Mary Randlett Landscapes
Mary Randlett
Introduction by Ted D’Arms
Essays by Denise Levertov and Barry Herem
Mary Randlett’s photographic images—from the curl of a bird’s drifting feather, to fog ascending a hillside, to the moment a pond’s surface turns to ice—are a visual record of the Northwest at its most pristine and poetic. The accompanying text, including an essay and seven poems by Denise Levertov, sheds light on the artist and her work.
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Donald Ellis, Steven Clay Brown, Bill Holm, Alan L. Hoover, Sarah Milroy, William White
This book highlights a stunning collection of ceremonial objects acquired in the mid-nineteenth century from Tsimshian Indians living along the coast of British Columbia. Essays by leading scholars of Northwest Coast art describe the history and importance of this extraordinary collection, which includes carved clubs, masks, rattles, bowls, and headdresses.
2007. 176 pp., 60 color illus., 15 b&w illus.
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The Pike Place Public Market
Alice Shoret and Murray Morgan
This updated edition of 1982 book, The Pike Place Market: People, Politics, and Produce, marks the centennial anniversary of Seattle’s favorite institution. It tells the story of the reformers and entrepreneurs who developed the Market and the recurring battles to keep progress from reshaping it.
Pub. with The Market Foundation
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Masterworks of Yup’ik Science and Survival
Ann Fienup-Riordan
The Yup’ik people of southwestern Alaska survive in the harsh subarctic environment with great resourcefulness and ingenuity, using traditional technology and following a philosophy that honors all living things and the environment. Here Yup’ik elders examine tools and other items of daily use, explaining how they were made and why.
Pub. with Anchorage Museum Association and Calista Elders Council
2007. 376 pp., 360 illus., 320 in color, 10 drawings, bibliog., index
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FRONT COVER: In this 1940 photograph, Japanese-American workers tend oyster beds. Oysters ready for harvest were placed on “sink floats,” a depressed platform supported by large timbers that rose and fell with tides so that the bivalves remained wet and fresh until going to market. See related story beginning on page 6. (State Capital Museum Collection, Special Collections, Washington State Historical Society)
Information Technology Team: Making Washington History Accessible

WANTED: Individuals who thrive on change and rapid development yet have an affinity for history and scholarship. While it may sound like an impossible combination, the technology team at the Historical Society needs exactly those qualities to get the job done.

Technologically speaking, the Historical Society has gone through a period of rapid growth. In the past three years we have jumped four generations of hardware and software. By the time you read this we will have joined Washington's K-20 Education Network of high-capacity optical fiber connections, which will allow us to handle over 30 times the Web traffic we are presently able to accommodate.

What are we doing with all of this new software, hardware, and transmission capability? The IT department is split between two broad areas. The first is supporting our role as a state agency and nonprofit educational institution. For this we need efficient desktops and a secure, high-speed network to conduct business both with the public and with our state partners. The second area in which we heavily utilize our technology is in programs. WSHS provides high-quality, engaging, interactive Web content for students in Washington and beyond. We are also continually adding to our Web site's digital content to showcase our collections and exhibits.

All of this development is a team effort, and many people are needed to move these initiatives forward. Curtis Williams holds down the fort in our galleries by maintaining the many kiosks and interactive electronics on display. Sharon Hultman is responsible for the expert design and layout of our Web content and oversees many of the individual digital projects that are in the works. Kevin Hanken works with our Web applications and recently built the new Washington Women's History Consortium Web site (washingtonwomenshistory.org). Collections staff are busy working on the implementation of a new catalog of our artifacts for public display, and our marketing folks ensure that the latest events and exhibits are posted. My job is to keep all of our information systems running smoothly while constantly installing upgrades and improvements that help us attain our institutional goals.

We recently received a generous grant from the M. J. Murdock Charitable Trust that will allow us to get more of our collections online. Keep an eye out for the launch of our new Web site in the spring of 2008. The focal point of the new site will be the Washington History Online Portal. Users will be able to access full-text COLUMBIA articles, search our digital archives, and study the past through our interactive educational chapters. We will also have more interactive features so that everyone can participate in exploring Washington's rich historical record online.

We welcome your feedback on these new offerings. And if you ever want to talk tech, we're listening!

—Tamara Georgick, Director of Information Technology
Bill Boeing in the Cockpit: Second Thoughts on a First Flight

By Paul Spitzer

The first flight of a Boeing airplane, let's admit, has got issues. To begin with, historians have long disagreed on when the flight took place as well as who was at the controls. I have puzzled over the contradictory evidence for many years and think both the who and the when have definite answers. But I also want to raise two new questions—namely, should we call it a first flight and was it intentional?

On the matter of where—Lake Union in the center of Seattle—there is certainty. As the plane floated on the lake with the engine running on June 15, 1916, William Boeing sat impatient and alone in the cockpit. It was a moment filled with both satisfaction and displeasure.

What would have pleased the 34-year-old timber baron was that the B&W, the first model to bear his name, was fully ready to fly. He had not built it himself, naturally, but starting from nothing he had organized crews of managers, designers, technicians, woodworkers, metal fabricators, engine mechanics, seamstresses and pilots to bring this big, expensive project to completion.

But what must have annoyed him was that the test pilot was not there. Herb Munter, the young local aviator who had made a name flying his home-built planes around the city was nowhere to be seen. For all his talent, Munter was an impetuous aviator with a devil-may-care attitude. Twice earlier he had crashed the plane Boeing had bought from a California builder. Munter knew about stalls, which apparently caused the two crashes, but he seems not to have worried about how easily they could occur when making a turn. Later he even joked about the accidents.

Lacking a pilot he could trust implicitly caused Boeing so much concern that the B&W sat completely finished in its Lake Union hangar for two weeks while he looked for someone else. A crash, he knew, would ruin the reputation of the B&W design that he was already trying to sell. And for his part, Munter was not eager to be on someone else's payroll, although it was pretty posh getting taken to lunch at the Rainier Club.

There was no accepted term at that time to describe a test pilot. A pilot for the Wright brothers' firm described his position as "active conductor of all experiments with the new aeroplanes being constructed by the company." Boeing had already rejected the most experienced aviator in the Northwest because what the man knew about the dynamics of flight was so slight and confused he would never be of any help to the company's engineers. Contacting well-connected friends on the East Coast, Boeing asked around about pilots. No one with a strong reputation was to be had. Finally, Munter, although he preferred his independence as a freelance pilot, gave in.

The story of the first Boeing flight experienced trouble almost from the start, going wrong in only four years. The source of the error, amazingly, was the Boeing Company itself. Using the date of the first entry in the Boeing flight log, the company claimed the first flight occurred on June 29, two weeks after it actually took place. Moreover, it failed to notice that the person at the controls on that date was a second pilot hired by Boeing to assist Munter. Over the coming years this led to further errors in which William Boeing and the new pilot were mixed up.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer ran this photograph of William Boeing with its article on the B&W. As usual, Boeing is wearing a perfectly tailored suit and holding a cigarette.
That first entry was immediately followed by a second flight an hour and a half later, this time with a passenger. Because of the inherent risk involved, mention of someone else along for a ride on the 29th should have raised eyebrows but didn’t, it appears. The presence of a passenger in the second entry was all but a declaration that this was not the day of the first flight but a later flight in a plane deemed airworthy. The logbook, in other words, had been misinterpreted. The actual date of the first flight, if it could be found, would require rummaging through earlier sources and old newspapers.

There had been no roll-out ceremony back on the 15th and, in fact, the term “roll-out” did not come into usage for another 30 years. Instead, a small number of employees—a few mechanics, an engineer, and some “mules”—were present that afternoon. They pushed the large white plane with the green engine cowling outside and down the hangar’s wooden ramp into the lake. The mules, men hired for their muscle, were to crew a rowboat to tow the plane out and back. There was no fanfare. Of Seattle’s several newspapers, only one, the Post-Intelligencer, sent a reporter, and his brief, skeptical article ran inconspicuously on page five the next day. It does not mention that Boeing waited with the plane as long as he could for Munter to show up.

Boeing had earlier thought about flying the airplane himself but had always rejected the idea. While he had taken flying lessons in a plane very similar to the B&W—the transition between planes would not have been great—he had never completed his training. When he flew, it was not solo but as a passenger with Munter. Boeing knew he was not prepared to take over the controls of any plane on his own, much less a design that had never been flown before. And all the while he was aware of time passing and friends waiting.

This loitering about was another thing that made the day less satisfying. Boeing had a friend staying with him, a fabulously rich young Yale man like himself who was building a schooner to sail into the Arctic. While the trip, everyone felt, would be a great adventure, Boeing had to give up any idea of joining the fun to tend to his airplane enterprise. The day before, a large crowd of family and well-wishers from the East gathered for the ship’s launching across Puget Sound. On June 15, however, there was no crowd for the B&W. From the previous day, in fact, only one person, and not his house guest, was interested in seeing what Boeing was so serious about. That annoyed him, but he was now concerned by the delay because he had promised to take what he called “the Chicago crowd” across to the ship’s launch site.

No pictures were taken of the B&W on June 15, 1916. In fact, there aren’t any known pictures of William Boeing with the B&W, or together with his test pilot Herb Munter. The person in the pilot seat is unidentified.
As the minutes drained away, Boeing got into the cockpit himself. He chose the direction because of a slight northerly breeze, typical summer conditions, a day perfect for flying. The mile and a half of rippled water before him, made a fine runway, but "runway" is a more modern term that again would have to wait before coming into usage.

This is the moment in the story that years of reflection have caused me to reinterpret. Here is what the facts say, or at least imply, about what happened during the next few minutes:

Boeing taxied north toward the gasworks, gaining enough speed, he said, until the pontoons were "up on the step." Now, no longer pushing water and there being little resistance at about 45 m.p.h., the plane lifted off for what was described as 300 yards and attained a height of 10 to 15 feet. This is what has come to be described as the first flight. But was it? Or should it be considered something else? He was in the air but briefly, flying straight ahead in the seconds between takeoff and landing.

And was this 300-yard leap even intentional? Airplanes of the era were light enough that they often became airborne unintentionally at low speeds. This was so much of a problem that some flying schools used what they called "rollers," planes that had their wings shortened so that they could never get airborne. Boeing would have known this from his own solid but incomplete training. He knew that the proper way to proceed was to get a feel first by taxiing about at ever-greater speeds. It would be what he'd tell Munter to do.

Boeing had earlier made changes to the design he based the B&W on, changes that could bring about a surprise liftoff. He knew that the copied airplane was too heavy, a fact that contributed to the crashes Munter experienced. Consequently, the B&W went through a weight reduction program—ironically, something that probably every Boeing design since 1916 has also had to undergo. And he made a second change also directed at the weight. The B&W had wings that were not shorter but longer and which provided significantly more lift. More lift and less weight could easily lead to surprises.

Once he was in the air, Boeing did not try to fly the plane. It might even have flown on its own. He held steady as he throttled back and the plane dropped again onto the lake. He had not completed any maneuvers, altered direction, or made an effort to gain altitude, and the results would go unrecorded. Once the plane was back on the water, he may have tried another taxiing run, but he soon came in and found Munter waiting. Turning the plane over to his pilot, he rushed off to meet his guests.

Before leaving, he gave Munter firm instructions not to take off. Munter was only to make taxiing runs and find out how the plane handled as it neared flying speed. It was the sensible way to proceed. Even reckless aviators with a new plane would begin by taxiing about in case there was anything wrong. That something might be wrong was easily possible since the production crew had never built an airplane before.

Munter, being the impetuous individual he was, put up with motorboating the plane about for as long as he could stand the boredom and finally—June 15th or the next day or the day after—ignored Boeing's orders and flew the B&W. He thought it would do fine and it did. As the plane had gotten beyond the bounds of the small lake; a Boeing airplane was really flying. William Boeing, unfortunately, was not around to see it.

Was Boeing's liftoff a flight? And was it deliberate? Not deliberate, it seems to me. Still, one must be impressed that he made the initial taxiing runs.

But can it be called a first flight? People have grounds to disagree on that point, but among those who treated it as a flight was Boeing himself. Something momentous occurred on June 15, 1916—arguably not a flight but certainly the first takeoff, the first landing, and the first time a Boeing airplane was in the air.

Herb Munter made his reputation as an aviator flying airplanes he built himself. William Boeing hired him to test pilot the B&W, the first model to bear the Boeing name.

Paul G. Spitzer is a former Boeing corporate historian and history professor. His articles have appeared in past issues of COLUMBIA.
Tideland Tales

Drama and Death on Oyster Bay

BY LLYN DE DANAAN

Oyster Bay in southern Puget Sound is home to an important shellfish industry. During the 1880s and 1890s, immigrants—some with dreams of wealth—displaced the original population. It was a transition period economically, culturally, and politically. Katie and Joseph Gale exemplify the hardship and heartaches of this time. Katie, especially, represents a tenacity and spirit that deserves a place in the historical record.
The thick mud and clay that forms the bottom of Oyster Bay once was encrusted with that jewel of bivalves, the tasty little Olympia oyster. They were known to Indian people all over Puget Sound and beyond. Anecdotal histories suggest that once the European-Americans tasted those delicious tidbits roasted, they could not but vote to make Olympia the capital of Washington. Doing the business of government would be less tedious, they reckoned, if a plate of succulent shellfish lay close at hand.

The T'Epil'kwswid descendants and Indians from other inlets and bays associated with the Squaxin Island Indian Reservation traveled to and from the island by water. Flotillas of long canoes bearing families are mentioned in memoirs. People still living on the island in the 19th century were seen leaving regularly on their way to clam bakes and oyster roasts at Kindred's Point on Oyster Bay. Those living off the reservation were busy, nearly daily, selling produce and fishing. Some families lived on houseboats, which provided considerable mobility. After 1875 and the passage of the Indian Homestead Act, a number of Indians, including Dick Jackson, applied for homesteads off reservation. They built homes, cultivated fruit trees and gardens, and raised animals. In exchange for declaring themselves unattached to their "tribes," they were promised all the rights and immunities of American citizenship. This was one of the several pathways by which Indians could become citizens until Congress passed the 1924 Indian Citizenship Act, which granted these rights to all United States-born Native Americans.

AUTHOR'S NOTE
Many thanks to Jo Ann Ridley, Elizabeth Diffendal, Karen James, Stan Graham, Shirley Earhart, Tim McMillan, and David Whitener for their valuable assistance.

Meanwhile, most of the land around and near Oyster Bay, Little and Big Skookum, and close to Squaxin Island—all former and important resource areas of Indian people—was claimed by immigrant non-Indians from all over the world. Some donation claims were filed even before the treaty was signed. In September 1853, Michael T. Simmons filed for 640 acres on Hammersley Inlet, or Big Skookum, near the traditional home of John Slocum, who later founded the Indian Shaker Church.

Adjourning his claim was that of Alfred Hall for 315 acres. Another neighbor, Wesley Gosnell, filed for 248 acres earlier in the same year. Gosnell and Simmons went into the timber business together and built a sawmill on Gosnell's Creek. This required damming the creek, one that had hosted a good fish run. One source notes that Gosnell apparently displaced an "encampment" of 300 Indians, presumably Sahehwamish, in laying claim to his homestead.

Homestead filings for land around and near the bay swiftly followed the ratification of the Medicine Creek Treaty in April 1855. William Krise from Dayton, Ohio, was at the head of Little Skookum by September 1855. Franklin Kennedy and his wife Ann laid claim to land at the head of Oyster Bay. Others who filed for land adjoining the bay were Andrew McClure, Adam Kotter, Marion Simmons, Dick Helser, Samuel Coulter, and Henry Burns. The Northern Pacific Railroad received acreage on both sides of the water, according to homestead and land maps from the period. Farmers like Dick Jackson allowed their animals free grazing on these railroad claims, ownership notwithstanding.

