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COVER: Maggie Jim and her daughters Arita and Rosita witness the inundation of Celilo Falls on March 10, 1957, after completion of the Dalles Dam. Many Indian people recognized the solemnity of the occasion by dressing in full regalia. An estimated 10,000 people came to watch as the reservoir behind the dam rose over the rapids and falls where Indians had fished for centuries. (J. W. Thompson photo; courtesy Maryhill Museum of Art)
COLUMBIA Turns 20

Regrettably, we take forward progress for granted sometimes. So it is when I think of the appearance of COLUMBIA Magazine in March 1987. That era not only predated desktop publishing but so many other common features of life today in this digital age—like cell phones, digital cameras, PDAs, and iPods. Within the realm of Washington history it might almost be considered the Dark Ages. This was, after all, just a few years after the state legislature nearly terminated the Washington State Historical Society's existence as a stage agency, pursuant to the "Sunset Law" that required some agencies to get statutory reauthorization. This was also prior to the state centennial and much of the heritage infrastructure we see in place around the state, most notably our own Washington State History Museum.

When COLUMBIA appeared, it was reminiscent of the days early in the 20th century when workers at freight stations across the country unloaded boxes of citrus fruit from California or apples from Washington wrapped in those colorful, almost exotic labels. The novelty of that first COLUMBIA arose from its vibrant color and lively prose, both of which were aimed at readers from the general public rather than strictly from academic disciplines. That history could be presented in such an engaging fashion was truly a revelation.

COLUMBIA Magazine resulted in an immediate tripling of the Historical Society's membership and provided a credible base of support for the Society's survival as well as a foundation for future growth. At the root of all stories like this are people, and the vital person in this case was the magazine's founding donor and editor, John McClelland Jr. Every reader of COLUMBIA throughout time will be indebted to the publishing standard he established.

—David L. Nicandri, Executive Editor
In the spring of 1987 John McClelland Jr. modestly assumed the title of “Interim Editor” when he presented the first edition of COLUMBIA Magazine to the membership of the Washington State Historical Society. He continued to portray himself as a temporary employee of the Historical Society’s quarterly magazine until the third issue of volume two, at which point David Nicandri assumed the position of executive editor. Henceforth Nicandri acknowledged McClelland as “Founding Editor” in the magazine’s masthead.

To help him establish COLUMBIA, McClelland enlisted a community of scholars, contributing editors, and members of the Washington State Historical Society’s board of curators (members of the board of trustees were honored with the title of “curator” in those days). They recognized in their friend a confident leader who had the know-how to start a magazine that would be read and enjoyed by armchair historians as well as professionals in the field. McClelland intended COLUMBIA to follow the friendly design and readability of The Beaver, Canada’s History Magazine (est. 1920). He also had a high regard for Montana, The Magazine of Western History, the quarterly of the Montana Historical Society since 1951.

McClelland’s idea for a Washington history magazine brewed for a long time before the first issue went public. A stumbling block was raised by the Washington State Historical Society’s director, Bruce Le Roy, who believed such a project would be too costly and too much work. He also feared that the publication McClelland proposed would offend the scholarly community that patronized the Pacific Northwest Quarterly (PNQ), a respected publication produced since 1906 by the University of Washington History Department. Le Roy was also concerned that it might create unwelcome competition if the Society published its own quarterly. At that time, Historical Society members received a subscription to the PNQ as a membership benefit.

Like tumblers in a combination lock, events began to fall into place in 1986. A shuffle in personnel at the Historical Society brought, in quick succession, a new director and then an acting director, Brigadier General (ret.) David O. Byars. McClelland provided continuity to the organization during this rough transition. He had first joined the board of curators in 1952, but beginning in 1986 he stepped up to take on the obligations of president. Having recently sold his family’s interest in several newspapers, McClelland now decided to try his hand at magazine publishing. Ready for a new challenge, he offered to sponsor COLUMBIA Magazine for the Historical Society. He would edit and print it alongside his own new magazine venture, Washington. To ensure a positive response from the board, McClelland personally guaranteed to fund the difference between subscription income and expenses until COLUMBIA could achieve self-supporting status. For several years that figure hovered between $75,000 and $100,000 annually.
john McClelland Jr. grew up in the newspaper business. At the age of eight he moved west with his family from Arkansas to Longview, Washington, where his father, a printer by trade, started up the Longview Daily News in 1923. Young McClelland attended schools in Longview, became student body president of R. A. Long High School, captained the golf team, edited the school newspaper, and exhibited his love for history with a growing book collection. He majored in journalism at Stanford University and for a time after his graduation remained in California, learning his trade in the newsroom of several dailies, including the Sacramento Bee. He returned to Longview in 1939 to marry Burdette Craig and to take over as editor of the Daily News. Except for the time he served in World War II as part of the United States Navy amphibious fleet that invaded Iwo Jima, the Philippines, and Okinawa, McClelland remained in Longview until 1975 as editor, publisher, or president of the family newspaper. Along the way, in 1971, Longview Publishing purchased the Port Angeles Daily News.

McClelland possessed three qualities that made him the ideal person to head up a venture like COLUMBIA. First of all, he was a man who took risks—calculated risks. In 1976, for example, he converted two Eastside weeklies into the Bellevue Journal-American. It was the first start-up of a daily newspaper in Washington in 40 years. He challenged two Seattle dailies for circulation and turned a profit during each of the 10 years he owned the paper.

Secondly, McClelland had an eye for quality. He garnered a reputation for employing an excellent staff in Longview, Port Angeles, and Bellevue. National news organizations acknowledged as much when they elected him to the Associated Press board of directors or passed out awards to his publications.

Finally, McClelland knew history. The young book collector became an author, writing about Longview, R. A. Long's planned city; Lewis and Clark on the lower Columbia; the Centralia riot; and other topics. He served on the boards of the Washington Parks and Recreation Commission, the Washington State Board of Geographic Names, and the Forest History Society.

Having gained the approval of the board of curators to start COLUMBIA, the Magazine of Northwest History, McClelland hired David Buerge, a Seattle historian, and J. William T. Youngs, a history professor at Eastern Washington University, to be his consulting editors. Western Washington University historian Keith Murray added his advice, too. Best of all, in the summer of 1987, before COLUMBIA was three issues old, David Nicandri came on board as the new director of the Washington State Historical Society. Nicandri brought to the table ideal qualifications for taking over McClelland's role as COLUMBIA's editor in chief. For 14 years he had been curator of history at the State Capital Museum in Olympia, and he had written on a wide variety of Washington history topics.

The magazine's mission was clear from the start. COLUMBIA would not compete with the footnote-heavy articles presented in the PNQ; instead, it would inspire readers from the general public to take an interest in their local, state, and regional history. As McClelland wrote on page two of the first issue, "Lack of interest stems from ignorance," McClelland wrote, "there is the element of pride." The accomplishments of Northwesterners "should not go unappreciated by those who are the beneficiaries of those efforts, just as the achievements of the present should not be unknown to those who come after us, as they will be if the processes of history are neglected."

John McClelland erred when in the first issue he predicted that the magazine "will reach relatively few people. We wish it could reach them all. It has been small efforts, many of them, that have built Washington and the Northwest. This is one more." Twenty years later that small effort has turned into a big success. COLUMBIA now reaches a large number of people. Society members receive it each quarter; articles are also published on-line for the computer savvy; libraries subscribe to the magazine for their patrons; teachers of Pacific Northwest history find it a valuable resource; and its index is a useful tool for researchers.

John McClelland Jr. dared to make history accessible to readers across Washington, exhibiting no fear of critics who might have charged that he was making history too popular. Today he looks back with pride on two major ways in which he stimulated the growth of Washington's historical landscape—he started COLUMBIA and he chose David Nicandri to be both the Historical Society's director and the magazine's first executive editor. John McClelland is the godfather of COLUMBIA Magazine and, by association, the modern era of the Washington State Historical Society.

Robert C. Carriker has served as COLUMBIA's book review editor since the first issue and has been a member of the history faculty at Gonzaga University for 38 years. He also served from 1981 to 1990 on the Washington State Historical Society's board of trustees.
In 1853, carrying money in his pocket and elegant attire in his saddlebags, a 24-year-old New Englander named Theodore Winthrop toured the territories of California, Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia after his job as a clerk in the Panama jungle proved too taxing for his delicate health. His Northwest tour yielded two adventure books, *John Brent*, a novel, and *The Canoe and the Saddle*, a nonfiction travel account. In the latter he commended nature's glories with great eloquence, waxing ecstatic in their fine light, inspiring later travelers and wilderness advocates. Both books appeared soon after his untimely death in 1861 and blazed through many printings. His popularity was such that in 1890 the town of Winthrop in Washington's North Cascades adopted his name, as did Mount Rainier's Winthrop Glacier, which he described so vividly in his writing.

Washington Territory, where he spent the most time during his six-month tour of the Pacific Northwest, was a place of ecological and racial turmoil. Native American populations on both sides of the Cascades were suffering the effects of introduced diseases, warfare over ancestral lands, and dramatically transformed economies and lifeways. Lumber vessels loaded with fir trees clogged the waters of Puget Sound, waiting to be sunk as pilings in the construction of San Francisco's docks. Miners were raking creek beds and hill sides for gold. Would-be barons were plotting out beef ranches. Winthrop acknowledged few of these historical transitions, even though he traveled some 300 miles and experienced these conditions with S'Klallam and Klickitat peoples.

Theodore Winthrop in 1861, just weeks before he was killed in the Battle of Big Bethel during the Civil War.

His most memorable book, *The Canoe and the Saddle*, initially published in 1862 and recently revived by Bison Books in the first critical edition since 1957, reveals much about how Anglo-American privilege and presumption shaped the West. The book is a novelized memoir, and it has granted Winthrop standing as an ecological prophet who celebrated a pristine wilderness that was beginning already to yield itself to roads, ranches, farms, and harvests of timber and fish. Northwest historians—John H. Williams in 1913, Robert Cantwell in 1972, and Timothy Egan in 1990—have praised *The Canoe and the Saddle* for its appreciation of landscape. Winthrop wrote, in transcendental tones, “Our race has never yet come into contact with great mountains as companions of daily life, nor felt that daily development of the finer and more comprehensive senses which these signal facts of nature compel. That is an influence of the future.” His writing, however, is complicated by racial and religious prejudices.

Born in 1828 in New Haven, Connecticut, he traced a genealogical line that stretched back on his father's side to John Winthrop, first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. On his mother's side, he claimed among his forebears the evangelical Jonathan Edwards, who was the foremost theologian of his day in America, and Timothy Dwight, who became a Yale president. A scion of New England gentry, he graduated atop his small Yale class of 1848. Thereafter he lived and clerked abroad, tried his hand at legal practices in St. Louis and New York, socialized with famous landscape painters, and composed the four novels and three nonfiction books on which his slender reputation

**A Case Study in How Privilege and Presumption Shaped the West**

By Paul Lindholdt

COLUMBIA 5 SPRING 2007
rests. He died young, in a botched Civil War battle he helped plan.

Poor health nagged Winthrop all his life. He suffered from religious doubts and a constant, nearly disabling, stomach pain. A full red beard may have helped to swell his appearance beyond his meager athletic frame. Fourteen pounds.

He bartered harshly with the S'Klallam Indians for help and hired a 40-foot dugout canoe and paddlers to transport him some 85 miles south to the inner reaches of Puget Sound.

When Winthrop drew his pistol in the canoe—to turn his paddlers back to the task of ferrying him down Puget Sound—they responded by taking a nap. This was a brilliant move; they chose not to argue, mutiny, or comply submissively with his demand. Instead, they gave him cause to think better of his impetuous pistol flourishing as they drew his hasty journey to a temporary halt. After a two-day paddle trip, the entourage arrived at Fort Nisqually, where Winthrop paid his S'Klallam guides.

The young traveler needed Native American assistance to cross the territory and, therefore, had to navigate the border zone between Indian and white relations. Like it or not, his interactions had to be flexible. His exchanges with Yakama chief Owih at Fort Nisqually demonstrate this interdependence best. Haunted by the clock, burning to make a meeting with fellow travelers at Fort Dalles, Winthrop had to parley politely the same. To secure Owih's son as a guide was his interest. To get his way, he had to compromise—traverse the middle ground, as historian Richard White has termed it.

Old Owih translated into vivid language the landscape the travelers needed to follow across the Cascades via Naches Pass. He described the geography of the route in tortuous drama and detail, Winthrop thought. But the old man had to be respected and indulged, and his several attendants needed to be deferred to courteously. Ultimately, the epic sweep of Owih's narrative, the grandeur of his dramatic oratory, made an impression on Winthrop, who became an appreciative audience. "Owicwigh as a pantomimist would have commanded brilliant success on any stage," he wrote. "Would that there were more like him in this wordy world."

When it came time to fix a price for the scouting and guiding services that Owih had arranged, Winthrop offered generous compensation for that time and place. In grateful reciprocation, Owih bestowed a gift on Winthrop—a handmade quirt girded with otter fur, an object Winthrop had admired. When Owih attempted to append extras to the
oral contract—shoes and clothing for his attendants and his son—Winthrop firmly told him no.

Rising early the next day, Winthrop busied himself with bartering, sizing up horses and men alike. He purchased pork, hardtack, and three mustangs; hired a young but seasoned Indian guide to take him across the Cascades; and hit the Naches Trail for Fort Dalles on the Columbia River, a journey of more than 200 miles. With his guide and three horses, he ascended from sea level to the 4,800-foot summit of Naches Pass as swiftly as he dared to push the animals, along trails often precipitous or laced with fallen trees.

Once over the summit, his rapport with his guide soured. After using his pistol confrontationally again, Winthrop found himself lost and wandering on a desert prairie, ailing and alone. For a second time, he had unwisely abused those to whom he was the most indebted.

Winthrop later dramatized his journey by novelizing his memory of it. His wit and erudition, his readiness to ornament this Northwest excursion with classical and modern allusions generated a charm that amounts to more than artifice. In milder moods, he might patronize the Indians—“In every fact of our little world these children of nature found wonderment and fun.” Elsewhere his tone becomes mournful: “The same spirit of our darksome enlightenment that makes slavery possible makes maltreatment of Indians certain.” Guilt was another recurrent register in his emotional range regarding the native people of the Northwest.

By today's standards, Winthrop is brutally regressive in his racial bias. He verbally impaled Native Americans with cruel epithets: his overland guide, “low-browed Loolowcan”—more specifically “a half-insolent, half-indifferent, jargoning savage”—had a “superstitious soul.” Prospective visitors to the territory, Winthrop believed, might benefit from his prior prudence and wisdom, if and when the “attempt is made to manage Pagan savages.”

