrepreneur Nathaniel C. Wyeth "arrived at the Flathead post to find it being kept by Mr. Rivi and one man...." He described the tribal world that the Rivets had known for the last quarter century. "This valley is the most romantic place imaginable, a level plain of two miles long by 1 wide...." surrounded by impressive mountains. About 200 horses were grazing around the 15 Indian lodges, "...now and then a half-breed on horseback galloping gracefully with plenty of gingling bells attached to all parts of himself and horse."

Wyeth joined the amiable Frank Ermatinger and his HBC outfit going to meet the Salish buffalo hunters assembling at Hellgate, near present-day Missoula. That camp of 120 lodges contained about 1,000 people and herded from 1,200 to 1,800 horses. In crossing the Big Hole the freemen—Pellow, Charlot, Nabesse, and "Rivey"—broke off "to hunt beaver in the Blackfoot country...." The hunter may have been Rivet's son Antoine, as 79-year-old François was getting a bit long in the tooth for that kind of exertion. Two years later Rivet assisted Archibald McDonald at Fort Colvile as those pioneer agriculturalists plowed and planted upwards of 140 bushels of fall wheat. The next January, McDonald described old Rivet as the summer master and "deputy governor" at Colvile while the resident was away to summer council.

All the while, a community of retired fur trappers and HBC servants was congregating in the lower end of the Willamette Valley. Most of the families that staked out claims on the French Prairies were actually mixed-bloods. After two Catholic priests passed down the Columbia in early
November 1838, the families of Nicholas Montour and François Rivet finally abandoned the fur trade and drove their accumulated wealth in horses and some cattle to the new settlements.

They were already established on January 13, 1839, when the Catholic missionary, Father Blanchet, described Antoine Rivet as “a farmer of this place.” Along with her two grown sons, 50-year-old Thérèse was baptized on the 21st. When his wife was properly received into the church, François was allowed to confirm their long relationship with marriage. At the same time, 25-year-old Antoine Rivet wed Erminie Pend Oreille and 23-year-old Joseph Rivet was united with Rose Lacourse.

Thirteen couples were married that day. The brides and mothers of the uniquely integrated community were described as Tchinook, Tchelelis, Makah, Sook, Kawwichin, Clatsop, Calapooya, Tualatin, and Multnomah. Those coastal and valley women accepted as sisters their Colville, Okanagan, Spokane, Pend Oreille, and Flathead neighbors. What they shared was the common experience of the trading post and hunting brigade trail. After hearing mass in the ancient Roman words, they gossiped in the universal Chinook trade jargon and were a congregation unlikely ever to be seen again.

Because the Rivet family land claim adjoined the mission fields, their names often appeared in church rites. Two Rivet households were noted in the Protestant missionary Elijah White’s 1842 census of persons living south of the Columbia. But when a vote was taken on May 2, 1843, to form a provisional government for Oregon, the three Rivets were not among those voting. They paid their share when former mountaineer Joseph L. Meek collected taxes the next year. Joe managed to mangle the names of “Anturye Revit and Joseph Revit” but recorded that the family was doing well with a combined value in horses of $950, cattle worth $400, and $180 in hogs. The new citizens paid a poll tax of $2.92.

By early 1845 the Salish-speaking Father De Vos recorded baptisms made in St. Paul parish of Indian visitors from the upper Columbia country. That the godfather for all of those baptisms was Joseph Rivet suggests a continued connection to the Salish country. As time took its toll, old François liked to sit alongside the cabin, soaking up the sun and telling youngsters about past times in the mountains. The old couple lived with Antoine and, after the death of Joseph’s wife Rose, cared for the widower’s several young children. In 1850 eight-year-old Thérèse and five-year-old Faubien were living with their uncle, Chief Factor Ogden, to take advantage of the Fort Vancouver school. Two years later, when Joseph died, the less-than-sympathetic Ogden wrote, “Poor Fabian is now without Father or Mother, in every sense of the word an orphan. Joe accelerated his death by drink, nor did the intelligence surprise me. I hope the Old Lady will take care of his property. I allude to his cattle and horse, if any be remaining.” By “Old Lady,” Ogden meant his own wife Julia. But Ogden was not as hard as he pretended. When he himself died two years later there was a bequest of £100 to Fauubien, to be allotted at £20 per annum.

The blow of Joseph’s death haunted the old couple. François was believed to be 95 years old when he died on September 25, 1852. Two weeks later 97-year-old Thérèse passed away as well. As the only man associated with the Corps of Discovery to live in the territory they explored, Rivet had had a remarkable life, one that spanned the continent and the first half of the 19th century. His marriage, tribal association, and mixed-blood descendants survived an in-rushing new world. Absent in most records, only a passing reference in others—the mark of François Rivet’s life was in its living.

"François Rivet's grandson Fauubien Rivet and his French Prairie schoolmates, 1859.

John C. Jackson has published five books on fur trade, Metis, and Indian history. He is currently writing a series of articles peripheral to the Lewis and Clark expedition and cooperating on a biography of Meriwether Lewis.
Ravel NARRATIVES are notorious for blending fact with fiction. Percy G. Adams, author of Travelers and Travel Liars, 1660-1800, heads one of his chapters with this epigraph: "Seek the reasons that writers may have for deceiving themselves, for deceiving you. Be critical: Otherwise it will come to pass that people will give to the truth and to the lie the same degree of authority."

While Adams concerned himself with 18th-century travel writers, his warning could properly be extended to many 19th-century writers as well. For example, in my work on the North West Company's activities in the Columbia River basin between 1808 and 1821, I have found it necessary at times to rely on fur trader Alexander Ross's The Fur Hunters of the Far West; and the more I read, the more evident it becomes that Ross is no exception to Adams's caveat.

Scottish-born Alexander Ross immigrated to British North America in 1804 and found employment as a schoolmaster, first in lower Canada and later in its upper reaches. Prospects for economic gain were meager; after six years Ross signed a contract as clerk for the New York-based Pacific Fur Company to serve in the distant Columbia River country. He later found employment in the same capacity for both the North West and Hudson's Bay companies. His entire 15-year fur-trading career was spent in the Columbia valley, and during that time he never rose above the rank of clerk. He did not prosper and retired to the Red River Settlement (present-day Winnipeg) in 1825. Subsequently, he wrote two books about his experiences. Better known as author of the earlier book, Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River, 1810-1813, Ross published Fur Hunters in London in 1855, some 30 years after the last of the events it describes. The editor of that issue revised Ross's manuscript to conform to the literary and political standards of the day. An American reprint of the original two-volume edition appeared in 1924, retaining the original editor's emendations. In 1956 the University of Oklahoma Press released a modern edition of Fur Hunters under the editorship of Kenneth A. Spaulding. Spaulding consulted the original manuscript and purportedly reinserted the original language so that this
latest publication reflects Ross's intent more so than do those preceding it. However, the University of Oklahoma edition omits three chapters of Ross's original second volume because "they contrast sharply both in subject matter and interest from the rest of the manuscript." Spaulding's edition is the one I have consulted for my remarks here.

Alexander Ross knew that if his material was to sell it must catch the reader's eye, and to do so it must be dramatic. But, as historian Jennifer Brown has observed,

For countless fur traders over countless months and years, not much happened. They stayed largely in one place, or they slogged around on local trips through snow or swamp, mud and mosquitoes. They got sick or drunk, lost or drowned or injured, and often they got bored or bushed. It takes a highly selective perception and presentation to set forth the fur trade as high drama.

Out of his field notes, journals, and other personal memoranda, Ross had to select the most dramatic events for inclusion in his narrative, and to those events he would have to add himself as the primary actor. In his "selective perception and presentation," Ross infused his own sense of context, sequence, and personal involvement. A liberal dose of selective imagination went into creating a book so craftily designed as to leave out the constant ennui that characterized the lot of the ordinary fur trader at remote posts in the Columbia interior. The heavy dose of selective imagination found in Alexander Ross's *Fur Hunters* is the focus of this paper.