John Campbell, who kept a daily diary of his life and his neighbors' comings and goings from the time he arrived in 1869 until 1894, settled farther up the Kamilche Valley. He was a neighbor of the Varner family whose son Dan became a star pupil at Puyallup Indian School and later attended Carlisle Indian School. Campbell provides the earliest documented evidence of the active use of the Indian labor force by non-Indian settlers on the bay, as well as written evidence of their enterprise. Whites and Indians were assisting each other with haying, obtaining marriage licenses, witnessing proofs of homesteads, cutting firewood and shakes, and clearing brush and stumps. They were also involved in negotiations with each other over such things as the price of cattle.

The Indians who lived and worked around the bay grew crops and livestock and continued to gather and sell oysters. In one account, "Indians had sleds with iron tops. On the sleds they built fires of pine pitch to light up the oyster beds as they selected the largest oysters." Indian farmers and fishers continued to eschew full-time residence on the troubled and
inappropriate Squaxin Reservation, and instead made use of the resources they knew well and enjoyed while supplementing their livelihood with wages earned from their labor.

By the late 1870s and through the 1890s the bay, the Kamilche Valley, Little Skookum, and the little towns of Kamilche and New Kamilche had become home to people from nearly all parts of the globe, in addition to the area's indigenous occupants. Japanese, Irish, Chinese (some of whom operated a floating laundry), Scots, Swedes, Canadians, Bavarians, and English found work and land. There were occasional dances that rocked float houses and sent the sound of fiddles and pounding feet echoing across the waters. There was, for a time, even a bagpiper—a man named Charley Hildebrand—who is described in one account as “Buffalo Bill gone to seed.”

Life was not easy for anyone. Cows got stuck in mud, neighbors disputed fence lines, and a brazen young man was run out of the area for making sexual overtures to one of John Campbell's daughters. Land had to be cleared of dense growth. Diseases made their deadly rounds—there was an outbreak of diphtheria on the bay in 1883, and tuberculosis raged throughout the last 20 years of the century, taking many lives. Fires destroyed lovingly constructed homes. People drowned. And there were suicides. Still, there were the parties, the dances, the festive gatherings of Indians on Kindred's Point and elsewhere, and the active trading of the labors of one's own hands for the necessities of life.

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The 1880 census of the area counted only two households with more than two generations living together, and the average family size was a little over four. In other words, there were few “elders.” There were some young families and many single white men. Households, including boardinghouses, consisted of people from many cultures. In some ways, the community was in a sort of “free-fall,” unsettled, drifting like a float house unmoored in a storm. For a generation or two, people in this new world were sorting out and inventing their relationships to one another. Indians as well as whites were separated from their original communities. The Indians had suffered losses from displacement, death, and government policies that ripped the fabric of their villages and cultural lives to shreds. The white men and the few white women who came with them as wives had left homes, families, and institutions that bound them to traditional mores.

Even as Indian and white farmers and small-scale oyster operators were coming to terms with the land, each other, and their new circumstances, the economic and social organization of the bay was in for another jolt. With the arrival of three men, Joseph A. Gale, A. J. Smith, and Dick Helser in 1878, a new era began. These men saw that statehood was on the horizon and realized there was money to be made by acquiring tidelands where oysters could be cultivated, grown, and shipped to high-demand markets. And labor was cheap. When Gale, Smith, and Helser arrived, other growers, brokers, and investors began to consolidate tideland holdings as well. Indians who did not file claims for their own beds were hired to pick oysters for the middlemen. More and more people—Indians, whites, Chinese, and, later, Japanese—worked for wages, and the large growers hired and paid them by the piece, one to two dollars for a two-bushel bag. A dollar in 1893 could buy enough flour, bacon, butter, and potatoes for several family meals. So, though the work was slow and hard, one could make a living wage. Workers seem to have filled an average of a bag a day over the course of a year, though work was, of course, seasonal.

Joseph Gale, though already married to Calista, a white woman who remained at their home in Olympia, soon established a relationship with a young Indian woman on the bay named Katie Kettle. Katie had relatives on the bay and ties to people on Little Skookum and Hammersley Inlet. She had lived in the area since at least the age of 12. There is evidence that she came to the bay from the White River area, the scene of important skirmishes during the Puget Sound Indian war. She was born in the year of the war, 1856.

Katie was about 22 and had two babies, Hattie and Henry, near the time she met Joseph Gale, aged 30. Calista left the Gales’ Olympia home in 1878, citing her husband’s “other woman,” and their marriage was dissolved at Joseph’s behest in 1880. In court documents he complained that Calista had abandoned him. The other woman could well have been Katie.

Katie and Joseph were legally married in 1886, some six or seven years after they had been cohabiting and working together. The first child of their union died as a youngster, but two others, Ray and Maud, lived to adulthood.

As elsewhere in the region, many Indian women were legally married to
White Racial Ideologies of the Late 19th Century

Turn-of-the-century white scholars used the terms "savage," "barbarian," and "civilized" to describe theoretical "stages" of human development. These ideologies were furthered by writers such as Lewis Henry Morgan and Herbert Spencer. If they studied geography at Oyster Bay School, Ray and Maud—Katie and Joseph Gale's children—would have read that American Indians had a manner of life called "savage" or "barbarian" and that the "Caucasian race includes the most enlightened people in the world."

"Scientists" gathered data from human specimens, measuring "cephalic indices," some positing links between cranium size and intelligence in support of European superiority. Even generally antiracist anthropologist Franz Boas visited the Puyallup Reservation in 1890 and measured, he said, 35 "full blooded" Indians as part of his effort to collect anthropometric data for the World's Columbian Exposition. Katie's friends and relatives could have been part of the Boasian "sample."

Rudyard Kipling's White Man's Burden, first published in 1899, was an exemplar of dominant white European views toward people of color during this period and the language used to describe them:

...Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go send your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need
To wait in heavy harness
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child....
or living in common-law unions with white men around the bay. Among them were Harriet Karter, Nellie McClure, Jennie Krise (remembered to this day as an excellent midwife), and Louisa Smith. There were economic, political, and cultural advantages to these unions on both sides. The Indian Homestead Act and later the Dawes Act offered perquisites that encouraged assimilation, as did other policies and laws. Marriage to a white man furthered the process. During some of the territorial period, children who were half Indian had legal advantages full Indians did not. Most European or American men who came to the bay were single and must have needed or wanted a helpmate. Some may have used their wives to leverage more land. Under the Donation Land Act of 1850, settlers could obtain 160 acres of land if single but 320 acres if married. This, however, did not seem to be a factor in the marriages on Oyster Bay.

Some writers have suggested that marrying an Indian woman "legitimized" claims to oyster tidelands, but the number and circumstances of these marriages cannot be explained as purely expedient or commercially motivated on either side, as anecdotal histories suggest. There were sometimes tragic misunderstandings between these spouses from significantly different cultural backgrounds, regardless of the initial attraction or motivation of either. That was the case with Joseph and Katie Gale.

**LEFT:** Launches like the Lark transported oysters from about 1905 to 1914, stopping daily at oyster culling operations along Oyster Bay. ABOVE: Oysters in bushel burlap bags were sold at the Olympia docks. Those who picked, culled, and bagged the oysters were paid by the piece, receiving two dollars per bug.

Joseph Gale is a complicated character. His family left his birthplace in Illinois and arrived in Cottage Grove, Oregon, in 1853 when he was about five years old. At the age of 20 he came to seek his fortune in Olympia. After a time, he became a successful entrepreneur, well-established in the shellfish business with outlets in Seattle and, at the time of his death in 1901, pending enterprises in Tacoma. During his lifetime he was an active community member. He had fronted money so that a young journalist could launch the still-flourishing *Mason County Journal*. He served as a director of the Oyster Bay School, a deputy fish commissioner for the state, and a justice of the peace. In 1881 he cofounded the Puget Sound Oystermen's Association. Gale was a member of several lodges, including the Order of the Redmen, and when he died was accorded a grand funeral and solemn procession to his resting place by his lodge brothers. Some of them

Oyster Bay, Adam Korter, an oysterman living on his 170-acre homestead not far from Gale, filed a complaint against him, his partner Smith, and Smith's "Indian woman." This was perhaps Oyster Bay's first environmental case. Korter charged that Gale had raked, gathered, and shipped oysters from their natural beds and left many on the shore to die, thus violating acts of the Washington Territorial Legislature to "Encourage the Cultivation of Oysters."

Later, in an 1897 incident, Gale was threatened by an unnamed Chinese man who brandished a knife at him. Around that same time, an unknown enemy disliked him enough to mutilate his cattle by removing their tongues. There were, the *Morning Olympian* reported at the time of his death, other threats against him from neighbors. He was also a hard drinker who left his wife and children to fend for themselves, according to accounts from an 1898 court proceeding.
By the 1890s there were as many as 40 floating houseboats plus oyster culling float houses on Oyster Bay. Steamers loaded bushel burlap bags of the delicate little Olympia Oysters from their waiting spots on “sink floats” and carried them to the Olympia docks from where they were shipped to other ports. A small post office called Kloko (from Salish for oyster, Tlóxtoxlo) was established on the bay in association with a store run by Bush Hoy. Seams of shell middens on either side of the store site suggest that the store location was a gathering spot where local inhabitants held feasts for many years, even perhaps into the 1890s while waiting for supplies or mail to arrive. From there, a steep lane led to the “hard scrabble road.” It wound its way to Old Kamilche and from thence to Shelton. There was, for a time, even a small Indian Shaker church on the Thurston County side of Totten Inlet, not far from the opening to the bay at Dick Jackson’s homestead.

In general, the bay was full of life, unlike the quiet, idyllic place it is today.

Down the bay, nearly at the head, was the Oyster Bay School off Jolliff Road. On the other end, at “The Point” and the mouth of Little Skookum, sat a small community fueled by the booming lumber business. Known as New Kamilche, the town was connected to the outside world by a railroad and daily steamers to and from Shelton and Olympia. The town had an Odd Fellows Hall where lively dances took place.

This was the local social and cultural milieu in which Katie and Joseph Gale lived with Katie’s elder children and their own two offspring. Katie and Joseph’s house was similar to those of their neighbors Nellie and Andrew McClure and Adam and Harriet Korter. The McClures’ wood house, built around 1879, was about 16 by 24 feet with three windows, two doors, and a tongue-and-groove floor. The Korters’ house, farther up Totten Inlet, was built around 1872 after their first house, built in 1869, burned down. The newer house was of lumber construction, about 22 by 24 feet, with a “good shingle roof and dressed lumber floor.” It had two rooms, three doors, three windows, and a fireplace and chimney.

Though the Gale home was no doubt simple, the pair had acquired tideland and upland property and by 1893 were doing a bustling business in oysters. Their net worth was far beyond the $500 said to be the median in 1893. Katie’s name, however, was not mentioned on sales documents associated with the land she had helped acquire and for which, according to her account, she had paid with earnings from her own labor on the oyster beds. And, she complained, even after their marriage, Joseph did not share the income of sales. And, he paid everyone else, for “piece work” in compensation for the bags of oysters she filled. He “allowed” her, he said, “to pick oysters on my own oyster beds” and then bought the shellfish from her. This, he believed was fair and adequate to her needs. If she had no money, it was because she “squandered” it on her “tilicums or kindred,” he said.

Katie and Joseph fought each other that day. He hit and kicked her, and she grabbed him by his long whiskers and wouldn’t let go.

The Gales’ relationship took a dramatic turn in the summer of 1893. Before that spring, people prospered and the economy was booming. In the new state of Washington, the Great Northern Railway completed its transcontinental line to Seattle on January 6, 1893. But a national economic panic, partly a result of overextended railroad bonds, began in the spring of 1893, seriously reducing employment and investment in the state over the next four years. There was no money for expansion, no money with which to repay loans, and no money to pay workers. And Joseph Gale, like many other business people, was overextended. In consequence of the panic, Gale was running the oyster business in the red and could not meet his obligations. His was “a losing business,” he said. Katie feared that he was set to sell or encumber what they had acquired and she would lose what was equally hers. Tensions were clearly high in the Gale household.

Katie and her elder daughter Hattie, about 18, went to Tacoma and the Puyallup reservation for the Independence Day festivities, returning on July 8. Back at home, Hattie taunted Katie for allowing Joseph to call an old friend of hers “blind Lucy.” According to Joseph, the mother and daughter spoke to each other in their own first language, fueling his fear that Katie was teaching the children to hate whites. This, in addition to Katie’s association with her Indian kin and the Shaker church at Jackson’s place, galled him. Clearly, Katie and Joseph fought each other that day. He hit and kicked her, and she grabbed him by his long whiskers and wouldn’t let go. The story of the fight that day, in several versions, circulated around the bay for years and is recounted in at least two memoirs.

Within ten days of the fracas, Katie had retained an attorney and filed for divorce in Mason County Superior Court. She cited Gale’s cruel treatment of her and particularly the beating she received on July 8. Since only 10 days had passed, the bruises and wounds she noted in her written grievance must have been evident to the judge. In the divorce petition she asked that their property be divided and a substantial share put in her name. Joseph was enjoined from doing anything that might jeopardize their holdings until the case was decided.

Joseph denied any wrongdoing and brought forward several witnesses, including oystermen A. J. Smith, S. K. Taylor, Dennis Hurley, and two of his Chinese employees, Jim Song and Wing Tom, to swear that Katie had verbally attacked him on more than one occasion.
Early History of Southern Puget Sound

At the head of Totten Inlet in southern Puget Sound lies a shallow bay, gouged and scoured by the glaciers that retreated 13,000 years ago. Oyster Bay, as it is called now, played host to Indian immigrants as they occupied the newly hospitable environment for perhaps thousands of years before the first Europeans discovered its delights and challenges. There were fish and shellfish, including the salmon that found the conditions to their liking around 5,000 years ago. The bay shares the mild winters of other southern Puget Sound environs. Numerous freshwater springs seep from the banks and etch labyrinthine patterns across the mudflats, visible when the tide is low. Small protected coves provide calm waters for ducks. Raccoons and deer follow trails to the water’s edge by dark, their feet leaving deep impressions in the muck. Herons make noisy flyovers, and the occasional seal snorkels its nose aloft to sniffle along in the wake of a kayak. This was an ideal place to live a thousand years ago, and it still is.

Kennedy Creek, previously Simmons Creek, is a stream that originates high in the Black Hills at Summit Lake and meanders to Oyster Bay. It was called, in the Salishan language spoken by the area’s original inhabitants, TEP’ILKWTSID, or “caving mouth,” and near its entrance sat an important village called SUXWE’, a term for a “singing” or “toad” fish. The creek provides an inviting habitat for spawning chum every November.

The TEP’ILKWTSID people enjoyed the bay for centuries. In 1854 they were party to the Medicine Creek Treaty between the United States, with Governor Isaac Stevens acting as agent, and the undersigned chiefs, headmen, and delegates of the Nisqually, Skookum, and the Squawskin (tuxsqwa’ksud) from Case Inlet. The TEPI’ILKWTSID, Squi-aitl; and Sa-heh-wamish tribes and bands of Indians, occupying the lands lying round the head of Puget’s Sound and the adjacent inlets.” Article two of the treaty provided reservation for the Indians. The TEPI’ILKWTSID (T’Peeksin), from Totten Inlet and Oyster Bay were to go to “the small island called Klache-min,” as were the Squi-aitl (Squaya’i:il) from the Eld Inlet watershed, including Mud Bay, the Steh-Chass (stétx!') from Budd Inlet, the Sa-heh-wamish from Hammersley Inlet, or Big Skookum, and the Squawskin (tuxsqwa’ksud) from Case Inlet.