Ethnic tensions were already high when Winthrop visited the territories and took notes for his books. In 1847, only six years earlier, some Cayuse Indians had murdered Marcus and Narcissa Whitman in Walla Walla, an act that hardened extant animosities. Simultaneous to Winthrop’s arrival in 1853, Congress spun off Washington Territory from Oregon at the behest of the ever-increasing number of white settlers.
A Yakama by birth but enrolled in the Spokane tribe through marriage, Lo-kout was a youth at the time he guided Winthrop across the Cascades. In a 1906 interview, he vividly recalled Winthrop’s cruel treatment of him 53 years earlier.
around Puget Sound. That year, Isaac Stevens, the territory’s first governor, led a survey for a rail route from the Great Lakes to Puget Sound, a venture that brought 240 soldiers, surveyors, engineers, and naturalists tramping over Native American homelands. In 1854-55 Stevens also conducted a series of councils on both sides of the Cascades in an attempt to subdue even the strongest tribes by way of treaty signings. The Yakama chief Kamiakin, an estimable figure in Winthrop’s narrative, soon led a coalition of interior tribes against the whites in what became known as the Yakima War of 1855-56.

Winthrop knew his overland guide by the name Loolowcan. Washington legislator and historian A.J. Splawn concluded that Winthrop’s guide was actually Lo-kout, who eventually enrolled in the Spokane tribe as L’Quoit. Five years after Winthrop’s visit, Lo-kout fought against the white militias. He suffered multiple bullet wounds and a crushing blow to the skull from a military volunteer’s rifle butt. In 1906 Splawn found and interviewed Lo-kout. According to Splawn, when he interviewed Lo-kout his skull had a dent that “would have held an egg.” Photographic evidence corroborates Splawn’s claim. When Splawn asked him if he was Winthrop’s “Loolowcan,” the man rose quickly to his feet and reportedly said, “Yes, I was then Loolowcan, but changed my name during the war later.” In language The Canoe and the Saddle precisely confirms, Lo-kout noted of Winthrop:

I did not like the man’s looks and said so, but was ordered to get ready and start. He soon began to get cross, and the farther we went the worse he got, and the night we stayed at the white men’s camp who were working on the road in the mountains, he kicked me with his boot as if I was a dog. When we arrived at Wenas Creek, where some of our people were camped, I refused to go farther; he drew his revolver and told me I had to go with him to The Dalles. I would have killed him only for my cousin and aunt. I have often thought of that man and regretted I did not kill him. He was me-satch-ee (mean).

Behaving moodily, reviling his guide, kicking him while he slept, and using his pistol to get his way—this account is consistent with how Winthrop profiled himself in his book. No wonder he needed to turn away, narratively speaking, from his horrible treatment of Native Americans to nature as a transcendent topic that could reassure him and allow him to exercise control with his command of language.

Besides his travel account or memoir, Winthrop’s pioneering Western books include the novel that explores aristocracy and religion on the Oregon Trail. To contemporary eyes, the equestrian saga John Brent is as vexed by anti-Mormonism as The Canoe and the Saddle is by its harsh judgments on Native Americans. In his ethnocentrism and religious intolerance, Winthrop again fulfilled the spirit of his Puritan ancestry.

If during his lifetime he had failed as a writer—all five books were rejected by publishers—his death in the Big Bethel battle of the Civil War accorded him swift notoriety. Publishers contended for the same manuscripts they first had spurned. By setting his best work in the West, he captured the imagination of English and American readers to such a degree that 55 editions of his books appeared between 1861 and 1876, making Winthrop one of the most popular American writers of his day. His work looked forward to Mark Twain’s Roughing It (1872) and backward to Washington Irving’s A Tour on the Prairies (1835) and dozens of colonial-era promotional tracts, histories, and ethnographies.

While 19th-century literary critic William Dean Howells called The Canoe and the Saddle “a fresh, vivid, and amusing book,” Winthrop’s 1913 editor, John H. Williams, lathered his introduction and footnotes with antiquated praise and apologized for the many Indian names that, he said, must “inspire horror and disgust” in the civilized reader. Williams’s other comments are rife with judgment, too. Winthrop proved “a useful tool for state-building,” Williams wrote, a wrench for furthering Manifest Destiny.

In his 1972 history, The Hidden Northwest, Robert Cantwell praised Winthrop for his precocious recognition of ways the natural environment may shape character. The notion of nature as nurture, of the abstract wild as a fostering force, might seem romantically anticipated or confined to aficionados of the rural experience, but it still has followers. Journalist Timothy Egan, co-winner of a Pulitzer Prize, lauded and effectively adopted Winthrop as a spirit guide, a surrogate like Dante’s Virgil, on his tour through the Northwest in The Good Rain. “He predicted,” noted Egan of Winthrop, “that a regional style and outlook would evolve as the North Cascades were appreciated for their singular beauty.” That prediction was right.

Winthrop instigated a philosophy of the picturesque, a Northwest aesthetic. If the Hudson River School painters of his era showcased scenic mountain ranges—the Andes, Catskills, Adirondacks, Rockies, and the Sierras—Winthrop delivered the Cascades to the page. That chain of mighty mountains includes the highest glaciated peak in the contiguous states: Mount Rainier. Its snowy
reflection arrested Winthrop vividly on Puget Sound, and its presence influenced much of his arduous trip around its flanks. His account of a thunderstorm, a model piece of nature writing, recalls Thomas Cole and Albert Bierstadt in its dense atmospherics. “A gloomy purple storm,” he wrote, “lay over the Cascades, vaster than they.” Alongside his teenage Indian companion and their trio of mustangs—a packhorse, his own saddle horse, and one that Lu-kout rode bareback—all of them weary from the long day’s ride, the author watched as dark clouds massed and advanced:

Beside that envelope of storm hiding the west from floor to cope, there was only to be seen, now softened with dull violet haze, the large, rude region of my dry’s gallop—thirty miles of surging earth, seamed with frequent valleys of streams flowing eastward, where scanty belts of timber grew by the water-side.

There was no cover to be had, and the cavalcade stood vulnerable to the storm:

Fitful bursts of weeping rain were now coming thicker, until control ceased, and the floods fell with no interval, borne on furiously, dashing against every upright object as great crushing wave-walls smite on walls of cliff by the sea-side.

In its scale this description must have astounded Eastern audiences. This was the sublime, as landscape painters gave it—so vast, grand, and perilous that it had to inspire veneration and awe. “There were sudden clefts, and ravines astounded Eastern audiences. Tenous, ready itself to fall.” Magnificent and threatening at once, the scene recalls the many romantic paintings of storms and mountains in the century, panoramas where the human figure is swallowed by its surroundings, invariably dwarfed by nature’s force. No other period reporters, tourists, diarists, or Hudson’s Bay Company employees acknowledged the qualities of those mountains so very thoroughly, Winthrop fed upon the sight of those peaks, relished them.

Tacoma” was one of the names recorded as an Indian name for Mount Rainier. Winthrop zealously sanctioned the Indian name over the English name—Rainier—bestowed by Captain Vancouver in honor of an admiral who had never seen the mountain. Winthrop, viewing the peak’s reflection in a calm Puget Sound while his Indian guides piddled their paddles, thought at first that he was seeing things. “It was a giant mountain dome of snow,” Winthrop wrote of this glimpse of the peak from the Indian canoe, “swelling and seeming to fill the aerial spheres as its image displaced the blue deeps of tranquil water.”

Camping in the mountain’s shadow, Winthrop wrote, “The summer evening air enfurled me sweetly, and down from the cliffs and snowy mounds of Tacoma a cool breeze fell like the spray of a cascade.” As if he had become a member of Nature’s elect, he fantasized that the mountain was shedding the grace of its breeze for him and him alone.

As if he had become a member of Nature’s elect, he fantasized that the mountain was shedding the grace of its breeze for him and him alone.

In the following passage he reveals the Eurocentric rationale, common in the 19th century, that Anglo-Americans were more worthy of the resources Nature offered: “How much better than feeding foul Indians it was to belong to me, who would treat his proportions with respect, feel the exquisiteness of his coloring, grill him delicately, and eat him daintily!”

Ecologically speaking, Winthrop disappoints today. Praising roads and rail lines, he defended the undeniable harm they would bring, explaining that the “unenlightened” always have resisted “the destruction that precedes reconstruction.” This language is as chillingly rich in implications for Native Americans as it is for the frail fabric of ecological relations. Like the Hudson River painters who influenced him, par-
ticularly his good friend Frederic Edwin Church, Winthrop's observations resided somehow out of time, as if shuttering history, as if privileging only the present moment and the private perceiver. And yet his sensitivity to language redeems him, to a degree.

Especially in the matter of onomastics—the study of proper names—Winthrop was ahead of his time. Again and again he honored the Indians by sanctioning their tongue. They knew Puget Sound as Whulge, and he wrote that the "Tides in Whulge, which the uneducated maps call Puget's Sound, rush with impetus, rising and falling eighteen or twenty feet." He is history's champion of "Tacoma," rather than "Mount Regnier [as] Christians have dubbed it, in stupid nomenclature perpetuating the name of somebody or nobody." The mighty mountain, object of meditation in The Canoe and the Saddle, remained one of the sole sources of civility for him, in a world so swiftly shifting ecologically and culturally.

Savagery and civilization were always at odds in Winthrop's writing. Transcendental tones elevate his narrative, as in the stunning opening of chapter 5, "Forests of the Cascades," and in the following memorable sequence that concludes with a telltale Thoreauvian paradox:

I was going homeward across the breadth of the land, and with the excitement of this large thought there came a slight reactionary sinking of heart, and a dread lest I had exhausted onward life, and now, turning back from its foremost verge, should find myself dwindling into dull conservatism, and want of prophetic faith. I feared that I was retreating from the future into the past. Yet if one but knew it, his retreats are often his wisest and bravest advances.

Theodore Winthrop believed that the preservation of the civilized world resided within its wildness—but only if that wildness could be kept at arm’s length. In much the same way that a "beauty strip" of standing trees beside a highway may camouflage clear-cut logging scars on distant hills, the splendid scenery of Winthrop's travel narrative camouflages dramas of the United States' territorial imperative in full swing. Reading The Canoe and the Saddle less for its environmental prophecy than as a historical source offering insight into Indian-white relations for this time period may bring the man into fuller focus for 21st-century readers.

A fortunate son of New England gentry, he enjoyed the privilege and education that helped him valorize landscapes so memorably. As a social commentator on the 19th-century West, he brought proficient language skills to bear upon his subject, and in doing so, constructed his Indian subjects in partial and partisan terms. He boasted, in rhetoric meant to entice 19th-century readers, that "the story of a civilized man's solitary onslaught at barbarism cannot lose its interest." His rhapsodic attitude toward nature, his esteem for the Northwest's overlooked potential to shape character, helped him screen off the violent ethnic and ecological transitions taking place in Washington Territory.

A Picture Worth a Thousand Words

On October 17, 1853, Spokan Garry was summoned to a meeting with the newly-appointed governor of Washington Territory, Isaac Stevens, who was making his way east from Olympia, the new territorial capital. Garry surprised Stevens by carrying on a lengthy and fluent conversation that evening, in both English and French. Garry was uncertain of Stevens's intent with regard to the Indians, so he remained as noncommittal as possible on the issues, much to Stevens's dismay. Immigrant artist Gustavus Sohon attended U.S.-Indian treaty councils with Isaac Stevens and created numerous scenes, landscapes, and portraits of Indian leaders and interpreters along the way. This pencil sketch of Spokan Garry is dated May 27, 1855, which corresponds with the Walla Walla Treaty Council. His artistic record of the meetings provides a valuable visual account of these historic events. In some cases, his drawings of tribal leaders provide the only record of their presence. Careful observation reveals that the elaborative, cursive signature on the portrait is that of Garry himself. This portrait reveals important information about the cultural encounters between Native Americans and Anglo-Americans, and among tribal nations.

Visit WashingtonHistoryOnline.org for a lesson plan that teaches about this portrait ("Point of View") and for more information about this image in the Washington State Historical Society's online collections.
A Backward Glance at the Corps of Discovery’s Watercraft

Captains Lewis and Clark gathered valuable information about western Indians during their transcontinental exploration of North America. Carrying out President Thomas Jefferson’s instructions to the Corps of Discovery, they recorded ethnographic information that covered nearly every aspect of Indian life. Although this research was not the prime focus of the expedition, the captains took their scientific tasks seriously; they collected some of the first original information related to western Indian customs and ways of life.

"The natives inhabiting the lower portion of the Columbia River make their canoes remarkably light neat and well adapted for riding high waves."—Captain Meriwether Lewis

One feature of native culture that captivated them both was the Indian canoe. Long, illustrated entries in each of their journals presented detailed descriptions of canoe styles and complimented Pacific Northwest Indians on their nautical skills. So focused were they on these novel discoveries that they failed to adequately describe the watercraft they themselves employed, including the Indian canoes they acquired through trade.

Canoes were a common form of water transportation during the early history of American exploration and settlement. Christopher Columbus first saw hollowed logs used for watercraft when he visited the Caribbean island we now call Haiti. The Haitians called their boats “kanawa.” Columbus used the word when he returned to Spain. As the use of the...
Lewis sometimes called all the Columbia River vessels canoes; at other times he referred to the dugouts as "perogues" and the Indian-made vessels as canoes.

When the word spread, it changed slightly to "canoa" and then "canoe." The term evokes images of a vessel quite different from the ones used by Lewis and Clark.

From the beginning the captains did not waste valuable time and materials on journal entries describing their own watercraft. Details about the keelboat and two pirogues (dugouts) used on the Missouri River were not specific and have led to speculation about the exact design of the two types of vessels used at the start of the expedition. Their only illustration of a pirogue was labeled "Perogue of 8 Tuns"; the diagram was used for balancing loads. "Pirogue" was a French term for a large, open dugout; the captains used the term interchangeably with canoe.

The two Missouri river pirogues were probably of finer craftsmanship than the rough-hewn dugouts the expedition party made at various locations along the exploration route. The dugouts were hurriedly fashioned by hollowing out large logs and tapering the ends to a point. The journals provide no specific information on the exact design of these watercraft, and again the captains use vague terminology, variously referring to them as canoes, dugouts, and pirogues.

The dugouts used in the Pacific Northwest were built of Ponderosa pine at Canoe Camp on the Clearwater River at present-day Orofino, Idaho. They probably were about 38 feet long, 40 inches wide, and weighed around three-quarters of a ton when dry. These cumbersome vessels were unamenable to portages and highly unstable in rough water. By comparison, the Indian canoes—light craft designed specifically for travel through rough water—were far superior.

Canoes crafted by Pacific Northwest Indians were entirely different from the birch bark canoes that are often used to symbolize the preferred transportation of early explorers and fur traders of North America. Perfected by the Indian tribes of the eastern woodlands of Canada, the frail but versatile birch bark canoe was fashioned from the bark of yellow birches folded around a cedar frame and caked with spruce gum. Adapted for fur trading by the Canadian fur companies, the craft was perilously easy to tip and would not have been a functional mode of transportation in the rough waters of the Pacific Northwest coastline and rivers. The Indian canoes Lewis and Clark encountered on the Columbia River were entirely different, and the explorers had no trouble recognizing their superior qualities. In rough water the native craft far surpassed the capabilities of their heavy dugouts. Despite their limited means, the captains managed to replace their damaged or lost dugouts with Indian canoes as the need arose.