That *Fur Hunters* is not always a reliable source of the historical events it purports to describe should surprise few. Yet, in studying the North West Company's "Adventure to the Columbia" (as they styled it in their ledgers) I find an uncritical
acceptance taken by those who would rely on Ross's book as authoritative history. Few writers have much to say about the period after the Astorians settled near the mouth of the Columbia River and before the arrival of the Hudson's Bay Company ten years later. For those who do mention the Nor'Westers' Columbia trade during this decade, it serves only as background to their main focus. The source commonly relied on to write this background is Ross's *Fur Hunters*. As I pointed out earlier, travel narratives are notorious for blending fact with fiction, and those of Alexander Ross are no exception. Despite recognizing this, historian Elizabeth Vibert excuses her contemporaries for relying heavily on such fur trade narratives as Ross's when writing about the Columbia interior prior to 1821 because of the paucity of other documentary sources. However, if the scope of inquiry is expanded to include the lower Columbia, then a number of documents exist that can throw light not only on the coastal trade but on arrangements in the interior and overall business arrangements as well. These sources can be used as a check against the historical reliability of Ross's narrative.

At this point I would like to develop a conceptual framework in which to couch a discussion of the inaccuracies in Ross's *Fur Hunters*. In his book, *Travelers and Travel Liars*, Percy Adams discusses three factors—what he calls "motives"—that mischievously alter the historical reliability of even the most scrupulously unembellished narrative. These Adams calls vanity, cupididity, and prejudice. English novelist Henry Fielding believed that "vanity of knowing more than other men" is the primary cause for distortion in travel literature. When Alexander Ross, for example, places himself at the center of action or in making decisions unlikely of a mere clerk newly employed by the North West Company, there is reason to suspect it is his vanity at work. Vanity is at work, too, in his incessant criticisms of the North West Company's management; in these harangues he assumes a greater business acumen than that displayed by the proprietors of the company.

Despite his pretensions, Alexander Ross was no businessman. He revealed little knowledge of the broader business strategies employed by the North West Company on the Columbia, and his narrative is silent regarding the details of how business was conducted at Fort George (now Astoria). In his brief mention of the brig *Colonel Allan*, Ross reflected no awareness of the unusual arrangements concerning its cargo, completely confused its activities while on the coast, and provided the wrong destination, all in a single paragraph. Not once did he mention the coastal trade carried on by the brig Columbia between 1816 and 1818. Ross had little idea of the extent of the annual returns in the Columbia Department or what they sold for in Canton and seemed not to understand the relationship between supply and demand. As a senior clerk, at one time stationed at Fort George, Ross was in a position to know these things, yet he revealed no such knowledge. Despite the impression he gives in *Fur Hunters*, Alexander Ross was not the man to criticize the business practices of others.

Percy Adams also found cupididity influential in coloring the language in travel accounts. Like other authors, writers of travel narratives want to be paid for their labor, and Alexander Ross was no exception. When the Hudson's Bay and North West companies merged in 1821, Ross claimed a loss of £1,400, which he said he had placed in the hands of the Nor'Westers' Montreal agents, leaving him "almost penniless." This lost fortune, Ross would have us believe, was amassed by a mere clerk earning £75 per annum. Subsequently, his salary as a clerk for the Hudson's Bay Company amounted to only £120 per year, and the various means of employment he found at Red River did not substantially increase his income. There is little doubt his financial situation benefited from an augmentation of profits from his books.

To sell well, books must entertain as well as instruct, as Ross and his editor were doubtless aware. Canadian scholar I. S. Maclaren observed that because explorers, sojourners, and travelers are often incapable of meeting both these conditions, "readying...journals for the press will necessarily involve [editorial] alteration." In his study of travel narratives, Maclaren found they frequently reflect the persona of their respective editors as much as or more than of their presumed authors—all in the name of marketability. Not surprisingly, Ross's editor found Ross's writing style not quite correct and his expressions sometimes a bit distasteful, and so he changed them. The expression, "bent on making a spoon or spoiling a horn," for example, was apparently too indecent for the Victorian reader, and so it was omitted in the earlier edition. Although editor Spaulding assures his readers, "The words of
Ross have been carefully retained, and in their original order; he, like his predecessor, subtly altered the author’s meaning when he let stand Ross’s description of an American party at Flathead House as “shrewd men.” American historian William Goetzmann, while consulting the original manuscript, found “shrewd, well-meaning men” a phrase the original English editor apparently felt too flattering in describing Yankees. Editors of published narratives, then, can exert a corrupting influence on the content of an author’s manuscript. While the intent is often to merely enhance the skill of expression with the aim of rendering it more salable, editors can and have taken greater license in modifying content. As Canadian historian Elizabeth Vibert has pointed out, “The writer’s [and one might add, the editor’s] awareness of potential readers conditions the writing in important ways.”

A THIRD MOTIVE that distorts travel narratives, Percy Adams mentions, is the proclivity of authors to give expression to their prejudices and pet peeves. Alexander Ross echoed the standard racial and ethnic biases of his day, and the prudent reader will take this into account when assessing his commentary on such subjects. While Ross manifested more than the usual interest in the manners and customs of Native Americans, he nevertheless carried with him what Vibert calls a European “habitus”—that is, commonly shared assumptions about such social categories as class, status, gender, ethnicity, and race. For example, while Ross seemed to delight in deriding the North West Company’s style of living, table etiquette, and imperious sense of subordination, his mannerisms were not much different.

One needs only to read through Ross’s description of the several classes within fur trade society to detect his own “imperious sense of subordination.” Métis “are as fair as the generality of European ladies, the mixture of blood being so many degrees removed from the savage as hardly to leave any trace.” Freemen “may be considered a kind of enlightened Indian, with all the imperfections but none of the good qualities of their countrymen.” Sandwich Islanders “are not made to lead but to follow, and are useful only to stand as sentinels to eye the natives or go through the drudgery of an establishment.” Iroquois are “sullen, indolent, fickle, cowardly, and treacherous.” Half-breeds are “indolent, thoughtless, and improvident.” Alexander

Originally Fort Nez Perces, the name was changed to Fort Walla Walla as early as 1825. Twice rebuilt, the fort as presented in this image reflects a much different architecture than Ross’s description of Fort Nez Perces.
Ross shared far more of the nefarious traits he ascribed to the Nor'Westers than he ever admitted.

In addition to his class, gender, and ethnic biases, Ross’s peevishness contributed to distortions and factual errors as well. Ross’s memory of dates and circumstances had faded some by the time Fur Hunters came to press, but his bitterness had not receded a bit. Sarcasms throughout the book directed at the Nor’Westers and their policies reflect the vindictiveness of a clerk who failed to receive the recognition and promotion he felt he deserved. In describing one travel writer, Percy Adams said that he “set out with the spleen and the jaundice, and every object he passed by was discolored and distorted.” The same can be said of Alexander Ross.

The point is not so much that Ross’s narrative is distorted because of the skewing motives identified by Adams or because of the unconscious habitus characteristic of all travel writers, as attributed by Vibert. What is of concern, however, are scholars who continue to accept what Ross has written as factual without taking Adams’s or Vibert’s caveats into account—that is, without exercising due caution regarding Ross’s reliability as a reporter of historic events. A few examples may serve to illustrate this uncritical acceptance of Fur Hunters.

In his forward to Ross’s Adventures of the First Settlers, American historian James Ronda asserts that criticisms of Ross’s narratives based on their long delayed publication or because they reflect the “embroidered, hazy recollections of an aging and sometimes bitter trader,” are inaccurate because Ross did not depend on frail memory but upon a now lost diary. One of his former associates mentioned in an 1827 letter Ross’s attempt to “prepare a formal manuscript from the diary entries.” This was only two years after his retirement from the fur trade, but he must have then given up the effort for over 20 years. By the time Fur Hunters reached print, 72-year-old Alexander Ross had wizened into an “old age [that] had starved his memories and fed his imagination.” If Ross did indeed use a diary, it did not help him much with details such as dates. In one instance he has a fellow clerk on the Columbia a year before he arrived, and in another he alludes to an event that occurred over two years after his retirement.

Prejudices can be positive as well as negative. For Ross, Donald McKenzie was a hero, and so he became one for Goetzmann as well. Whatever McKenzie told Alexander Ross around the fireplace at Fort Nez Perces, Ross accepted as the unvarnished truth, and so has Goetzmann. One such instance is Ross’s version of the “keg of powder” fable. According to Ross, McKenzie and three other men were able to hold off a hostile band of Bannocks in the Snake River country by standing over a keg of gunpowder with a lighted match and threatening to blow everyone to smithereens. This Goetzmann offers as a historical anecdote in the adventures of Donald McKenzie.