Klah-che-min, now known as Squaxin Island, was situated “opposite the mouths of Hammersley’s and Totten’s inlets, and separate from Hartstene [now Hartstine] Island by Peale’s Passage, containing about...twelve hundred and eighty acres, on Puget’s Sound.” Stevens’s plan to “colonize” the Indians hit a snag almost immediately. A war waged in 1856 by disgruntled Indians, when the inadequacy of the reservations set aside for them became clear, culminated in the Fox Island Council in August of that year. Stevens committed to certain alterations in the Medicine Creek Treaty reserves during that council. By early 1857, however, Commissioner George Manypenny of the Office of Indian Affairs wrote that “a permanent settlement of the Indians has not yet been effected.” Many Indians did not go to the reservations and passively resisted Stevens’s plan for “colonization.” If they went, they did not stay, and at the very least engaged in seasonal hunting, fishing, and gathering activities in “usual and accustomed places.” To continue these harvests and have access to their traditional foraging lands and fish camps was a right they had reserved in the treaty.

By most accounts in both the written record and oral tradition, there was good reason not to stay on Squaxin Island. In the 1870 annual report of the Bureau of Indian Commissioner to the interior secretary, Major Samuel Ross wrote that, in general, “much dissatisfaction prevailed among many of the tribes, especially those party to the treaties of Medicine Creek and Point Elliott.” That would include those Indians on the Squaxin Island reservation. He noted that “annuity goods” had not been distributed for several years. “No attention has been paid to their repeated complaints of wrongs and injustice. Agency buildings needed repairs,” and many employees were deemed by him to be “worthless.”

Ross disagreed, however, with recommendations made by his predecessors in two previous annual reports that the Squaxin Island reservation be sold. He opined that the six-mile-long by two-mile-wide island was well supplied with good farmland. An effort to cultivate vegetables had been launched by some residents with the supervision of the government blacksmith, Edwin G. Harmon. There was, Ross wrote, a fine growth of valuable timber on the west end of the island. He claimed that though Indians were previously migratory, leading their lives “along the shores of the sound,” they were now resident on the island and left only with permission of the “person in charge.”

Ross’s official, generally upbeat view of Squaxin Island stands in stark contrast to other evidence from the period. Survey field notes from 1874 contain this summary statement:

This Indian Reserve is an island...there is very little good arable land on the island, the soil being clay and gravel. There are some small clearings situated in [sections] 34 and 35, the balance of the island being covered with timber and a dense undergrowth of salal, young evergreens, Huckleberry and fern. The fires have destroyed nearly all the timber in sections 34 and 35.

Partly in consequence of the poor reservation, Mud Bay and Oyster Bay people seem to have either stayed on or near their respective former homes or traveled between these and the Squaxin reserve. Indeed, accounts from the late 1860s onward depict an Oyster Bay and Mud Bay occupied by Indian people, independent entrepreneurs who found work with homesteading white farmers to whom they sold various goods and regularly harvested fish and shellfish for their own subsistence.
to allege that she neglected Maud and Ray, and to deny Katie's charge that her husband was often intoxicated. Gale was painted as Katie's victim, a long-suffering, gentle man who took abuse no other man could withstand.

Nonetheless, the judge gave credence to Katie's claims and petition. On August 29, 1893, Joseph was compelled to sign a document that gave Katie a strip of land "two hundred and ten feet wide on the water front," the west half of the northwest quarter of one section of land nearby, and eight acres of first-class oyster beds. She also received the household property and sewing machine and half of all the livestock the two had held jointly. The estimated value of the property and goods they had acquired since their marriage was approximately $14,000.

One witness to the agreement was Tacoma judge and attorney James Wickersham, a controversial figure who was elected to the state House of Representatives the following year and who had recently assisted in the incorporation of the Indian Shaker Church. The divorce Katie sought in 1893 was not finalized. We can only speculate on what kept the pair together. Katie had forgiven Joseph, she declared years later in a court document, though the scars of his beating were still visible on her forehead. Joseph said that the two were "determined to live together as husband and wife" after the contentious proceedings. But by January 1898 they were in court again. This time it was Joseph suing for divorce. And this time he drew on the racial prejudices of the oyster beds, Chinese were displacing many of them as laborers on the bay and being promoted to managerial jobs. Ray and Maud, in school at Oyster Bay, were said to be bright, capable, and well-cared-for children. Katie was known on the bay as a hard worker and a businesswoman. Even her cooking was notable. Decades later a classmate and friend of Ray's still remembered Katie's creamed salmon on biscuit with praise.

Since 1893 Joseph and Katie had acquired more property. In 1896 the couple had negotiated contracts with the State of Washington to acquire five more parcels of tidelands. Only one contract, however, bore Katie Gale's name. They had by this time a herd of fifteen beef cattle, three cows, and four heifers, nearly double the number they had owned six years earlier.

Joseph was becoming a rich and prominent man. A deputy state fish commissioner, he had a wholesale shellfish business on Madison Street in Seattle and, apparently, a mistress. He oversaw and reaped the benefits of the oyster harvest from all the tidelands the Gales owned except the small strip in Katie's name. Yet Katie received
income for her children's support and her own use only from that tract of oyster tidelands that she personally worked and managed. In fact, Joseph had been absent from the bay for up to a year, and had left the oyster business in the hands of his overseer, Tom Kee.

Katie claimed that she was supporting Maud and Ray alone, and this was affirmed by witnesses who came forward on her behalf in the 1898 proceedings. Frank Gingrich, whose family worked for Katie and lived in a houseboat near her home, swore in an affidavit in support of Katie that she was a "virtuous woman" who was forced to support herself and her children while Gale was "needing nearly $500 worth of oysters per month from their beds.

Gingrich's remarks were a pointed counter to Joseph Gale's suggestions of Katie's indiscretions. A virtuous Katie Gale was a moral Katie Gale. And this small, close-knit community would know if she were not. William Krise agreed with Gingrich. C. C. Simmons had known Katie for 30 years. He swore that Katie was a good and faithful woman and that Gale was "becoming a drunkard" known to be living with another woman in Seattle. These men cited long acquaintance with Katie. Joseph Kullrich, a store owner in Kamilche, added his support to her good character. He noted that Katie purchased shoes and groceries and always paid for them.

Despite the evidence against his own suitability as a parent, Joseph wanted not only a divorce but custody of the children. He complained that Katie was not a "fit person to have charge, care, and control" of them because she could not "educate them in the manner necessary for the station in life they are entitled to occupy." In February 1898, Gale forcibly removed Maud from her mother's home and boarded her with the Sisters of Providence at St. Peter's Hospital in Olympia where she received some instruction. John Leslie, a Carlisle Indian School graduate and, at that time, a crew member on the City of Shelton crew member, testified that he had witnessed this abduction.

When Katie finally found her, she and her friends and relatives visited Maud regularly—against Joseph's wishes. The lonely 13-year-old wanted to be with her mother but wrote that she feared her father and believed he would "whip" her if she attempted to return to Oyster Bay.

Joseph was determined to convince the court that his was a righteous cause. The defendant, he said, "is of the same uncivilized members of the race from which she springs." He was, he said, "unable to educate or win the defendant [to] the manners or modes of civilized life." Katie countered that her husband was living openly in an adulterous situation and that he was a habitual drunkard who neglected his family. In answer to his denigrating reference to her ethnicity and race, she replied, I am "an Indian woman but...fully appreciate and realize the duty of a woman to her husband," this, "regardless of race." Clearly her sense of duty did not include being cheated of the fruits of her labors or allowing herself and her children to be abused and neglected.

During the course of the proceedings Joseph begged, wheedled, was charged with contempt, claimed extreme indebtedness, and even asked the court to have pity on him, a man who under doctor's orders could not, he said, go, "upon
the oyster beds to work or superintend gathering.” That was in a declaration filed in June 1898.

By December 1898 Katie was suffering from tuberculosis. In a document filed by Joseph, he admitted that she was “sick unto death with a mortal illness to-wit quick consumption and confined to her bed and not in condition to come into this court.” He allowed Maud to return to her side and dropped the divorce proceedings.

Katie had made a will in November of that year in which she specified that her debts be paid, that she be decently buried, and that all of her estate be given to her “beloved children, Maud Gale and Ray Gale.” She left the sum of “One Dollar” to her “beloved children, Maud Gale and Ray Gale.” She left the sum of “One Dollar” to her “beloved children, Maud Gale and Ray Gale.” She left the sum of “One Dollar” to her “beloved children, Maud Gale and Ray Gale.”

She left, the Olympian reported, “80 acres of first class oyster land which is said to yield about $1,500 per year revenue and is valued at from $300 to $400 per acre” and “about 40 acres of upland real estate of lesser value.” The report exaggerated the amount of oyster land Katie owned. There were 8.8 acres of tidelands in her name and a total of 46 acres of upland property. The acreage reflects the lands she received in the 1893 agreement with no adjustment for properties acquired since that time. Joseph Gale successfully contested Katie’s wish that Mitchell Harris act as executor of her will.

Three months after Katie’s death, Gale married Lillian McDonald. He quickly built a showplace home on the Oyster Bay property overlooking the tidelands Katie had worked all her life. A 1900 supplement to the Mason County Journal noted that Gale had “forty acres of most excellent oyster lands under a high state of cultivation.”

The paper reported, “He shipped 2,500 sacks of oysters last season and during the busy season employs twelve men.” He was said to have “a ranch of 214 acres, with a quarter of a mile of waterfront.” The house was described as “one of the most pleasant and delightful homes in the county,” even equipped with a telephone. It stood until the early 1990s on the site of the present Olympia Oyster Company.

Gale’s new life did not last long. He met his own demise in September of 1901, the same year Queen Victoria had died after 64 years on the throne and President McKinley was gunned down and replaced by Theodore Roosevelt. Indeed, it was a new century, a new world, and the beginning of a new era on Oyster Bay.

Joseph and Lillian had been attending a Saturday night dance on Francis Carr’s homestead, only a mile or so up the road from their own home. The party, like most Kamihche frivolities of the period, included a lot of drinking. The gathering broke up around four in the morning, and Gale went to the barn to harness his horse to his buggy for the short ride home. It was alleged that the horse kicked him, but there were no witnesses. He did not recover, though attended by several physicians. He died three days later, at age 53, in the Olympia hospital.

Some of his brothers in the Order of the Eagles called for an investigation. Several who examined the six-inch wound thought it had been caused by a knife, not a horse’s hoof. There had been threats from neighbors in the past, and rumors flew. Gale, some opined, had been murdered.

In a memoir published years later, Adolph Johnson, a good friend of Ray Gale’s, said he had been standing outside the barn when Joseph fell. “I got to thinking it over, and standing a few feet from where it happened I don’t think Joe got kicked by a horse at all.”

Johnson saw Gale’s death as retribution: “He got his just desserts for the way he treated his Indian family.” The investigation that had been called for was dropped out of respect for the widow.

Maud and Ray inherited half of their father’s property and all of the property that Katie had secured in her own name. The children lived, at least for a short time, with Lillian Gale in Olympia. Maud had some further schooling with the Sisters of Providence. Maud married and gave birth to a daughter before her death in 1905. The child, Inez, died in 1930 in Tacoma, apparently without an heir. Ray later attended People’s University in Olympia, an early 20th-century experiment in higher education that foreshadowed The Evergreen State College in some of its goals and values. Ray became a bottle maker at Olympia Brewery. His trail disappears after June 5, 1917, the date he registered for the draft in Los Angeles. At that time he was married and still working as a bottler. He had been described as tubercular in earlier documents and wrote that on his draft registration. Searches have not lead to a record of his death or any heirs.

The year after their father’s death, Maud and Ray erected a beautiful pink marble stone in memory of their mother. Its inscription reads, “Katie, Wife of J. A. Gale. Gone but not forgotten.” Near it is a marker for Henry and Hattie. The graves, high on a hill overlooking Oyster Bay, now lie covered with brush, the stones toppled from their foundations.

Katie’s sense of duty did not include being cheated of the fruits of her labors or allowing herself or her children to be abused and neglected.

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Camp Cooks in the Woods

Loggers could work up big appetites cutting and bucking trees by hand. They ate prodigious quantities of food—up to 8,000 calories a day—to maintain stamina for their arduous 10-hour workday. As one mill owner said, “No employee has it [more] in his power to make or lose money for the logging operation than the cook.” The camp cook and his helpers, also known as flunkies, hash-rasslers, or biscuit-shooters, were up at half past three or four o’clock in the morning and had breakfast on the table by a quarter to six. The men ate fast—no talking was allowed except to say, “Pass the meat,” or “Shoot the beans.” Some say the cooks instituted the no-talking rule in order to get the men and the dishes out of the way so they could start on the next meal. There is also a story of a logger who stumbled and was trampled by other loggers on his way into the cookhouse for a meal. By the time he picked himself up, he declared, he might as well have bothered to go in because all the food was gone. In this c. 1924 photograph Charley Little and crew prepare a meal for the workers at the Simpson Old Camp Four cookhouse on the Wynoochee River in Grays Harbor County.
MARY FARQUHARSON

By George W. Scott

THE SOCIALIST WHO WAS SENATOR
The coming of the New Deal opened almost every partisan office in the state of Washington. Democratic women profited from their party's deep schisms and the multitudes of candidates. In 1934 Mary U. Farquharson, then 32, entered the state senate from the 46th District. Formed in 1891, the 46th District then stretched from Seattle's University District to the Snohomish County line and down the east side of Lake Washington to the village of Bellevue. The new and proudly bourgeois northeastern part of the city and its sparse suburbs had elected two Democrats in 40 years.

The class war was real for Farquharson: “Every single inch of ‘progress’ in working conditions for children...has been bitterly contested by those who own as opposed to those who produce.” “Ninety-five percent of the consuming public...are misguided into opposing their own interests.” Capitalism, the socialist-humanist told Presbyterian pastor Dr. Wendell Fifield, was “the antithesis of Jesus’ religion...in crude language [the word] means fight and grab.” This outlook coexisted in Mary Farquharson with an idealist’s belief in a “strong side” to human nature, “the desire for community, friendship, and cooperation.” Mary and her husband Burt, a University of Washington engineering professor, were early principals in the Washington Commonwealth Federation (WFC), a coalition of leftist groups growing out of the Seattle Unemployed Citizens League in 1935. Overproduction had been solved by “an economy of scarcity.” Distribution was to be by “production for use,” turning idle businesses into
state-run cooperatives. "We do not seek the collapse of the capitalist system; we are building a road from its present collapse to a 'New Way of Life,' by melding individualism and collectivism," they claimed. The Farquhars soon sensed that the WCF's leadership was communist influenced. They did not disagree on ends but felt that the organization was acting deceitfully as a stalking horse of democracy. "Totalitarian" methods, they felt, inevitably meant breaching civil rights, and so they resigned.