In their journals both Lewis and Clark described and illustrated in detail the different types of canoes used by the coastal tribes. The classification of various watercraft the corpsmen themselves used on the Columbia River has, however, been much debated. The source of the confusion goes back to the varied, nonspecific terms the journal writers used in reference to their watercraft. Lewis sometimes called all the Columbia River vessels canoes; at other times he referred to the dugouts as "perogues" and the Indian-made vessels as canoes. Clark, on the other hand, referred to all watercraft as canoes, even when copying Lewis's journal entries in which he used the term "perogue." Other journal keepers on the expedition did not clarify their terminology either; they merely used the adjectives "large" and "small" to differentiate between the two types of vessels.

Regarding the acquired Indian canoes, the captains again failed to provide detailed descriptions of any of these vessels. On October 23,
1805, at the “Great Falls of the Columbia” (Celilo Falls, The Dalles, Oregon), Clark recorded the first sighting and purchase of a Chinook canoe. He wrote: “I observed on the beach near the Indian Lodges two Canoes but full of different Shape & Size to what we had Seen above...” He went on to report that Lewis traded their small dugout, a hatchet, and a few trinkets for a canoe of Indian manufacture. Originally he described it as a “large” canoe but later referred to it as “small”—probably after having observed much larger types of Indian canoes.

At Fort Clatsop on February 1, 1806, Lewis described the various coastal canoes he had seen. His brief dissertation gives us clues about the types of canoes the expedition probably acquired from the Indians. One of these was very likely a freight canoe—the workhorse of native transportation. This cutwater vessel was not the large Chinook canoe that symbolizes native culture on the Northwest Coast; the 25- to 35-foot-long craft was light enough to be portaged by four men and had a distinctive 1-inch-thick cutwater stem board that projected 9 to 10 inches from the bow keel. Constructed by Chinook craftsmen from a single cedar or fir log, the craft was sculpted with a graceful curve to the bow and a sharp cutwater board; its 1- to 2-inch-thick hull was flat in the middle and stem. The shallow vessel, with its rounded, gradually ascending stern, was wonderfully stable in rough water and maneuverable in shallow water. The sharp rake of the bow stem also facilitated beaching and allowed the canoe to be easily backed off sandbars. The versatile freight canoe was the most common Indian canoe in use on the lower Columbia.

Lewis and Clark purchased their first Indian canoe above the “Great Rapids” (Cascades of the Columbia, Cascade Locks, Oregon), which proved a barrier to the larger Chinook canoes in use upriver. The smaller freight canoe was light enough to be portaged around the falls and remain in service on the Columbia River and its tributaries until the party reached Celilo Falls. This vessel’s capacity also indicates that it was a freight canoe of native manufacture. Easily maneuvered by two or three paddlers, it could carry ten to twelve people or a heavy load of cargo. On November 12, 1805, Clark wrote: “I men Gibson Bratton & Willard attempted to go round the point below in our Indian canoe...” Lewis and five others also used the Indian canoe for reconnaissance while searching for winter quarters because the dugouts could not proceed in the high wind. These two episodes make it apparent that the Indian canoe could be maneuvered by three corpsmen and had the capacity for at least six men with their baggage. Obviously the Indian canoe purchased by the captains was not one of the larger Chinook canoes.

In the mouth of the Columbia River and up to the Cascade Rapids, the distinctive style of the large Chinook canoe identified its makers. It got its name from Anglo-Americans who saw the canoe among the lower Columbia River tribes. However, the Nootka Indians on Vancouver Island made the big canoes and sold them to other coastal tribes. Skilled craftsmen specialized in making this type of canoe from the big cedars that grew in their homeland. (For a description of the Haida canoe carving process, see COLUMBIA, Winter 2006-07, 23.)

The 20- to 40-foot-long Chinook canoes, with a beam of 2.5 to 3 feet, were built with a cutwater bow from a single log. The overhang of the elongated cutwater bow spread the oncoming water to breast the waves and cut through them like a wedge. A curved bow projection was made of a separate cedar board fastened to the canoe, giving the canoe its distinctive silhouette and sharp, vertical stem. The stem was designed for landing; in situations where waves caught the canoe from behind, the paddlers had only to turn it around and bring it in backwards. The canoe’s hull bulged slightly on both sides of the flat keel before rising 2 to 3 feet to the gunwales. The design of the rounded edges on the gunwales varied with the place of manufacture. Lewis noted that the gunwales folded outwards about 4 or 5 inches, forming a rim to the canoe that prevented water from splashing inside. With its tall curved bow, decorated with carved figures and inlaid shells, the ornamental vessel identified it owners as the lords of native commerce on the Columbia River.

Another craft of native design that neither captain had ever seen was the huge double cutwater canoe. This larger version of the Chinook canoe was given its distinctive appearance by the large carved totems affixed to bow and stern. Fashioned with cutwater boards, these projections sometimes rose to a height of 5 feet. The beam was up to 6 feet across and some of the larger versions were 50 feet long. Propelled by a dozen paddlers, it had the capacity to carry four to five tons of cargo or from 20 to 30 people; thus its appellation—“war
canoe.” Lewis and Clark were so impressed by it that each of them illustrated this large seagoing vessel in their journal descriptions of the different styles of locally made canoes.

Indian canoes varied greatly in shape and size, according to their particular purpose. Styles and specialties varied enough from nation to nation that the practiced eye of a native could discern these differences even from a distance and thus determine the tribal affiliation of a canoe's occupants. Their vessels had to negotiate a wide variety of water conditions: some were designed for use on the open ocean; others remained in rivers and bays. Most Indians in Washington used the shovel-nose canoe, except for the Chinook tribes on the Columbia River and the Indians of Puget Sound. The river dwellers of Oregon used them exclusively, and the adaptable craft was employed far into California.

Unlike the cutwater canoes designed for rough waters, shovel-nose canoes were ideal for river and still-water travel. A specialty of upriver natives on the Columbia River, this type of canoe was built for sliding over sandbars, passing shallow rapids, and being poled and pushed through drainages clogged with logs. Fashioned from a single cedar log, 15 to 20 feet long, the hull was shaped to a thickness of about three-quarters of an inch. It was shallow and flat-bottomed, with a sharply undercut bow and stern that were cut straight across—like a shovel. The hull bulged slightly from the flat keel rising to straight sides that did not have curved gunwales. Maneuvered by two or three paddlers, the shovel-nose canoe was the most common type of Indian watercraft on the Columbia River and its tributaries above Celilo Falls. A variation of the shovel-nose canoe had a platform carved on the bow where a fisherman could stand to spear fish while the paddlers sat in the middle of the craft.

Lewis and Clark also described and illustrated canoes that were employed for fishing, hunting, and the gathering of water plants. Hunting canoes, 10 to 15 feet long, were constructed with a cutwater bow and rounded stern. Similar in style to the freight canoe, the river hunting craft was designed for one or two paddlers hunting in the large Columbia River estuaries. A smaller river canoe, 8 to 10 feet long, could ascend rivers and creeks and be portaged to ponds. Different tribes constructed this type of canoe with either a round or shovel-nose bow. Clark described this type of canoe but did not observe one other style of canoe used by Pacific Northwest coastal tribes: an 8- to 10-foot vessel with a cutwater bow and stern, designed for one or two hunters on the open sea.

The captains regarded the Pacific Northwest Indians as the best canoe handlers in the world. When navigating their large cutwater canoes, the steersman sat in the stern while the others sat in pairs, working in unison to propel the vessel forward with their yew or maple wood paddles. Kneeling in the bottom of the canoe with their backs against the cedar bark padded thwarts, they would lean against rough water, throwing the canoe to one side, and with each powerful stroke of their paddles forced the water under the canoe to increase equilibrium. Some tribes were known to employ slaves as paddlers in the larger canoes. When it came to handling the smaller canoes, women were as skilled as the men.

In 1806 the exploring party returned eastbound up the Columbia River in five Indian canoes. Without these canoes they would have had a much more difficult time. The expedition's rough-hewn dugouts were hard to maneuver in the swift spring runoff and troublesome in passing rapids and falls. The Indian canoes, much lighter and designed for rough water, enabled them to transport their cargo upstream and portage around the rapids and falls. Eventually, the Columbia River became too difficult to navigate, even with the Indian canoes, which the captains ended up selling or cutting up for firewood.

A shovel-nose canoe found on the Columbia River in Benton County, Washington, c. 1940.

Retired veterinarian Allen “Doc” Wesselius is a member of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation, past president of the foundation’s Washington State chapter, and a longtime enthusiast of the Corps of Discovery and Pacific Northwest History.
At the beginning of the Snake River portion of their journey, their gateway to what is now the state of Washington, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark came near the prominent basalt outcropping known today as Swallows Nest Rock. Twin cities developed on the river—Lewiston, Idaho, at right and Clarkston, Washington, on the opposite bank, just beyond Swallows Nest Rock. In 1896 the townsite on the Washington side was platted under the name of Lewiston by the Lewiston Water & Power Company. It was confusing, though, to have a Lewiston, Idaho, and a Lewiston, Washington, so near to each other. The name was soon changed to Concord because many of the company's stockholders were from Concord, Massachusetts. However, the postmaster general in Washington, D.C., received a petition requesting a name change. The petitioner contend that the name Concord was "entirely too classical, too aesthetic, and too romantic." The postmaster general responded by announcing that, effective January 1, 1900, the Concord Post Office would become the Clarkston Post Office. In early 1901 the town's name was officially changed to Clarkston by a special act of the Washington State Legislature. It seems fitting that the twin cities now honor both of the great men whose expedition arrived in the area on October 10, 1805.

—Juanita Walter Therrell, Bellevue
ON THE FLY

The Rise of Organized Base Ball in the Portland-Vancouver Area

BY GREGORY PAYNTER SHINE

In July 1867 a newspaper reported a peculiar observation from a Portland, Oregon, correspondent. “On several occasions, of moonlit nights,” it related, “the police have caught parties engaged in practice on the flat roofs of some of the brick buildings.” The same activity provoked protest from at least one Portlander. “In the name of humanity,” he wrote to the Portland Morning Oregonian in August, “how long are we to be afflicted with this...nonsense?”

Annoyed and dumbfounded by the activity, he openly wondered “of what possible interest can it be to the mass of readers?” Comparing it to “marbles, blind man’s bluff, hide and seek, old sister Phoebe,” he asked, “but who, in the name of reason, would expect to see elaborate weekly reports...in the papers?” “Come now,” he chided, “take a second thought and show a little mercy on a NERVOUS MAN.”

In response, the Morning Oregonian offered little to calm his nerves. “All we know,” they opined, “is that the end is not yet; that the National Game is decidedly ‘on the fly’ and we cannot, considering all the signs of the times, predict for a...short stop.”

What was this activity practiced so widely it even utilized rooftops as a setting? What activity saturated newspapers in the eyes of at least one citizen? What was this growing National Game described by the Morning Oregonian?

It was baseball, or rather “base ball.” In the year 1867, Portland and nearby Vancouver, Washington Territory, saw an explosion in the popularity of what had, 10 years earlier, been dubbed America’s national pastime. From the reported first match game in 1866 between two of the area’s first organized clubs—the Pioneer Base Ball Club of Portland and the Clackamas Base Ball Club of Oregon City—the number of teams skyrocketed in 1867 to include dozens of clubs throughout northwest Oregon and southwest Washington Territory.

On October 13, 1866, the Clackamas Base Ball Club of Oregon City hosted the Pioneer Base Ball Club of Portland in a challenge match. Following a brass band procession and a hearty breakfast, the game commenced. Despite a late inning comeback by the Clackamas Club, the Pioneer Club prevailed by a final score of 77 to 45. “This is the first match game ever played in the State,” pronounced the Morning Oregonian, “and it is a splendid beginning.”

Although the Portland-Vancouver area had hosted variations of bat and ball games for years—for example, evidence exists of cricket matches played at the Hudson’s Bay Company’s Fort Vancouver—organized base ball arrived in the area shortly after the end of the American Civil War. The organization of the Pioneer and Clackamas clubs in 1866 paved the way for the broadscale eruption of interest in the sport the following year.

Despite the organization of the region’s first two clubs in 1866, the sport of base ball still presented a novel activity to most Pacific Northwest residents. The local press publicized both the Pioneer and Clackamas clubs’ practices and matches, and these accounts helped spread interest in the sport while also helping to legitimize it as a beneficial activity for gentlemen. Descriptive language marks these early newspaper accounts, as the press presented a new sport to readers. “The sport is very exhilarating,” described one reporter in July 1866, “and the spirit with which the members participate shows that its enlivening effects are by no means a small matter.” By autumn another paper exclaimed that “[t]his athletic sport is now the rage throughout the whole country, and our city is not behind.”

In December the Portland Club sent a delegate to the national base ball convention in New York. Thus, by the end of 1866 local and national interest in base ball was rising. In 1867 the sport was ready to burst onto the local scene.

As citizens of Oregon and Washington Territory emerged in the spring of 1867 from their annual rain-induced winter respite, interest in base ball accelerated. Participation in the sport skyrocketed as new clubs sprang up in many of the towns surrounding Portland. On May 17 the Wide-awake Base Ball Club formed in Portland and elected officers. In June two new clubs formed in Oregon City, joining the veteran Clackamas Club. One adopted the “name and costume of the Scotch Highlanders” while the other called itself the Tumwater Base Ball Club.

The Portland Pioneer Base Ball Club’s “first nine” (c. 1867). One of the region’s first organized ball clubs, the Pioneers sent a delegate to the 1866 national base ball convention in New York.
INTEREST IN ORGANIZING base ball clubs spread north of the Columbia River into Washington Territory; by May 18 the Oregon City Enterprise reported that "Vancouver has not only an efficient fire department, but sports two base ball clubs." Presumably, these first clubs were the Occidental Base Ball Club and the Sherman Base Ball Club, the latter of which consisted of soldiers from Vancouver Barracks. By autumn of 1867 Vancouver sported at least three additional teams, including the Washington Base Ball Club, the Continental Base Ball Club, "composed entirely of young men and boys," and the Oriental Base Ball Club of the Fourth Plain. Suggesting how widespread interest in base ball had become in the Pacific Northwest, one newspaper noted that Portland reportedly hosted "seventeen different and distinct base ball clubs" by July 1867.

At the time, Vancouver, despite its being established earlier than Portland, was smaller in population. As the headquarters and supply depot for the Hudson's Bay Company's vast Columbia Department in the 1830s and 1840s, Fort Vancouver embodied one of the largest multicultural communities between Sitka, Alaska, and Mexican California's Yerba Buena. After the Oregon Question was resolved in 1846, many Americans—whom the British-chartered company had once strongly encouraged to homestead south of the Columbia—began to establish claims in what seven years later became Washington Territory. These American emigrants fueled the growth of Vancouver. Adjacent to Fort Vancouver, which the Hudson's Bay Company finally abandoned in 1860, the town grew in size and stature. Although situated in Washington Territory, Vancouver benefited from its close proximity to Portland; by May of 1867, the local assessor reported that Vancouver harbored a population of 2,105 residents—1,150 males and 955 females. Integrally connected to the fortunes of northwestern Oregon, Vancouver also shared the area's many social interests. Thus, base ball—like many other fashions, trends, and traditions—transcended political boundaries and leapt with ease across the Columbia River.