Ross’s peevishness is one thing, but when contemporary scholars adopt as their own his prejudices toward the North West Company, the narrative becomes a source of historical distortion rather than enlightenment. In one such instance William Goetzmann, author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning Exploration and Empire, accepted Ross’s attitude as his own, and the result is that not one of the 11 pages he devoted to Donald McKenzie is free from either hyperbole or factual error or both. North West Company leadership fell into “ridiculously inept hands,” opines Goetzmann. Expeditions into the interior suffered from “absurd shortsightedness.” The company pushed on in its own “inept way.”
McKenzie. The only history is the fable itself. Anthropologist Bruce White has documented at least six different versions of this example of what he calls "occupational folklore," the first of which was recorded in 1751. White concluded, "These historical accounts are less important for any factual content than they are as remnants of folk tales that fur traders once told each other, stories that reveal a great deal about the nature of Indian-trader economic and social relationships."

Other scholars continue this uncritical reliance on Fur Hunters: historical geographer James Gibson in The Lifeline of the Oregon Country; Canadian historian Richard Mackie in his book, Trading Beyond the Mountains; American historian James Ronda in his book, Astoria and Empire; and Canadian historian Elizabeth Vibert in Traders' Tales. All give credibility to Ross's exaggerations, embellishments, distortions, and factual errors. While most of this reliance on Fur Hunters involves relatively insignificant details, the cumulative effect results in a historically inaccurate understanding of the North West Company's "Adventure to the Columbia." The impression gathered from Alexander Ross notwithstanding, the Nor'Westers did not fail because of internal bickering or lack of initiative or incompetent leadership. The factors contributing to the company's difficulties on the Columbia were beyond the ability of local leadership to control, and Alexander Ross did not understand this.

I do not suggest that Alexander Ross was an outright fabricator, nor do I think he intentionally misconstrued the facts or mislead his readers. Ross, I believe, was sincere in his desire to relate an authentic account of his experiences in both his narratives. There are, however, a number of historical inaccuracies and distortions that have crept in, despite any intentions he may have had to the contrary. These have resulted from faulty memory, peevishness, egocentricity, and possibly an embellishing editor. The diary James Ronda claims Alexander Ross used was not an adequate jog to his memory. It did not prevent him from misstating dates, blending events, or exaggerating circumstances. Everywhere possible it must be compared with other existing documents as a check to its historical reliability. Otherwise, "it will come to pass that people will give to the truth and to the lie the same degree of authority."

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A

lthough the "gold spike" marking the completion of the Northern Pacific from St. Paul to Portland was driven at Gold Creek, Montana, on September 8, 1883, the "actual" last spike was driven at Portland, Oregon, two days later. According to the Portland Oregonian of September 11, 1883, "On Saturday the last spike was driven on the NP, and also on the Kalama extension, but there still remained unfinished a connecting link, the arrangements for transferring trains across the river. The work on the incline and the transfer boat has been pushed with all possible vigor under the charge of A. A. Schenk, engineer of the Terminal Company. . . . [I]t may now be said that railroad connection between St. Paul and Puget Sound is . . . an accomplished fact."

The "actual" last spike, recently donated to the Society, is depicted here at its "actual" size. The inscription on its four sides reads:

The 1933 Road Survey through the Northern Cascades

On February 19, 2003, Valeria Ogden, former Washington state representative and Heritage Caucus co-chair, received a framed, historical collage and commendation from Washington State Department of Transportation (WSDOT) Secretary Douglas MacDonald in a special ceremony before the Washington State Transportation Commission. While honoring Ogden, Secretary MacDonald smilingly alluded to her "70 years of service." In developing the anecdote further, MacDonald noted that he had passed out similar awards many times—even one for 50 years of service—but "never for 70 years." Just how did WSDOT's secretary arrive at this figure; and where exactly was Val Ogden in 1933 and what was she doing?

The answer to these questions takes us back to a world now long vanished, a world with quite a bit of room for personal solutions to complex governmental questions and assignments. Val's father, Ivan "Ike" Bodwell Munson, worked for Washington's Department of Highways (as it was then known). Ike was based in Wenatchee where he worked for District Two as a location engineer. From spring through fall of 1933 Munson led a reconnaissance survey crew through the northern Cascades to find the best route for an eventual road.

Backing up a few steps, in 1895 the Washington state legislature made an appropriation of $30,000 to explore and recommend a road through the Cascade range. The newly formed Washington State Board of State Road Commissioners (the predecessor to WSDOT) met in Fairhaven (now South Bellingham) on June 28, 1895, and submitted a "final report" to the legislature that included the following information:

The money was to be spent in three divisions. The western portion of the road went from the Whatcom County line to Blanchard, near the beginning of Chuckanut Drive in present-day Skagit County. This part of the work received $4,000. It then linked up to Marblemount in Skagit County, proceeding east to "the confluence of the Twisp (sic) and Methow rivers." This stretch received $20,000. Interestingly, the legislature charged the board with not only building this section of road over the Cascades but also with finding and surveying it. This was due to "contradictory information at hand regarding the different routes." From the confluence of the two rivers the road went "East of the Methow and on the Colville Indian Reservation." This
eastern portion received a final appropriation of $6,000. It terminated at Marcus, just north of present-day Kettle Falls in Stevens County.

Due to complications regarding securing a right-of-way through the Colville Indian Reservation with Indian Agent Captain Bubb, who ignored the request, the eastern terminus of the road was delayed for over a year. Add to that the difficult mountainous terrain, and the project quickly ground to a halt. This, despite a glowing description from the state road commissioners of the need for this part of the road, “between the Skagit River at Marblemount on the west and the Methow River, at Twisp (sic) on the east.” The commissioners added that this road was critical “in developing mining regions, wonderfully rich, but now remote, unfortunately, and furnishing a cheap method for transportation of the cattle of the Okanogan country to the desirable market on the tide water....”

A fitful start was made, but in the more extreme terrain the road was not built and the project was abandoned. In an irony of time, following the state legislature’s 1895 mandate to make this the first state highway, almost 80 years passed before it was finally completed and officially dedicated as the North Cascades Highway—State Highway 20—on September 2, 1972.

Work began again when a Department of Highways survey crew, led by Charles I. Signer in 1921, next tackled the difficult problems of the terrain. His survey followed two of the routes recommended by the 1895 report. Signer was considerably more accurate in his cost estimates for the road. His 1921 survey report noted the cost of construction “for the 89 miles between Marblemount and Twisp was $4,295,000.” Later studies praised Signer’s engineering skills and labeled his cost estimates “quite realistic.”

These two survey expeditions set the stage for the 1933 work party led by Ike Munson. Charged with leading a 25-man Department of Highways project, Munson was told to put a crew together for a “cross-state highway” survey. In his memoirs the self-taught engineer and surveyor wrote,

I started this survey in Winthrop on Decoration Day.... I established the first location camp at the mouth of Early Winters Creek. The second camp we located at Lone Fir Camp, and the third location was the forks of Bridge Creek and some other creek.

In making this location I also had tied into a Bureau of Public Roads survey that had been made from Twisp Pass toward Twisp. I tied into that point on Twisp Pass and located down the Twisp Pass Summit toward a junction with a survey we were making from the summit of Washington Pass down to Bridge Creek. That survey ran from Winthrop, across Washington Pass, down Bridge Creek to the forks of the Stehekin River and Bridge Creek, and up the Stehekin River to Cascade Pass where I tied into a survey that had been made by a fellow by the name of Stacey who was the location engineer for the Seattle District.
That summer was a very interesting summer. We had a large crew; an assistant locator; a party that was taking contours, headed by Frank Culp; I had two check-level parties checking levels, Ralph Badorf was the transit man, (and) George Kelly was the assistant locator. I reported at the end of that season that I had investigated the area known as the Granite Creek drainage, which is the route of the North Cascades Highway.

It must have been a “very interesting summer” indeed for Munson and his crew. Now we can go back to the original question of Val Ogden’s “70 years of service.” In 1933 a nine-year-old Valeria, her eight-year-old brother Chuck, and their mother Pearle Munson accompanied Ike as, perhaps, uncounted members of the survey party. Another wrinkle developed, according to Chuck Munson in a recent interview. It seems that many of the young, hard-working survey men had gotten married shortly before their departure on this lengthy sojourn, and they soon began to miss their wives. Since it was impractical to allow the men to leave the survey, a compromise came into play—a number of the wives came up to visit their husbands on at least one weekend during the work.