A staunch defender of civil liberties and an ACLU member, Mary Farquharson was put to the test in January 1941 when she and the senate voted not to seat Linus Westman, who admitted being in the Communist Party for 18 months. "I am one of the reprobates who helped push Westman out of his senate seat," she wrote Roger Baldwin, founder of the American Civil Liberties Union. "The sooner CP tactics are clarified the better off is the cause of civil liberties and all other liberal or radical issues." "If Westman had been elected on the Communist ticket or any other...I should have voted for him," she told another liberal questioner. "The organized policy of deceit...is the worst obstacle to advocating the public toward a more liberal viewpoint." Later the Cold War would push her further. The Communist Party was a "Soviet fifth column and should be outlawed." "I have never felt that 'free speech' included unlimited lying." Defending the West's civil liberties even momentarily overrode her antimilitarism: "Peace and security depend not on a balance of power but on a certain imbalance of power favorable to the defenders of peace."

Mary applauded Governor Clarence Martin's efforts to implement the New Deal in 1935, and yet she was "restlessly dissatisfied with the mediocrity of our achievement." "I have been fired with an overwhelming sense of my own guilt." The system was so "feeble." The "stalling, delaying, trading, bargaining—a road here for a vote there—all elements of machine politics...[found] perfect expression through our outdated two-house system," and meeting 60 days biennially, she felt, was not up to the "business of a modern state." A unicameral professional legislature was overdue. And if the body had more women there would likely be less drinking, and fewer "sell-outs" and special interests.

Martin was reelected in the 1936 primary by crossover Republicans. Farquharson's liberal faction of the senate majority found themselves in an increasingly tentative position, as right-leaning eastern Washington Democrats joined Republicans on the governor's behalf to foil many of their initiatives. In the shaken culture of the Depression she did not feel "discriminated against" in committee assignments and penetrated the casual corridors of power faster than Reba Hum, the state's first female senator in 1923. Farquharson was on Appropriations, Judiciary, and Constitutional Review committees by her third session in 1937. The "business-like senator" tapped her foot impatiently and threatened a filibuster by moving to have the clerk read the 601-page budget if some of her bills did not emerge from the Rules Committee. She wanted a psychiatric institution on the west side, board certification of the heads of institutions, the "Community Property bill of 1937" (SB 8), and a "secured place" for a Division of Children in the Department of Institutions. Her teachers' civil service bill (SB 41) passed unanimously. She and the senate's other formidable female, Island County's Pearl Wanamaker, staged "a sudden invasion of the Appropriations Committee considering the Supplemental Budget..." on behalf of education and took their "biggest defeat" in failing to improve on Governor Martin. They did prove that "women in politics can take it as well as dish it out."

More rationalist than ideologue, Farquharson had matured as a legislator. "As to my work with the 'Martin Democrats,' I have come to realize unless I am willing to work with people who disagree with me on many major issues, I might just as well get out of politics entirely." The left wing had little to show for its filibusters, refusals to answer roll calls, and outspoken criticism of Martin. Her crowning achievement was to repeal the World War I law on syndicalism used to prosecute
the IWW, which had languished in the Senate Rules Committee until the last minute. By “skillful attention” she cajoled enough conservatives to join in ‘pulling’ it from Rules—and speaking to it on the floor. “More can be accomplished by negotiation and compromise than by attempted force and intimidation. The appeal to intelligence and to reason is stronger than to fancied fear,” she learned. “It is a wonder...democracy works at all.” “I am enjoying myself.” “I disagree with the senators on most questions, but I think I am good friends with all of them personally.” “I don’t go home weekends at all but work far into the night every day and Sundays,” Farquharson told a friend. Her diligence was being rewarded.

Seeking reelection as an “independent liberal” in 1938, Senator Farquharson was shelled from both sides. Bertha Landes endorsed her in a strenuous race against former Senator Frank “40 mill” Jackson, the father of the property tax limitation initiative of 1932. She attempted to amend the Unemployment Relief Bill to establish cooperatives, backed $30 pensions—a raise from $22 a month (never funded)—and the graduated net income tax (overturned by the state supreme court), lobbied for larger inheritance and gift taxes, and tried to amend the business and occupations tax to include real estate rentals over $200 a month.

The chair of the Educational Institutions panel advised her higher education constituents that “for the first time in recent history the university received its requested budget in the 1937 session.” Centering any election campaign on “the tax problem” was perilous, she realized. Her “whole record” would have to provide “sufficient evidence.”

The Seattle Argus bombarded Senator Farquharson for the enlightened establishment: “The commonwealthers, the share-the-wealthers, the Howard Costigans [Costigan was executive secretary of the Washington Commonwealth Federation and, later, an admitted communist], and Mary Farquharsons are due to take over the city of Seattle lock, stock, and barrel next year unless Seattle wakes up.” Farquharson had to agree that “the Democratic Party in this state is still [the communists’ preferred] vehicle, to get into power as quickly as possible.” Farquharson’s ongoing advocacy of production for use—now a dead issue—was useful defense against the unforgiving leftists of the district’s Progressive Democratic Club, which ran Dorothy Butterworth. Farquharson observers saw Democrats voting for Frank Jackson in the primary. “The Communist Party would rather crucify a liberal who does not join them than unseat a conservative,” she fumed. “I still think I’ll have it a walk-away.” She received 3,159 of the 7,657 votes in the primary. “The only reason I made it [to the general election]” was that “a young lawyer over there [in eastern Washington] filed as a Cincinnatus,” which split the Republican vote.

In 1939 Senator Farquharson was in a technical minority. Conservative Democrats from east of the Cascades and the resurgent Republicans dominated the senate for most of the next two decades. The new Women’s Legislative Council was not “thinking in terms of women...[but of] the basic so-called liberal issues” and was stronger than she realized but hardly offsetting. “The big question,” Farquharson mused “is why anybody in his right mind ever wanted the job anyhow?” With no income tax possible, the 40 cents per $1,000 assessed property value tax limitation, and “legitimate demands...greater than ever...it looks like a desperately bad situation to me.” “If people were only educated as to...their own interests.”
Pleased with new Republican governor Arthur Langlie’s 1941 inaugural address, Farquharson remarked, “I think some of us Democrats liked it better than some of the Republicans.” She was, of course, doubtful that enough tax revenue could be raised, a question the World War II boom would erase. She was now engrossed in the “under-yielding” leases of the university’s downtown Metropolitan Tract, arrangements beyond generations of part-time legislators. “As usual, I have so many irons in the fire that some of them are apt to get cold before we start ironing with them.”

Farquharson refused to be a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1940, “feeling...nausea at the idea of helping to reelect Roosevelt.” “No one could be quite as dangerous a menace as he is [in leading the country into war].” “If I had run [in 1942] I would have been completely trounced...the communists...would have...got me. I would have admitted...I was opposed to the war,” referencing the vagaries of leftist politics after Hitler’s breach of the Nazi-Soviet pact. In 1945 she conceded that America could not have stood “aloof” but insisted, “We were largely the cause of and effect which we feared and abhorred.” She perceived her role, in and out of office, “as helping to educate the public...They’re informed about many things, but not what they ought to be informed about if we’re going to have a democracy that can really function.” After a 1947 trip to Europe, which was “depressing beyond words,” she gave “dozens” of speeches opposing both Stalinism and the military government in Germany with equal vigor. In the next three decades over 2,000 articulate letters flowed to The Progressive, the New York Times, presidents, members of Congress and, as the Vietnam quagmire deepened in the late 1960s, to its leading hawk, Senator Henry Jackson. “The moral universe is as real as the law of gravity...which is genuine community,” she wrote President Kennedy. The idealist with the faith of a believer persisted in her convictions, both because of and despite the lessons of two world wars.

Farquharson’s public life is the more commendable for her sustained interest after the ego promptings and gratifications of public office. She was, at various points, vice-president of the Washington Progressive League; an ACLU board member; an organizer of the Northwest Chapter of the Committee on American Principles of “Fair Play”; director of the YW-YMCA’s Students-in-Industry Project, the Health and Welfare Executive Committee of the Council of Churches, the Wage Stabilization Board, the Statewide Committee for Ending the Death Penalty; and chair of the League of Women Voters’ Committee on Constitutional Revision, the Urban Nominations Committee, the (Baptist) Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Committee for an Effective Congress, the Seattle Draft Counseling Committee, and the United Farm Workers.

A person of contrasts seldom seen in a single personality, Farquharson was deeply committed to Quaker Christianity and socialism-liberalism. Her approach was systematic and, if need be, aggressive. Intellectual and diligent, she nonetheless entered the senate’s casual inner sanctums where women could be power brokers. She fought the ideological left, communists, and “Stalinoids” while agreeing with some of their goals, and fought just as relentlessly for civil liberties and against dictatorships and militarism. Her sense of responsibility was her undoing. Drained by a feeling of “egocentricty” and driven over never doing enough, she was increasingly depressed as the Cold War escalated. Living out 55 years in her home next to the university’s “Fraternity Row,” in the early 1970s she hosted the touring Jeannette Rankin—the first woman elected to Congress and the only member of Congress to vote against U.S. involvement in World War I (1917) as well as the only one to vote against going to war with Japan (1941). It was, fittingly, one of the last appearances for either. Mary Farquharson died in 1982.

George W. Scott served 14 years as a state representative and senator, and has worked as a manager in the public and private sector, in higher education, and as state archivist. He is author of A Majority of One: Legislative Life (Civitas Press, 2003).
A “Monumental” Commemoration

To commemorate the centennial of Ezra’s “Old Oregon Trail Monument Expedition,” a small group representing the Ezra Meeker Historical Society (EMHS), and the Oregon-California Trails Association (OCTA), re-enacted a portion of Ezra’s 1906 journey. In July 2006, 10 of us set out from Puyallup in 1906 attire with a restored covered wagon that had originally belonged to Ezra Meeker. In Baker City, Oregon, an ox drover and a pair of oxen joined us, lending considerable authenticity to our retinue.

Traveling in modern vehicles, we stopped at 21 locales between Puyallup and Independence, Missouri. At the public venues the men would unload the wagon, fasten the ribs, fit the canvas, and attach a route map. Ray Egan, actor from Steilacoom, portrayed a feisty 75-year-old Ezra, relating the compelling story of the pioneer’s journey. Dennis Larsen, historian from Olympia, presented a fascinating slide show of Meeker’s first expedition. Like Meeker, the women set up a “Meeker Mercantile,” featuring reprints of Ezra’s postcards and books.

Meeker family members Janet Kanter-Purcell and her brother Ray arrived from California for the reenactment parade in Boise. Janet and Ray’s great-grandfather, Marion Meeker, was the baby Ezra and Eliza brought over the Oregon Trail in 1852. Adding to the celebration, the governor of Idaho and Boise’s mayor deposited a time capsule beneath the Meeker monument.

On the first of August, surrounded by the stark landscape at South Pass, Wyoming, we relived the moment so many pioneers had experienced. Farther on, we marveled at Independence Rock, which contains Ezra’s inscription and a plaque erected in his memory. Here and at many of the museums and interpretive centers along the Oregon Trail, biographies and pictures of Meeker honor the man who led the effort to preserve the route.

When we reached Scotts Bluff National Monument in Nebraska a large crowd of Oregon Trail buffs awaited us, eager to take in the programs in the light of the setting sun. The oxen pulling the wagon beneath the towering bluffs evoked a spectacular retro event.

Our entourage then headed south through Kansas to St. Joseph, Missouri, to attend the annual OCTA Convention. At Independence, Missouri, the oxen attracted visitors to the National Frontier Trails Museum, across the street from swales created by wagons on the Santa Fe Trail over 170 years ago. Both St. Jo and Independence claim to be the beginning of the Oregon Trail, while Meeker referred to both Tumwater, Washington, and The Dalles, Oregon, as its end.

At the conclusion of the OCTA gathering, our reenactment group headed home from Missouri, noting that it felt more natural to be heading west on the Oregon Trail. But even at 75 mph, the prairie and the desert seemed to go on forever. We could only marvel at the fortitude those early travelers possessed to be able to face unbroken horizon at 2 mph, day after monotonous day. When a large rock formation or mountain did come into view, its apparent proximity tricked the eye.

Our experiences during the course of the reenactment led us to a number of valuable insights. First, miles of rutted, recognizable Oregon Trail still exist. Second, surviving the journey required great attention to detail. Pioneers who selected sturdy animals, secured all recommended foodstuffs and supplies, and either drank only from clear streams or boiled their water increased their survival chances considerably. Third, the weather immeasurably impacted daily life on the Oregon Trail. Relentless heat—which plagued us—and wind, rain, sleet, and snow can overwhelm the most stalwart traveler. Finally, reenactment brings history alive. Thou...
Ezra Meeker, who platted the town of Puyallup, came west over the Oregon Trail with his wife and infant son in 1852. As he aged, this pioneer farmer, entrepreneur, and avid historian grew concerned that the Oregon Trail was being obliterated by development. Despite objections from his family and the derision of others, Ezra set out at age 75 to mark and preserve the primary migration route.

In 1906, accompanied by an ox team, a wagon, a drover, and a dog, Meeker launched "The Old Oregon Trail Monument Expedition." Over the ensuing two years, he trudged across the country, collecting funds for the placement of 27 Oregon Trail monuments, while setting in motion the impetus to establish many others.

Oxen do not travel quickly. Averaging two to two and a half miles per hour, pioneers and expedition travelers considered a 20-mile day good progress. When Meeker reached each venue on his expedition route, he would set up camp and go about his main business—collecting money and generating interest in the pioneer time.

During his stay in Boise, Ezra camped across the street from the capitol for several days and traipsed his oxen around town, visiting each school. Hundreds of schoolchildren contributed toward the commemorative obelisk for the statehouse grounds.

At South Pass, Wyoming, the landmark best recalled of all those along the way, Ezra located a large boulder, had his drover carve the usual inscription, "Old Oregon Trail, 1843-57," and reminisced about his 1852 trip through the gap.

In North Platte, Nebraska, Meeker holed up long enough to finish writing and publishing his well-known book, The Ox Team on the Old Oregon Trail 1852-1906. He experienced considerable bad luck in Nebraska, including losing his favorite ox, Twist. Unable to find a replacement, Meeker hitched up horses, mules, and cows until he found Dandy. The ox team of Dave and Dandy, stuffed for posterity, has thrilled kids for many a year at the Washington State History Museum.

The reenactment group also fulfilled its secondary mission. In the course of planning, we encouraged heritage organizations to install monuments that Ezra had commissioned but which were never erected. Three new Oregon Trail monuments were dedicated in 2006—in Claquato and Chehalis, Washington, and Soda Springs, Idaho. Another monument is soon to appear on the grounds of the Meeker Mansion in Puyallup.

Ruth Anderson is a free-lance writer and member of the Ezra Meeker Historical Society, which recently received the Washington State Historical Society's David Douglas Award for organizing, funding, and executing the reenactment project. Other members of the reenactment team were J. M. "Andy" Anderson, Ray and Maura Egan, Dennis Larsen and Pat Zuber, Wes and Suzy Perkinson, and Dave and Wendy Welch.

- Ruth Anderson
ON THE MORNING of March 15, 1970, the tide receded farther than usual off the beach below the bluffs of Magnolia, just north of downtown Seattle. The military police at Fort Lawton headed out on patrol, assuming that the issue of the American Indian protesters and their supporters had been sufficiently dealt with in their last encounter.
Twice already activists had stormed the fence and gates of Fort Lawton in an attempt to claim the area for the future site of an urban Indian community center. Up to now, Colonel Stuart Palos and his men had failed to grasp the deep commitment of these protesters—men and women who had seen the deprivations of reservation life, lived the trauma of relocation, watched their families lose their lands, and suffered the racial slurs of an American public that assumed Indians had all but disappeared.