As evidenced by newspaper accounts, the veteran clubs appear to have accepted and welcomed the new clubs. Certainly, these newcomers afforded additional competition. Whereas the Pioneer Club, for example, played several intra-squad matches in 1866, comparing their resulting statistics with those of clubs in the San Francisco Bay area, there were by 1867 at least eight new clubs in northwestern Oregon and southwestern Washington Territory that presented opportunities for formal challenge matches. As their names suggest, these groups organized as clubs. As such, they were highly structured social organizations—not businesses—and members participated on a voluntary basis, paying dues rather than being paid to play. Reflecting the spirit of the era, the clubs emphasized gentlemanly order and...
organization, and employed a structure that reinforced and codified it. Regular meetings were essential to maintaining order and reaching consensus. As official organizations, clubs held these meetings on a regular basis, often bi-monthly. Special meetings occasionally occurred, usually as ad hoc gatherings in response to a particular concern. The regular meetings could be considered formal by today’s standards: generally, the agenda included a call to order, reports from officers, discussion of old and new business, voting on motions, and passing resolutions. One of the most important functions of club meetings was to issue challenges and act on any challenges received.

The process for establishing a match game provides a fascinating glimpse into the Victorian-era zeitgeist of order and organization. Protocol for one club wishing to play another club dictated that a formal challenge be forwarded to the prospective opponent, directed to the club’s secretary. The challenge would include the prospective location, date, and time, similar to this challenge moved and carried by the Highland Club in August:

The first nine of the Highland B.B. Club challenge the first nine of the Clackamas B.B. Club to play a match game of B.B. on the Highland Ground, 7th of Sept. two O’cl p.m.

Formality reigned, and when challenges were not properly tendered, the public took notice. In September the Enterprise announced that the Clackamas Club had accepted the challenge of the Pioneer Club for a match at the Oregon State Fair. However, as the Morning Oregonian quickly noted,

The Pioneers have not issued any challenge, but merely signifyed their readiness to accept a challenge from any other club. Being thus far the champion club, according to the courtesy of the game, they receive but do not issue challenges.

The organization of a match game included many logistics perhaps not often considered in our modern age.

Baseball turned out to be more than a fashionable trend. Interest in the sport continued to grow in the Pacific Northwest as it did throughout the United States.

Jesse Putnam drives a base hit deep into the outfield during the August 2006 vintage base ball event at Fort Vancouver National Historic Site.

Vintage Games Return Baseball to Its Roots

Today, the crack of a base ball bat, the cheers of an exhilarated crowd, and brisk cries of “Huzzah!” and “Well struck, Sir!” can still be heard echoing across the historic parade ground of Vancouver Barracks, 140 years after the first game was played there. The staff and volunteers of Fort Vancouver National Historic Site, a unit of the National Park Service, gather twice each summer for a wildly popular living history event that reenacts the early base ball matches. In addition to being the 150th anniversary of the City of Vancouver, the year 2007 represents the 140th anniversary of organized base ball in what was then known as southwest Washington Territory. As spectators to these reenactments can attest, the game introduced in 1867 differed significantly from today’s sport. Even so, a look at the rules, protocol, and gentlemanly order of the area’s initial launch into organized base ball provides an interesting perspective on the game as we know it today.
Ferries provided the primary mode of transportation for many clubs, especially when matches involved clubs from Oregon City and Vancouver. With a deftly placed pun on the name of the steamer Alert, which ran between Oregon City and Portland, the Enterprise reported that the Clackamas Base Ball Club of this city was prepared for all takers. "They will be on the Alert," noted the paper, "for a contest this summer."

On several occasions the weather made transportation impossible, forcing the cancellation of matches. "If the roads had been passable on last Monday between this city and Vancouver," reported the Enterprise in August, "the Clackamas Base Ball Club of this city would have met the Occidental Club on their own grounds in Vancouver."

The issuance of a challenge in no way assured its acceptance. Although it is probable that most challenges were accepted, this was not always the case. On at least one occasion a motion to accept a challenge from the Pacific Base Ball Club of Salem did not carry an affirmative vote with the Highland Club, and the challenge was rejected.

Reputation and public perception were of major importance. If activities potentially blemished a club's good name, it might hastily call into play one of the most valuable administrative tools available—the resolution. Such a situation faced the Highlander Club in August when the Enterprise carried an account noting that citizens attended worship services the previous Sunday in only one of Oregon City's five churches. "There was a gay game of base ball on the bluff, though," the reporter quipped, adding that the situation demonstrated that "the place is a poor one for preachers." The Highlanders reacted quickly, agreeing by a unanimous vote that "the playing of base ball on Sunday is not only very immoral, but disturbs the peace and quiet of the neighborhood where it is practiced." As they were "desirous of seeing the club prosper" and were aware that such activity might "injure the reputation of the club," they resolved that if any club members used the "grounds or implements belonging to the club on Sunday, their names will be erased from membership."

Working within a framework of comprehensive bylaws, regulations, and a constitution, the base ball club functioned in a fashion similar to other clubs and social organizations of the era. Members were expected to pay dues and cover club expenses. For instance, the Highlander Club's treasurer's book shows that members paid a 50-cent initiation or "admission fee" and monthly dues of 25 cents. The club also obligated members to pay a uniform assessment, based, of course, on the approved recommendations of a three-member uniform procurement committee.

Most Oregon and Washington clubs—including the Pioneer, Clackamas, Highlander, Sherman, and Occidental teams—formed two separate squads known as the "first nine" and the "second nine,..."
detailed summary that was published in the Morning Oregonian. McNamara, “being an old eastern player, recently from States,” was credited with preparing his players well. “The Occidentals played an excellent game, considering that they were only organized this season,” noted Levins. A testament to the area’s tightly-knit baseball community, the Clackamas Club of Oregon City sent a delegation to attend the game.

The match progressed well, but controversy soon ensued. According to the Morning Oregonian’s account:

At the commencement of the game it was evident there was some dissatisfaction on the part of the Occidentals, from the fact that according to the rules established by the National Convention, in which the Pioneers are members, the Umpire in a match game must be chosen from a club being a member of that body, and E. Backenstos of the Pioneers being chosen to the position. In the second inning, a dispute arising, the Occidentals became clamorous for a change; accordingly the Pioneers waived the rule and told them to make their own choice, which resulted in the selection of P. T. Barclay, of the Clackamas Base Ball Club, to fill the position.

On the other hand, the Vancouver correspondent to the Herald minced no words in his description.

The Umpire selected in the morning was E. Backenstock [sic] who, in violation of the good faith imposed on him, acted so partial on the 2d innings in favor of the Pioneer Club, that even they, to a man (I am proud to say) thought, as did the members, that he was spreading it on so thick that he must be removed and a new one appointed in his place, which was accordingly done. After all, I must say that had the clubs had such a man for umpire as Mr. Barclay in the first place, the Occidental Club would have won the game.

The exact nature of the second inning dispute with the umpire is unknown, though subsequent official correspondence from the Occidental Club refers to the “unintentional failure on his part to observe the proceedings of the game.”

As the match went into the third inning, the Occidental shortstop switched positions with his teammate in left field without informing the Pioneer Club or, ostensibly, his own team captain. Such a move, described as “positively against the fundamental rule of the game,” elicited protest from the Pioneers, and the Occidentals’ captain McNamara responded, claiming that the switch was done without his knowledge or consent. As a result, the Pioneers’ captain “gave him [McNamara] two fly catches to which they were not entitled, thus making but one run in the inning.” After 3 hours and 45 minutes, the match ended with the Pioneers victorious by a score of 79 to 62. The champions subsequently honored the Occidental Club with three hearty cheers, which the Occidentals returned. Both clubs joined in three cheers for umpire Barclay and the two scorers keepers, followed by three cheers for the ladies in the audience.

Despite the controversy, gentlemanly behavior prevailed, and both sides ensured that the event was a positive experience for spectators, including the Herald’s Vancouver correspondent.

It is seldom we have ever witnessed such a game, and where so much friendly rivalry is expected, that turned out as did this one. All seemed to vie with each other as to who could be most courteous, and for the latter I think it would be hard to find the equals of the Pioneer boys.
Club activities often included other pursuits that supported baseball through more traditional—and formal—events. Thus, immediately following the match, a "bountiful dinner" at the Alta House greeted participants and spectators. In addition, and as reported in the Morning Oregonian earlier in the week, the club hosted an evening ball open to all.

The dancing men and women of this city [Portland] will be pleased to learn that the Occidental Base Ball Club of Vancouver has determined to close the day of the match game with a dancing party at Metropolis Hall, to which all the world and his wife and the rest of mankind are invited.

Interestingly, the controversy surrounding the match game's umpire continued into the subsequent week. This was due, almost exclusively, to the aforementioned account of the Herald's Vancouver correspondent, listed only as B.O.R. In particular, his charge that Backenstos violated "the good faith imposed to him" implied premeditated bias and fraud rather than unintentional human error and thus directly called into question his character as both an umpire and a gentleman—no minor charge in those days.

The same evening that the Herald published B.O.R.'s correspondence, the Pioneer Club called a special meeting and crafted two responses. In the first letter, club president Theodore F. Miner strongly declared that B.O.R.'s statement "is FLATLY CONTRADICTED, as will be seen by the subjoined resolutions." In a series of three resolutions, the Pioneer Club officially charged B.O.R. with "gross injustice," claiming that the correspondent had "made assertions that reflect seriously upon [Backenstos's] character as a gentleman." They unanimously endorsed his conduct, vindicated him of the charge, and sent the resolutions to the Herald and Morning Oregonian for dissemination.

Following the Herald's publication, the Occidental Club also responded quickly and formally. They too called a special club meeting during which they unanimously passed the following formal resolution and distributed it to both of Portland's major newspapers for publication:

Resolved That the members of the Occidental Base Ball Club, who were present at the match game played with the Pioneer Base Ball Club of Portland, held the 31st day of May, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: Resolved That the "Vancouver Correspondence" of the Oregon Herald signed "B.O.R.," was not authorized by, nor is the same endorsed by the members of this club.

Resolved That Mr. E. D. Backenstos, an umpire, ought not to be charged with any conduct unbecoming a gentleman, or with any willful "violation of the good faith imposed to him," but that the errors which, in our opinion, he made in some of his decisions are to be ascribed to the unintentional failure on his part to observe the proceedings of the game, and not to any desire on his part to show any [illegible] or bias to either party.

Resolved That the conduct of our Portland friends at the recent game merits our admiration, and we assure them that we cherish the kindliest feeling of friendship for them and indulge in the hope that the most friendly relations may always exist between the two clubs.

In a single season base ball had risen with lightning speed from relative obscurity to the level of "FAVORITE SPORT...."

Resolved That the publishers of the Portland daily be requested to publish these resolutions and the Secretary be requested to forward a copy of the same to the Pioneer Base Ball Club.

Signed by Daniel Leahy, Jacob Proebstel, H. C. Morse, Lewis Brant, William Leahy, R. J. Glover, James Orr, James Petrain.

P. McNamara, Captain

As the smoke cleared from this incident, the Occidental Club continued its season, playing several additional matches. A notable one occurred in August in Vancouver, at the second game between the Occidental Club and the Clackamas Club. The contest fomented much excitement, especially in Oregon City.

The "strikes" made by a party of gentlemen who left this city on the morning of the 26th for Washington territory caused a genuine revival of the famous days of '49. Not a man in this town any wise given to "excitement" retired on the night of that day without being duly impressed with the value of the numerals 49, and great balls of chalk were used to write it down—on window panes, on garments, everywhere. You see that was the number of "runs" our boys made above the score of the Occidentals at Vancouver, in that second game of Base Ball.

In another salvo the paper quoted a "friend in Vancouver" who had telegraphed to say they had "imported such a large beat from Oregon that the people were going crazy on the subject." With tongue firmly planted in cheek, the paper noted that this Vancouverite "probably alluded to the beat given the Occidental
Base Ball Club, by the first nine of the Clackamas Club of this city.”

As the season continued, the Occidental’s second nine chalked up a victory on September 8, defeating the first nine of Vancouver’s Continental Club by 35 runs. In the highly anticipated second match game on September 21, the Occidental Club hosted the rematch with the Pioneer Club. “As usual, however,” noted the Morning Oregonian with apparent relish, “the superior skill of the Pioneers told with splendid effect, and they came out best, making 56 runs to 22 by the Occidentals.” The Occidental Club kept very busy in September, as they scheduled their match with the Pioneers in between the second and third match games with the local Sherman Club.

In June the Morning Oregonian had carried an earlier Vancouver Register notice: “We learn that another Base Ball Club will be formed shortly in this place, and which will [illegible] principally of officers stationed at this post.” Shortly thereafter, newspapers had carried accounts of a match game between “the Garrison boys” and the Occidental Club on May 11. Within weeks a club known as the Sherman Base Ball Club began playing match games against other clubs in the area. Newspaper accounts suggest that the Sherman Club played matches against at least three clubs—the Occidental, Spartan, and Continental clubs.

In September the Morning Oregonian announced a second match game in Vancouver between the Sherman and Occidental clubs, to be held September 14. The two clubs met for the third match on September 26. After battling for 3 hours and 10 minutes, the game ended in a 52 to 25 victory for the Sherman Club. The Morning Oregonian carried a brief account of this game that listed the surnames and positions of both teams’ players. Accordingly, the Shermans fielded Shields at second base, Sharbone at catcher, Smith at first base, Corcoran in center field, Collins at third base, McGill at shortstop, Brown as captain and pitcher, Kenney in left field, and Gibbins in right field.

In October, the Vancouver Register carried an account of the first game in a match between the first nine of the Continentals and the second nine of the Shermans. “The game,” they reported, “though well played on both sides, was won by the Continentals by 49 runs.” A second game was scheduled for October 12, but an account of that match has yet to be located. In mid-November, the Register carried an account of the Sherman Club’s 31 to 30 victory over the Spartan Club of Portland in the second match game between the two clubs.

By late November 1867, despite several match games in mid-month, base ball’s fortunes waned in the Pacific Northwest. Signs pointed to the rainy weather as the primary culprit. “We have an idea from what we heard on the ground,” noted the Register, “that the season is becoming rather unpromising for a further continuance of this favorite sport.” Much as they do in the present day, area citizens began seeking indoor activities to ride out the damp winter months. “Since we are to be driven indoors for our winter’s amusements,” suggested the Register, “let’s try and select some recreation as developing to the mind as base ball has been to the muscle of our citizens.”

Thus, in a single season base ball had risen with lightning speed from relative obscurity to the level of “favorite sport” in Oregon and Washington Territory, toning gentlemanly muscle along the way. Fueled by the formation of dozens of new teams competing in publicly attended outdoor match games—and fomented by often colorful newspaper accounts—base ball’s popularity waxed propitiously in Portland, Vancouver, and the surrounding communities. As a bona fide gentlemanly leisure activity, base ball was certainly on the fly in Oregon and Washington Territory in 1867.

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Echo of the Falling Waters—Celilo Falls

Since the beginning of time Wy-Am, which in the Sahaptin language means “Echo of the Falling Waters,” sustained tribal people year round as multiple runs of salmon (nusux) returned to their natal streams. The pristine water and the cascade of rapids and waterfalls provided abundant supplies of fish for tribal people at what is now known as Celilo Falls. The roaring of the falls could be heard from a great distance; standing near the falls, one could feel the rumbling of the earth. It was an important fishing ground that the Yakama, Nez Perce, Umatilla, Warm Springs, Wasco-Wishram, and many other tribes continue to revere.