It took another 39 years for the North Cascades Highway to be completed. However, it is a fitting testimony to the work of a self-taught engineer and Department of Highways employee named Ike Munson and his entire crew that the route they so carefully surveyed and mapped became the one chosen for one of Washington’s most spectacularly scenic highways. The survey was accomplished in a timely fashion despite hordes of mosquitoes and extremes of mountain weather that Munson referred to at one point as “hotter than the hinges of Hell.” Best of all for Ike and his crew, they got to see their loved ones. And that’s how Val Ogden got such an early start on her lengthy career in state service.

David Keller worked for the Washington State Department of Transportation (WSDOT) as archivist for two years until 2003. In addition to gathering and processing the WSDOT Historical Collection, he also helped establish a permanent collection of maps and photographs displayed on the second floor of the Transportation Building in Olympia. Currently, he is employed as a senior analyst with the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California.

Author’s Note: Photographs for this article were taken from Ike Munson’s original Department of Highway’s scrapbook-style report, labeled “Cascade Pass Survey,” and were graciously provided by Chuck Munson, an engineer, who lives in East Wenatchee. Robert V. Culp, of Wenatchee, provided background information about this and other surveys, and donated photographs to WSDOT Historical Collection.
CULPABLE INEFFIC
in the PERFORMANCE

The 1934 Collision between the Battleship USS Arizona and the Dockton Purse Seiner Umatilla

By Richard Hall

During the moonlit early morning hours of July 26, 1934, in calm waters off Cape Flattery, the battleship USS Arizona sliced through the purse seiner Umatilla. Two lives were lost in the collision, causing both mourning and accusations from the ethnically mixed community of Dockton on Vashon-Maury Island. The details of the incident and subsequent naval court of inquiry were major news events in western Washington.

Among the nine fishermen aboard the ill-fated Umatilla were Arnold and Lauritz Halsan, the sons of Norwegian immigrant parents. Their father, Adolf Halsan, had departed from Trondheim in 1892 bound for the Columbia River fishing village of Astoria, Oregon. In Astoria, as he had done in Norway, Adolf continued to seek his livelihood from the sea.

In 1908 Adolf moved his young family north to Puget Sound where they settled in the Norwegian and Croatian fishing community of Dockton, on Vashon-Maury Island. Both Arnold and Lauritz were born in Dockton and inherited their father's attachment to the sea.

In May 1934 the Halsan brothers signed on as crew members aboard the Dockton-based Umatilla, a 58-foot purse seiner owned by Peter Petrich and piloted by Lucas Plancich. The Norwegian and Croatian names of Halsan, Ongstad, Landers, Plancich, Beretich, Usorac, Franicevich, and Kranjcevich attest to the ethnic mix of the Umatilla's crew and the Dockton community.

The Umatilla was to spend the summer engaged in fishing in the ocean waters of the Swiftsure fishing banks north and west of Cape Flattery near the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The procedure for fishing these waters required a predawn departure from Neah Bay. In the darkness of the early morning hours navigational bearings for the fishing banks were provided by the Tatoosh Lighthouse and Swiftsure Lightship. To obtain an accurate bearing of these two lights it was necessary to cross the "steamer lane." This could be a dangerous maneuver as the "steamer lane" was the route taken by freighters, military vessels,
The 27-ton purse seiner Umatilla, 58 feet in length, was built in 1920 by Western Boat Company of Tacoma. Owned by Peter Petrich, she was piloted in the summer of 1934 by Lucas Plancich.

and other large ships to either enter or exit the Strait of Juan de Fuca. In the often foggy predawn darkness this crossing, done without radar in the 1930s, involved considerable risk.

At about 1:30 in the morning, in the darkness of Thursday, July 26, the Umatilla left Neah Bay. Half an hour later the Emblem, a purse seiner that often fished with the Umatilla, left its Neah Bay moorage. The Emblem, a relatively fast seiner, soon caught up with the slower Umatilla and then followed the Umatilla in a parallel tandem alignment as the two boats set a west-by-northwest course to the Swiftsure Lightship. Lauritz Halsan was among the seven crew members sleeping in their bunks below deck while the boat's captain, Lucas Plancich, piloted the Umatilla toward the fishing banks.

Dragutin Beretich was stationed on the bow deck, serving as a lookout while the Umatilla crossed the shipping lanes.

With the engine running smoothly and propelling the Umatilla to near its top speed of six knots, Arnold Halsan went to Lauritz's bunk to wake him for the lunar eclipse that would take place shortly. Arnold shook his sleeping brother, but Lauritz only stirred briefly, muttered a few choice obscenities in Norwegian and remained in his bunk. Arnold then went above deck and viewed a clear sky with a full moon positioned low on the horizon. It was too early for the partial lunar eclipse scheduled for 3:54, so Arnold retired to the boat's head (bathroom). He was in the head at 2:20, at which time the Umatilla and Emblem were approximately four miles from Neah Bay at a position three miles east of the Tatoosh Lighthouse and two miles off the Cape Flattery coast. The sea was calm with patches of fog moving in from the Pacific. It was a clear, moonlit night with the lights from the Tatoosh Lighthouse clearly visible. Suddenly, the USS Arizona emerged without any auditory or visual signals. Lucas Plancich had no warning of the ship's approach—his rude introduction was the sound of wood splintering and the shock of a collision that threw him from the wheel onto the pilot house floor. The Umatilla had been hit on the starboard side near the stern. The Arizona had sliced completely through the purse seiner, shearing off 15 feet of its stern.

The Arizona had left the Bremerton naval shipyard a few hours earlier. She headed westward through the Strait of Juan de Fuca at 14 knots and approached the shipping lanes near Cape Flattery. Near the Tatoosh Lighthouse fishing boat lights were sighted from the Arizona's bridge. Captain Macgillivray Milne, who had been resting, now took the helm. A group of approximately 30 boats to the port, or shore side, of the Arizona were headed east, away from the battleship, but two lights separated from the group. The two distinct boat lights remained in sight forward of the battleship's bow and slightly to the port. Despite two seiners in close proximity to the battleship, Captain Milne did not sound the ship's horn, slow its speed, or change course. The Arizona, closing rapidly, approached the Emblem and Umatilla from their sterns. The Emblem, approximately 400 yards to the stern of the Umatilla, was closest to the Arizona. The Arizona was sailing at a course destined to collide with both purse seiners. Just as the Arizona was about to collide with the Emblem, warning whistles were sounded. Finally sighting the battleship, the Emblem turned sharply to port and the Arizona passed within 50 feet. A collision had been narrowly averted, but the Umatilla was not as fortunate.
John Kranjcevich, gave this account:

"I saw his crew struggling through a broken skylight to free themselves from the pilot house window to escape and feel the boat shudder and shake. Almost instantly with the sudden move­ment the water in a desperate attempt to free them. He was unsuccessful.

Lucas Plancich smashed the pilot house window to escape and saw his crew struggling through a broken skylight to free themselves from the doomed boat. One of the survivors, John Kranjcevich, gave this account:

"We were all trapped below. The first thing we knew was an awful crash and the Umatilla rolled away over on her side. We all picked ourselves up and started for the engine room companionway—to be met and hurled from our feet by a solid wall of sea water which came roaring down upon us. Someone smashed the skylight. We began crawling out on deck. . . . I guess the two men who didn’t get out were trapped and hurt in the awful dark confusion of struggling bodies and floating wreckage and bedding on the forecastle floor.

Lauritz Halsan and John Usorac were unable to escape.

In the boat’s head, Arnold Halsan felt the boat shudder and shake. Almost instantaneous with the sudden movement came the sound of the cracking and crunching of wood followed by the swoshing sound of water. The Umatilla tilted sharply to port and water began to rush through the door into the head. The water immediately engulfed Arnold, and as he was swept out of the head he saw a huge gray shape directly above him. In the water, it appeared to Arnold that the great gray hulk was going over him. The water rushing over the deck, the crunch of wood, and the huge gray hull were the last things Arnold recalled clearly until seeing flares in the waters lit by searchlights from a great gray ship.