The activists who rounded the bluff at low tide and then scaled the rocky cliff behind the fort had been inspired by the 1960s fish-ins of the Nisqually and Puyallup tribes and the recent Indian occupation of Alcatraz Island. When they confronted Palos's MPs, they came armed with their convictions, their culture, and the support of reporters, photographers, senators, celebrities, and prominent members of the Seattle community. After several more confrontations with the Fort Lawton military, the protesters quietly packed up their belongings and moved on to agitate at the mayor's office and at the offices of state legislators in Olympia. Through the combined efforts of protest and political agitation, the United Indians of All Tribes (UIAT) was born, and along with it, the Daybreak Star Indian Cultural Center.

Decades of protests by Pacific Northwest Indians for the protection of their treaty rights culminated in the Fort Lawton occupation, which was fundamentally different from past protests because the demands made at Fort Lawton were unrelated to Pacific Northwest treaties and because the protest began as a grassroots struggle and evolved into a national one. At Fort Lawton, American Indians from all over the United States came to lend their support to the cause. The demand for a community center and urban land represented a new era in the struggle for Indian rights. Protesters at Fort Lawton demonstrated their wish to maintain a unique Indian identity within the broader community while working with city, state, and federal governments, including the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA), to share that identity with non-Indians and participate fully in urban life. Fort Lawton became the pinnacle of unity and community action for local Indians and a watershed in the public's perception of American Indians in the Pacific Northwest.

ATTRACTED by greater opportunities for education, social mobility, and higher wages, Indians from across North America began moving to Seattle and Tacoma in large numbers during World War II to take part in the economic boom of the war years. When they arrived they encountered new cultures and Indians from diverse backgrounds. While the loss of traditional familial or tribal support networks in the city created a desire to forge new types of support networks, the encounters with new cultures invigorated a renewed sense of pride in traditional tribal identities.

More urban migrants came to the cities in the 1950s under the Indian Relocation Program. The BIA offered transportation, job training, college assistance, and help finding a place to live. Upon their arrival, the program attempted to separate Indians from one another to encourage assimilation. However, many of those already relocated opened their homes to extended family and friends, creating close-knit communities. The true intent of relocation was to move Indians away from federal funds in preparation for the eventual termination of the government's special relationship with the tribes. With the failure of termination, the relocation program floundered. Urban Indians realized that they would need to look to their new urban comrades and city councils to find the support that the BIA was unwilling or unable to provide for them off the reservation.

The first Indian service organizations and only ones operating in Seattle until the 1970s were the American Indian
Women's Service League (AIWSL)—a group of female volunteers who distributed food donations and clothing out of an old church—and the Indian Free Clinic. The clinic was also staffed by volunteers and open only a few nights a week. According to Bernie Whitebear, founder of the UIAT, Indians in Seattle “had little experience in preventative health care...due to...being pingerpang from one hospital to the next...under...the mistaken assumption that the federal government was responsible for the welfare of all Indians.”

The growing desire to see more urban social services directed toward American Indians began to take root when the fishing rights struggles broke out across the Pacific Northwest. Many Indian groups in the Pacific Northwest relied on fishing as the economic and cultural base of their societies. The treaties Governor Isaac Stevens had signed in the 1850s made provisions for the protection of on-and off-reservation fishing rights. By the 1940s, however, Indians were frequently being arrested for fishing without permits and an expanding commercial and sport fishing industry was crowding them out of traditional locales.

By the 1960s the struggle to preserve treaty rights had grown into a full-blown battle. According to Lawney Reyes, brother of fish-in organizer Bernie Whitebear, there was “a lot of antagonism against the Indians for being out fishing... The State of Washington and white sportsmen were totally against Indians doing this... They considered the salmon theirs.” The Nisqually and Puyallup tribes had begun organizing fish-ins in which groups of activists came together in varying numbers to defy state law and take as many fish as possible from “usual and accustomed” places, as their treaties allowed. Here, “white sportsmen and the State of Washington authorities actually used clubs; they’d be hitting each other over the head and drawing blood on the Nisqually River and the Puyallup River...it got pretty violent,” recounted Reyes.

During the fish-ins, Pacific Northwest Indians came together in organized protest for the first time. Previously, struggles to maintain land and rights had been waged by tribes or individuals in state and federal courts. But the fish-ins were organized by a new breed of activist—men like Billy Frank (Nisqually), Bob Satiacum (Puyallup), Hank Adams (Assiniboin-Sioux) of the National Indian Youth Council, and Bernie Whitebear (Lakes/Sin Aisk). These were men who had seen the world, gone to college, served in the military, lived in big cities, and knew the value of their Indian identities in a broader American society. They knew that they had to have the support of the media and the public in order to win the recognition of their treaty rights and, indeed, their civil rights from the state and federal governments.

The fish-ins made it into the press by the mid 1960s and famous faces began showing up to lend their support to the cause. Marlon Brando arrived in 1964 and, according to Lawney Reyes, changed the entire course of events. The public saw a man they recognized siding with the Indians and revised its opinion to one of sympathy with the fish-in activists. According to activist Randy Lewis, “People like Marlon Brando came in and Dick Gregory came in and...helped champion Indian rights. It created a growing consciousness in the Puget Sound area.” Other famous supporters included Jane Fonda, singer-songwriter Buffy Saint Marie and historian Richard White.
The new trend toward unified strength and public interest carried over to the Fort Lawton occupation and through the next several decades of protest in the Pacific Northwest. “In no other area in the whole United States did you have such outspoken support for Indian rights as you did in this area,” noted Randy Lewis. “Seattle, the Puget Sound, actually was the center for...political activism pre-Alcatraz... It started here.”

The fish-ins came to represent more than just the protection of treaty rights. In March 1970, Bob Satincum, speaking at a press conference in Seattle, stated, “The Indians have always been on the bottom of the totem pole. We want control of our own destiny.” At the fish-ins, where Satincum and Bernie Whitebear first came together, their vision for American Indian revival and economic independence began to move beyond the issue of salmon and toward the issue of land. If the American Indian rights movement was going to maintain momentum and direction in the Pacific Northwest, it would need an urban base from which to direct operations and support the urban Indian community.

One other event that spun off from the Pacific Northwest fish-ins and led to the Fort Lawton occupation was Randy Lewis’s “Right to Be Indian” conference at Western Washington University. Lewis noted that more than 1,000 people attended the conference. Like the fish-ins, the conference brought together a diverse group of people who began to see that they had a shared interest in helping one another maintain their unique Indian identities. They realized that they had the power and voice to make that happen. “It was really an eye-opener, the ‘Right to Be Indian’... a lot of Indian youth from the Northwest... [got to] be a part of something that was...greater than their immediate family or immediate community. They were forced to see that...a huge national awareness was coming about.”

The fish-ins and conferences inspired larger protests. In early 1970 the Muckleshoot Indians joined with other tribes on Lake Washington to stage a large show of unity and demand the protection of treaty rights. For Bernie Whitebear, the Alcatraz influence

The occupation of Alcatraz brought international attention to the plight of American Indians on reservations and in cities. Alcatraz became a powerful tool with which to confront the federal government over the demands of American Indians for assistance in cultural preservation and a better way of life. Like Fort Lawton, Alcatraz Island was on the list of federal surplus properties to be disposed of by the General Services Administration (GSA). Although GSA needed to negotiate a use for the island, it repeatedly ignored the proposals of American Indian groups for a community center and university on the land.

In June 1968 the City of San Francisco took over administration of Alcatraz and struggled, as had the federal government, to find a use for the land. The United Bay Area Indian Council, an urban community group, and students at San Francisco State University joined forces as Indians of All Tribes. They planned an invasion of Alcatraz that would garner the media attention they needed to convince the city administration of their serious intent. Once on the island, the occupants issued a letter stating, “We moved onto Alcatraz because we feel that Indian people need a cultural center of their own... Without a cultural center of their own, we are afraid that the old Indian ways may be lost.”

THE ALCATRAZ INFLUENCE

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however, it was where he went to recruit support for his recently conceived idea of capturing Fort Lawton. Randy Lewis remembers Whitebear's initial approach at the march, "I went to Bernie and Bernie handed me a little note and it said, what do you think of invading Fort Lawton? I thought, right on! It's a fort! And he said, yeah, it's an abandoned U.S. Army fort that had been deactivated by Government Services Administration [sic], and the land was perfect."

Both Whitebear and Lewis had grown up on the Colville reservation in eastern Washington. Whitebear solicited Lewis's support knowing that he had taken part in the Alcatraz Occupation in 1969. Although Lewis had spent only a few months on the Island, he was an experienced organizer, agitator, and idealist who believed that with enough pressure on the government, American Indians could create a cultural and political renaissance for themselves on the reservation and in the city. Lewis recalled, "When Alcatraz happened, it was a signal to all Indians that...our fantasy could become a reality. But if you don't speak, no one will listen, and so we were speaking loud."

After a few months of rallying support and plotting strategy, Bernie Whitebear felt it was time to stage an invasion at the soon-to-be-surplus Fort Lawton. The land was already highly coveted. According to the Seattle Times, "Golfers envision a 36-hole golf course. A gardening club sees 10 acres set aside.... Marine-life enthusiasts would build an aquarium." Fort Lawton contained 1,100 acres of woods, meadows, and beaches on prime real estate just a few miles outside downtown Seattle. According to Bob Satiacum, the land would be perfect for a community center for urban Indians because "Fort Lawton is more suitable to pursue an Indian way of life, as determined by our own standards. [It] does not resemble most Indian reservations. It has potential for modern facilities—adequate sanitation facilities, health care facilities, fresh running water, educational facilities, fisheries research facilities, and transportation facilities."

The United States had established the fort as an army post in 1898. After moving military operations to Fort Lewis, south of Seattle, the federal government continued to retain possession of Fort Lawton as a non-active military base. Early in 1969, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird declared 85 percent of Fort Lawton surplus property and transferred managerial duties to the federal General Services Administration (GSA). However, there was still a residual military force stationed there. Soon after the declaration, the Citizens for Fort Lawton Park, a group dedicated to preserving the land for a city park, took shape.

With the backing of senators Henry M. Jackson and Warren G. Magnuson, and congressmen Brock Adams, Lloyd Meeds, and Thomas Pelly, the Citizens for Fort Lawton Park began a letter-writing campaign to save the land for the city. They wrote letters to their local representatives at the state and federal levels, and to the mayor, the president, and the press. The federal government was considering turning Fort Lawton into a youth corrections center or an anti-ballistic missile base.

In June 1969, Senator Jackson introduced and helped pass an amendment to the Land and Water Conservation Fund Act of 1964. The original act sought to establish a funding source for federal acquisition of recreation land to be matched by state funding sources as well as a source of extra funds for developing land use programs. Jackson's amendment allowed cities to acquire and control surplus federal property at little to no cost, with a strong emphasis on federal funding and the development of city parks. By 1970 President Richard Nixon had signed the new measure into law.

While the city struggled through bureaucratic channels to gain the land for a park, Bernie Whitebear was working his way through the same channels. In early 1970 he approached city leaders with his request for a portion of the land but was told to wait until the city had officially received title to it from GSA with funding through the Land and Water Conservation Act. Whitebear told the Seattle Times, "We're pursuing it through regular channels...but...we don't have a chance in hell of getting it." The city administration then suggested that he submit his request through the BIA, hoping to tie up the request in red tape.

Whitebear realized that he would need to gain serious public and media attention in order to win backing for his proposal and put pressure on city administrators to take his request for a community center seriously. He looked to the media success of the 1969 Alcatraz Island occupation as a model.
As he began planning the next step, supporters who had heard through friends and acquaintances that there was to be an invasion of Fort Lawton began arriving from all over the country, including many from Alcatraz Island, and settling into community homes. Reyes noted that Whitebear “had hundreds of Indians backing him. And they came [from] as far away as Canada and the Great Plains to help him.”

To describe their diverse identity and honor the Indians of All Tribes at Alcatraz, the newly formed group of supporters settled on the name United Indians of All Tribes. They met at homes and bars around Seattle to make preparations for an invasion of Fort Lawton that they hoped would mirror the invasion of Alcatraz Island. The group began organizing food donations and gathering camping equipment to take onto Fort Lawton land.

On March 7, 1970, the night before the invasion, demonstrators gathered at the Filipino Community Hall in South Seattle to celebrate, unaware of what lay in store for them. According to Lewis, “The morning it actually happened, half the people that arrived were just hung over as hell, and they had no idea that there were military police [MPs] inside.” The next day, March 8, two caravans of cars filed out to the north and south sides of Fort Lawton. Support was strong, Lewis added: “Jane Fonda arrived for the occasion and... lots of people were there... from [Indians of All Tribes] out of the Bay Area and members of the National Indian Youth Council.”

The extra support gave the invaders the courage they needed to overcome the military police who immediately challenged the protesters with tear gas when they arrived on foot at the fort’s gates. Unlike Alcatraz, which housed only a few caretakers, a portion of Fort Lawton was still federal land and was protected as such. According to Lewis, “Ramona Bennett drove her car down the road to the gate where all the shouting was and... the MPs came and tear-gassed the inside of her car. We used it to climb over the fence and we got on top of it and ran into the barbed wire on top and got Jane Fonda over the fence.”

Outside the gates, while the protesters marched in and over the fence, Bob Satiacum read a proclamation prepared specifically for the invasion: “We, the Native Americans, reclaim the land known as Fort Lawton in the name of all American Indians by the right of discovery.” Satiacum went on to describe the desire of the protesters for the Great Plains to help him.

The land to build a community center and university upon. The proclamation was not intended to be a legal document but a statement for the media to focus the public’s attention on the need for an urban Indian center.

The plan had been to occupy the fort and camp out in a fashion similar to what had occurred on Alcatraz. However, the MPs made that plan next to impossible by rounding up the invaders and incarcerating them in the fort’s stockades. “It was very chaotic,” said Lewis, “Everyone was... running everywhere. We just kind of dispersed and let the MPs try to run us down. And they did.” The situation became increasingly violent, echoing the battle scenes of the fish-ins. MPs dragged demonstrators through blackberry patches to waiting trucks, which drove them to the nearby stockades. One protester told the Seattle Times that MPs “ran amok with nightsticks.”

Lewis recalled, “We got beat up super bad and thrown into the stockades, and Bernie had his shoulder dislocated; Sid Mills [a Yakama native and Vietnam veteran] had his shoulder broken or dislocated.”

While the MPs’ actions might have been tolerated on federal land, the people of Seattle would not stand for it. The violent images in the local press convinced many senators, Seattle residents, and members of the international community to throw their support behind the protesters’ cause and back the creation of a community center at Fort Lawton. Jane Fonda’s involvement in the invasion and expulsion from the fort were discussed in the Seattle Times.
and the Post-Intelligencer, but it was the brutal reaction of the military police that received the most coverage. On March 9, 1970, pictures of MPs hauling away protesters made the front page.

The protesters, determined to gain entrance and once again focus the attention of the press and the city administration on the seriousness of their intent, this time "came up the cliffs, and...put up our tee-pees."

The P-I headline read, "Indians Invade Fort Lawton," changing to, "Army Disrupts Indian Claim on Fort Lawton" as the story continued, intimating that the Indians were the rightful heirs to the surplus land.

The papers also focused attention on well-known figures like Grace Thorpe (daughter of football great Jim Thorpe), who had arrived from Alcatraz. According to Thorpe, "It's about time the Indian people started being more vocal...we feel there is a moral obligation of the federal government to give top priority on any federal surplus land to Indians."