Those who used the roaring waterfall erected permanent villages, the ruins of their campfires and burial grounds remaining as records of the ancient past. The tools, weapons, and artwork ancient tribal people left behind prove that Wy-am was one of the oldest continuously occupied sites in the region—over 11,000 years, according to archaeological studies. Our elders teach that when tribal people were placed on that part of Mother Earth, “we did not come from anywhere else.”

The native people caught huge chinook and other salmon on the Nch’I Wana (the Columbia River) as they moved upstream through a gauntlet of tumbling waters, basalt barriers, and the swift waters of narrow channels. When the spring run reappeared in the river at Celilo Falls, the water was much too high and dangerous to attempt fishing. Safer fishing conditions existed downstream at the Long Narrows (near present-day The Dalles, Oregon). In the summer when the river was lower at Celilo Falls, fishing would attract as many as 5,000 tribal people from throughout the region. It has been estimated that between 6 million and 10 million fish returned to spawn before the advent of commercial fishing.

The native people fished traditionally, and their gear and fishing methods were passed down through generations. They carved gaff hooks out of elk or deer antler and attached them to the end of long poles. The fisherman would slowly pull the gaff hook through the water while standing by the riverside. When he felt movement from a fish he would quickly jerk the pole, hooking the fish. The hook then separated from the pole but remained tied to it, preventing the pole from breaking, and the fisherman would pull the fish from the river.

Tribal fishermen also crafted dip nets, hoop nets and gill nets from hemp and other plants. This method involved holding the 20-foot handle of the hoop net and extending it as far upstream as possible. The current would carry the net downstream with the open end enticing the salmon to swim into it. Once a salmon entered the hoop-net, a release at the top of the net would close off the opening, trapping the
fish. Tribal fishermen continue to use this traditional fishing method, but they might construct their nets with monofilament or nylon. The fishermen had to be agile and strong to stand stealthily by the river or on fishing platforms and pull a 60- to 100-pound fish out from the river's current. There were so many salmon going upriver that men stood in line to take turns on the fishing scaffolds. Once they caught what they needed they would move aside to let the next fisherman have his turn.

Significant religious traditions of the Wy-am-pum (pum means people) live on through the tribal teachings passed along to each new generation. Many tribal elders continue to speak about Celilo Falls and what they learned from their elders through oral tradition. Celilo Falls was considered the greatest commerce center in the region before the coming of non-tribal people. The falls kept the tribes alive by providing a variety of fish species including salmon, eels, white fish, and sturgeon. "It was a place put here by the Creator, especially for the tribal people," elders have said over the years. Others explain that it was the salmon that first stepped forward to sacrifice itself for the sustenance of tribal people. We, in turn, continue to acknowledge the Creator as the giver of all things and all life.

Gifts came in the form of salmon, deer, elk, roots, berries, and all of the medicinal herbs the native peoples have used and continue to use. Elders teach us to plan seven generations ahead of ourselves; we are not here to live and then go away. The elders tell us that we are only borrowing the Yakama language, the Washat religion, the water, the fish, and all of the resources that sustain us. We remember the future by caring for the resources, keeping our tradition and culture in perpetuity.

This native fisherman (c. 1940) has caught a salmon using the traditional gaff hook method. The tribes used spears, set nets, dip nets, and weirs, among other technologies, to harvest salmon from the Columbia River and its tributaries.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Indian fishermen built wooden scaffolds out over the white water of the Columbia's rapids and used long-handled dip nets to harvest salmon as they swam upriver to return to their spawning grounds (1949). At the season's end, the fishermen would remove most of the scaffolding to ensure the river's currents would not sweep it away.
That is evident today as Jerry Meninick, former chairman of the Yakama Nation, explains what he has learned from elders and the longhouse teachings during Washat religious services:

When the Creator formed this land—Our Mother—there were many different lives he created when the animals were the people of this land. Prior to their genesis he requested these people testify how they were to accommodate and complement the honor of life on earth. Every life form on this earth testified as to their contribution. The salmon was the lead. Not only to the body, heart, and mind but to the resources where their foods and medicines come from for man. So their testimony from that day carries on to this day. We as humans on this earth hold that testimony in great reverence.

As each food reappears in the course of the year, tribal members conduct a first foods ceremony to thank the Creator for bringing that resource back for their people. The salmon is the first food to return. Religious leaders and chiefs appoint a fisherman to catch the first salmon, which was and still is a great honor. At the first foods ceremonies each person in attendance takes a small sip of water before and after the meal. We, as tribal people, have learned that water is the life-giver. Our elders tell us, “Without water nothing on Mother Earth would exist.”

COLUMBIA 28 SPRING 2007
We pay homage to the salmon, the first food that sits on the table. However, salmon is not alone in significance to tribal people. After the salmon, elk and deer are served, followed by roots and huckleberries. Native peoples consider the salmon, deer, and elk their brothers. The roots and berries are their sisters and should be protected and treated with respect.

When the fishing season began at Celilo Falls, tribal religious and fishery chiefs would announce it by a single whistle blown from a carved elk antler. The fisheries chief would remind fishermen to “take only what you need,” to allow some of the fish to reach their spawning grounds, reproduce, and provide for the next generation. This “escapement” was one of the first intentional human forms of conservation. If a fisherman fell into the river, the fishery chief would use the elk antler whistle again as a distress signal. Everyone would lay down their fishing equipment to assist the injured person. No fishing took place until the fisherman was either retrieved from the river or his body was found. Strict rules also prohibited fishing at night or on Sundays.

Traditionally, the fishing season began in April and lasted until November as separate runs came upriver. Native peoples traveled from as far away as Canada, the Great Lakes, Great Plains, Great Plateau, and Great Basin to gather, celebrate, gamble, trade, and fish at the falls. Long before the coming of non-tribal people, this place was part of an established trading network, bringing food and other resources to the area that were otherwise not available. Trade became a way to establish friendships and alliances. Coastal tribes brought abalone shells and other goods to Celilo Falls while blankets and beads arrived from the north. From the east came buffalo meat, horses, and pipestone. The Wy-am-pum traded their much-treasured dried and pounded salmon. They also provided fresh cooked salmon to travelers and visitors.

Women would take the freshly caught salmon and prepare it for their daily meals, processing what was left for future use. The women’s involvement, which resulted in tons of cached salmon, provided plenty of food for the winter months, meaning that no one would starve. The near-constant winds of the Columbia River Gorge quickly dried the salmon that had been set upon rows of drying racks in the villages that lined the river. The tribal women preserved dried or smoked salmon in tall, round baskets lined with dried steelhead fish skins and wrapped in mats that kept the fish fresh with just the right amount of moisture. These baskets, buried beneath the ground, could preserve their contents for months and even years. In the spring, when it was time to harvest roots, some women prepared fish for storage while others gathered roots for later use. As tribal people traveled the trails to gather foods, they would dig up previously buried baskets for nourishment and survival.

It was not all work for the multitudes of people who gathered at Celilo Falls. In the evenings men and women put on their best buckskins to sing their songs and dance. Teams played competitive games, racing their horses or making wagers during the bone game, which could last into the night. As the fishing season wound down at Celilo Falls, the villages had storage places prepared for the many resources gathered. Visitors eventually broke camp to return home, their travois filled with bundles of dried salmon and roots. It was a bountiful time.

Salmon is still the mainstay of the tribal diet in much of the Pacific Northwest as well as an integral part of our religion and way of life. Little did the native peoples

TOP: Wyam chief Tommy Thompson in regalia, 1949. Thompson was chief during the negotiations over and the inundation of Celilo Falls by The Dalles Dam in 1957.

BOTTOM: Horseshoe Falls was one of the most photographed of the falls and rapids that comprised Celilo and the Long Narrows. Postcards like this one capitalized on what many viewed as exotic native traditions, providing tourists with a memento of their visit to the mid Columbia River.
Elders teach us to plan seven generations ahead of ourselves; we are not here to live and then go away.

Within 50 years the United States government sought out the Yakama tribe to enter into treaty negotiations. During previous visits, federal officials came to understand that we were a people who had a land base, our own form of government, and an economy. The United States government, recognizing the tribes as sovereign entities, had laws that prevented it from taking the lands without consent. Tribal leaders and elders talked extensively before the treaty negotiators arrived with their interpreters in 1855. They knew what land rights they wanted to retain and explained them to the negotiators. Council proceedings at the Walla Walla treaty grounds began the afternoon of May 28, 1855. When the United States government representatives asked what provisions the Yakama people wanted in the treaty, they said they wanted to retain their tradition and culture, and retain their tribal government structure and their traditional religion, known as Washat. They said they understood that they must relinquish part of their original homelands and ceded 12 million acres to the federal government. They said they wanted not only to be able to fish, hunt, and gather their foods on the reservation but to do so on the ceded portion as well at places considered “usual and accustomed.”

“The right of taking fish is hereby secured...at all...usual and accustomed fishing stations”—this is one of the most important provisions in the 1855 Treaty for the Yakama people and other Columbia River tribes. It took four years for the United States Congress to ratify the Yakama Treaty. Meanwhile, newcomers were encroaching on tribal lands and cordoning off portions of what they considered to be their property. They erected fences that excluded tribal fishermen from their treaty-protected “usual and accustomed fishing grounds.” As the newcomers discovered that salmon could be marketed, they began to fish at tribal sites. Other impacts to Indian fishing along the Columbia River included the development of dams. The Dalles Dam inundated Celilo Falls in March 1957, 50 years ago. Prior to the dam’s construction, a delegation of Yakama tribal leaders addressed the United States Congress and the president, pleading with them not to flood the fishing site, but their words fell on deaf ears.

Oral tradition has guided the Yakama people. The stories teach us about the creation of the Yakama people and their world, and how each of the foods was given to us and how animals got their markings; they tell us the names and meanings given to the landscape. The Yakama people have used that traditional knowledge to guide the preservation of natural resources that continue to sustain us today.

As a Yakama tribal member I know that the elders and chiefs in 1855 were thinking about and planning for me. I am part of the seventh generation since the treaty signing. I must continue to think about and plan for my children and grandchildren and teach them our tribal history so they will know how to defend and honor the Yakama Treaty.

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It's the Dirt

In a 1911 promotional brochure for the Ephrata Valley in Grant County, Washington, land dealers E. Paul Janes and C. C. Linville extolled the agricultural virtues of the area tributary to Ephrata. It was, they said, "The land of opportunities," where "Ephrata fruit lands yield the largest return on the money invested." There was, to attract the farmer to the Moses Lake country, an "inexhaustible underground flow" of water.

"If you are a homeseeker, and will prove a homemaker, Ephrata wants you, and Ephrata will welcome you with the best she has." And, the new settler would find a country "inhabited by a thrifty, energetic, hardworking race of people, most American by birth." Typical of most of the boomer literature of the period, the brochure teems with frothy eloquence, bluntly concluding, "It's the dirt."

Traveling and writing 58 years earlier, in 1853, Sylvester Mowry said of eastern Washington, "The Territory of Washington is worthless for agricultural purposes,...the country is barren, rocky and desolate, and beyond all power of cultivation."

Adding water to the dirt made the difference. ☟
Henry Hewitt and Charles L. Colby, two of the founders of Snohomish County's capital city, were just finishing a large Victorian dinner. During the evening they had discussed the new metropolis they contemplated building on the shores of Port Gardner Bay. It was to be a mighty commercial enterprise, they agreed, that would one day rival the great cities of the West. They foresaw wonderful possibilities and immense profits in the proposed town. All it needed was a name. "That's it," Hewitt announced with a benign chuckle as he observed Colby's little son, Everett, reaching for a second helping of dessert. "We should name our city Everett. This boy wants only the best, and so do we!" Thus, the town was named. Over the years many observers would find it remarkably apt that the town was named after a greedy little boy.

Thirty years earlier, before the county seat was even a dream in the minds of ambitious capitalists, greed was only one of the motivating factors shared by early Snohomish County settlers. The region was not organized as a county until January 14, 1861; until that time it had been part of Island County. When it was established, Snohomish County had a non-native male population of about 40. It is said that one of the principal reasons for splitting Island County was to provide western Washington with increased representation in the Territorial Legislature to counterbalance eastern Washington's clout. But if the county was hatched as something of a governmental fiction, it soon learned to take to politics seriously—especially the disputatious and strident variety.
About two months after Snohomish County had been created, its commissioners held their first meeting in Mukilteo, the temporary county seat. The legislature chose this settlement because it was the only community of any size in the neighborhood. It possessed a store and a post office, both housed in the same rough-hewn building. Unfortunately, the town lacked a strongly partisan advocate to advance its fortunes.

Snohomish City, on the other hand, had very little but a persistent, fast-talking proponent; that was enough, however, to swing the balance in its favor. Their voluble champion was Emory C. Ferguson. The 27-year-old pioneer had gone to Olympia in 1860 seeking to split Snohomish from Island County. To his surprise, he found that the legislators had already done so, but he was too late to have his town named as the seat. So he launched into a campaign to move the center of county government inland to his own little domain. Ferguson's next step was to hold an election among all the legal voters of the area to determine whether the county seat should be moved. He later admitted that the vote was "a bitter campaign," but in the end it was successful. When the scarce ballots were tallied, Ferguson had won by a single vote—it was 11 for Snohomish City and 10 for Mukilteo.

When J. D. Fowler, Mukilteo's postmaster and one of the community's most prominent supporters, discovered that the county seat had been snatched away from his town, he reacted philosophically to the loss. "We was beat," Fowler explained ruefully in a letter to Ferguson, "on account of our folks was too lazy to vote." After that, he and others in the region had much greater respect fur Snohomish and its leader.

When the results of the election sank in, "Old Ferg," as he was often called, found that he had become the strongest political force in Snohomish County. For the next 35 years, for all intents and purposes, E. C. Ferguson was Snohomish County. In November 1863 the county's judicial chambers and offices moved to the "courthouse." Actually, it was just Ferguson's Blue Eagle Saloon and Hotel, which he had hastily constructed. This was rented to the county for the nominal fee of five dollars a year. There was no county jail at the time. In the early days, if a miscreant had to be detained, Snohomish rented space in the Kitsap County Jail. Fortunately, incarceration was rarely necessary.

By 1876 the region was experiencing an increase of both population and income, and it would no longer do to hold court in Ferguson's saloon. When a civic-minded hotel owner offered space at the Riverside Hotel for $100 a year, the county jumped at it. Three years later officials were ready to move once more. The court, auditor, clerk, and probate

OPPOSITE PAGE: The city of Everett was born in the calculating minds of Charles L. Colby, Wyatt J. Rucker and this man, Henry Hewitt Jr. Under Hewitt's direction, the Everett Land Company bought up vast tracts of land in order to build an industrial port on Port Gardner Bay.

Although this view of Everett from some time in the 1890s shows little more than mud, stumps, and real estate offices, the town was on the move. There is little evidence that this town, born in a rash of speculation and corporate greed, would ever amount to much.
judge were in the Masonic Lodge, the sheriff's office was in the drugstore, the treasurer was in Cathcart's Hotel, and by now the county rented what was described as "a very poor excuse for a jail" from the town's founder, E. C. Ferguson. No one was pleased with this situation. In May 1889 the commissioners placed a $100,000 bond issue on the ballot for construction of a new courthouse, but the measure failed to pass.