Arnold clambered through water and debris to the starboard railing. The forward two-thirds, or bow portion, of the Umatilla was listing to port. The starboard railing was tilted high above the water, and there Arnold was joined by Dragutin Beretich and four crew members who had escaped from below deck through the broken skylight. When it became obvious that John Usorac and Lauritz Halsan were trapped below deck, Arnold became hysterical and dove into the water in a desperate attempt to free them. He was unsuccessful.

The Arizona reacted immediately to the collision by reversing its engines and lowering two lifeboats, but it was the Emblem that picked up the survivors. Captain Milne ordered a brief coded message radioed to the Thirteenth Naval District Headquarters in Seattle, informing his superiors of the collision. After watching the Emblem retrieve the survivors and begin to tow the damaged boat toward Neah Bay, the Arizona continued on its voyage to San Pedro in Los Angeles as though nothing had occurred.

Although two men had drowned and a boat had been sliced in two by the battleship, the engineer’s logbook for the Arizona made only one enigmatic statement, “At 02:21 stopped and back full to pick up a man overboard.” The battleship had left the scene of the collision and was heading around Cape Flattery toward open waters. By one o’clock in the afternoon of July 26, the Arizona was sailing in a southerly direction in the Pacific waters off the Washington coast. Captain Milne determined to leave Cape Flattery and the collision far behind.

The Arizona steamed away, even as the Emblem began the difficult task of towing the partly submerged segments of the Umatilla back to Neah Bay. In the hold of the bow portion of the Umatilla were the trapped bodies of Lauritz Halsan and John Usorac. The Emblem made little headway towing the Umatilla, so a cannery tender, Buddy, was sent out from Neah Bay to relieve the Emblem of towing duties. The Buddy was able to tow the Umatilla to Neah Bay where it was beached. The grim task of searching the Umatilla’s hold could now begin.

The bodies were discovered in the sleeping quarters below deck near the engine room. In Lauritz’s pocket was a return ferry ticket to Vashon Island.

The survivors of the Umatilla were cold and shivering when brought aboard the Emblem. They were immediately wrapped in blankets and given coffee. All had suffered bruises and abrasions, but two of the Umatilla survivors had suffered serious injuries. It was necessary to transport Frank Francievich and Ivan Kranjcevich to a marine hospital in Anacortes.

While the crews of the Emblem and Umatilla struggled with the aftermath of the collision, Captain Milne, aboard the Arizona, exchanged messages with the district headquarters in Seattle. Upon receiving the brief initial message radioed by the Arizona, the district command responded immediately, demanding a more detailed report from Captain Milne. Was the Umatilla still afloat? Had bodies been recovered? Had an investigation of the incident been conducted and, if so, what were the conclusions? Captain Milne replied with a coded radio message summarizing his interpretation of the event. This message would outline the legal basis for a defense of Milne’s decisions:

[The] fishing vessel, Umatilla, two points on port bow drawing aft and apparently well clear suddenly altered course to starboard within 1,000 yards of Arizona. Sounded warning whistle and attempted to turn Arizona starboard but too late to avoid collision at 02:20.

The message continued, stating that lifeboats had been lowered and the Arizona had remained at the accident until the Umatilla was observed
being towed toward shore. The Arizona had failed to conduct an investigation “because available witnesses spoke only broken English.”

The district command was not satisfied with Captain Milne’s response and radioed back a coded message. Was a board of investigation being convened, as required by navy protocol, to investigate the collision? From the Arizona, now sailing at full speed down the Pacific Coast, Captain Milne radioed back, “On account of great delay involved in securing testimony of non-English-speaking witnesses and the importance of carrying out present schedule, Board of Investigation was not convened on board Arizona.” Captain Milne was determined to get the Arizona on the high seas headed south to San Pedro. His priorities apparently did not include dealing with immigrant fishermen.

The district command thought differently. Their next message ordered the Arizona to proceed to Seattle where a court of inquiry would investigate the collision. The navy expected a short inquiry that would allow the Arizona to “rejoin the fleet as soon as possible.”

The Arizona accepted the orders and informed Seattle the battleship would arrive back in Neah Bay at two in the afternoon (14:00) on July 28 “and try to obtain witnesses... but believe witnesses are in Seattle.” The Arizona still resisted a return to Seattle and recommended the court of inquiry “proceed first to Neah Bay for inspection of Umatilla, take testimony of all witnesses available, and then proceed to Seattle if necessary in Arizona.” The Thirteenth Naval District did not concur, and the Arizona reluctantly sailed to Seattle.

The collision had resulted in two confirmed civilian deaths. The deaths alone were sufficient cause for the navy command to call into session the infrequently used court of inquiry, but public opinion was an additional factor supporting this decision. Upon learning of the collision, the Seattle Post-Intelligencer had immediately sent a photographer and reporter by plane to Neah Bay.

The front page newspaper article under the byline of Marvin Badcom was critical of the Arizona, stating, “the huge battleship, charging through calm waters on her way out of the straits sheared off the stern of the fishing boat. Two men were trapped and drowned in the hold.
of the Seattle purse seiner Umatilla, rammed by the USS Arizona at sea off Cape Flattery. The inside pages of the P-I contained photos of Halsan, Usorac, and the severed remains of the Umatilla, a telephone interview with Lucas Plancich, and an article describing the impact of the incident on the families of Usorac and Halsan and Vashon's fishing community. Lucas Plancich, in a telephone interview from Neah Bay, spoke of a clear, calm, moonlit night when disaster struck. He stated, "Two of my men lie dead in the hold of the Umatilla where they were trapped like rats in one of the most astounding accidents of the sea I ever heard of." The article on the Dockton fishing community described the pregnant widow of John Usorac as being poverty stricken, with her shoeless children dressed in rags. The women comforting Mrs. Usorac were presented as "shod in tennis shoes, broken out at the toes." The P-I articles were a clear sign that the navy faced a Seattle press that was very critical of the Arizona's actions. The navy would have to respond with a credible investigation that assigned responsibility for the tragedy. Both the navy and the public wanted answers.

The circumstances and facts of the incident pointed to major errors committed by Captain Milne. Weather was not a factor since the sea was calm and visibility good. In an area frequented by fishing boats, it would have been prudent for the battleship to sound its horn frequently, but the Arizona failed to give either an auditory or visual warning signal as it approached the Emblem and Umatilla. The only warning whistles issued by the Arizona were sounded just prior to the near miss with the Emblem and the subsequent collision with the Umatilla-too late to avoid a disaster. The course navigated under Captain Milne's orders was dangerously close to fishing boats, and despite open sea to starboard, away from the Cape Flattery shoreline, Milne refused to change course. The Arizona's navigators apparently believed the running lights of the Emblem and Umatilla, which were traveling nearly single file, to be the lights of a single ship. However, this rationale failed to explain why the Umatilla was rammed in its stern.

The Halsan brothers' father, Adolf Halsan, in an interview with a P-I reporter, succinctly summed up criticisms of the Arizona's actions.

"It's those damn battleships, they run them full speed without any respect for the little fellow. If you try to turn out of their way, they'll charge that you changed your course and made the collision inevitable. I know. I've had experience with them. They don't have sailors aboard those ships."

The collision resulted in the establishment of a court of inquiry as well as the immediate filing of civil actions. On July 27 a lawsuit was filed on behalf of Peter Petrich, the Umatilla's owner, against the United States government for admiralty damages. On July 30 claims for damages resulting from the wrongful deaths of Halsan and Usorac were filed in Federal District Court in the Western District of Washington. The civil lawsuits were filed quickly, before the Arizona could put into a port outside Washington state's jurisdiction.

While civil actions were being filed, an official United States Navy Court of Inquiry was being summoned. The telegraphed dispatch of July 28, from Vice Admiral T. T. Craven, commander of Battleships, Battle Force of the United States Fleet, to F. H. Saddler, commanding officer of the USS Pennsylvania, clarified the navy's decision in the Umatilla incident.

Priority 0027 Court of Inquiry consisting of Captain F. H. Saddler, President, and Commanders W. K. Kilpatrick (USS Pennsylvania) and J. S. Lowell (USS Nevada) as additional members and of Commander R. A. Lavender (USS Nevada) as Judge Advocate, is hereby ordered to convene as soon as practicable for the purpose of inquiring into circumstances attending the collision between Arizona and fishing vessel Umatilla that occurred at about 0200 on 26 July near Cape Flattery, Washington.