The P-I helped clarify for Washington readers what the invasion of Fort Lawton was all about—pride and community. The protesters wanted a voice and a place to celebrate their culture within an urban setting. And as Grace Thorpe pointed out, "We came here to Fort Lawton in peace, but these army people are all uptight. We're gentle people."

After being released from the stockades and forced off Fort Lawton property, the activists set up a tent city outside the military grounds. In response, Colonel Palos stated that all civilians were to be banned from fort property, and he issued letters of expulsion to 72 of those taken into custody during the protest, including Jane Fonda. To counter the ban, Fonda and 13 other protesters drove the 35 miles south to Fort Lewis and set up a picket on the grounds there. Because Fort Lawton was a satellite base of Fort Lewis, Fonda and the others were considered to be in violation of the civilian ban and expulsion, and all 14 were arrested. No more protests were attempted at Fort Lewis, but Fonda's arrest garnered more press coverage.

On March 10 protesters were called to the federal courthouse in downtown Seattle by Bob Satiaucum to demonstrate against the Fort Lawton MPs' violent reaction. The accusations were mostly leveled at Captain Lewis Schatz, provost marshal and the instigator of the use of excessive force. As a result of the beatings, at least 10 protesters required hospital attention. At the courthouse, a military spokesman infuriated the protesters by stating, "There is not one single thread of evidence that the allegations can be substantiated." Bernie Whitebear countered, "We entered our land. We are the natural inhabitants. We cannot enter our land illegally." After protesting at the courthouse, occupying the tent city for a few days, and picketing the gates, the protesters decided to storm the fort once again.

At Fort Lawton the 392nd Military Police Company was brought in from Fort Lewis to reinforce security. According to Lewis, the army had "cordoned off the fort with concertina wire and manned foxholes." The protesters, determined to gain entrance and once again focus the attention of the press and the city administration on the seriousness of their intent, this time "came up the cliffs, and...put up our tee-pees," said Lewis. "Colonel Palos came by...and told us...we had illegally entered the fort and we were trespassing and we were subject to prosecution." The protesters welcomed the opportunity to take their case to court and greeted the colonel's announcement with boos and laughs.

Whitebear hoped this second invasion would emphasize their purpose. "We want to raise the moral issue that 12,000 Indians and Alaskan natives in this area need the land..." he said. "It would help make this a great community." In addition, he wanted to focus attention on the fact that the Indian Claims Commission had promised local Indians a $60,000 settlement for the lands around Seattle, including Fort Lawton, of which not a dime had yet been paid.

Lewis said that Colonel Palos brought out "jeeps, riot police with dogs, everything. They came to kill us this time."

As soon as the MPs began marching on the protesters, who had no place to run but farther onto fort lands, "a hell of a battle" broke out, added Lewis. "They were using tear gas...and jeeps were wrecked. It was horrible."

Kids hid under the barracks, then set the barracks on fire; people ran in every direction. "Grace Thorpe...just flopped down, and she said, 'My name is Grace Thorpe...and I'm over 300 pounds and it's gonna take eight of you to move me.'" Lewis recalled. "And she just turned into liquid." Because the army banished the press from the scene of the protest, newsmen were only able to gather second-hand accounts of the encounter. According to Lewis, "They beat...us, hauled us away, put us in the galley...forbid us from even using the restroom...or water."

The Seattle Times reported that attorney Gary F. Bass of the Seattle Human Rights Commission obtained the protesters' release, after which they returned to their tent city outside Fort Lawton.

Once again the press covered the event in detail, helping to rally support for the Indians' claim to the land. A Times article stated, "Whitebear said residents still are giving Indians strong support. He said some nearby residents are allowing picketing Indians outside the fort to use their bathrooms. Pickets are receiving donations of food and other supplies." Without the press coverage there would have been little local support for the protesters. The media coverage of the continued protest at Fort Lawton was creating a new awareness of Indian issues in Seattle.

Prior to the more militant protests, Lawney Reyes recalled, "the Indians could never get an audience—even the papers didn't want to print what the Indians had to say." But by the time the third invasion of Fort Lawton took place several weeks later, it seemed to Lewis that the whole world was watching. By the end of the protest at Fort Lawton, the
UIAT had gained commitments of support from over 40 non-Indian organizations throughout Seattle, including the Church Council of Greater Seattle.

The third invasion commenced much like the first two, with a storming of the gates. "We all went running through, ran right over the MPs one more time... And, the chase is on again. And they catch us, and they beat us, and they book us. And we're expelled once again," recounted Lewis. But this time, after being released, the protesters packed up their tent city and moved on. Whitebear told the Seattle Times, "Our fight is not against the army, but what we are trying to do is show the sincerity of our intent to gain this land." The bruised and battered protesters felt that the 24-day encampment had served its purpose and that the mayor of Seattle and the state's two senators, who were still working to acquire the Fort Lawton property for a city park, would now take the proposals of the UIAT seriously.

Now began "the long, arduous process of going through the...red tape and the politics to secure Fort Lawton," said Lewis. Whitebear set up the first UIAT office in the basement of his sister Lauana Reyes' house, and then in downtown Seattle between Union and Pike. He utilized his newfound media fame to connect with important political leaders in Seattle. He was politically savvy and, according to Reyes, not intimidated by anyone. In Randy Lewis's words, "Bernie was a good politician; he was very articulate and knew how to schmooze with people."

The press coverage, public pressure, and the UIAT's tenacity finally forced

ABOVE: Daybreak Star Indian Cultural Center today hosts art exhibits, receptions, and events, a Head Start program, and the yearly Seafair Indian Days Pow Wow.

RIGHT: Bernie Whitebear, visionary and friend to many, sitting on the steps of Daybreak Star in 1999.
Seattle to begin talks with Whitebear over the fate of Fort Lawton. Prior to the invasion the mayor’s office had turned him away when he came to discuss the issue. After that rebuff, Reyes recalled, Whitebear “contacted the National Congress of the American Indians [NCAI] and told them, I have a chance to get some land here in Seattle, but I don’t really know how to go about doing it—no one in the city government is willing to listen to me....” The NCAI contacted the BIA, which decided to put a freeze on the land disposition process. This put the City of Seattle’s application for the fort property in limbo. Although the Department of the Interior eventually pressured the BIA to remove the block, the move to occupy the fort and Whitebear’s political wrangling convinced Wes Uhlman of the UIAT’s serious intent. As soon as the first occupation attempt was accomplished, the mayor changed track and began negotiations to find a compromise between the UIAT’s demands and the city’s park wishes.

The BIA’s temporary freeze on the property brought the attention of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW) to the issue. The regional director, Bernard Kelly, encouraged the UIAT to submit an application for lands with his office and on March 26, 1971, the UIAT requested 35 acres of Fort Lawton land. HEW summarily requested the property transfer from GSA in April 1971; however, the City of Seattle filed an application with the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation (BOR) in the Department of the Interior for all 425.75 surplus acres. The BOR then transferred the request to GSA.

Upon hearing of the city’s application, the UIAT agreed to a compromise proposed by the BOR—that the UIAT lease its portion of the land from the city rather than from the federal government. Both parties realized that a protracted legal battle could result in no park and no cultural center. In March 1972, Seattle amended its application to include the UIAT, and GSA granted the city its deed five months later. On November 29, 1974, Mayor Uhlman signed Ordinance No. 104042, authorizing the UIAT’s 99-year lease for 19.13 acres of the parkland. The lease, negotiated and approved by the UIAT and the Seattle Department of Parks and Recreation, went into effect one year later.

AS SOON AS THE FIRST OCCUPATION ATTEMPT WAS ACCOMPLISHED, THE MAYOR CHANGED TRACK AND BEGAN NEGOTIATIONS TO FIND A COMPROMISE BETWEEN THE UIAT’S DEMANDS AND THE CITY’S PARK WISHES.

The core 151 acres of Fort Lawton were not even legally acquired from the federal government until 1975. Negotiations on the location and construction of Daybreak Star Indian Cultural Center were completed the same year. The final lease agreement between Seattle and the UIAT expresses the change that the occupation of Fort Lawton brought to the city’s view of its urban Indian population. The preamble states that the reason for including an Indian cultural center in a park instead of farther away on a reservation is:

To acknowledge the rich and varied Native American cultural heritage of the Seattle metropolitan region and the limited manner in which such heritages are being represented, sustained, and preserved in the experiences of all Americans; and to acknowledge the manner in which the presentation of various aspects of indigenous culture at such a regional park would enhance the recreational potential of the park for all its visitors; and to acknowledge the need for more effective communication between the City of Seattle and the Native American community.

On September 27, 1975, groundbreaking for Daybreak Star took place, thanks in part to funding from the City of Seattle, the Economic Development Administration, the Campaign for Human Development, the United States Department of Commerce, Weyerhaeuser, and donations from the Colville, Quinault, and Makah tribes. The Daybreak Star Indian Cultural Center hosts housing, counseling, and educational programs, including programs focusing on health education, cultural awareness, and educational options for low-income families. According to Lawney Reyes, who created the interior design for Daybreak Star, “It’s been a good thing for Indians in Seattle for about 30 years.” In realizing the original hopes of Bernie Whitebear, Daybreak Star has become a place where an American Indian can “increase his pride in his Indian self by making available to him the real accomplishments of his people, and by doing this, strike at the root of social problems caused by separation from his Indian identity,” noted the Master Plan: National Indian Cultural and Educational Center, Discovery Park. “[Daybreak is] a place where the non-Indian can be educated to the meaning and worth of the various Indian cultures and their many unique lifestyles.”

The Fort Lawton occupation managed to achieve one of the UIAT’s most fundamental and important goals: to raise the awareness of the public, the media, the federal government, and American Indian people to the often distressed situation of Indians in the modern world. Through Fort Lawton, Indians of all tribes were able to demonstrate that they are still a thriving cultural entity in the United States. They also gained major ground in the struggle to make their voices heard in Washington, D.C., and to become a part of the policy-making process that affects their daily lives.

The memory of what was accomplished at Fort Lawton will remain a source of pride for Seattle-area Indians in generations to come. The event connects past with present, community with identity, and politics with protest. As Bernie Whitebear said in reference to Daybreak Star Indian Cultural Center, “This is something really worth going up that cliff for.”

Vera Parham grew up in Seattle and attended the University of Washington. She is currently a Ph.D. candidate in Native American history at the University of California Riverside.
AMERICAN IDOL

This year marks the 80th anniversary of the completion of Charles Lindbergh's successful first solo flight from New York to Paris. He became an instant American idol and was the subject of several popular songs and children's book—songs with such catchy titles as “Lucky Lindy,” “You flew over, Uncle Sam takes his hat off to you,” “Lindbergh, the eagle of the U.S.A.,” and “Like an angel, you flew into everyone's heart.” Books, particularly for boys, issued from the presses and sold in large numbers. Lone Scout of the Sky and 40,000 Miles with Lindbergh were just two of many titles. In September 1927, as part of a celebratory national tour, Lindbergh was honored at a reception hosted by Seattle mayor Bertha Landes at the University of Washington stadium.
A Conversation with Artist Lillian Pitt

By Katrine Barber

As an internationally known artist, Lillian Pitt has displayed her sculptures, carvings, masks, wearable art, and works on paper for more than 20 years in exhibits in the United States, Europe, New Zealand, and Japan. The Center for Columbia River History asked Pitt to talk about her evocative work at its “Celilo Stories” conference, held in March 2007 to commemorate the 50-year anniversary of the inundation of Celilo Falls by The Dalles Dam.

Lillian Pitt is enrolled with the Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs Reservation, and her work reflects the ancient as well as ongoing presence of Indian people along the Columbia River. Pitt incorporates into her work images of salmon, rocks shaped by water, shells, beaver-marked twigs, petroglyphs, and forms reminiscent of fishing nets and traps and fish-drying racks. She calls herself an “unschooled” artist who is largely “unfocused” because of her irregular training and propensity to work in a variety of media. But as the following interview and the accompanying images of her artwork reveal, these are also her strengths: the connections she makes between the artistry of her first career as a hairdresser and what she now does with clay and glass; her hunger to learn new techniques; her willingness to work with new materials.

KATRINE BARBER (for COLUMBIA): You grew up in Oregon on the Warm Springs Reservation, at least in part, and then ended up moving to Madras (a town near the reservation, about 100 miles southeast of Portland). What do you remember about being a kid?

LILLIAN PITT: First of all was the freedom, the freedom to do whatever we wanted. No one had locked doors in the whole neighborhood, which was called Hollywood, a spoof on the poverty of our community and the wealth of Hollywood, California. In Hollywood all the kids were the same age and so we just ran around together, rode horses, and went for walks. I did not know I was poor until we were told that we were. Our lives were minimal—we had no indoor plumbing, no electricity in a one-bedroom house.

My dad was manager of the Indian baseball team in Warm Springs, and so we got to travel all over the Northwest. I cannot believe the torture my mother endured with three of us kids in the back seat of the car! It was always an adventure—this was during the early 1950s when there was a lot of prejudice. In Mitchell or John Day there would always be a big brouhaha between the Indian and white baseball players. We kids would have to stay in the car.

It was my dad’s idea to move to Madras. Mom was a traditional Indian, one of the last of an endangered species, so to speak. She did not want to move because the community at Hollywood was hers and she did not speak English.
very well. We were not allowed to speak Indian because, again, it set us apart and Dad wanted us to blend in better. He wanted us to be able to live well with the dominant culture. I was in sixth grade when we moved. I went to Madras Elementary School and Madras High School—very uneventful.

Did you get to take art classes in school?
Not one. I never considered myself artistic. It was my sister who could paint and draw. I was the logical one, the good one, the one who never got into trouble. I never did try anything artistic all through my childhood, although I was a big daydreamer. I would go out and lie in the hills and watch the weeds grow. I never thought about doing anything creative other than existing.

Did you have artists around you?
My mom was a bead maker and my Auntie Mary worked on beads and hides. Everybody in Warm Springs did something; the women were never idle. It was always fun to go to their houses and watch them work, watch all their wonderful processes. If you wanted to learn, you could. My mom's aunt tried to teach me twining—I think I was 11 or 12 at the time—and I just couldn't get it. I was at the age where my mind was not really focused on what she was trying to teach me. And she said, “Oh, ai-ya-yush,” which is Sahaptin for “dumb.”

One of the things I think is striking about your work is how much it is rooted in and expands upon traditional themes.

The beading designs are so exquisite and so are the basket designs. To transform them into clay is much easier for me. As I am working in the clay, I am mindful of what I had seen as a kid—the love that [the women] had for what they were doing. I would get into a meditative state and it just seemed to flow through me.

You left Madras for Portland right after you graduated from high school in 1961. Was Portland the big city?
My cousin Elmer and I used to come down over the mountain to Portland to go to the movies. We would go up and down Broadway when they had all those fancy movie theaters, and we would go to one movie after the other all day and night. At the Chief Theater in Madras there was only one movie that would run for a month, and the film was really old and would always fall apart in the theater.

My cousin Juanita's dad lived there—that was why we chose Portland. Living with him was rent-free. I was just 17 at the time. We picked berries and did a lot of swimming in the Sandy River. One day we were doing laundry and there was a beauty school across the street. I said to my cousin—Dee Dee was her nickname, “Dee Dee, let's go to beauty school.” She thought about it and said, “Okay.” I started beauty school on October 10, 1962, when I turned 18. I just loved doing that. I loved the learning part of it, which included anatomy and physiology of the head and hands, and chemistry, and all these different things. I began to realize I had a brain!