Since Snohomish was situated on a navigable river, road building was a low priority for its inhabitants. This was not the case with communities in the hinterlands. A letter in the Sultan Sun confirmed that its citizens were against the bond issue as long as "one-half the population lives miles from a road that can be traveled except on foot."

The Snohomish commissioners were apparently stuck with their makeshift quarters, but E. C. Ferguson was not the kind of man to be stopped by the shortsighted will of the people. He knew his county would never amount to much without those symbols of permanence that citizens look up to. The courthouse was a top priority in his mind, and so, despite the vote, the county's first palace of law arose in Ferguson's little kingdom. To his credit, it must be said that Old Ferg did not do things by halves. When he decided to build a courthouse, it was a proper one. After casting about for an architect with sufficient vision, the Snohomish people finally settled on Delos D. Neer, a Portland man of proven talent.

Neer was born in 1847 in Charlotteville, New York. After serving in the Civil War he became an apprentice builder and then journeyman carpenter in 1868. He lived for a time in San Francisco and in 1879 settled in Portland. The architect's earliest commissions consisted of residences, schools, and business buildings all primarily in East Portland, but in 1884 he designed an impressive courthouse for Clackamas County. Soon he had a string of public buildings to his credit throughout his home state. Neer's most famous extant structure is the lovely whitewashed courthouse that still serves Benton County in Corvallis, Oregon.

Emory C. Ferguson, known familiarly as "Old Ferg," was one of the shrewdest and most powerful forces in the region.

Ferguson and his cronies were determined to have a courthouse as grand as any in the state, so they arranged to bring Neer to Snohomish. The structure he presented to them was truly magnificent by any standards. When the Snohomish Eye reported on the monolithic structure for the first time, the newspaper, obviously impressed, described the building as "imposing."

It was a massive, fortress-like structure of brick and Chuckanut sandstone built in an H shape and measuring 64 by 100 feet. The building's principal ornamentation was described by the reporter as "a nearly proportioned and handsomely constructed tower" that rose three stories in the center of the structure's facade. The edifice featured a graceful porch supported by several columns, a decorative pediment emblazoned with the date 1890, and a sharply pitched roof complete with iron filigree on top.

The newspaper described the interior as "sumptuous." The first floor housed the commissioners and the principal county officers. On the second floor was a spacious courtroom measuring 42 by 54 feet. Opulent oak furniture and electrical lighting helped make the courthouse one of the finest buildings in the region. Despite its $32,000 price tag, The Eye was convinced that the building would be "not only an ornament but redound to the credit, enterprise, and executive ability of the commissioners." The paper assured its readers that "the county building is something to be proud of." Thus, by whatever financial legerdemain he could manage, Ferguson had his courthouse, and the county discovered that it owed the contractors a sum that was as awe-inspiring as the building itself.

For two years Ferguson ruled the county like the benevolent despot he had always been, but in 1892 the situation changed radically. The catalyst for that transformation was Everett, a village on Port Gardner Bay that was growing at an annoyingly rapid pace. Ironically, in 1891 there were not even enough people in Everett to warrant a voting precinct. But by spring of the following year a city had seemingly popped out of the ground overnight. Everett's city fathers were not village simpletons either. They were experienced businessmen who were used to having their own way. They did not care a hang about E. C. Ferguson or any of the other pioneers. They were
out to create a city that would rival Seattle or San Francisco—maybe even New York someday.

Everett was born in the calculating minds of two Tacoma businessmen, Wyatt J. Rucker and Henry Hewitt. The latter had arrived in Washington with $400,000, the profits from a logging concern. He sought a place to invest his sizable fortune where it would grow large and comfortable. Tacoma did not seem to be right, and so Hewitt looked elsewhere. As he cast about for a suitable site to invest in, he happened to find Port Gardner Bay where the meandering Snohomish River empties into Puget Sound. As it happened, the Northern Pacific Railway (NP) was also interested in this piece of real estate, and so Hewitt entered into negotiations with the railroad. Nothing much came of these dealings, but in the course of working with the NP, Hewitt met Charles L. Colby and Colgate Hoyt.

Colby was looking for a place to construct whaleback ships, while Hoyt was interested in anything that would make money. Hewitt convinced the two that he was the right person to head up their development company. The problem was that if news got out of Eastern capital being invested in Puget Sound, it would set off a rash of land speculation. These were the weighty matters the two men were discussing when Colby's son inspired them to name the community after him.

Hewitt began buying up land quietly. Soon he discovered that another Tacoma land developer, W. J. Rucker, was doing the same. Through some fancy negotiations, Hewitt's consortium was able to buy out the competition and keep the plans on track. During the first three months of 1891 he was able to scoop up 5,000 acres without tipping off any other land speculators. This was the mark of a truly discreet investor.

When the Monte Cristo Mine, 40 miles east of Everett, struck pay dirt, one of the biggest capitalists of all became interested in the area. John D. Rockefeller began to invest heavily in exploiting the mineral resources of Snohomish County. The new city of Everett was imagined to be the headquarters of a rich mining region on the West Coast. The future could not possibly have looked rosier.

With millions of dollars being pumped into Everett, it is not surprising that the city began to grow rapidly. As the area's largest center of population, Everett naturally...
considered that it had a right to the county seat. "The City of Smokestacks" was a strong new reality in Snohomish County, and it took the old-timers a while to figure this out. E. C. Ferguson had lorded it over the county for so long, he had begun to think himself as invincible. So when Everett began its campaign to grab the seat, he was inclined to disregard it. After all, he had managed to wrest the county government from Mukilteo in the early days; if he was victorious then, he could do it again. Unfortunately, he greatly underestimated the drive of the Everett people. Ferguson had history on his side, but Everett's backers had money on theirs.

In May 1893 Everett businessmen established a committee to secure the county seat. Their first move was to arrange for a bond for $30,000. Ostensibly, this was for a park, but actually it was to build a courthouse should the city win the county seat. They were forced to use this legal stratagem because it would have been unlawful to bond the city for their real purpose. If they won their bid for the seat, Everett would be able to present the county with a new courthouse at no cost to the taxpayers of the other communities.

The committee next began gathering signatures to place the question on the upcoming ballot. The election was set for November 6, 1894. Under state law, Everett had to garner at least 60 percent of the vote to grab the county seat. With so much resting on the outcome of this fateful election, it can come as no great shock that what followed was one of the most confusing, disputed, and dishonest campaigns ever held in Washington.

Snohomish residents seemed slow to awaken to the threat, but once the town realized the seriousness of the situation, it began to fire a few salvos. The stock market crash of 1893 had shaken Everett, but its effect on the town had been partially cushioned by earnings from the Monte Cristo mine. Even so, riverside town partisans averred that Everett was nothing but a busted boomer town and they were sure that the $30,000 would never be seen again if the seat were moved. Snohomish, they announced, was nearer the geographic center of the county and so served everyone better. Besides, Everett might have a port, but there were no roads to connect it to other parts of the region.

Stung by these accusations, Everett began to mobilize a counteroffensive. The port city's business leaders arranged to have roads constructed to several nearby communities, thus extending the arteries of commerce as far as Stanwood and Machias. The city fathers likewise were careful to do any little service they could when they thought it might help produce a favorable vote.

In the meantime, Snohomish stewed ineffectually, resorting to a war of name-calling and dirty tricks. Snohomish supporters referred to Everett as the "busted balloon"—down the river whenever opportunity allowed. Everett retaliated by claiming that Snohomish was only a mean little logging camp and that its poverty-stricken people were forced to subsist on humpbacked salmon. According to an article in the Herald, Everett had a campaign glee club that made the rounds of political meetings with a program of topical songs on the subject. One ditty had a chorus of these immortal lines: "The place where they do humpies eat is no place for the county seat."

With a lead-up like this, the election itself could be no less contentious than the campaign. First, both rival cities sent scores of observers to each other's polling places to make sure there would be no hanky-panky. Despite these precautions, it soon became apparent that the election was impossibly corrupt. The only question was how to make sense of it all. At first it appeared that Everett was the easy winner, but questions of illegality soon began to crop up. Examples of voting irregularities were everywhere, and charges of fraud filled the political ether like sour air from a pulp plant. The Eye had learned that Everett people chartered a steamer in Seattle and hired gangs of men to vote at a dollar a head.

The man who engineered Everett's deceptive tactics was Joe Irving, and in a Seattle Times article of 1949 he revealed the extent of his skulduggery. Irving was in charge of paying off the Seattle men after they performed their illegal deeds. Irving reported that one bayside Everett precinct reported 240 votes where there should have been no more than 15. Irving's boys then helped swell the count at the downtown precinct before they headed up the Snohomish River to Lowell. Here the Seattle delegation really earned its money by voting repeatedly. In fact, the men earned so much boodle that Irving was rapidly running out of silver dollars. He did not relish the idea of being on hand when he reached the bottom of his poke, so he took the opportunity during a lull in the proceedings to sneak back home along a riverside trail under the friendly cover of darkness.
In 1897 architect A. F. Heide designed Snohomish County's three-story brick courthouse in the popular Romanesque style. Gables, cupolas, and towers gave the structure a castle-like appearance; unfortunately, the building was fated to last only about a dozen years. This view was taken around 1908.

Snohomish partisans howled in outrage when they learned of these shenanigans. But soon the accusatory finger was pointed at them. At the closing of the polls on election day, William Doleson, election clerk of the South Snohomish precinct noted that there were 47 names recorded on the voting rolls, and he accordingly signed the book and deposited it in the courthouse.

Two guards—one from Snohomish and one from Everett—then took up positions at the courthouse door. But during the night someone entered the building and added 200 names to the list of local supporters. A later frenzied inspection of the rolls showed that the added voters were at that time permanent residents of the Snohomish cemetery.

Next, county personnel announced that all ballots from the populous mining district of Monte Cristo, which was firmly in Everett's corner, had been mysteriously "lost." They then discovered that not only were the ballots missing but so was the election clerk. The nervous man was last seen boarding an eastbound train headed for more civilized parts. No problem, declared the Everett partisans; by a lucky stroke of fate they had "found" the receipt of the Monte Cristo votes and accordingly presented it to the Snohomish officials.

Temper was getting very hot by the time delegations from both sides arrived at the courthouse. By some miracle there had been no shots fired as yet, but there had been one knife-fighting everyone at the county building (except the lawyers) was searched for weapons upon entering. The ever-scheming Joe Irving had by this time shaken his Seattle pursuers and arrived in the river town to see what mischief he could pull on his rivals. During a break in the debate at the courthouse, Irving wandered downtown and purchased a real-looking toy pistol. He then returned to the county building and slipped the gun into a coat pocket of W. J. Brownell, a local attorney. Irving then demanded that the sheriff also search the attorneys for weapons. As luck would have it, the outraged Brownell was the first to volunteer. When the planted toy gun was removed from the astonished attorney's pocket, an instantaneous outburst of wrath rocked the room, and in the blink of an eye hundreds of hands instinctively whipped to recently emptied holsters. Thanks to the presence of mind of some cooler heads—and no thanks to Joe Irving—Snohomish County was spared a shooting war.

INJUNCTIONS AND RESTRAINING ORDERS WERE QUICKLY ISSUED, AND THE TWO RIVAL COMMUNITIES SETTLED IN FOR A LONG COURT BATTLE. SNOHOMISH POSTED MORE GUARDS AROUND ITS COURTHOUSE AND THE PRECIOUS RECORDS, FEARFUL THAT EVERETT MIGHT ATTEMPT A RAID AND CARRY THE PAPERS OFF BY FORCE. SEVEN DIFFERENT LAWSUITS ENDED UP IN SUPERIOR COURT, FOUR OF WHICH WENT TO THE STATE SUPREME COURT. AT FIRST THE COURT DELIVERED A DECISION IN EVERETT'S FAVOR. WHEN THE CITY LEARNED OF THIS, A GREAT IMPROMPTU CELEBRATION ENDED, WITH CHURCH BELLS RINGING AND BONFIRES BLAZING ALL OVER TOWN. JUBILANT SUPPORTERS PULLED THE CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE AROUND IN A GROCERY WAGON SURROUNDED BY A MADLY CHEERING MOB. IN 1895, HOWEVER, THE STATE SUPREME COURT ISSUED AN ORDER STATING THAT TRIALS CANNOT BE HELD IN EVERETT. THIS SET OFF A HUGO, CIVIC CELEBRATION IN SNOHOMISH THAT WAS AS WILD AND JUBILANT AS THE ONE IN EVERETT. ANOTHER DECISION IN THE RIVER TOWNS' FAVOR CAME SHORTLY THEREAFTER, AND IT LOOKED AS THOUGH IT MIGHT BE TIME FOR EVERETT TO THROW IN THE TOWEL.

After this victory, an Eye editorial sarcastically asked Everett, "What are you going to do about it?" and suggested that it was time to consider the incident closed. But Snohomish had once more misunderstood the port city's grit. Everett only instituted legal appeals all the more strongly. In December 1896 the state supreme court made a final ruling in Everett's favor, bringing an end to what has been called "the most famous county seat contest the State of Washington has ever known." In late January 1897 a long line of empty team-drawn wagons drew up in front of Ferguson's beautiful courthouse and workmen began to remove the county records. The Eye reported that it "looked like a funeral."

The reception was very different when the loaded wagons reached Everett. As the procession wound down Hewitt Avenue, it was greeted with
hearty cheers, ringing bells, and whistle blasts. True to its little namesake, Everett had grabbed what it wanted.

There were few tears for Snohomish in the rest of the county. Those with long memories hearkened back to the time when Snohomish had refused to build decent roads to connect outlying areas. The Everett News published this telling lament in its Granite Falls column:

Snohomish sits on the river brink,
And her head is drooping low,
For down the river the courthouse glides,
Sing soft, oh mermaids, sing low.
She harness the crop she sowed
In the years of long ago,
When she held up her head in arrogant pride
And said to the ranchers, “Oh, no!
Not a dollar for roads for you,
So clean out a slough
Or float down in a canoe,
It’s good enough for the Siwash and you.”
Sing soft, oh mermaids, sing low,
We pity her grief and her woe,
As down the river the courthouse glides,
Where everything seems to go.

After Snohomish finally heard the mermaids’ melancholy song and found itself without the county seat, it settled into the life of a country backwater. In 1898 the glorious courthouse was converted into a high school, and the town survived as best it could. Everett, meanwhile, continued to grow and prosper. Snohomish residents at least had the satisfaction of knowing that, had they not lost the county seat in 1897, the removal would have taken place sooner or later. They came to feel that Everett was welcome to its crowds and smokestacks.

In the victorious city, however, plans were moving ahead for a magnificent new courthouse. Architect A. F. Heide submitted plans for a brick and stone structure to rest on the corner of Pacific and Wetmore Avenues. In July 1897 the entire city seemed to turn out for the laying of the cornerstone. Heide’s design called for a three-story brick edifice built in the Romanesque style. Three large, rounded central arches led into the heart of the fortress-like structure. Overhead, numerous gables, cupolas, and towers created a harmonious if slightly anachronistic effect. Inside, the ground floor was occupied by various county officers while the upper stories housed the courtroom. The architect had not wanted a structure that looked airy and insubstantial; his was a courthouse as heavy and immovable as the law itself.