The Court will thoroughly inquire into the matter hereby submitted to it and will include in its finding a full statement of the facts it may deem to be established and will give its opinion and recommend further proceedings proved in section 10:44 Naval Courts and Boards.

This message provided the legal precept for a naval court of inquiry to investigate and assign responsibility for the collision between the Umatilla and Arizona. The court of inquiry investigating the Arizona-Umatilla collision consisted of three navy officers—Captain Saddler, Commander Kilpatrick, and Commander Lowell. The court's assigned legal counsel, Judge Advocate Commander R. A. Lavender, under the supervision of Captain Saddler, was responsible for presenting evidence and questioning witnesses in a manner that followed proper legal procedures. Following the presentation of all the evidence and testimony, the court of inquiry, after deliberation, would issue findings of fact, opinion, and recommendations. The court of inquiry's convening officer, Vice Admiral T. T. Craven, could then either follow or disregard the court's recommendations.

The naval court of inquiry has no counterpart in the federal or state court systems. It is a hybrid of the grand jury and civil trial procedures. Each member of the court of inquiry can directly
ABOVE: Exhibit No. 6 from the court of inquiry. The diagram shows the severed portions of the Umatilla and approximate angle of the collision, which was judged to be 20 degrees.

RIGHT: The collision (marked on the map with an X) occurred two miles off the shore of Cape Flattery as the Umatilla crossed the shipping lanes headed for the Swiftsure fishing banks 18 miles northwest of Neah Bay at the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca.
Sunday burials of Lauritz Halsan and John Usorac, the proceedings convened on Monday morning, July 30, aboard the USS Arizona.

After the precepts were read, court members sworn in, and other procedural matters attended to, the first witness, Umatilla owner Peter Petrich, was called to testify. Petrich's testimony provided the legal basis for the court to identify Captain Macgillivray Milne as the defendant and Peter Petrich as the interested party, or plaintiff.

On July 31, the second day of the court of inquiry, Arnold Halsan was called to testify. The navy lawyers representing Captain Milne questioned Arnold extensively about the Umatilla's running lights. One of Arnold's responsibilities as first engineer was to assure that the running lights were operating properly. The defense lawyers in their cross-examination of Arnold attempted, without success, to prove that not all of the lights were operating properly. The defense also attempted to place Arnold on the Umatilla's deck prior to the collision. If Arnold was on the deck at that time he would have seen the Arizona. Arnold maintained under critical questioning that he was in the fishing boat's head prior to and at the time of the collision and that his first sighting of the Arizona was when he was swept out of the head and onto the deck by rushing waters caused by the collision. When a defense lawyer pointed out that by Arnold's testimony his visit to the head lasted at least 20 minutes, Arnold responded, "I didn't think I was in there that long." This exchange provided some levity during an otherwise serious court of inquiry.

Arnold Halsan, Lucas Plancich, and Dragutin Beretich were the only Umatilla crew members called to testify. Each of three men testified on two different days or sessions. Of the trio, Arnold Halsan and Lucas Plancich were grilled the most extensively by defense lawyers.

The primary allegation or premise of defense was that the Umatilla had, immediately prior to the collision, made a radical change of course, cutting in front of the Arizona and thus causing the collision. The defense also attempted to prove that the Umatilla crew had seen the Arizona prior to the collision, had an inadequate lookout system and had improper running lights. The testimony of Plancich and Halsan was crucial to each of these premises.

The court of inquiry continued for seven straight days. Except for the third and seventh sessions, all were held aboard the Arizona in its Elliott Bay anchorage. The third session, on August 1, was held at Neah Bay where the court inspected the remains of the Umatilla. The seventh and last session was held on August 8 aboard the USS Pennsylvania at its Bremerton anchorage. The testimony given that day was for the purpose of determining the value of the Umatilla and the dollar amount of damages suffered. This session was anticlimactic as the final arguments had already been given during the two previous sessions.

Following court protocol, the defense was given the opportunity to make the first closing argument. The key assertion made by the defense was that the Umatilla had caused the accident by suddenly turning to the starboard, or right, and crossing in front of the Arizona's bow. According to the defense, the Umatilla's incompetent lookout system resulted in the

Vice Admiral T. T. Craven called for a naval court of inquiry as soon as practical. After the Sunday burials of Lauritz Halsan and John Usorac, the proceedings convened on Monday, July 30, aboard the Arizona.
fishing boat's failure to see the Arizona, which led to the sudden ill-fated turn to starboard. Support for the defense allegations was provided by the testimony of navy officers who observed the collision from the Arizona's bridge. The defense concluded that the Umatilla should be judged responsible for the collision. This was the argument Adolf Halsan had predicted the navy would make: "If you try to turn out of their way, they'll charge that you changed your course and made the collision inevitable."

A secondary argument put forth by the defense lawyers in an attempt to remove the Arizona's command from responsibility for the collision was the alleged nonconformity of the Umatilla's running lights. The defense argued that improper running lights had denied Captain Milne the assistance required by law to avoid a collision; therefore, Captain Milne should be absolved of responsibility because of the Umatilla's "neglect and failure" to comply with Article 10 of the applicable navigation rules.

Following the defense presentation, Sam Wright, the counsel for Peter Petrich and the Umatilla's crew, stood and approached the court of inquiry officers. Wright argued, using complex data that included the respective sailing speeds of the Arizona and Umatilla and their course settings, that the Arizona as the overtaking vessel was on a collision course unless it changed direction to the starboard toward open seas. Wright further alleged that Captain Milne had acted irresponsibly by not ordering the Arizona's horn to be sounded intermittently, sailing speed reduced, or course altered while in the presence of many small fishing vessels. Wright also emphasized that the testimony of the Emblem's crew members noted no change in the Umatilla's course immediately prior to the collision. Their testimony refuted the claims of Arizona witnesses. Wright ended his closing statement declaring that the Arizona's failure to take the proper precautions could only have one result: "...that this vessel, traveling at great speed, got up too close for proper maneuvering and hit the vessel ahead."

After considerable deliberation the three-officer court of inquiry reconvened aboard the USS Pennsylvania. With all parties in attendance, the naval court of inquiry charged with inquiring "into the circumstances surrounding the collision between the USS Arizona and the purse seiner Umatilla," read its findings of fact.

Many of the items in the court's findings created serious problems for Captain Milne's defense. The court of inquiry found as fact that the Arizona did not slow her speed as she approached the Emblem and Umatilla. The Arizona also failed to "sound the whistle signals prescribed for a passing steamer when approaching the Umatilla." Instead, the battleship had only sounded warning whistles immediately prior to the collision. Finally, the Arizona was found to be "with respect to the Umatilla, an overtaking vessel." This last finding placed certain responsibilities on the Arizona. Unless the Umatilla had suddenly changed course and crossed in front of the battleship, the Arizona as the overtaking vessel would bear at least partial responsibility for the collision. Notable for its absence from the list of 35 findings was a statement declaring the Umatilla to have suddenly changed course sharply to the starboard (north), causing it to cross the bow of the Arizona.

Based on its findings of fact, the court of inquiry developed an opinion with 20 elements. The opinion was now read to those assembled. The elements led to the conclusion that the Umatilla had remained on a constant course from its first sighting by the Arizona until the collision. The testimony from Arizona crewmen claiming to have observed a change in the Umatilla's course was discounted as "rough estimates and of doubtful accuracy."

Without support for the claim of a last-minute change of direction by the fishing boat, the hopes of Captain Milne's defense rested on whether the
Umatilla's navigation lights had operated correctly in the early morning hours of July 26. Those hopes were dimmed when the court held that all of the Umatilla's navigation lights had been operating. As to the purse seiner's lack of compliance with Article 10 of the navigational rules, the court discounted its significance. The Umatilla had failed to meet Article 10 criteria on at least two items. First, the stern light was not screened so as to focus light on an arc of 12 compass points visible for a distance of one mile and, second, it was not placed on a level with the running lights. Even so, the court of inquiry ruled, "If the white light had been screened it would have afforded no additional information to the Arizona until the collision (at the speed the Arizona was traveling) was unavoidable."