It was fun creating different hairstyles. For Dee Dee it was torture because she wasn't a talker. You cannot be a good hairdresser if you can't talk to people, you know. The more you talked, the more tips you made, and we lived on tips. I learned to be really friendly. My dad was always friendly and funny and would charm people, whereas Mom was quiet and shy. I take after my dad.

Did you experience racism while you were training to become a beautician or once you began to work as one?
Absolutely none. It was not like Madras. Madras was terrible. Even the teachers were racist. It was such a painful experience with some of the teachers in Madras. They would tell jokes about Indians and say, “Lillian told me this joke.” The cheerleaders and students in the Honor Society never talked to me. Years later I was doing a slide presentation and they all ran up afterwards and asked if I remembered them. It is so much easier to be nice than it is to be vengeful.

When I was halfway through beauty school I had to stop because of my back, and it took me two years to graduate instead of one. I was a hairdresser for about 20 years, and then I became a teacher, a hairstyle instructor. I had many back surgeries and then finally Social Security retired me. The State of Oregon sent me to Mount Hood Community College.

Going back to school, I found I had never learned proper studying habits. The school suggested I take all these helpful courses, which I did, and it was a lot of fun. It was just like playing, you know. I could not get enough of school. We had group therapy, and I learned about myself. I learned that I was an individual, a unique individual. I learned that I had something to say, and there was a forum in which to say it. It was wonderful. Anita Davis would come to group on Thursdays all dusty and dirty. I said, “What is it that makes you so messy?” She said, “I'm taking ceramics. You should join me.” It was love at first sight.

“Dreamer,” bronze, 2000, by Lillian Pitt. Petroglyphs are made by pecking stone; the pecked images tell stories. Pitt reinterprets this technique and tells stories on the worked metal surface of her sculptures.
touch. I was hooked, obsessed—the first thing I have ever been obsessed about. I dreamt about it. It was magic.

I did not have a clue what to make, and that was the beginning of finding out who I really am. My first pieces included a Yupik mask that I saw in a catalogue from an Alaskan show and a Northwest Coast mask that I saw in a Franz Boas book, but they were not of my culture. So I went back to Warm Springs and talked to the elders. I went to Lucinda Smith. She had a visitor from the Yakama Reservation who knew my dad’s mother’s family. She even knew my grandmother’s Indian name, and my aunt’s Indian name, and where we were from. I said, “I have this image. Where is this image? It keeps haunting me.” She told me it was Tsagaglalal [a female Indian spirit petroglyph in what is now Horsethief Lake State Park], and that she overlooked the village where my great-great-grandmother had lived. This was a profound revelation for me.

LEFT: “Coyote,” miniature bronze, by Lillian Pitt. Coyote, the trickster, is an important figure in the oral tradition of the Warm Springs people.

RIGHT: “Fish Woman,” drypoint print, 1998. Art is a second career for Pitt; originally she worked as a hairdresser in Portland.

The Legend of Tsagaglalal, She Who Watches
(pronounced tsə-gə-gla’-lal)

A woman had a house where the village of Nixlidix was later built. She was chief of all who lived in the region. That was a long time before Coyote came up the river and changed things and people were not yet real people. After a time, Coyote, in his travels, came to this place and asked the inhabitants if they were well or ill. They sent him to their Chief who lived up on the rocks, where she could look down on the village and know what was going on. Coyote climbed up to the house on the rocks & asked, “What kind of living do you give these people? Do you treat them well or are you one of those evil women?” “I am teaching them to live well and build good houses,” she said. “Soon the world will change,” said Coyote, “and women will no longer be chiefs.” Then he changed her into a rock with the command, “You shall stay here & watch over the people who live here.” All the people know that Tsagaglalal sees all things, for whenever they are looking at her those large eyes are watching them.

Finding Tsagaglalal was a very emotional experience. I realized that my family was strong enough to cope with many big changes and that I was a product of all that. It goes back 10,000 years. Every time I create a She Who Watches, or Tsagaglalal, I try to make her the very best I can to honor the obvious vision of the person who created her image so long ago. The petroglyphs were put there for a good reason—to tell stories. The people who made them knew exactly what they were doing. It has made my life so complete, just seeing this image of Tsagaglalal. I will be forever grateful to the elders who told me about her.

When did you first declare that you were an artist?

I am still working on that! I am an unfocused, uneducated, unschooled artist. I do not strive to become an artist in the white man’s world. I just want to be able to create whatever
it is I want to do and that which honors my ancestors. I really do not care what the white world thinks, although most of my buyers are white people and I am very grateful to the people who like my work enough to pay thousands of dollars for it. They all know that I am not educated, but they still support me and I make a good living. I think I am an artist. I work with my head, heart, and hands, and that, I learned in beauty school, is what an artist does.

I am really struck with the parallels that you make between the artistic work you were doing in beauty school and the work that you do as an artist.

You know, it was always the women in the Columbia River Gorge who were the economic leaders. We did the trading, we set the prices, we determined who could buy or sell what. I think I have a little bit of that horse-trading sense in my genealogy. I thank my ancestors for that. The Chinook people were very good traders. They were able to make a living for hundreds of years by trading everything. And then with Celilo we had the salmon as our economic source as well as our spiritual source, and I did not know that either until my mid 30s. It was something I took for granted. We took Celilo

Looking at Indian Glass Art

Historically, Indian people worked with glass only when stringing trade beads into necklaces or stitching them onto buckskin. Today, Lillian Pitt's innovative work in glass is part of a Northwest renaissance that crosses cultures.

The Washington State History Museum commissioned two of Colville artist Caroline Orr's glass masks for its permanent exhibit in 1996. Orr's fused and etched glass masks address the devastating effect of European migration on Indian people and their descendants today.

Another Washington glass artist, University of Washington professor Marvin Oliver (Quinault/Islaleta), inspired Orr with his 1980s monumental glass experiments, some weighing several tons. Oliver makes glass orcas and sharks as well as kachina figures embellished with metal, cedar, or paint. His glass “Spirit Board” (2002), on display at Tacoma’s Mary Bridge Hospital, was inspired by ceremonial boards in the Historical Society's collection. These boards were shown at the 1909 Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition with little context or connection to their culture of origin. Oliver, like Orr and Pitt, takes back cultural ownership of indigenous objects, places, and philosophies through his explorations in glass.

Seattle-based Preston Singletary (Tlingit), a student of Oliver's, creates delicate spruce-root baskets, bentwood boxes, and elaborate traditional masks—all in glass. These works are exhibited in museums around the globe. In 2000, Singletary helped raise a cedar, glass, and neon totem pole at Pilchuck Glass School near Stanwood. Glass came full circle as Pilchuck Glass School, on Swinomish tribal land, embraced and honored the artistic work of the region's first people.

Lillian Pitt's “In Flight,” sand-cast glass, 14"x16"x5", won Best of Show in the Washington State Historical Society's 2007 IN THE SPIRIT Contemporary Northwest Native Arts exhibit.

Several of your recent pieces are salmon-drying racks, representing work that women did on the river.

I am thinking of the ancestors when I am putting an installation together. The women loved shells, they loved stringing shells, and so I string all the shells. Oh, so much work! And then the rocks and all the different things that women loved—women still love them today because they are all things of beauty. And then the salmon—men put up the racks, but it was the women who filleted and dried the salmon. It is just amazing how strong they were.

Tell me about your collaborations and teaching.

I love collaborating because I am working with great minds. They bring more to the piece than I bring by myself. It is a treat to teach the young ones. A couple summers ago I taught the kids at Warm Springs how to do drypoint prints. We went to the Columbia River Gorge and to Maryhill Museum; I got them books, and we went to the petroglyphs, and they got to draw whatever they wanted. They did drypoints and Maryhill was nice enough to give them a show, which they just loved because I was also teaching them about how to be a professional artist. At the opening they were able to talk about their work. It is a good feeling to be able to carry something on. Even when I teach non-Indian students, they are bringing to the table their ancestry and an appreciation of my ancestry. There is always something to be learned; being a teacher is fun.

What do you think is the artist's role in a community?

I think it is sad that America does not honor its artists like Japan does. The Japanese honor their national treasures. I think an artist in the community is vital. You need somebody who speaks from the heart and the head and the hands about their particular truth, which is not based on any political force, any amount of money, or any social or political group. You need an honest assessment of the world, and I think artists are essential to that. You cannot control artists because they have to speak from the heart.

Katrine Barber is associate professor of history at Portland State University, director of the Center for Columbia River History, and author of Death of Celilo Falls (2005).

COLUMBIA 38 FALL 2007
From Private to Colonel, Indictment to “Hero”

On November 3, 1884, Meyer Kaufman opened a dry-goods store in New Tacoma, Washington Territory. It was one of four Washington stores owned and operated by extended members of the Toklas family—aunts and uncles of the famous Alice B. Toklas, who was writer Gertrude Stein’s life partner. The following year Kaufman joined the 15-member committee responsible for removing Tacoma’s “Chinese Problem.” In 1889 he was nominated to run for one of Washington’s first elected offices. Less than two years later he was laid to rest in the Jewish cemetery he helped establish.

Kaufman came into Tacoma ready to conquer the young city, but several hurdles slowed his progress. First, the Gross Brothers had already been around since 1878. Though they were only in their 20s, the brothers were well respected for their brilliant marketing ideas and straightforward business practices. Second, Tacoma’s prime retail locations were already taken—the heart of the business district on Pacific Avenue at that time started at 7th, peaked at 9th, and slowed at 11th—and the best location Kaufman could find was way down on the corner of Pacific and 13th, which today is in the center of Tacoma’s central business district.

The 41-year-old entrepreneur jumped in with his best weapon—his advertising dollars. He took out full-column newspaper ads at a time when the Tacoma Daily Ledger was only eight pages. Editor Radebaugh kindly repaid him with “news columns” about the new store. Tacoma readers learned that the store was 25 by 100 feet, with ladies’ goods on one wall, gents’ furnishings on the other, and 90 feet of tables running down the center packed 25 to 30 suits high. All were of the best quality and offered at the lowest prices, of course. Editor Radebaugh also kept readers informed of Kaufman’s personal travels and family visits.

Kaufman’s other hurdle was his service in Georgia as a young private in the Confederate Army. He tackled the
On Decoration Day (now Memorial Day) in 1885 his store was so elaborately festooned that the “leading members of the GAR [Grand Army of the Republic] observed this decoration with unfeigned pleasure” and “called upon Mr. Kaufman and tendered him a soldier’s thanks and appreciation.” Radebaugh noted, “These courtesies between the Blue and the Gray are always as chivalrous as they are touching.”

Another opportunity came in August when the entire city shut down to mourn the death of General Ulysses S. Grant. Kaufman made certain that his “show-windows were tastefully dressed in mourning and elicited much admiring comment.” At the end of the month he donated a large painting to the GAR that depicted soldiers from “North and South clasping hands at the bier of the dead hero...and above these figures were the words, ‘Let us have peace.’” Around this time Kaufman’s partner, Zadek Peritz, returned to Germany for health reasons, and the store’s name changed to Kaufman and Berliner.

From business and patriotic activities, Kaufman moved on to current events. The hot topic during the summer of 1885 was the Chinese workers. As anti-Chinese sentiment and legislation spread northward from San Francisco, a mass meeting was held in Seattle in September. On October 3 Tacoma’s citizens held their own meeting at the Alpha Opera House. They appointed 15 men to a committee “for the duty of notifying the Chinese to depart November 1.” Meyer Kaufman was one of the 15 and chaired the committee on arrangements. The Ledger kept readers informed as many of Tacoma’s Chinese workers began to leave the city: October 10, “The Chinese exodus is beginning.” October 13, “Going! Going!—Chinese are leaving by carloads.” October 15, “Tramp, tramp, tramp, the Chinks are marching.” November 4, “Gone.”

Court documents include testimony that Meyer Kaufman and Judge Wickershaw had no prior knowledge of the plan to forcibly expel the Chinese. On the morning of November 3, 1885, when the whistle blew at the Lister foundry, men gathered in the streets and methodically visited every Chinese shop and household. The remaining Chinese were “escorted” eight miles south to the Northern Pacific railroad depot at Lake View. When Kaufman realized what was happening, he sought out the judge and exclaimed, “My God, Wickershaw, there is going to be trouble here today!”

OPPOSITE PAGE: At the height of the anti-Chinese violence in Tacoma in 1885, more than 500 Chinese were forced out of the city. Their homes and businesses were looted and burned.
NO! NO! NO!

Come to 10th and A Streets at 7:30 Monday evening and express your opinion on the Chinese question.

SHALL WE HAVE

CHINESE

NO! NO! NO! NO!
On November 10, Kaufman was one of 28 Tacoma citizens arrested in connection with the Chinese expulsion. Indicted by a United States grand jury, they were taken to Vancouver and charged with conspiring to insurrection and riot. By November 12 they were back home posing for photos, each released on a $5,000 personal bond. Kaufman, often misidentified in the photo as Charles Pertz, chaired the committee to raise funds for their defense. When the jury moved for acquittal, the town celebrated and the committee members were called heroes.

After the trial, Kaufman's prominence skyrocketed. By July 1886 he was able to move his store to a better location on Pacific Avenue. His new quarters were near 11th Street, right across from the Alpha Opera House. In August he was appointed to attend the Democratic Convention, and the following spring he was credited with using his influence—in the form of a telegram sent to Washington, D.C.—to help secure Eugene Simple's appointment as territorial governor. In April 1888 Kaufman declined a nomination for mayor, citing health reasons. Two months later Eugene Simple, now territorial governor, took advantage of the new militia law to appoint Kaufman to his personal staff as paymaster general, with the rank of colonel—quite a leap for a Confederate private.

As statehood loomed for Washington Territory, Kaufman was again at the forefront. He chaired the county Democratic Committee in July 1889 and headed to Olympia in August for the constitutional convention. In the September primary Colonel Kaufman was unanimously nominated the Democratic candidate for state treasurer. However, Republican candidates dominated the October 1 elections. By the time statehood became official on November 11, Kaufman's only elected position was a second term as president of the Hebrew Benevolent Society. He made out his will a few weeks later.

The colonel's health steadily declined, and he died on February 15, 1891, a few weeks short of his 48th birthday. Paul Singerman came from Seattle to close the store in bankruptcy. Kaufman's widow, Minnie, and a young daughter named Martha lived briefly in Seattle, but little else is known of them. His tombstone in Tacoma's Home of Peace Cemetery is the only enduring reminder of his brief rise and fall.

Deb Freedman is retired from a 20-year career as a youth services specialist for the Tacoma Public Library. She is a member of the board of the Tacoma Historical Society, a past board member of the Washington State Jewish Historical Society, and a charter member of the Jewish Genealogical Society of Washington State.

On June 6, 1889, a horrific fire wiped out downtown Seattle. Another disastrous fire two months later obliterated Spokane's business district. In both cities the firm of Toklas and Singerman, known in Spokane as the Great Eastern Store, endured the greatest financial losses.

Chinese immigrants living in shacks near the Hatch Mill on Tacoma's waterfront were driven out of town and their dwellings burned during the anti-Chinese fever in 1885.

Obviously quite open about his religion, Kaufman had proudly shared the news in June 1885 that his brother-in-law, Paul Singerman, had received the family Torah from Germany. In the fall of 1888 Tacoma's Jewish citizenry organized a Hebrew Benevolent Society to purchase grounds for a local cemetery and synagogue, and they elected Kaufman their president. The Daily Ledger reported an anecdote sometime later about an event Kaufman attended with the governor in Olympia. Apparently, the new gas lighting failed during the program and the colonel, when offered a candle, refused it, joking that he had no need of one because he was "an Israel-lite."