About this time it became clear that the Monte Cristo Mine was not the mountain of wealth promoters had claimed it to be. Rockefeller decided to cut his losses and pull out. He extracted every cent he could from Everett, selling off his nail factory, paper mill, shipyards—everything he had originally invested in. On December 9, 1899, most city property was sold at auction on the steps of the Snohomish County Courthouse. Having invested $8 million in Everett, Rockefeller sold his property for a grand total of $1,500. The man who bought it was Wyatt J. Rucker, acting as purchasing agent for J. J. Hill, the railroad magnate. Hill eventually engineered the recovery of Everett by inviting a friend of his, Frederick K. Weyerhaeuser, to open a sawmill there. Weyerhaeuser and his company gradually became one of the largest employers in the forestlands around Everett and all over the Evergreen State.

Throughout the port city’s ups and downs, Heide’s castle of law served the region well. To many, the courthouse represented Everett’s triumph over its political, economic, and natural foes. Proud residents invariably pointed to the Romanesque structure as an example of the civilizing influence of law and justice in their recently tamed land. Unfortunately, some forces are untamable, as the city learned all too well the summer of 1909.

The headlines in the Everett Herald said it all: “Fire Fiend Holds Red Carnival in Everett.” On the afternoon of August 2, one or more arsonists systematically set fire to the entire downtown section of Everett. Coursing through alleys and back streets, the unknown incendiary torched every building and shed he could. “For
The ruins of the old courthouse were redesigned in 1911 by A. F. Heide in the more up-to-date California Mission style. This view is from around 1912, and it shows the annex (on the left), which was demolished in the 1960s to make room for a large, jarringly modern annex.

many hours,” the paper confirmed, “the sky was red from blazes in various quarters of the city.” With several fires burning at once, there was a great deal of confusion. To make matters worse, telephone operators taking calls that afternoon threatened to walk off the job because some of the excited people calling to report new outbreaks of fire apparently used profane language. The central operators were not inclined to listen to such intemperate comments, disaster or no, and while they fumed, the fire grew in intensity.

When a carriage and wheel factory across the street from the brick courthouse burst into flames, it was only a matter of time before the county building followed suit. Bewildered, overworked firemen could do little but watch as the sparks flew across the street and alighted on the wooden shakes of the courthouse roof. Before long smoke and cinders from the burning landmark obscured the warm summer sky.

The next day only the lower walls were left standing. Dazed Everett citizens found the totality of the disaster incomprehensible. The newspaper reported that curious throngs hung about the courthouse ruins, walking “where angels should fear to tread, for the hanging walls appear extremely menacing, full of cracks as they are and in instances appearing to be supported merely by a thread of masonry.” The loss to the courthouse was estimated at $50,000.

The wood shingle roof figured prominently in the structure’s rapid demise. But for a last-minute cost-cutting move in which the tile roof specified by Heide had been replaced with the less expensive shakes, the building might have been spared—a fact that was angrily blazoned across the Herald’s front page. The newer courthouse annex, which had escaped the flames, provided a temporary home for county officials until the reconstruction was completed. The county was able to secure the services of the original architect, A. F. Heide. Since his first design, a new style of architecture had become popular—the California Mission style—and it was in this unlikely idiom that the new building was drawn up and constructed. Using some of the surviving lower portions of the original building, Heide chose to put up a central clock tower with an arched helfry. Rounded Spanish arches, bracketed eaves, and a tile roof completed the facade. Gone was the ponderous brick exterior; instead, there emerged a bright, white stucco finish.

Puget Sound had been called “America’s Mediterranean” by naturalist John Muir, and now Everett had a courthouse that fit perfectly with that conceit.

Heide’s attempt to recycle the unfashionable Romanesque original achieved limited success. Here and there, telltale signs of the previous structure show through. This is especially apparent in the three large arches underneath the tower, which are virtually unchanged from the building’s earlier form. Like ghostly eyes from the past, these architectural elements peer out from a new face, and the city they survey has achieved a level of success that would even satisfy little Everett Colby’s desire for the best in life.

David L. Chapman has written the history of each of Washington’s 39 county courthouses and hopes to publish them in book form one day. He currently teaches in the Kent School District.
The DAY of the BIG RUN

By Ray Fadich

A Purse Seiner Skiffman’s Memoir from the 1958 Sockeye Season
he darkness, about to give way to a new day, lingered. The predawn mist of early fall was chilling as I sat alone in the skiff; the skiff was tied to the stern of the mother boat, the seiner *Emancipator*. It was half past four and I was waiting for the action to begin. Once it started, the tranquility of early morning would be lost. Masts and running lights of other boats indicated that a good portion of the seine fleet was here. They had come to net the most sought-after of all salmon—the sockeye.

Nick Barbanovich, the skipper, and other crew members were on the *Emancipator*'s bridge scouting for salmon. Over a hundred other boats were doing the same, all waiting for five o'clock, the start of a special commercial opening.

Word had it that millions of sockeye were milling near the mouth of the Fraser River in British Columbia, waiting for a final dash to their spawning grounds. With the escapement quota already reached, this multitude of salmon would overcrowd the spawning streams, causing more harm than good. To reduce the numbers, the Fish Commission offered a one-day opening for seiners. It was the morning of September 23, 1958, and a strong ebbing tide along with a stiff northwesterly wind could prove to be a blessing for the seiners. This combination, if forceful enough, could push those millions of sockeye into American waters, where United States seiners were waiting.

Point Roberts, the United States peninsula only a few miles south of the Fraser’s mouth, is as close as American fishermen are allowed to go. If the sockeye were not carried that far south, the American seiners would be out of luck. As I sat in the skiff I wondered if we had come all the way from Everett on a wild goose chase. It would take a miracle for those sockeye to drift into our area.

At five o’clock things went crazy as a hundred or more boats began laying out their seiners. From the bridge Nick yelled, “Let ‘er go!” The skiff released and began pulling the seine off *Emancipator*'s stern into the water. I turned the skiff 180 degrees and started towing the end of the seine.

Out of the mist, without warning, came an accelerating seine boat pushing a wall of water at its bow. The unidentified boat raced past only a few feet from the skiff; its bow wave rocked the skiff with such turbulence I had to hold tightly to the gunwale to keep from being tossed overboard. The boat's seine, reeling off the stern, was on a course to block any sockeye from entering our seine.

There was no question; we were getting what fishermen call a “royal corking.” In layman’s terms, that means laying a seine too close to another, thereby catching the fish that would have entered the seine being corked. It is an action that provokes blasphemy from the crew being corked; but corkings happen many times during a season when skippers become afflicted with “fish fever” and forget their manners.

The *Emancipator* came to a halt with only about 50 fathoms of seine in the water. It was useless to try to complete laying out our seine with the other seine so close. With no time to fret, our crew began the laborious job of hand-hauling the seine.

There was a hydraulic power block aboard the *Emancipator* used to haul in the heavy seine, but when only a small portion of the seine was laid out, it must be hauled in by hand over the stern—a very strenuous undertaking. Many unpleasantries, directed at the corking skipper, were voiced by the crew as they pulled in the water-laden seine.

After getting the seine aboard, Nick and the crew again looked for a jumping sockeye, the clue that indicates a school. Very shortly Nick yelled, “Let ‘er go!” Once again the skiff was let loose from the mother boat, initiating another “set.” This time we managed to get the entire seine in the water without another seine being too close.

With the skiff towing one end of the seine and the *Emancipator* towing the other, the seine formed a large semi-circle 300 fathoms long. The open portion allowed sockeye to swim into the seine; once inside, the mother boat and skiff tow toward each other, closing the seine and trapping the fish. While towing I sat steering and picking accumulated salmon scales off the surface of my boots. It could get boring out away from the mother boat waiting for Nick’s signal to “close up.”

Normally two men are assigned to the skiff, but my partner, Tom, had left the previous week to return to college. He could have stayed and missed a few classes but thought this trip would be a waste of time. By the look of things, he could be right. First we got corked, and from all indications there didn’t seem to be any salmon here. I was thinking Nick had set “on the blind” because I hadn’t seen any jumpers. A “blind set” is made in lieu of seeing any jumpers—a dice throw.
After a 10-minute tow (much shorter than normal) Nick signaled to close up. I responded by turning the skiff to starboard toward the Emancipator. I gave her full throttle and backwash and the seine directionally. As the skiff came alongside the Emancipator, I threw the seine line to a crew member, who quickly put it on Emancipator’s winch. The mother boat now had complete control of the seine. From the bridge Nick yelled down to me, “Did you see all those jumpers?” “Yeah sure, in your dreams Nick,” I answered. I was wise to the skipper’s joking.

While the seine was being pursed-up (closing the bottom) it was my job to take the skiff and tow the mother boat, to keep her from engaging with the floating corkline of the seine; without towing, the wind and current would cause the corkline to encircle the Emancipator, not a favorable condition. Pursing up, winching in a line that runs through metal rings along the bottom of the seine, would take several minutes. During the purse-up the crew appeared to be in jubilation. Tethered on the towline, I had the skiff towing slowly as I wondered about the overzealous behavior of the crew. Had they tapped into Nick’s secret reserve of vino?

Below, left to right: 1) Nick Barbanovich, the skipper, yells “let ‘er go” to start a set. 2) Starting a set—for naught; the boat in the background is giving the Emancipator a “royal corking.” 3) The last portion of the seine goes through the power block as crew members pile it on the stern. 4) Five crew members pile the seine as it comes down from the power block. 5) Emancipator making for the lee of Patos Island (background), overloaded with salmon and near sinking. 6) Hold full, deck loaded, the crew unloads 15,000 sockeye. (All photos courtesy of Ray Fadich)

“Inside!” I heard Bob’s voice bellow across the 100 feet that separated me from the mother boat. The entire crew looked as though they had just witnessed a miracle. Was it an act? Our season started in June, so I had been subjected to many of the pranks crew members aimed at the skiffman. Being low man on the totem pole, a skiffman was expected to catch the brunt of jocularity on a seine boat.

Frank came over to the gunwale of the Emancipator, cupping his hands around his mouth he yelled across the water to me, “Salmon are jumping like rain inside!” By inside, he meant inside the confines of the seine. Okay, Frank, you can go back to the crew and have a big laugh at the expense of the skiffman, I thought.

The seine was being worked on the port side of the Emancipator, while the skiff towed on the starboard, so the mother boat blocked my view. I couldn’t see what was going on in the seine and was still thinking the six crew members were acting excited as a ploy. It was the last day of the season and they were having some fun.

It took about 15 minutes to purse up the seine; with this completed, the salmon had no way of escaping. The crew began hauling the seine with the aid of the power block, piling it on the stern. When about three quarters of the seine was aboard, Nick signaled for me to release the towline and run the skiff to the other side of the Emancipator where the last portion of the seine was still in the water. As the skiff rounded the stern of the Emancipator, I was astonished by the spectacle before me. A large circle of floating corks resembled a giant pot boiling with a frenzy of fish. Within the circle, salmon were jumping everywhere; hundreds of others, forced to the surface by the volume of fish beneath them, writhed and slithered about. A great number were forced over the corkline to freedom. It was a sight of unbelievable magnitude.

Nick signaled me to come alongside where Frank could board the skiff to assist me. The crew readied the brailer, a large scoop used to remove salmon from the seine; its capacity was about 200 fish. The crew began brailing the salmon while...
Frank and I pulled the seine's webbing in the skiff to "dry" the seine and force the salmon to the surface. It took over three hours to empty the seine, but we were so entranced by the mother lode that it seemed like only a few blissful moments.

With all the sockeye aboard, the Emancipator was frightfully overloaded. The boat's hull, which held about 12,000 sockeye, was full and overflowing; another few thousand covered the entire deck area where the crew had to slush about, knee deep in sockeye.

With the weight of the water-soaked seine at the stern, together with the weight of the thousands of sockeye, the Emancipator's stern sank below the surface. Seawater reached all the way to the hatch coaming, threatening to sink the boat. Nick ordered the crew to pitch sockeye from midship to the bow to try and counter-weight the load, thereby raising the stern. This helped some, but the boat still tottered on the brink. Luckily, Georgia Strait, which had a reputation for nasty seas, was only moderately disturbed.

Nick called the cannery at Anacortes and arranged for a tender to rendezvous with us at Patos Island, a 45-minute run from our present position. Nick steered toward Patos at about half speed; any faster would have forced the submerged stern even lower. Our valuable cargo was in jeopardy.

Sockeye, the premium salmon of the canning industry, bring the highest price to fishermen, and we had approximately $35,000 worth aboard.

By now it was 11 o'clock and the crew was starving, having missed their normal breakfast time. Bob, the cook, was landlocked in the galley because sockeye blocked the entry door. He had to hand the crew's breakfast out the galley window, where we sat on the gunwale and wolfed it down. As we ate Bob stuck his head out the window and said, "If a seagull lands on the mast we'll be joining Davy Jones." It seemed like we were that overloaded. Paul, the old veteran of the crew, said that we should have released a couple thousand sockeye from the seine, that we were taking a hell of a risk.

The Emancipator was an old boat, built in 1917. Would her aging timbers be able to withstand such a load? Most likely she had never before been asked to carry a plugged (full) hold. Some of her questionable seams, which were normally above the waterline, were now submerged. Would they keep water from entering the hull?

Apparently not, for the crew had to maintain a continual vigil at the hand-operated deck pump. This pump, along with the main bilge pump run off the engine, operated nonstop on the way to Patos. With the possibility of sinking at any moment, the crew remained relatively calm. We were somewhat comforted knowing we could use the skiff as a lifeboat if necessary.

We reached uninhabited Patos Island and found the tender boat anchored in a small bay. It seemed like a clandestine meeting, as if we possessed contraband and were going to unload on the sly. It was all legitimate, but being miles from the rest of the seine fleet in the lee of a remote island cast a strange aura on the scene.

The crew unloaded 15,000 sockeye unto the tender. It was one of the largest single hauls of sockeye ever made. We were thankful that freak wind and tide pushed all those sockeye into United States waters. We also had to thank the skipper of the boat that corked us; had we been given that set, it most likely would have been a different result. Finally, we had to thank the Emancipator, for she lived up to her reputation as a rugged, dependable seiner.

The 1958 sockeye season proved to be a banner year. It was the largest recorded sockeye run in the Fraser River system since the all-time high of 1913. Escapement for spawners was more than anticipated, prompting the installation of electric fences in some streams to prevent overcrowding.

A native of Everett, Ray Fadic is now retired and living in Hawaii. He served as a United States Navy photographer, fished commercially on Puget Sound purse-seine boats for 15 seasons, and worked as a general contractor for 25 years. Recently he has been doing some freelance writing and working on a book-length manuscript on Puget Sound purse-seining.
EDNA FERBER'S GREAT SON

By Peter Donahue

Among the authors considered in the Retrospective Reviews, Edna Ferber alone has no ties to the Northwest. Yet she may be the author readers know best. A Midwesterner who became one of the most prolific and popular authors of her day, Edna Ferber (1885-1968) wrote big novels set in the Midwest and West—novels such as So Big (1924, winner of the Pulitzer Prize), Cimarron (1929), Come and Get It (1936), Giant (1952), and Ice Palace (1958). In 1933 Time magazine called Ferber an “expert machine of popular-priced fiction.” Most of her novels were made into films. Ferber also co-wrote with George Kaufmann many successful Broadway plays, most notably Showboat (1927) and Dinner at Eight (1932).