The court of inquiry also found the actions taken by Captain Milne to have been insufficient to avoid a collision. The hard right rudder command was counted its significance. The court held that all visible for a distance of one mile and, had failed to meet Article 10 criteria were also ineffective as wind conditions been insufficient to avoid a collision. If partial blame was affixed to the Umatilla it would become more difficult to win a reasonable damage award for the boat owner, but it might not significantly impact personal damage awards for surviving crew members or the Halsan and Usorac estates.

However, the court of inquiry's opinion, holding the Umatilla partially responsible for the collision, did not release Captain Milne of culpability. The court of inquiry's findings of fact and opinion had placed Captain Milne's naval career in jeopardy. The court's recommendations gave credence to that assumption: "that the commanding officer of the Arizona, Captain Macgillivray Milne, United States Navy, be brought to trial by general court-martial on the charge of Culpable Inefficiency in the Performance of Duty."

Although not unexpected, this was still a stunning recommendation. The navy had finally taken seriously the arrogance shown by navy commanders in the area off Cape Flattery. Navy ships could no longer disregard small fishing vessels and, when a collision occurred, expect to hold the fishing boat responsible. It had cost two lives, but the navy would now operate more carefully in this waterway congested with fishing boats.

The court of inquiry's findings of fact, opinion, and recommendation were then sent to Vice Admiral Craven. Upon receiving these rulings the vice admiral had a duty to act on the recommendations—either to order the court-martial as recommended, impose an alternative disciplinary action upon Captain Milne, or completely set aside the findings and recommendations. On September 5, 1934, Craven issued his decision in a dispatch sent to the judge advocate general of the Department of the Navy, directing that "Captain Macgillivray Milne, U.S. Navy, will be brought to trial by general court-martial on the charge recommended by the court."

Milne's court-martial was held aboard the Arizona. On October 29, 1934, a dispatch was sent from Washington by Admiral C.C. Bloch, the navy's judge advocate general, to Captain Milne, finalizing the decision made in his court-martial:

"The general court-martial before which you were tried on board the USS Arizona, found you guilty of 'Culpable Inefficiency in the Performance of Duty' (as commanding officer failing to issue necessary orders to prevent collision), and adjudged the following sentence: 'The court, therefore, sentences him, Macgillivray Milne, captain U.S. Navy, to lose three (3) numbers in his grade.'

Milne received the dispatch in his quarters where he was held under arrest waiting his sentencing. Under the sentence imposed, he would retain his captain's rank, but being reduced three numbers meant that three officers below him would be promoted before he could be considered for a promotion. Under these restrictions, Captain Macgillivray Milne was directed to be released from custody and restored to active duty."

In his early 50s, Milne had been poised to either advance to rear admiral or finish his career in a distinguished fashion as a battleship commander. That was not to be. Milne's lapse in judgment during the predawn hours of July 26, 1934, marred what had been a successful 35-year navy career. In 1936 Milne was appointed naval governor of American Samoa. From 1936 to 1938 he administered what was essentially a coaling station in the South Pacific, but never again would Macgillivray Milne captain a ship of the United States Navy.

Arnelle Halsan Hall is the daughter of Arnold Halsan and Lauritz Halsan's niece. Her husband Richard Hall is a vocational specialist whose interest in family history led him to research and write about the Umatilla/Arizona incident. The Halls live near Coupeville on Whidbey Island.
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September 26-27, 2004
WASHINGTON STATE HISTORY MUSEUM

The Washington State History Museum is hosting this symposium to give scholars an opportunity to explore themes and issues raised in the nationally touring exhibition, Beyond Lewis and Clark: The Army Explores the West. Presenters include leading historians James Ronda, John Logan Allen, Tom Chaffin, Ron Tyler, and Brian Dippie.

CONFERENCE SCHEDULE
Sunday, September 26:
Opening reception for WSHS members, 5:30 to 8 PM

Monday, September 27:
Conference sessions, 8:30 AM to 5 PM
Closing reception, 5:30 to 7 PM

REGISTRATION
WSHS members have the opportunity to participate in a private opening reception with WSHS Director David Nicandri and the conference presenters on Sunday, September 26. Registration for the general public includes admission to all Monday, September 27, sessions; viewing of the exhibition, Beyond Lewis and Clark: The Army Explores the West; light refreshments on Monday, and closing reception. Monday lunch is not included.

For discounted rate, registration must be received on or before September 13. After September 13, registration will only include the Monday sessions.

COST
WSHS members—opening reception, Monday sessions, and closing reception: $55.00
WSHS members—Monday sessions and closing reception: $40.00
General admission—Monday sessions and closing reception: $40.00
Student admission—Monday sessions: $15.00
Late registration (after September 13)—Monday sessions: $50.00

For more information or to register, call 253/798-5877. Teacher registration is also available. Please call for details.

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

The Fourth Wave


Old Rivet


The Adventure Narrative as History


Highway History


Culpable Inefficiency in the Performance of Duty

"Battleship USS Arizona rams and sinks purse seiner off Cape Flattery" by Richard Hall and David Wilma, posted at www.historylink.org.


When Perry Saito was operating the elevator in Aberdeen’s Finch Building in 1938, Karl Bendetsen was on his way up—to his law office in the Finch Building and way beyond. Neither had any inkling that in a few short years they both would be figurative prisoners of war. One was the architect of the “military necessity” rationale behind FDR’s executive order mandating the evacuation and internment of 117,000 West Coast Americans of Japanese ancestry during World War II; the other, a fledgling pacifist, was an internee. Both were bright young men of immigrant stock. But Bendetsen’s ambition prompted him to hide his Jewish faith and blinded him to racism. He gained membership in a WASPish Stanford fraternity, earned a law degree, changed the spelling of his last name, invented gentile ancestors, worked 20-hour days and at 34 became the youngest full colonel in the United States Army. Perry Saito couldn’t have hidden his Japanese ancestry even if he had wanted to. Because of the color of his skin and the shape of his eyes, he was yanked out of Aberdeen and sent to the windswept relocation camp at Tule Lake, California, together with his brother, sister, and their widowed mother. Mrs. Saito had been arrested at the family’s Heron Street Oriental curio shop two days after Pearl Harbor. For weeks no one knew where she had been taken.

Decades later Perry Saito, who became a Methodist minister, would find himself in a historic confrontation with a thoroughly unrepentant Bendetsen as Americans took stock of how wartime hysteria had subverted their Constitution. This disquieting, altogether remarkable story is compellingly told by native Aberdonian Klancy Clark de Nevers. The Colonel and the Pacifist is a major contribution to American history. It has special relevance to the present in light of the ongoing debate over civil liberties, domestic and foreign, in the wake of the 9/11 terrorist attacks and the war in Iraq.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, champion of the downtrodden, emerges with his liberal halo badly tarnished, having given Colonel Bendetsen and his “a Jap is a Jap” commanding general, John L. DeWitt, carte blanche to concoct a reason to round up Japanese Americans without any evidence of planned sabotage or imminent attack. The notorious Hearst columnist, Westbrook Pegler, appealing as usual to the worst instincts of his audience, declared, “...to hell with habeas corpus until the danger is over.”

Political cartoonist Theodor Seuss Geisel, who went on to become the benignly beloved Dr. Seuss, joined the chorus of anti-Japanese hysteria. Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy stated, “If it is a question of safety of the country, [or] the Constitution of the United States, why the Constitution is just a scrap of paper to me.” Earl Warren, future chief justice of a United States Supreme Court that struck the landmark blow for school desegregation, played the Jap card for all it was worth as he campaigned for governor of California. He came to regret the error of his ways but never said so publicly. Meantime, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover—despite his reputation as a red-baiter and keeper of political dossiers—is revealed as a moderate on the Japanese question, deeply troubled by the subversion of due process.

In the weeks following Pearl Harbor, the Aberdeen Daily World, happily, was one of many newspapers that tried to exert a calming influence. Editor and publisher W.A. Rupp cautioned readers, “The FBI can take care of the fifth columnist; is doing so already, in fact.... If you believe you have reason for suspicion, tell it to the police; do not whisper it.... They can be used, these whispers, against any American—regardless of his forebears—used to ruin a competitor or to serve a private grudge. They are part and parcel of the Hitler method and do not belong in this country.”

But the specter of fear was powerful, especially when the craven enemy didn’t look “American.” Bendetsen parroted General DeWitt’s unsubstantiated claims “that every seagoing vessel that left a Pacific Coast port was met by an enemy submarine, and that unlawful radio transmitters were not being shut down.”