The colonel's health problems continued. The Ledger frequently mentioned that he was ill and unable to attend to business. He traveled to several locations trying to improve his health and suffered from long sieges of rheumatism. In addition, his wife contracted typhoid fever.

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The Greek origin of the word anthology translates as "a gathering of flowers." In its Latinate form, the word came to mean a collection of poems, the earliest dating back to the 16th-century miscellanies of English verse. Throughout its history, the practice of anthologizing has served to recognize and legitimize a defined body of writing, from ancient English ballads to Filipina-American memoirs. The practice has also been integral to identifying and understanding regional literatures.

This holds particularly true in regard to Northwest literature, toward which skepticism persisted throughout the 20th century. Nowhere was the skepticism more strident than in James Stevens and H. L. Davis's essay, "Status Rerum" (1927), in which the authors declare the Northwest "has produced a vast quantity of bilge, so vast, indeed, that the few books which are entitled to respect are totally lost in the general and seemingly inextinguishable avalanche of tripe." Yet, for the past 70-plus years, anthology editors have successfully proven such statements wrong and in doing so have reflected a range of popular attitudes about the Northwest.

Alfred Powers's History of Oregon Literature (1935), the first major anthology of Northwest literature, proudly dates Northwest literary tradition back to presettlement petroglyphs and the Chinook jargon. In his omnibus approach, Powers not only includes selections from important literary figures (Joaquin Miller, Frederic Homer Balch, C. E. S. Woods, et al.) but devotes entire chapters to such literary esoterica as writings by early Northwest humorists and songwriters. He even offers an annotated list of literary magazines and book publishers as well as a sampling of "literary gossip" to dispel any doubts about the Northwest's vital literary culture. Powers's anthology reflects his determination to establish unequivocally that an Oregon (therefore, Northwest) literature not only exists but warrants the kind of encyclopedic background and commentary he provides. However, published by Portland-based Metropolitan Press, History of Oregon Literature reached Northwest readers and scholars almost exclusively.

Stewart Holbrook's Promised Land: A Collection of Northwest Writing (1945), on the other hand, is the first anthology of Northwest literature published by a major New York house (McGraw-Hill). It was intended to reach a national audience that, following the region's prominent role in World War II, had finally taken notice of the Northwest. Promised Land is more a general reader than a reference resource like History of Oregon Literature. It includes authors who "either live or have lived in this region and... have written of things indigenous to it," and most of these are contemporaries of Holbrook's, a popular newspaperman and Northwest historian.

As its title suggests, Promised Land promotes an epic, almost Biblical view of the Northwest, one that glorifies the region's frontier past. Notably, Holbrook's anthology does not include writings based on tribal tales. Nor does it include primary writings by explorers, pioneers, or settlers. Holbrook oddly reasons in his introduction that "the [literary] arts do not commonly follow close on the heels of the pioneer; no matter how literate the people. Daylight must be let into the swamps of the forest. Land must be plowed. And any truculent natives must be liquidated." In effect, literature happens only after Manifest Destiny has fulfilled its civilizing charge.

After Holbrook's Promised Land, a quarter-century passed before another anthology of Northwest literature appeared. Ellis Lucia's This Land Around Us: A Treasury of Pacific Northwest Writing (1969) is a tome as monumental as the region it aims to represent. The Northwest is no longer an idealized frontier to which readers romantically aspire. It is now the magnificent, cherished land in which they actually live. Ellis's anthology is far more representative of the breadth of Northwest literature than Holbrook's. Like Powers, Ellis includes writings from the territorial period, such as the journals of Lewis and Clark, as well as writing by non-Northwesters like Lincoln Steffens. The selections in This Land Around Us tend to extol the character of the people and the splendors of the landscape, giving a populist view of what the final section emphatically terms "This Wonderful Country."

Ten years later, in 1979, Michael Strelow edited An Anthology of Northwest Writing: 1900-1950, which reintroduced readers to several important Northwest writers, including Mary
Northwest Passages opens with songs and tales from Northwest native traditions, proceeds with European exploration and settlement, covers the late 19th and early 20th centuries, and concludes with the post-World War II and contemporary periods, from which a third of the selections derive. As with every Northwest anthology, the effort to define Northwest literature depends largely on which authors the editor deems worthy of continued attention. In Northwest Passages, rightly or wrongly, Archie Binns is out and Tom Robbins in. Yet more important than these necessary editorial judgments, Barcott recognizes the diversity of voices that comprise Northwest literature. So farewell Robert Orman Case, and welcome John Okada and Horace Cayton.

In recent decades, Northwest anthologies have focused on specific genres and sharply defined topics and themes, from the poetry of the Inland Empire to Cascadian fantasy, all predicated on the assumption of a larger Northwest literature. And from the start, all Northwest anthologies, large and small, share an enthusiasm for the region that in part justifies their existence. This enthusiasm can even turn quite protective at times—if not outright chauvinistic—as evidenced by Bruce Barcott's concern that Northwest identity "fades every time a news anchor mispronounces 'Puyallup' and signs off a live remote 'from the banks of the WillamETTE.'"

Reading Portland
The City in Prose
Reviewed by Robert Donnelly.

Is a city unique simply because of its location? Usually, but how city people embrace that location is more important. A city's history should be more than a survey of created infrastructure, government bureaucracy, and local services. It should include evidence of where people built their homes, how they earned a living, what they did in their leisure, what challenges they faced, and how they characterized and embraced their city. Simply put, a city's history should be a survey of urban life. John Trombold and Peter Donahue's Reading Portland: The City in Prose could be used as an urban history of the Rose City, but more effectively, it is a celebration of Portland's urban life.

Like its predecessor, Reading Seattle, Reading Portland is a collection of essays and excerpts that highlights the best of the city's fiction and nonfiction, histories and recollections, popular culture and intellectual treatises, promotions and criticisms. It is characterized but effectively divided into five sections beginning with "Before Portland" and concluding with "Contemporary Portland," which according to Trombold "captures the entire horizon of the metropolis, its homes and neighborhoods, its streets and parks."

With help from the Oregon Historical Society and other local research libraries, Trombold and Donahue collected the best works to tell us about the Rose City and its people. Judge Matthew Deady's essay, written in 1868, describes early Portland, and excerpts from Carl Abbott's Greater Portland and E. Kimbark MacColl's The Shaping of a City are evidence that Trombold and Donahue knew which experts on Portland history to include. What stands out in this collection, however, are the discussions of race and ethnicity by, among others, Daniel Chacón, Kathryn Bogle, Marie Rose Wong, and Aaron and Jeanette Meier. I was drawn to essays by poet and critic Rudyard Kipling, novelist Ursula Le Guin, chef James Beard, and Chuck Palahniuk, author of Fight Club. Yet, despite the history, primary sources, and intellectual prose in Reading Portland, I must admit my favorite essay was "Figures in a Mall," written by Susan Orlean, author of The Orchid Thief. In "Figures in a Mall," Orlean portrays Portland's ice princess (now professional boxer) Tonya Harding and the reaction of her adoring fans as they slowly learned that Tonya, "the Charles Barkley of figure skating," was involved in the plot against Nancy Kerrigan.

Reading Portland offers few photos, maps, or artwork, but given the vivid images these writers evoke, perhaps Trombold and Donahue concluded they were unnecessary. This collection of authors is superior to any other urban anthologies I have found. I cannot help but wonder if Trombold and Donahue envisioned a "City in Prose" series, similar to the Then & Now pictorial histories. I anxiously await Reading Chicago, Reading Boston, and Reading Las Vegas.

Robert Donnelly received his master's degree in history from Portland State University and his doctorate from Marquette University.

Current and Noteworthy
By Robert Carriker, Book Review Editor

The exciting task of expanding the boundaries of Pacific Northwest history is usually accomplished by the tandem efforts of academics who research and write, and university presses that edit and publish. Virtually every institution of higher education in Washington has one or more university professors actively engaged in studying Pacific Northwest history, many of them also introducing graduate students to the field. The Evergreen State is equally fortunate to have two outstanding academic presses—University of Washington Press and Washington State University Press, each of them making a special effort to promote Pacific Northwest history and literature.

Periodically, professional writers and commercial presses discover the depth of our region's history, and the books they produce are both informative and attractive. Take, for example, Gary Krist's The White Cascade: The Great Northern Railway Disaster and America's Deadliest Avalanche (New York: Henry Holt & Company, 2007; 315 pp.; $26). An accomplished author of novels and short stories, Gary Krist was unschooled in Washington railroad history. He knew nothing about the Wellington Disaster that took place on the Great Northern Railway siding adjacent to a small depot in the Cascades at 1:42 in the morning on March 1, 1910. Nothing, that is, until he "googled" the word Wellington, intending the British duke—Napoleon Bonaparte's protagonist at Waterloo—not the disaster he discovered. Curious, he clicked on an entry and learned about two stranded trains—the westbound Seattle Express and the St. Paul Fast Mail—which sat motionless for six days in blizzard conditions near the summit of Stevens Pass while awaiting snowplow trains fitted with rotary plows to clear the rails. When temperatures finally moderated a storm of rain, sleet, and lightening thundered over the pass and loosened a half-mile-wide slab of snow that swept the Pullman cars and boxcars off the rails and into a narrow canyon. It all took place in a little over one minute. Rescue efforts began immediately and continued until July when the last body of 96 dead passengers was recovered.

Passengers' letters survived even when some of their writers did not. Corporate telegrams flew back and forth. Reporters for the Seattle Times and Post-Intelligencer had weeks of work. An inquest was held during which surviving passengers vented their anger into court transcripts. Yet, the lawsuits that resulted led to no legal precedents. Railroads only slightly adjusted their procedure manuals for similar situations. And no federal agency ordered new regulations...
lest they tinker with America's dominant economic institution. Unperturbed, the Great Northern Railway waited 19 years after the incident before it completed the Old Cascade Tunnel underneath Stevens Pass. Perhaps the lack of immediate consequences has kept this story from becoming more mainstream. The snow was the main character in this drama, and it melted away. Krist is a professional at writing suspense, so he tells this story in a page-turner manner that will appeal to students, professors, and armchair historians.

Jack Hamann is a journalist and former documentary producer for CNN who lives in Seattle. His law degree is from the University of Oregon. An outing unexpectedly brought him to the site of a murder-lynching of Italian POW Guglielmo Olivotto on August 14, 1944, allegedly hanging him from obstacle course equipment during the disturbance. In 1987 Hamann broadcast his story from becoming more mainstream. The snow was the main character in this drama, and it melted away. Krist is a professional at writing suspense, so he tells this story in a page-turner manner that will appeal to students, professors, and armchair historians.

Hamann began publishing his "Now & Then" feature—a side-by-side comparison of Seattle scenes from the past and present—in the Seattle Times: Pacific Magazine in 1982. Inasmuch as the column has run for 25 years, and has also been republished in three books, Dorpat has plenty of material on Seattle. But for the book under review Dorpat extended his reach to cover the entire state using 156 historic images within 10 geographic zones. Consider that he began the project with more than 700 historic photos. He had to cull them to something manageable since each image is paired with a contemporary duplicate.

Because he is the principle historian for the HistoryLink Web site, Dorpat's pithy comments are authoritative, to say the least. Westcliff Publishers has issued similar books—called the "repeat photography" technique—for seven other states, so their formula has proven effective. In 1989 Montana did their own "repeat photography" project, juxtaposing contemporary photographs with drawings made by Karl Bodmer between 1832 and 1834 of the upper Missouri River landscape. Dorpat uses only photographs, and he does not go back that far into the past, but almost. His earliest photograph is of Seattle's Pioneer Square in 1859.

Finally, Kurt R. Nelson, an Oregon community college instructor and specialist in the field of criminal justice, has published Fighting for Paradise: A Military History of the Pacific Northwest (Yardley, Pennsylvania: Westholme Publishing, 2007; 320 pp.; $35). This book covers a lot of ground. Maybe too much ground. Specifically, his Pacific Northwest extends from northern California through British Columbia, and his time line runs from the earliest contact with Indians at the time of Lewis and Clark all the way to World War II. The book offers 20 maps, and they are needed because the pace is fast. This is a survey in the "101" genre: Hudson's Bay Company trappers, the Astorians, the Pig War, the Cayuse War, and the Sheep-eater War. There follow the contributions of the Pacific Northwest to distant drumbeats in the Spanish-American War, the Philippine Insurrection, World War I, and World War II. Don't drop your pencil or you'll miss 50 years of events before you can pick it up!

It is a sure sign that the field of Pacific Northwest history is alive and thriving when historians without university appointments make it their chosen field. Publication by media professionals is not for academic advancement or tenure—it is their livelihood. They research without limits and, best of all, they write to be read. A common denominator among them is the sense of drama they bring to their subject.

Address all review copies and related communications to:
Robert C. Carriker, Columbia Reviews Editor
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Coatsworth was not Alone

The day Galloping Gertie collapsed there was a person on the bridge not mentioned in “Life and Death at the Tacoma Narrows” in the Summer 2007 COLUMBIA. My husband, Winfield Brown, told me that his Narrows Bridge experience left him seasick, even though he had previously crossed the ocean twice during severe storms and had a wonderful time out on deck while the rest of the people were sick in their rooms. He was a professional artist and photographer, and his work is in various collections, including that of the Washington State Historical Society. He passed away at age 85 on September 1, 2000. He wrote the following article, which appeared in the June 27, 1969, issue of the Tacoma News Tribune:

From the time of the opening of the first Tacoma Narrows Bridge on July 1, 1940, it had a peculiar swaying motion when the wind was blowing. For this reason it acquired the nickname of “Galloping Gertie.” This motion fascinated me and I waited for the day of a firsthand visit. Of Nov. 7, 1940, the wind was blowing harder than usual—just the kind of weather I was waiting for. At the time I was a student at the College of Puget Sound. After my first class of the morning I drove to the bridge where I parked my car and walked to the tollgate.

After I paid the 10-cent pedestrian toll and started to walk across the span, it was obvious I was going to get a thrill. The wind was gusting up to 45 mph and the water was churned into whitecaps. The snake-like action of the bridge was so great that cars crossing it would actually disappear from sight and then reappear again. People in the cars were laughing as though they were enjoying the roller-coaster ride.

Walking to the tower at the west end and back again, I noticed a Coast Guard cutter passing through the narrows and decided to walk back to the center. A hard gust of wind made the whole span shudder, and it suddenly began a violent lateral twisting motion. A car passing by was bounced against the curb; the driver, Leonard Coatsworth, lost control and was unable to drive any farther.

The swaying was so severe that it threw me to the pavement where I started crawling back toward the east end of the bridge. Coatsworth had abandoned his car and was crawling on the opposite side of the roadway a short distance behind me. We both clung to the raised curb along the sidewalk but were continually thrown over the curb from one side to the other by the swaying bridge. It tilted as much as 45 degrees; the view of the Coast Guard cutter and the water below was terrific—and terrifying. I fully expected this to be my last view of anything, for it seemed impossible the bridge could hold up long enough for us to get off.

As we crawled, pieces of concrete chipped from the roadway and flew through the air, and light posts snapped. The lenses of my pants were torn open and my knees were cut and bleeding. After what seemed like an eternity, I managed to reach the east pier where it was possible to stand up and walk the rest of the way. I had kept a lead over Coatsworth of about 30 feet, and he was soon able to stand up and walk also.

To this day, when I cross a bridge and passing traffic makes it vibrate, I get the strange feeling that the bridge might collapse.

—Marjorie L. Brown, Puyallup
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