Ferber’s reputation for sweeping epics was well-established in 1945 when Great Son appeared, recounting the story of Seattle through several generations of a single family. As Ferber acknowledges in her introduction, the novel is not the 1,800-page trilogy—“with a map in the front and an index in the back, and footnotes explaining the meaning of Chinook Indian words”—the topic warrants. Rather, it’s a curiously telescoped yet detailed take on the city’s trajectory from founding to post-World War II heyday.

The novel’s title refers to the main character, Vaughan Melendy. Vaughan is the son of Exact Melendy, named after the schooner Exact, which carried her when still an infant to Alki Point in 1851. Because of her standing as the matriarch of “Seattle’s foremost pioneer family,” Exact Melendy is referred to simply as Madam. A city icon, she’s compared to Chief Seattle and Mount Rainier.

Vaughan both benefits and suffers from this family legacy. It affords him instant status but stamps him forever as the progeny of Madam Melendy. Ferber recognizes here the powerful mythologizing of the pioneers that scripted much of Seattle’s history. This mythologizing is reinforced by Vaughan’s wife, who herself insists, “Please remember my family. I’m no fly-by-night. Please remember Mama was a Mercer Girl,” referring to the shipload of “bombazine belles” that pioneer Asa Mercer recruited to Seattle in 1864.

Vaughan also becomes defensive about his pioneer past at times. When his lover, Pansy Deleath, challenges his family legacy, he reprimands her. “The Melendys are good, solid American citizens,” he reminds her, “and have been for I don’t know how long—oldest settlers and you know it.” But Pansy, an independent spirit, shoots right back, “I’m kind of sick of you settlers, you Melendys and all the rest. You came because you wanted land, and you took it free and got rich, the smart ones among you.”

Such skepticism eventually filters down to the scion of this pioneer legacy, Mike Melendy, Exact’s great-grandson. When a young refugee recounts how in Germany she “learned about American pioneers and how they could have land—millions of acres—just for the asking. And everything was here—mines and forests and rivers. They had only to take it,” Mike Melendy scoffs. “And they did take,” he retorts. “My family’s been taking with both hands since way back in eighteen fifty-one.”

At one point, even Vaughan feels “the Melendys need some new pioneer blood in the family. We’re getting stale.” His doubts about the family legacy, however, fail to weaken its unshakable foundation. Vaughan’s pride in his pioneer past, along with his stature as one of Seattle’s stalwart citizens, eventually prevails.

Within Seattle history, the gold rush often serves as a kind of second founding. Along with most historians, Ferber sees it as the mad grab for riches that it was. However, unlike most gold-fevered prospectors, Vaughan succeeds in his ventures in the northland, and while there he meets Pansy, who gives birth to his heir, a child he names Klondike (or “Dike”) Melendy. Vaughan’s success in Alaska earns him the pioneer-like stature that previously had been his merely as birthright.

In turn, Vaughan pays tribute to both his and his mother’s generation. “We had guts [in Alaska],” he tells Pansy, “and so did Ma’s crowd and her folks back of that. Look at the Mercers and the Denny boys, crossing the continent from Illinois to this spot of wilderness and the jumping-off place.... Folks read about Jack London and Rex Beach and Tux Rickard up there in Alaska.... Only we went through ten times what they did; they only kind of looked on.” With his gold poke, he proudly builds three magnificent homes on Queen Anne Hill for his wife, mother, and lover.

University of Washington Professor Russell Blankenship, reviewing Great
Son for the Pacific Northwest Quarterly, rightfully asserted that the novel is "about Seattle...not of Seattle." In touristy literary fashion, Ferber often extols the city through vibrant descriptive passages. We're told that Vaughan "fit well into the gorgeous and spectacular setting that was the city of Seattle," touching off a five-page presentation of Seattle and environs. Such passages, rapturous in tone, reinforce one reviewer's comment that "the charms of American imperialism lurk unaware" in the novel.

Even so, Ferber's insights redeem such passages. She admits the region has "a dreamlike quality baffling to the outsider." Having studied Archie Bins's Northwest Gateway (1941) and the detailed Work Projects Administration guide Washington (1941), she at least gets her facts right—from the prevalent role of vaudeville in Seattle theaters to the class distinctions between the Highlands and Queen Anne Hill. The novel even presages the advent of Seattle's Boeing era through Vaughan's aviator grandson, who buzzes "the cluster of Melendy houses on Queen Anne Hill."

At once family saga and city saga, Edna Ferber's novel Great Son is a non-Seattleite's unsentimental paean to the city. As one of Ferber's characters fondly notes, "Seattle's a kind of new town, you know. It's sort of raw around the edges, though it pretends to be oh so ripe."

Peter Donahue is author of the novel Madison House, which won the 2005 Langum Prize for Historical Fiction, and the short story collection The Cornelius Arms. He is coeditor of Reading Portland: The City in Prose and Reading Seattle: The City in Prose.

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Additional Reading

Theodore Winthrop


A Pirogue by Any Other Name


On the Fly


Wy-am


A Tale of Two Cities


The Day of the Big Run

The Journal of John Work

A Chief-trader of the Hudson's Bay Company

Edited by William S. Lewis and Paul C. Phillips.
Spokane: Arthur H. Clark Company, 2006; 209 pp., $42.50.
Reviewed by Robert M. Carriker.

Irish-born John Work, perhaps the most tireless explorer of the Pacific Northwest, wrote 15 journals about his employ with the Hudson's Bay Company during the 1820s and 1830s. As the successor to Peter Skene Ogden, Work led the Snake River Brigade across vast amounts of territory. But his journals offer more than geography lessons. His insights into the work routines of the traders and the policies of the HBC's Columbia Department, headquartered at Fort Vancouver, are more important. In addition, Work addresses aspects of the fur trade with a voice that is sometimes complimentary to and sometimes contradictory of those offered by his contemporaries Gabriel Franchere, Alexander Ross, and Ross Cox.

When, in 1923, the Arthur H. Clark Company published Work's journal covering the period August 18, 1831 to July 27, 1832, only eight segments of his writings were available, all of it in limited distribution journals like the Washington Historical Quarterly. Ultimately, all of Work's journals will be published, but this particular segment has never been reissued until now. Two editors prepared the 1923 edition. One editor, William Stanley Lewis, was a Spokane attorney who represented the Colville and Okanogan tribes in court, and the other, Paul C. Phillips, was chair of the History Department at the University of Montana. Among the scholars who contributed special notes to the edition was T.C. Elliott, an investment banker in Walla Walla. At the time of original publication, the original of the Work journal resided in the British Columbia Archives at Victoria, Vancouver Island. First researched by Hubert Howe Bancroft, four handwritten copies had been made over the years, one of them scribbled down in 1908 by Professor Edmond S. Meany of the University of Washington.

Since the 2006 edition is an exact reproduction, the bibliography of sources is out of date. Likewise, some of the footnotes struggle to understand the geography of the Pacific Northwest. Nevertheless, the introductory chapters are helpful—one on the fur trade and the other a thumbnail biography of Work—and there is an informative introduction to the second printing. The central feature of the book, of course, is the unadulterated commentary of John Work. Now available after an absence from the marketplace of over eight decades, The Journal of John Work is an essential possession for anyone interested in either the Columbia Department fur trade or published primary travel accounts in the Pacific Northwest.

Robert M. Carriker is head of the Department of History and Geography at the University of Louisiana, Lafayette. He is a specialist in American exploration history.

The Seattle Bungalow

People and Houses, 1900-1940

Reviewed by Eric Cunningham.

The Seattle Bungalow is an engaging, multi-layered study of residential architecture in Seattle between 1900 and 1940, a period in which the city was transformed from a regional resource and transportation hub to the chief metropolis of the Pacific Northwest. Combining urban, social, and economic history with an insightful analysis of American modernity, Janet Ore deftly examines the relationship between middle-class aspiration, consumerism, real-estate development and sales, and housing construction. These subtexts are placed against a background narrative of the ubiquitous "Craftsman" bungalow, the house that became the symbol of progressive American home ownership before and after World War I. The site of some of the Northwest's most interesting bungalow-style houses, Seattle provides a rich opportunity to examine the degree to which Craftsman culture influenced lifestyles of middle-class Americans. By demonstrating the mutually resonant dynamic between the Craftsman ideal and the visions of the middle-class builders of new western cities like Seattle, Ore represents the bungalow as a symbol of prosperity, proprietorship, and progress, portraying it as a positive agent of modern culture.

Ore begins by drawing a contrast between two different groups of Craftsman owners. The first group, upwardly mobile professionals like Alfred Renfro and Clancy Lewis, created for themselves an "artist's colony" called Beaux Arts Village on the eastern shore of Lake Washington. Beaux Arts residents enjoyed the aesthetics of the late 19th-century "arts and crafts" movement to express their ideals of beauty and self-reliance by building rustically charming yet functionally modern homes in the "wilderness" east of Seattle. The other group, perhaps less well-heeled than their Beaux Arts counterparts, purchased Craftsman homes for their affordability and exploited the functional utility of these open, efficient homes for raising their families as well as for making a living.

Attending the popularity of Craftsman homes was the rise of a lucrative home construction industry that supported their proliferation. Early 20th-century architects, builders, salesmen, and finance agencies came together to make home ownership a possibility for a growing number of people, often at the expense of the "small contractor" arts and crafts ideal. Ore deftly shows the paradox of how a movement that originally exalted the independence and self-reliance of the local craftsman became the vanguard of the 20th-century real estate profession.

The Seattle Bungalow is recommended not only for urban historians but also for Seattle and Northwest historians and history buffs. General readers will find the stories of Wallingford's Stupp family and the Beaux Arts "artists colony" especially fascinating, and students of urban history and modernization will find Ore's analysis of the maturation of finance, salesmanship, consumerism, and citizenship in the early 20th century sophisticated and well worth the read.

Eric Cunningham earned a doctorate in history at the University of Oregon.
Death of Celilo Falls
Reviewed by Emmanuel Keller-Scholtz.

Death of Celilo Falls examines the building of The Dalles Dam on the Columbia River and the resultant pooling of water behind it that inundated Celilo Falls. Katrine Barber's intent, she says, is not to write a sweeping analysis of the 20th-century changes that took place on the Columbia, as other recent studies have done, but to examine how one specific instance of technological advancement on the Columbia permanently changed the lives of the people who lived on that watercourse. Barber focuses on the two towns adjacent to the falls—the Indian community of Celilo Village and the non-native community of The Dalles. Her narrative covers the three decades leading up to 1957 when the dam was completed. The story of the Celilo Falls inhabitants and their struggles reveals the complex interactions amongst the two communities and the government agencies involved.

The reader experiences the building of the dam through these struggles. The Native American residents resisted the dam, treasuring the ancestral traditions and wealth the Celilo Falls salmon provided. The non-native residents both resisted and supported the dam: commercial fishermen and Indian advocates feared the losses the dam would entail while civic developers followed the illusory “narrative of progress,” which spoke of a successful modern city. Ultimately, the project’s success lay with government officials, most importantly the Army Corp of Engineers, which built the dam, an agency that saw the project as providing vital hydroelectricity for national security in the Cold War era. As Barber skillfully describes these stories and people, her overarching theme—the tragic cost of progress—unfolds.

Barber’s extensive use of primary sources proves key to drawing her audience into the narrative. The details of the struggle take on a vitality that strengthens both the narrative and the academic dimensions of the book. The author has done significant archival research using a variety of evidence ranging from mainstream contemporary newspapers to the invaluable obscure, such as personal letters from Bureau of Indian Affairs agents. Extensive endnotes and a bibliography further the book’s value as a resource for any student of the Columbia River.

Death of Celilo Falls is well-researched and crafted with great care for the people and environs of the now-submerged Celilo Falls. The book suffers somewhat from the author’s intense concern for her subject, as occasional colloquialisms compromise the academic tone. The structure disconnects one from the work’s accomplishments, as the chapters are divided by theme rather than by chronology. Barber does well to introduce the general themes in the first chapters and then add complexities as the book progresses, but the nonlinear time line is initially jarring and may discourage the non-academic reader. Despite these concerns, Barber’s work remains a strong addition to the Columbia River canon, as it uniquely focuses on the specific effects of a massive technological movement. The book clearly accomplishes the author’s goals, as it keenly eulogizes the culture and environment of Celilo Falls.

Emmanuel R. Keller-Scholtz lives in Tacoma and commutes daily to Seattle where he is a research associate in the Archives of the Catholic Archdiocese of Seattle.

Windshield Wilderness
Cars, Roads, and Nature in Washington’s National Parks
By David Louter. Seattle: University of Washington Press, 2006; 288 pp., $35.00 cloth.
Reviewed by Rolland Dewing.

In 1916 Congress established the National Park Service “to conserve the scenery and the national and historic objects and the wildlife therein and to provide for the enjoyment of the same in such a manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations.” National Park Service historian David Louter analyzes the evolution of the park service’s somewhat contradictory directive for three national parks in Washington: Mount Rainier (1899), Olympic (1939), and North Cascades (1968). He asserts that cars have become central to our understanding of national parks as wild places, suggesting that most visitors are “windshield tourists” who rarely leave their automobiles.

From the founding of the National Park Service until it was reorganized in 1933, directors Stephen Mather and Horace Albright promoted the development of national parks for automobile tourism. New Deal agencies, especially the Civilian Conservation Corps, Public Works Administration, and the Work Projects Administration, vastly improved park facilities and roads. Concerned that a huge influx of tourists would irreparably damage the parks’ ecology, preservation organizations such as the Sierra Club and the Wilderness Society led the battle to conserve them by limiting access. Their pressure led to the 1964 Wilderness Act. Now 95 percent of Washington’s three national parks are designated as wilderness areas—meaning no roads or major tourist facilities.

Louter offers a provocative analysis of the controversy over access versus preservation. He includes a telling vignette about President Franklin Roosevelt’s tour of the Olympic Peninsula in 1937. Roosevelt was a park supporter but also a strong believer in having scenic areas accessible by highway. When he heard the proposed Olympic National Park referred to as a “wilderness without roads,’’ the physically handicapped president asked, “How would I get in?”

Windshield Wilderness contains 6 useful maps and 30 well-chosen illustrations. It is well-documented and includes an excellent, if somewhat dated, bibliography. The evolution of North Cascades National Park exhibits special strength of analysis and detail. It is clear that Louter’s frame of reference emanates from the park service’s preservationist philosophy. He portrays the archival U.S. Forest Service’s multiple use philosophy, designed to combine recreation with economic uses, as too environmentally destructive and defends designating large tracts of forestland as wilderness areas. Anyone interested in the literature of the United States’ conservation movement will profit from reading this book.

Dr. Rolland Dewing lives in Renton. He is emeritus professor of history at Chabot State College, Nebraska.

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