On the West Coast—Grays Harbor, in particular—many feared a Japanese attack was imminent, with yellow hordes storming the beaches here and on Willapa Harbor, then moving inland to set up an invasion hub at Centralia and Chehalis. A West Coast attack, hard on the heels of knock-out blows on Manila and Hawaii was predicted 30 years earlier by Homer Lea. As the smoke cleared over Pearl Harbor, copies of his prophetic 1909 book, The Valor of Ignorance, were unearthed from many a Harborite’s dusty bookshelves.

After the FBI ransacked the Saitos’ store and apartment and hauled Mrs. Saito, 42, off to jail, “Rumors ran rampant on Heron Street. Mr. Saito was supposed to have had a searchlight in his chimney, pointing to the sky—it would direct ‘Jap’ planes to town, they said.” Mr. Saito, for the record, had been dead for five years. Proud of his adopted country, he had made his children memorize all four stanzas of “The Star Spangled Banner” as well as the Preamble to the Declaration of Independence. There were also heartwarming examples of Harborites standing up to defend the Saitos.

Klancy Clark de Nevers, a 1951 graduate of Aberdeen’s Weath­erwax High School, is a retired software engineer who lives in Salt Lake City. She was co-editor of Cohasset Beach Chronicles: World War II in the Pacific Northwest, a collection of Kathy Hogan’s remarkable wartime columns in the Grays Harbor Post, the weekly newspaper published by de Nevers family.

A painstaking researcher and talented storyteller, de Nevers carefully weaves the contrasting stories of two men on a collision course with history. The outcome is not flattering to Karl Bendetsen, a brilliant man who became an assistant secretary of the army and chairman, president, and CEO of Champion International.

As the movement for redress of Japanese Americans got under way in 1980, Bendetsen seethed at “arrogant militants” like Perry Saito and flatly denied that he had devised the “military necessity” strategy that led to the mass internment. He died in 1989 at the age of 81. The Rev. Saito had succumbed to heart failure in 1985. He was only 64.
Beyond Lewis & Clark, the exhibition, will show in Kansas and Missouri between December 2004 and April 2006. Beyond Lewis & Clark, the publication, will remain a standard reference for students writing term papers for decades beyond. The book will also find a secure spot on the shelves of many scholars, too, for Professor Ronda "sees" the West as few have before. His insights are provocative. James Ronda is a guide to be reckoned with every bit as much as the men he writes about!

Robert M. Carriker holds faculty appointments in America, where he is head of the History Department at the University of Louisiana, Lafayette, and in Italy, where he teaches in Florence. He has twice co-directed National Endowment for the Humanities teachers' seminars on the Lewis and Clark expedition.

Visible Bones
Journeys Across Time in the Columbia River Country
Reviewed by Dawn Maureen Burns.

SPOKANE NATURALIST JACK NISBET first came to the attention of Pacific Northwest readers in 1995 when he won the Murray Morgan History Prize, the Idaho Book of the Year Award, and the Washington Governor's Writers Award for his regional best-seller, Sources of the River: Tracking David Thompson across Western North America. Visible Bones is his fourth book, and it is a good one. With its dozen chapters it takes a wide-angle view of the Columbia River drainage between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade Range. One section looks at Northwest condors; another concerns itself with Mount Coffin, a notable landmark on the Columbia River. The chapter on sheepmoths looks at a caterpillar; the chapter on water dogs looks at "fish with legs," reputed to be in Medical Lake; the chapter, "The Devouring Disorder," examines a smallpox pandemic. My personal favorite is "Behemoth," about the discovery of mammoth bones in eastern Washington that eventually ended up in such foreign places as New York's American Museum of Natural History and Chicago's Field Museum. It is true that Nisbet skips around a lot when it comes to subjects, but the reader doesn't mind because each transition, the flow of the prose, seems so effortless and pleasant.

Visible Bones is not fiction. It derives from explorers' journals, ships' logs, microfilmed newspaper accounts, and oral history interviews conducted with Native Americans, pioneer landholders, and modern-day scientists. Nisbet's writing style has been called "knitting" because he moves from past to present and back again to tell a story whose beginning or ending might surprise the reader. Clearly, he enjoyed writing this book, especially when it came to crafting his underlying point. A strong environmentalist, Nisbet hopes that by calling attention to the ways natural history and human history interact in the Columbia Basin the reader will recognize his own personal responsibility for living in the Northwest. The thread of his stories is all about time and place, nature, and mankind. Read the book; draw your own conclusions.

Dawn Burns, a native of Portland, is a freelance writer and secondary school teacher of English and creative writing.
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THE COLONEL AND THE PACIFIST

Karl Bendetsen, Perry Saito, and the Incarceration of Japanese Americans during World War II

Klancy Clark de Nevers

The story of two men caught up in one of the most infamous episodes in American history—one the Army major who penned the executive order removing Americans of Japanese ancestry from their West Coast homes, and the other a young man incarcerated in Tule Lake Relocation Camp—both from the same home town of Aberdeen, Washington.

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As we end the fiscal year, I’d like to take a moment to thank you, our members, for your support over the past year. Our membership renewal rate has remained steady, which means that you are choosing to stick with the Washington State Historical Society and enjoy the benefits of your membership. In addition, we are proud to say that the charitable giving by our members has increased significantly. This type of support is vital to our operations because it provides us with funds that enhance our programs and services throughout the year and help us maintain the high level of quality our members and visitors expect, despite dwindling state funding. Your gifts allow us to do things like host a members’ event, promote a free program, purchase equipment for our galleries, and provide scholarship assistance for teachers to attend our summer institute.

I hope you’ve had the opportunity to participate in some of our exciting Lewis & Clark events over the past several months. Programs, members-only receptions, exhibitions, and weekend excursions have all served to enhance the Lewis & Clark Bicentennial observance in our state. We have much more in store and encourage you to read through the cover wrap of your COLUMBIA and the Explore It! for upcoming bicentennial activities, including a Lewis & Clark Symposium in September. On the web you can visit http://www.washingtonhistory.org/wshm/lewisandclark for information about Lewis & Clark-related events throughout the state.

Lastly, I’m excited to share with you the news that the Washington State History Museum has achieved the highest possible honor—accreditation by the American Association of Museums (AAM). AAM accreditation signifies excellence within the museum community. It is a professional seal of approval and strengthens individual museums and the entire field by promoting ethical practices and rigorous standards. The accreditation process also encourages museum leaders to make informed decisions, allocate and use resources wisely, and maintain the strictest accountability to the public they serve. Our public includes you, our members; we are proud of this accomplishment and hope you share that pride in your museum.

We want you to know that everything you do for us, from becoming a member or attending an event to donating a charitable gift or encouraging a friend to visit the museum, means a great deal to our staff and trustees. Once again, thank you for your friendship and support.

—Brenda Hanan, Development Manager
BEYOND LEWIS & CLARK
The Army Explores the West
By James P. Ronda

The exhibition by the same name, organized by the Washington State Historical Society, is one of the most ambitious interpretive projects of the Lewis and Clark Bicentennial. The book, a companion volume to the exhibition, offers a corrective vision of the history of the Lewis and Clark expedition. The nearly exclusive attention paid to Lewis and Clark of late has cast the broader pattern of army exploration in the West into obscurity. In this volume James Ronda places the Corps of Discovery within the larger perspective of Enlightenment-era science and empire-building and establishes how the Jeffersonian model of exploration endured to varying degrees via other army expeditions. In this regard, particular attention is paid to the pivotal figure in the evolution of the “Army in the West”—John C. Frémont—and other notable explorers, including Stephen H. Long and Isaac I. Stevens. In a path-breaking interpretation, Ronda even places the pre-Little Big Horn exploratory ventures of George Armstrong Custer within the paradigm established by Lewis and Clark’s initial foray.

120 pages, 30 illustrations (including 11 maps), and bibliography; $14.95, paper.
Available at the Northwest Museum Store inside the Washington State History Museum or at a book store near you. To order by phone call the Northwest Museum Store at 253/798-5880.

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“A richly textured tale of a brave and complicated man. Landon Jones has brought to life a violent, morally complex time—when the frontier was St. Louis and diplomats and statesmen needed to be warriors and explorers.” —Evan Thomas, author of John Paul Jones: Sailor, Hero, Father of the American Navy

*Kirkus Reviews
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